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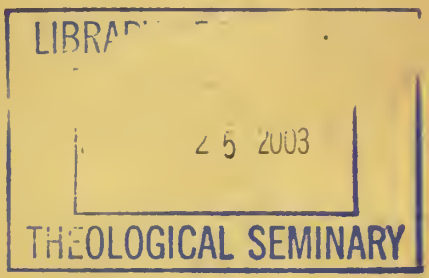
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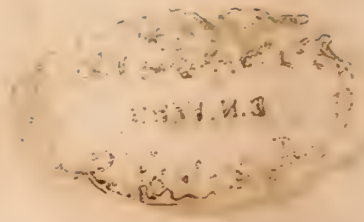

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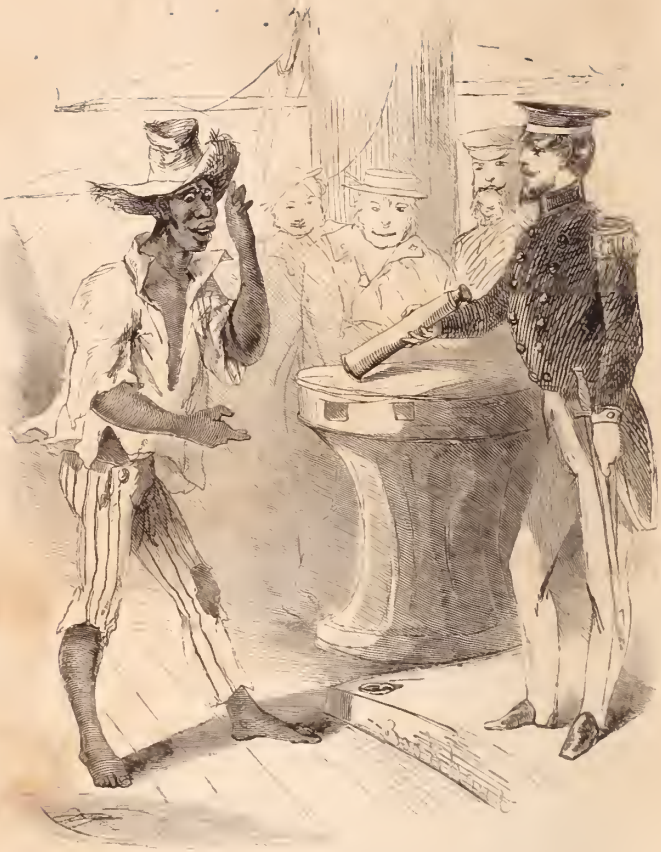

"DON'T PILOTS WEAR CLOTHES IN YOUR COUNTRY?" SAID THE OFFICER, AS HE MADE DELIBERATE SURVEY OF THE EBONY ADONIS BEFORE HIM.

ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

WEST COAST OF AFRICA,

AND ITS ISLANDS.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES OF

MADEIRA, CANARY, BIAFRA AND CAPE VERD ISLANDS;

THEIR CLIMATES, INHABITANTS AND PRODUCTIONS.

ACCOUNTS OF PLACES, PEOPLES, CUSTOMS, TRADE, MISSIONARY OPERATIONS, ETC., ETC.,

On that part of the African coast lying between Tangier, Morocco and Benguela.

BY

REV. CHAS. W. THOMAS, M.A.,

MEMBER OF THE GEORGIA CONFERENCE; CHAPLAIN TO THE AFRICAN SQUADRON IN 1855, 1856 AND 1857.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

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To

GEORGE CLYMER, A.M., M.D., U. S. NAVY,

LATE FLEET SURGEON OF THE U. S. SQUADRON ON THE COAST OF AFRICA,

TO WHOSE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT, VARIED LEARNING,

AND UNIFORM ATTACHMENT AS A FRIEND,

I AM INDEBTED FOR MANY HAPPY AND PROFITABLE HOURS

IN THE COURSE OF A WEARISOME CRUISE,

AND CHEERFUL MEMORIES OF

ADVENTURES IN FOREIGN LANDS;

And to

REV. ALFRED T. MANN, A.M., D.D.,

OF THE GEORGIA CONFERENCE,

THE FRIEND OF MY BOYHOOD;

WHO, WHEN I WAS A STRANGER TOOK ME IN,

AND WHEN SICK VISITED ME,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED AS A TOKEN OF THE

GRATITUDE AND LOVE OF

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The chapters which form this volume were prepared originally for the "Southern Christian Advocate," at the request of the Georgia Conference. Since their appearance in the "Advocate," the author has been urged to publish them in book form by numerous friends and strangers, among whom are the leading ministers of his own denomination, distinguished clergymen of other churches, and officers of the United States Navy, whose reputations give importance to their opinions.

If the author feels any reluctance in complying with these flattering solicitations, it is chiefly because the chapters were composed hastily, and the duties of his profession will not allow of his rewriting them. This scruple, however, is overcome by the assistance of a friend, who kindly suggests, that as the author has no literary reputation to lose, he risks nothing in publishing without waiting for time to rewrite.

Justice to the work requires it to be said, that the errors and accidental omissions of the original articles

have been corrected, and much useful information added.

The matter of the work was gathered in the course of the years 1855, '56, and '57, during the greater portion of which time the author was attached to the U. S. sloop-of-war Jamestown, then flag-ship of the African squadron. Through the kindness of friends on the coast and in the islands, he is enabled to bring down much of the statistical matter to the close of 1858. The historical sketches have been made out with care; the statistics of trade, missions, etc., were, for the greater part, gathered on the spot, from persons or documents of authority, and not without much labor.

The author flatters himself that, whatever may be the defects of the work in style or arrangement, the matter which it contains will be found reliable and useful. In his attempts at describing places and peoples, his desire has been to make prominent such facts and objects as may interest the general reader, and be of practical value to the voyagers who shall come after him, the Trader, the Cruiser, and the Missionary.

Should these pages revive any pleasant reminiscences in the minds of his old shipmates, or serve to relieve the tedium of the cruiser's life on the African station, they will not have been written in vain.

Should they contribute anything toward correcting prevailing errors respecting the colonies of civilized blacks, and the state of Christian missions on the West Coast, or increase in any degree the interest which the

American churches are taking in the salvation of benighted Africa, he will feel amply repaid for the labor which he has bestowed.

To Rev. J. Lighton Wilson's "Western Africa," the author is indebted for several thoughts respecting Congo. To the Rev. D. A. Wilson and Rev. E. T. Williams, Presbyterian missionaries to Liberia; to Rev. J. W. Horne, late missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Monrovia; and to Rev. J. Rambo, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Liberia, the author is indebted for valuable information, and still more for brotherly kindness and affection, which are but poorly repaid by this cordial acknowledgment.

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ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

TANGIER—INTRODUCTORY.

"Shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it."

"Each little addeth to the general store,
Who follows learns from him that went before."

Premisory—Morocco—Extensive Influence—Obscure History—Indomitable—Unchanging—Recollections of Boyish Dreams, and Prospect of Fulfillment—Romance of the Moorish Character—Beating up for Gibraltar—Bay and City of Tangier—American Consul—Moorish Boats and Sailors—Moorish Guides—Hamed—The Mosque—Market—Jews—Moorish Women—Dates and Small Change—Camp Outside the Wall—Make an Acquaintance—Prepare for a Row—Good Evening, Hamed—Reflections.

It may not be expected that Sketches of the West Coast of Africa will contain descriptions of places and life on the Atlantic shores of Morocco; yet a chapter of notes, historical and descriptive, of the ancient and classic city of Tangier and its people may not be unacceptable to the reader.

Few empires, ancient or modern, have exerted so great an influence over the destinies of civilized man, as the half-civilized empire of Morocco; and of none, since the decline

of Rome, has the influence been so long and so generally felt. Commanding many leagues of coast on the shores of the Mediterranean and Atlantic, her daring pirates have for centuries infested these waters in pursuit of blood or treasure, bringing the commerce of all nations under contribution; and to this day, the proudest nations of Europe, England and France, buy exemption from her depredations by annual contributions of black mail. Defended by the dangerous rocks and shoals which line her seaward borders, she is safe from the attacks of naval forces. Secure in the fastnesses of her vast deserts, where the fleet barb and the unequalled horseman can tire the strength, and, by slow hunting warfare, waste the spirit and the numbers of disciplined armies, she is beyond the reach of punishment, and may be approached only on her own terms. Spain, Portugal, England, France, have at various times possessed themselves of her accessible sea-coast towns; but they found them profitless possessions, and too dear at the price of constant warfare. The relinquishment has been speedy, and the indomitable children of the soil have returned to their natural possessions, like the locusts of their own deserts, refreshed by the sleep of the plains, and increased in numbers.

Situated, geographically, where her mountains have looked for ages into the very lap of civilization and advancement, she is herself unchanged. Even Christianity, after eighteen centuries of effort and contact, has failed, in the least, to modify her character, or to establish a single temple in her towns; and the Pillars of Hercules may mark to-day, as they are said to have marked thousands of years ago, the limits of civilization in that direction.

But though known for three thousand years under the names Ethiopians, Mauri, Barbarians, Mauritanians and Moors, the inhabitants of Morocco are perhaps less known than any of the peoples of Europe or Asia. The sailor, wisely, gives a wide berth to her shores, where shipwreck, even in this age, would be followed by death or slavery. The traveller liketh not the shadow of her walls and tents; and hence it is that so little is known of the mixed and united tribes known to Europe and America under the general name of Moor. The Christian religion, in its westward flow, has passed over these plains without leaving a ripple trace on their sands; and unless the regurgitating wave that is to enliven Africa in its flow shall survive the Sahara and burst the bounds of the Atlas chain, the Moors will be but Moors when the Son of Man shall come.

My first impressions of the Moors were gathered from the "Arabian Nights," and stories of shipwreck and adventure among them by Adams; sobered somewhat, in later boyhood, by "Jackson's Account of the Empire of Morocco." My boyish imagination loved to revel in the mists of Moorish history, and the wildness of Moorish scenery and character. It was to me a land of exhaustless legend and romance; in whose people, cruelty and hospitality, treachery and platonic friendship, strangely harmonized. I was early fired with the desire of seeing with my own eyes her majestic mountains and magnificent plains; and many a delightful day-dream have I had, over an uninteresting Latin grammar, full of wild adventure, passing from castle to tent, under the shadow of a friendly turban, before whose "sesame" curtains and doors flew open.

In the latter part of July, '56, we were beating to wind-

ward of the Madeiras, when the secret transpired in the ward-room that we were bound for Tangier. Here it may be necessary to inform the reader that, for good reason in time of war, and *no reason* in time of peace, the destination of a man-of-war is generally kept a secret from the officers, non-commanding, for a few days. The authority is found in the *lex non scripta* of the navy, called "usage"—a budget, by the way, which contains all sorts of funny things; among others, lots of affirmative proof on the vexed question as to whether a thing can be all black and all white at the same time; *alias*, that black is white, and white is black.

The news brought to mind my boyhood's dreams of Morocco; and they were to be realized in part, for I should, at least, look upon her shores, and shake hands with her sun-burnt children; but how far my romantic ideas of the half-civilized character had been modified, judge ye, who have had two years of contact with the ugliness of man's savage condition on the shores of Africa; and how far my ardor for adventure had been cooled, ye can imagine, who have spent a year on that dreary station, away from country and friends, and wife and little ones.

There is, however, a degree of romance inseparable from the Moorish character; so we rejoiced in the prospect of breaking in on the monotony of our cruise, by spending a day with the Barbarians.

After a week of most unpleasant sailing, we made the coast of Europe at Cape St. Vincent, and that night and the following day continued our course toward the Gut of Gibraltar, along the coast of Spain; and over those waters where Nelson immortalized himself, and England was

crowned "Mistress of the Seas." The morning of the tenth day out brought us within sight of the Moorish coast, and at noon we dropped anchor in the bay of Tangier, a mile from the town. Our consul, Mr. Brown, was soon alongside, to pay his respects to the Commodore, and gave the officers some excellent advice as to the prudence necessary in intercourse with the natives, which had a very fine effect in the way of exciting our curiosity. After some hesitation on the part of the Commodore, a few of us obtained permission to visit the shore, and at 3 o'clock we were off for an evening's stroll among the Moors. The city, built in a narrow valley, and stretching up the hills on both sides, is surrounded by a high castellated wall of solid masonry, and defended on the water side by forts of considerable strength which rest on the native rock. As seen from the bay, it looks like a city of prisons. The houses which appear above the walls are square, flat-roofed, white, and without ornament, having but few windows, and these quite small. We passed among *felucca*-rigged schooners at anchor, and others under weigh; their broad yet graceful sails hauled almost fore-and-aft, and sailing, with the swiftness of a seagull, into the very eye of the wind. The dark-complexioned and turbaned sailors smiled at us as we passed, and we could imagine one piratical-looking crew saying to themselves, "What fine slaves these fellows would make!" They have learned, however, in their occasional encounters with English and other sailors, that gentlemen who wear brass buttons are rather ugly customers to handle. We directed our boat for the water gate, the only entrance on this side, and landed in the midst of half a dozen bare-legged, slipshod, turbaned and sashed gentlemen, who represented as

many colors, from copper and chestnut-brown to ashy black.

In French and broken English they offered their services as guides, but with a degree of *hauteur* which led some of our company to suppose that they were dignitaries, or at least gentlemen, of the city who had come to offer us hospitalities. A gentleman wearing a fez cap, ornamented with a tassel of red silk, half a yard in length, and who spoke French very fluently, told us that he had just returned from the Crimea; offered to show us round the city, and was quite un-Moorish in politeness. I didn't like the cut of his jib.

Casting a glance over the group as I jumped ashore, my attention was arrested by a sprightly face of nut-brown color, in which the amiable and savage were blended, set off by the perpetual smile of a hare lip. "Ah," said I, "there he is; the old man of my dreams in boyhood—I've seen that face, full of contradictions, and that snow-white turban, in my visions of Moorland." His burnous—a garment made like a smock or shirt, having loose, flowing sleeves—was of mottled brown and white; his white full drawers, fastened above the knee, contrasted pleasantly with his brown legs and bright yellow slippers; and, excepting the long scarf thrown over one shoulder and brought round the waist, he was in full Moorish dress.

"Come here, old gentleman," said I, beckoning toward him. He came up with a dignified step and manner, which I thought to be assumed for the occasion.

"Want me, sa?"

"What is your name?"

"Hamed, sa."

"Speak English, Hamed?"

"Yes, sa."

"Hamed, are you an honest man, or a scoundrel?"

"Hamed good man, sa," with an air of injured innocence.

"No doubt; but how am I to know that?"

"Everybody know Hamed, sa."

"Well, that accounts for it! I was just thinking that you looked like an old acquaintance."

"Oh yes, sa! Hamed see you when you here before."

"Very likely, Hamed, considering that this is my first visit."

Hamed lifted his eyebrows and smiled, as if he had perpetrated a joke.

"Where did you learn to tell lies, Hamed?"

"He no lie, sa; me tink so I see you."

By this time we had passed the water gate and were ascending the steep and narrow street, inclosed by high buildings, almost destitute of windows and doors, at least on the street side, which leads to the centre of the city. Here our company separated, some for the Consulate, and others to look at the curiosities, under the guidance of the Crimean. "Hamed," said I, "hold on to me, and by night we'll be better acquainted."

"Very good, sa; Hamed good man, sa."

"Let us take a look in here," said I, as we reached the spacious gateway of a large building, surmounted by turrets, and a tall spire or tower, handsomely ornamented.

"No, sa; no sa!" said Hamed, with a face of terror. "He be mosque—can't go."

"Oh, don't be afraid."

"Ah! s'pose I take you dare, he cut off my hands."

"Well, that being the case, I'll go alone."

"No, sa; must no go,"—and here he gave me to understand that if I went in they would likely cut off my head as well as my hands.

"That being the case," said I, "we'll defer our visit. In the meantime, old fellow, stir up the contents of your turban, and contrive me a way to take a peep at the inside tomorrow, and I'll give you an extra ounce." I saw from his face that it was a hopeless prospect. He shrugged his shoulders, and we continued our walk.

"Hamed," said I, as we continued up the street, "when you come to my country, you may go into our mosques and welcome: why can't I go into yours?"

"We no like Christian in dis country."

"Do you know anything of the Christian religion, Hamed?"

"O yes, sa! I read bout him one book."

"What book?"

"Arabic book."

"Do these people read Arabic?"

"Great many."—Here Hamed revealed an intelligence on the subject that surprised me; and in broken accents made a beautiful compliment to the religion and character of *Jesus*—they won't speak of him by any other name—that touched my heart.

"But you prefer Mahomet," said I.

"May be Jesus so good, like Mah-o-med; Mah-o-med *more strong*."

He seemed disposed to drop the subject, and so was I, for the comparison instituted touched a tender chord within. Hamed fairly represented the Moorish idea of the compara-

tive merits of Christ and Mahomet. We passed along the central and largest street of the city; but most of the shops and stalls were closed for the evening; yet the poultry and fruit markets, which occupy a portion of this street, were still brisk and noisy.

Before passing into the crowd, I called a halt. "Now, Hamed," said I, "talk fast, for time is precious. Who are those fair-complexioned gentlemen, buttoned up in long coats which reach from the throat to the feet; wearing ordinary cloth caps, instead of fez caps or turbans, like you coffee-colored gentlemen?"

The old fellow curled up his lip with a sneer that Byron might envy, as he said:

"Humph! he be Jews."

"Do they all dress alike?"

"Yes, he all be make like dat—he not can wear like dis," lifting his burnous and a faded sash that had lately made its appearance around his waist.

"Are they compelled to dress so?"

"Bashaw do it."

"Why so?"

Hamed shrugged his shoulders, looked puzzled, and muttered, "So be."

So be, with Hamed, was a non sequitur, beyond which was sullen silence, and the boundless unknown.

"What do they do, Hamed?"

"He be merchand."

Here he hailed one in a very authoritative tone, and as the gentleman advanced, Hamed said, "He be good man—he sell sheep"—cheap.

There was something mercenary in his face, and a subdued

air in his manner, that told the story of his wrongs, and the vile oppression which his race suffers among an inferior people; yet there was also something noble in his bearing, and intellect and enterprise beamed from his black eye. He invited us to call at his shop, which we promised to do.

"Who are those covered up in shawls of white flannel, peeping out through a hole over the left eye?"

"He be omen."

"Why don't they show their faces?"

"So be"—and a shrug of the shoulder.

"Are they pretty, Hamed?"

"No be, he be old."

"Where are the young women?"

"In house"—harem—"mind children."

"Don't they come out sometimes?"

"No—sometimes."

"Why not?"

"So be," and a shrug, with faint symptoms of a smile—the only insobriety of the evening.

In the poultry market there were great numbers of those Barbary pigeons, so famous for their size and beauty. The common barn-yard fowls were ordinary in appearance, and very cheap. Pigeon fanciers in the States would be glad to give twenty or thirty dollars a pair for pigeons that we bought for ten cents each. Fresh dates were abundant, and more delicious in flavor than can be imagined by those who know only the dried dates of commerce. Those still adhering to the stems hung in clusters from the stalls, the riper were packed in neatly woven baskets of palm-leaf. I gave Hamed a quarter, with which he purchased a basket, containing half a peck, and brought me back a handful of change,

much resembling old brass buttons minus shanks. The coins were flat on one side, and slightly convex on the other, which contained a character denoting the value. I *judged* them to be worth a mill each; I *estimated* them at a much lower rate, for they were not cleanly in appearance. I told Hamed to throw them away, but he preferred to deposit them in the labyrinthian folds of his capacious shirt—*burnous*, I should have said. We continued our way along the paved street, and passed out at the eastern gate of the city.

Outside the grey and moss-covered walls, besprinkled with cryptogamous plants, we found a number of donkeys and camels that seemed to be waiting for the return of their owners; and a camp of Moors, lately arrived from the interior with poultry, fruits, pieces of valuable wood, and other marketable commodities. I tried to scrape an acquaintance with them, through Hamed, but they seemed surly and distant. I bethought me of an expedient. Pulling out a case of cigars, giving one to Hamed, and putting another in my mouth, I advanced toward the oldest of the crowd, who was sitting almost between the legs of his camel, smoking a pipe of opium—I asked him for a light, and as that was a degree of hospitality that a follower of Mahomet might not refuse, he extended his pipe and I lit my cigar. Then, offering fire to Hamed, I told him to ask the gentleman if he would not accept an American cigar. He grunted assent, and I gave him half a dozen. Then, taking a seat beside him, with a *sang froid* air, though in reality, in great fear that the camel at my back might take a nib at my Christian shoulder—for camels are faithful servants of the Prophet—I began to gather the information I wanted; for I now realized

the justice of my preconceived ideas as to the connection of tobacco with fraternity. Behold its marvellous effects on this Ishmaelite!

He became quite communicative, and seemed as much interested in answering my questions as I was in asking them.

"How far is your home from here?"

"Six days"—about a hundred miles.

"How often do you come to Tangier?"

"Two or three times a year."

"Are these four men your neighbors?"

"No; brothers."

I could scarcely believe this, for they were quite different in features and shades of color.

In a moment he saw my incredulity and added:

"Not of the same mother."

"What is your cargo worth?"

"Forty dollars,"—according to Hamed's calculation.

"What will you buy with it?"

"Powder, lead, beads, colored thread, needles," etc.

"What have you lived on during your journey?"

One of the brothers here produced a bag, containing what I took to be barley meal, and a piece of bread resembling our ash-cake.

"What do you pursue at home?"

"Make grain and cattle—this been bad year."

I could not learn from what cause. I learned this and a good deal more in the course of my fifteen minutes' talk; and as I arose to depart, he inquired why I asked so many questions. I answered, with a very honest face, that I had from boyhood admired the Moorish character, and wanted

to find out all I could about them. He returned the compliment, by saying, that I was "an honest man, and that I ought to take a horse and go out to his country—he would bring me back." It may have been a bait: they do such things sometimes; but I believe that he was sincere. I shook hands with him, and, to my surprise, those who seemed suspicious on my approach, readily accepted my hand when I bid them good evening. Honesty, tobacco, and a little ingenuity are available helps in getting through the world. To accomplish an object sufficiently worthy of the labor, your contributor would engage to reach the city of Morocco on foot, without convoy, if some one would guarantee a supply of tobacco by the way.

The beautiful garden of the Swedish Consul is a quarter of a mile beyond the eastern gate. We entered, and went around its shady walks, but had not time to make note of its luxuriant flora. Reëntering the town, I followed Hamed through streets of less than six feet in width, lanes still more narrow, open courts and ruined buildings, a perfect wilderness of stone and mortar, turbans and fez caps; and I thought at one time that, like Milton's debatants of foreknowledge, we should find no end, and be

"In wandering mazes lost."

Hamed disappeared up a dark and stony stair, above which we heard loud talking. I darted after him, instinctively clutching my walking-stick, and fumbling in my pocket for my pen-knife, the only weapon of defence on my person. They were familiar voices, and in a moment I stood in the presence of two of my shipmates, who, under the guidance of our Crimean hero, had found their way to the house and

shop of my friend the Jew, where they were buying ottar of rose, and other little valuables. All hands were talking at once, and the progress in trade was very noisy and very slow. It was now near sunset, and fearing to be shut in, we hastened to the water gate and our boats. We tossed Hamed half a dollar, with which he was quite satisfied, and engaging his services for the morrow, we bade him good evening. As a parting request, he wanted me to tell him if Hamed was not a good man. I answered, "So far so good, but I'll tell Hamed more about it to-morrow evening."

That night, as I read the evening lesson from the New Testament, its pages were unusually bright; and that dear name, which, for the first time in my life, I had heard assigned to an inferior position among *men*, felt unusually dear. Nay, the Master himself was at hand to strengthen the faith and heal the wounded feelings of his feeble but jealous servant. In a corresponding frame of mind I once read, consecutively, one of the best passages of the Koran and a page from the New Testament. As a philosopher in morals, I saw much to admire in the former; but in the latter, which I read as a philosopher, and also as a sinner, and a mortal immortal, each verse was a burnished gem, beaming spiritual, as well as moral, truth. The page which contains St. John's Gospel, chap. 17th, is a casket of gems, of which one single beam contains more spiritual light than may be gathered from all the philosophy of uninspired man, and which, in its harmonious beamings, reflects on the intellect and heart the shining of the Eternal Light. In turning from one to the other, I passed from the moonlit earth, and the mud-built habitations of men, to the crystal walls, and pearly gates, and uncreated light of the New Jerusalem.

I may not have prayed that night with unusual faith, but certainly with unusual desire, "Thy Kingdom Come," and then, though in a land where the crescent still outshines the cross, I fell asleep, conscious of the presence and protection of the Good Shepherd.

CHAPTER II.

TANGIER—CONTINUED.

Saluting the Flag of Morocco—A Cheerful Company—The Mosque—Shopping in Tangier—Jewish Women—A Thought on Dress—Civil and Social Condition of the Jews—Moorish Soldiers—Palace of the Bashaw—Visit the Residence of our Consular Agent for Mogadore—A Disappointment—A Walk in the Country—A Caravan, Moorish Muskets, and Wheat—Taming a young Camel—Population.

At eight o'clock on the morning following our arrival, the red ensign of Morocco appeared above the walls of the city; a corresponding flag was immediately hoisted at our "fore," and saluted with a brisk round of twenty-one guns. The compliment was speedily returned from the forts, and the loud-sounding and well-timed twenty-one assured us that the Moors' knowledge of the use of gunpowder is not confined to small arms. While the boatswain's mate was calling "away the third cutters," to take the officers ashore, I swept the beach with a telescope, and at the landing descried my friend Hamed and his fez-capped brother, awaiting our arrival. The calm and balmy morning gave me a favorable impression of the climate of Tangier, and inspired all hands with cheerfulness and good will. The officers stepped into the boat without waiting for the order of "rank;" even the first-lieutenant, whose duty it is, according to "usage," to find fault wherever he goes, seemed to forget his criticism and wore a cheerful countenance; our lads sprang their oars "with a will," and in a

few minutes Hamed and company were bidding us good morning.

My companion for the forenoon's stroll was our worthy first-lieutenant, T. H. P., whose excellent father, Commodore Patterson, bore arms in our war with the Moors of Algiers—a war which they have not yet forgotten, and that brought them to a treaty which thenceforth exempted our nation from the heavy tributes of black mail, previously paid, to secure for our commerce immunity from the pirates of these waters. It is not alone to this treaty, however, that we are indebted for freedom from their ravages, but also to that respect which, from various causes, is entertained by half-civilized and other nations for the United States. But the morning is too fine, and space too precious for moralizing.

As we followed in the steps of Hamed, on a trinket-hunting expedition among the stores and bazaars of the city, I suggested to my companion, that if he wished a free passage to the interior, and taste of Christian slavery among the Moors, he would be accommodated at once on letting them know that he was the son of a gentleman who helped to pepper them with hot shot at Algiers. He replied, that if he had any assurance that they would not send him on a three years' cruise, he might be disposed to try it.

Arriving at the mosque, I asked Hamed if he had yet procured us a pass to the establishment; to which the old fellow replied, with a degree of indignation that showed some personal feeling on the subject:

"No, sa! he be no use talk 'bout dat. S'pose Christian go dare, he be spoil for dis people."

"Well done old chap!" said I, "you have more pluck and more sincerity than I have been giving you credit for; but in the meantime, what are all these slippers about the steps?"

"People leave him when he go in."

There were so many, and Moorish slippers are so much alike in size, shape and color—generally yellow—that I was puzzled to know how the owners could identify them; but while I was thinking on the subject, a gentleman of burnt-coffee complexion came out, and casting a single glance at us, and another at the shoal of slippers, walked right into a pair, and went on without stooping to take a second look. The operation was performed so quickly, that I do not yet know whether he knew his own slippers by their location, or some mark invisible to Christian eyes; or whether by some unusual instinct the toes were led to their own houses, or whether the gentleman considered it a matter of no importance whose morocco covered his unsightly members, so long as it was orthodox in shape. The articles are worn slip-shod, and as they come no higher than the lower part of the instep, there is not much variety in size.

"Hamed, are such things never stolen?"

"Oh no, sa!" with a significant grunt, and a shrug of the left shoulder.

"Never, Hamed?"

"No, nevar, sa! S'pose he steal him, he cut off he hand!"

Travellers, especially those who try to depreciate the claims of Christianity by comparing it with inferior systems of religion, are fond of commenting on the honesty of Turks, Arabs, and other followers of the Prophet, and

attribute it to the teachings and "moral force" of the Koran. The injunctions of the Koran on this subject are, so far as they go, very sound; but we think it likely that the fear of losing a hand, for the first serious neglect of this virtue in transactions among themselves, has a good deal to do in giving "*moral force*" to the precepts of Mohammed. That his followers have no great regard for the abstract virtue of honesty, may be seen in the fact, that, where the fear of serious penalty was not before their eyes, Arabs, Moors, and other mussulmans have been for centuries the most daring and cruel robbers in the world. Honesty would become a very common virtue in christendom if we were to chop off the "itching palms" of our light-fingered gentry. Two-handed property would go up at the south.

Through a side door in the vestibule we caught a glimpse of a part of the interior of the mosque. It is a spacious, unornamented circular apartment; the floor of which is tessellated, and without furniture. The posture which the Moors assume in offering their prayers, bringing the knees, elbows and forehead to the floor, is significantly appropriate to rebel suppliants. It speaks the language of conscious guilt and unworthiness, and a heartfelt penitence which seeks to hide its sins in the dust. How much more becoming to a sinner pleading for mercy, than the standing, or sitting attitude, so general in the Christian churches of America! Let the deserts of Ethiopia reprove our sloth and pride!

I imagined that Hamed had visions of bastinado before him, for he was quite restless while we remained near the door, and several times invited us to "come on." We found our market-made acquaintance, "the Jew," in his

shop, an apartment on the second floor of his spacious house. His stock in trade consisted, mainly, in those round cushions which in this country supply the place of chairs; morocco slippers; gaudy and coarse silks and velvets; ready-made Moorish garments; sandal wood; ottar of rose, and other perfumes; amber and other beads, used by Mohammedans in telling their prayers; pipes of many shapes and sizes, and earthen jars. The cushions, made of richly-colored morocco leather, are ornamented profusely with figures in gold and silver tinsel, and bright silks. Slippers are ornamented in the same way, to which are added, sometimes, jewels of glass, or precious stone. We visited other Jewish establishments, but the stock in trade presented but little variety. Cushions, coarse silks, slippers, pipes, and amber beads, were the staple articles. Along the main street the Moorish bazaars hung out their miscellaneous wares, inviting custom; making up in variety what they lacked in quality. Stalls of candies, old iron, hot coffee, native drugs, gun-smiths' shops, and blacksmiths' shops succeeded each other in noisy disorder. Clouds of opium smoke, loud talking and small sales, seemed to be the order of the day with them; and we soon found that if we wanted anything valuable, we must get it from the Jews, for the trade of Tangier is in their hands. We returned to the house of "the Jew," and after much talking and jewing, on the part of both Jew and Gentile, purchased half a dozen cushions, at two dollars each; as many pairs of slippers, the plain at a dollar, and the tinsel-embroidered at two dollars a pair; and as many vials of ottar of rose, containing thirty drops each at forty-eight cents apiece.

The Jewish women, who are very beautiful, walk the

streets unveiled. Their costume, though two or three thousand years behind the age, is, to my taste, more beautiful, and more appropriate to the sex, than any of the styles which the *beau monde* has produced in many centuries. The outer garment, or gown, is generally of rich velvet or heavy silk, close fitting body, flowing sleeves, and open in front, *à la robe de chambre ;* bordered around and in front with gold or silver lace, turned back at the corners with some brightly colored silk, displaying an underskirt of elaborate needle-work. "She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple." The luxuriant tresses for which Jewish women are everywhere celebrated are with these supported in silken nets which hang down the back, often reaching the waist. The head and shoulders are generally covered with an ample veil of lace, or other light fabric, fastened to the hair by brilliant pins. The upper angle of this head-dress is brought to a point on the centre of the forehead, where it terminates in a rosette, containing ornaments of gold and jewels in proportion to the taste and means of the wearer. Solomon recommends that certain excellent qualities be as prominent in the character "as frontlets between thine eyes." Anglo-Saxon women have a considerable advance yet to make, in refinement of taste, before they can equal those chaste and attractive styles of personal adornment which the daughters of Judah have possessed for lo these thousands of years! Indeed it requires an eye disciplined in the beauty of lines, and harmony of colors, to appreciate their taste; and this discipline the women of England and America never can have while they are content to be imitators of the tawdry and novelty-loving milliners of Paris. The style of features

among the Jewesses of Tangiers is purely Jewish: in complexion they are generally brunette.

The Jews resident in Morocco are confined to the towns, where they occupy a degraded position, civilly and socially. Though natives of the country, orderly members of society, and generally men of education and intelligence, they are debarred all civil honors and privileges; their grievances seldom receive redress, indeed seldom a hearing; they are enormously taxed; and when, by dint of enterprise and industry, they amass wealth, it is often taken from them under false pretexts. The dress and the pursuits of the males are prescribed by tyrannical officials; the most abject Moor is the social superior of the most wealthy Jew; yet, despite all these embarrassments, they are the most thrifty portion of the communities where they reside, and the main supporters of the treasury of the Empire. Like the Jews of other countries where they are much oppressed, they are quite religious, and, so far as allowed, observe their feasts and Sabbaths. The "London Jews' Society" supports an ordained missionary here. I am inclined to think that the prospect for making them Christians is as good as the prospect for their becoming Mohammedans. Occasionally a zealous Moor shows some desire to proselyte by stealing a child, and submitting it to a certain Mahommedan rite in the presence of witnesses, makes a convert *nolens volens*. The child may then be taken from its parents, on plea that it is "a believer." The Roman Catholics in parts of Europe make converts in the same way. I was told an interesting story of a little girl who was stolen in this way from her parents in Tangier, and—but I have no room for a story at present. I left my friend at a Jew's shop admiring some

amber beads of unusual size, and two pretty Jewesses who, strange to say, seemed to have business, wherever we went among their class. They were, no doubt, pleased with the fine figure and neat uniform of my companion. He said something when he went aboard about the attraction of the chaplain's spectacles; but I am inclined to think that spectacled gentlemen are not generally popular with the ladies.

At the consultate I found Dr. C., Capt. S. and Lieut. A., all about to start for the palace of the Bashaw, under guidance of Mr. Brown. Before leaving his premises, Mr. B. took us to his stables to show us his "fine barb," a pretty creature of five years of age, in excellent condition and full of life, yet, gentle as a fawn. The horse of Barbary is too well known among us to need description in detail here. Those that we saw in the streets of Tangier were not generally larger than our Texan mustangs, though somewhat taller. Like the mustangs, they seemed better formed for endurance than speed, yet, in long races, they are said to be superior to the English race-horse. Barbs of average qualities may be bought here for one hundred dollars each.

Before reaching the top of the hill on which the palace of the Bashaw is built, we passed a guard of soldiers, among whom were some *bonâ fide* Africans. The Moorish soldiers are distinguished from the common people by the side arms, powder-horns and bullet-pouches which they wear constantly; and by the head-dress, which is a close fitting jockey cap, having a cape behind to protect the back of the neck from the sun. They are savage, but very unmilitary looking fellows. We had a hot but interesting walk around the *outer* wall of the palace and garden. How much the gentlemen of our party desired to stroll in those shady

paths, and walk around that interesting harem—all harems are interesting to Americans—is not for me to say; but the Bashaw was absent and there was no one else who had the authority to admit us. The palace is an enormous collection of stone and mortar, thrown together in Moorish style, but without ornament. It is surrounded by a high wall, which gives it the appearance of a penitentiary, and such, doubtless, many an unfortunate lass has found it. Its chief characteristic is white wall, and its defect, "excess of characteristic." Descending toward the lower part of the town, Mr. Brown left us, and we continued our walk. I was sorry that my engagement to take a walk in the country with Hamed in the evening prevented my accepting his invitation to dinner; but our flag did not lack worthy representatives on that occasion.

Under the guidance of Hamed we now turned our steps toward the residence of our Consular agent for Mogadore, to pay our respects to his family—he was absent—and more particularly to see his daughter Hadra, said to be the most beautiful and accomplished Jewess in Tangier. Think of it, reader! these grave and dignified representatives of the various departments in our squadron, a fleet surgeon, a captain of marines, a flag lieutenant, a watch-officer—Lieut. R., whom we picked up on the way—a purser, if I remember rightly, and a chaplain, posting through dusty streets and breezeless lanes, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, to see—what? A pretty girl!

However, we were ashore to see things beautiful and interesting—why not go to see a lady who was both? "Dis him," said Hamed, halting before the gateway of a large house. We passed through the arch, and, led by a porter,

entered the open court in the centre of the building. A fountain, playing in the centre of the court, cooled the air; flowers, in pots and beds, sent up delightful odors; and all the appointments around indicated the luxury, oriental taste, and wealth of the occupants. We were shown into a richly furnished apartment on the second floor, where Jewish tapestry, Turkish carpets, French plate-glass mirrors, Moorish cushions, and English chairs, united in making a gorgeous and elegant display. The lady of the house was too sensible and well-bred to keep her visitors waiting; she appeared before we had taken our seats, and, though quite in dishabille, as an American lady would think, made no apology. She did not understand English, but spoke French and Spanish fluently. We asked for the young lady, but she answered that the Miss was indisposed, and could not be seen. *Miseros nos!* The captain twisted his moustache; A. felt for his tobacco; R. smoothed his beard, and looked wondrous funny, and, taken all together, we would have made an interesting group for a comic almanac. However, in the interesting conversation of the noble lady of our Jewish representative, we were amply repaid for our walk.

I left my shipmates in the street, and, after taking a luncheon of "bread and cheese and beer" at a hotel kept by an English lady, proceeded with Hamed for a country walk.

The country around Tangier is, for miles, uninhabited. It is hilly; the hills are covered with grass and bramble, but woodless, and the scenery is uninteresting. The road was dusty and lonely, and before we reached the end of the second mile I began to think that I was not acting very

prudently in thus exposing myself among a treacherous people. I was about to speak my thoughts when Hamed said:

"He betta stop, sa."

"Why so?"

"So be, sa!"

"I'd like to know, Hamed, whether you are afraid to go further, or too lazy to walk?"

Hamed's shrug, as I emphasized the last words, showed me that I struck the true reason.

"Look, sa! people come."

A caravan of camels, donkeys, and Moors was coming round the foot of a hill, half a mile distant; we sat down, and when they came up, joined in with them to return to the city. Hamed spoke a good word for me, and one of them became quite communicative. I asked him to show me his musket—a Moor never goes a mile from home without a gun—which he did, after shaking the powder from the pan. Those muskets are remarkable for their length, the thinness of the barrel, and the lightness of the stock. The butt of the stock is made to fit the shoulder like the head of a crutch. This, like others that I noticed, was profusely mounted with figures in brass and ivory. I asked permission to discharge it, but he shook his head. The camels were "nine day" in the interior, laden with gram, wax, black soap, and hides or leather, I could not understand which. The wheat of Morocco, known among us as the Barbary wheat, is a large and full grain of red husk, much like the wheat of Madeira and the Canaries, but larger. I procured a peck of it, but before I reached America it was entirely destroyed by weevil. I asked the

Moor how they preserved wheat from this insect in his country. He said: by burying it in the ground; and that, in that condition, it would keep for years.

These camels are the Arabian, or one-humped, species, commonly called dromedaries. I told Hamed to catch me one of the young camels that followed in the caravan, that I might take a near survey of his mouse-colored coat. The little creature seemed quite willing for Hamed to touch him, but when I, an infidel, put my hand on his prophet-consecrated shoulder, the beast made a sudden spring, knocked me down, and ran over me, to the great delight of the Moors. His dam took after Hamed with pricked ears and open mouth, and the way that gentleman's slippers and turban disappeared over the hill was interesting even to me. As I brushed the dust from my clothes, I bethought me of a popular individual in the Land of Washington, who figures largely in stump and temperance speeches under the name of "the boy that the calf ran over."

"The Jew" was standing at his door as we passed, and invited me in to drink a little *arrakee*. Pleased with an opportunity of tasting that classic beverage, I consented, and drank his health in a glass a little larger than a thimble. If, in attempting to describe it, I should say that it is not precisely like gin, you would infer that I am acquainted with gin; and if I were to add neither is it like whisky, you might say that I am a judge of that vulgar drink; and if I were, still further, to add that it bears some resemblance to a mixture of both, with a dash of orgeat cordial, you would say, the gentleman is quite a connoisseur in liquors, and this would be a poor compliment to my cloth; so I will say nothing about it. I took leave of

Hamed on the beach, after trusting him to go back to the city with a sovereign to change it. As I stepped into the boat, he said:

"You think Hamed good man, sa?"

"Yes," said I, "Hamed is a good man, and honest."

He went away satisfied, muttering to himself the words in which he recommended his services:

"Hamed good man—eberybody know Hamed!"

The Moors of this vicinity are a mixed race, representing the blood of the Arab, the Berber, and the African. They call themselves *Mooslim*, or believers, to distinguish them from those tribes of the country who have not so fully embraced Mahometanism. Their hair is straight and dark; their skin is of every shade from blonde to black; features small, and generally of aquiline tendency. Their eyes and teeth are beautiful; and in figure they are tall and slender and well proportioned. They are indolent, taciturn, selfish and treacherous. The city contains about twelve thousand.

Tangier is supposed to have been founded by Sophax, who was believed to have been the son of Hercules and Tinga; the city he named after his mother. In the Greek of Plutarch it is called Tingene; and, according to Strabo, it has been called Tinga, Linga, and Lixus. Some believe the city to have been built by Antæus, the first husband of Tinga. It is certain that it was rebuilt by Julius Cæsar as the centre of a Roman colony planted by him. A few ruins, a short distance to the northeast of the present city, mark the site of the old town. It was besieged and taken by Sertorius, who, hearing the natives speak of the giant size of Antæus, to gratify his curiosity opened his tomb, and was so overwhelmed at the proportions of the skeleton,

that he offered sacrifice to it and restored it to its place.

Henry of Portugal possessed himself of Tangier in the fifteenth century; and since that time it has been held for short periods by many European powers. It was given to England as a marriage portion with Catherine when she became the wife of Charles the Second, but in 1684 they demolished its forts and abandoned it.

The commerce of Tangier is insignificant, but an active trade in poultry, meats, and vegetables is kept up between it and Gibraltar. Grain, beeswax, and leather are the chief articles of exportation. The insecurity of property in this country, where the will of the emperor is the only law, is, perhaps, the chief reason why foreign merchants do not form establishments here. It was the opinion of our enterprising consul, Mr. Brown, that he would be able to make such terms with the emperor as would place American trade with Tangier on a sure footing. It is backed by a healthy and productive country, and may one day be a commercial port of great importance. Not, however, till the crescent wanes, and the day-spring dawns.

As I gazed on the receding shore the following evening, my thoughts were with "the Jew" and his down-trodden brethren; and as I remembered the motto on the posts of his door, and those of other Jews, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one!" I felt it in my heart to pray that they might soon add to it the motto of the New and better Covenant: "And this is Eternal Life; to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

CHAPTER III.

TANGIER—CONCLUDED.

"The land shadowing with wings which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia."—ISAIAH.

First Impressions—Significance of Physical Aspect—Historical Review—Unanswered Questions—Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Egyptians—Africa of the Ancients—Portuguese Navigators—Dutch Traders—English Trade with the Coast—Decline of Trade with Portugal—Geographical Divisions of the West Coast—The Senegal, and French Trade.

AFRICA is, in all respects, a land of deep shades. As the voyager approaches the western shores of its intertropical regions, he beholds them enveloped in a dense haze, and beneath this gloomy pall his imagination spreads the wild charms, the bloody rites and the exuberant deformities of savage life. As he enters the mysterious borders he beholds turbid rivers, deep and sombre forests, impenetrable jungles and offensive swamps, and a race of beings upon whom night has set her ineffaceable signet. The physical aspects which Nature here presents are to him symbolic, and their many-voiced utterances tell of the moral and intellectual darkness which covers the people.

Yet Africa is a land of sunshine, and, without a paradox, the light and darkness dwell together. Above the Harmattan fog, which generally disappears before noon, the sky is clear and cloudless, and the sun shines in his strength; and the bosom of the dense forests, beneath whose luxuriant foliage men walk in deep shadows, glistens in the light of

eternal summer. Why may we not regard these facts, also, as symbols which nature has hung out to speak the present or the future of intellectual and spiritual Africa? Symbols, and significant symbols they are; but as we read the former and nearer as descriptive of the present, we must read the latter and more remote as prophetic. An intellectual and spiritual dust fog, gloomy and death-bearing, now reigns over Africa; but when the noon of the race shall have come, the increasing light will dissipate the clouds. Ignorance and superstition, like the thick foliage of her forests, spread abroad a deadly shade, but when the hands of Religion and Science have torn away and rooted out these natural growths, the unobstructed rays of the Sun of Righteousness, beaming spiritual and intellectual light, shall fall upon the long shaded race; and when these obstructions are removed, her light may be as bright and enduring as her darkness has been deep and hideous. But if darkness is the characteristic of the moral aspect which Africa presents, we may safely say that thick darkness covers the origin and the history, of her hundred tribes, their many languages, and religious rites.

Did the Phœnicians circumnavigate this continent?

If they did not, how did they find out that beyond certain latitudes "the sun is on the right hand," or north, "casting shadows to the left," or south; and that Africa is not connected with any other continent than that of Asia, by the isthmus of Suez? If they did, how in their tiny barks did they survive the stormy waters of the Cape of Good Hope, and the tempestuous waves which roll continually on the southern and western shores. How did they provision themselves? If they landed at intervals and

sowed and reaped crops of grain—as is claimed for them—how did they escape the pestilences of the coast so fatal to the unacclimated? Considering their ignorance of geography, navigation, and the astronomy of southern skies, by what laws did they find their way? To attempt to follow the line of the coast would be fatal, even in these days of giant ships and accurate navigation.

These are questions which will likely remain forever unanswered.

Whatever Necho and his subjects may have known of the conformation and resources of Africa, nothing that they revealed was considered reliable or profitable by the generations immediately following. Polybius tells us that in his time it was not known whether Africa was united to another continent at the south, or surrounded by the sea Strabo makes no pretension to knowledge on the subject; and Ptolemy, the most learned of ancient geographers, describes it as becoming "*broader and broader* toward the south," and "reaching the south pole." Cape Non, or Nun, was long the *non plus ultra* of the ancients on the West Coast; but there is reason for believing that the Carthaginian fleet under Hanno doubled that stormy cape and explored the shores as far as Sherbro Sound; and also, that, in their trading expeditions, they penetrated far into Central Africa. It is evident, from certain remains found on the banks of the Niger, that the Egyptians once had commerce with the tribes of the interior, but it is not likely that they ever reached the shores or tribes of the West Coast. Herodotus, and Endrisi, an Arabian geographer, make mention of a great river in Africa which the latter denominates "the *Nile* of the negroes." This is perhaps,

identical with the *Gir* of Ptolemy and the Niger of modern geographers.

We suggest that in a union of these names *Nile* and *Gir* we have the etymology of the term Niger.

In speaking of this continent, we must ever bear in mind that the Africa—*Africa Propria*—and Ethiopia of the classic and inspired writers are to the north of the southern borders of the Great Desert. What is to us Africa proper, they called *Africa Interior;* but in a few instances, we find them applying the terms Ethiopia and Africa, as general terms, to the entire continent.

The Africa of the moderns is entirely to the south of the Sahara; and their Ethiopia is a large interior district, not very accurately defined, extending some seven degrees on each side of the equator. But we have said enough of the distant and dubious past.

In the early part of the fifteenth century the noble and enterprising Henry, Prince of Portugal, fitted out several expeditions for the purpose of exploring the shores of Western Africa. To one of the first, and the most profitable, of these expeditions we have referred in our account of the discovery of Madeira. The attention which the prince bestowed on the newly-found islands arrested for a while the progress of the coast explorations; but in 1433 they were resumed with new courage, and Gillianez, commander of an expedition, after doubling Cape Bojador, returned with glowing accounts of the broad land beyond. Emboldened by their successful passage of the stormy cape,* they renewed their efforts to penetrate still further,

* I cannot find sufficient authority for believing that the French of Normandy doubled Cape Bojador before the Portuguese.

and, in order to secure the newly discovered territories to the crown of Portugal, Henry applied to Pope Martin V. for a title to that effect. In those days, islands and continents, as well as thrones and kingdoms, were in the gift of the Roman Pontiff; and, in order to show his approval of the efforts of the young prince, and also to reward him for his outlay, Martin made a grant, assigning to Portugal all lands and islands which had been or might be discovered between Cape Bojador and the East Indies.

So far was this grant respected by the sovereigns of Europe that, in the time of Edward IV., a company of Englishmen who were preparing to sail to Africa, on a voyage of discovery, were stopped by that prince, who gave as a reason for his interference, that he had just been informed of the Pope's grant. Before the death of Henry, which occurred in 1463, Antonio Gonzales and Nuño Tristan explored the coast as far as Sierra Leone.

During the greater part of the reign of Alfonso, successor to Henry, Fernando Gomez formed the trade of the coast, paying to the crown for this exclusive privilege five hundred ducats annually; also pledging himself to explore the coast five hundred leagues southward. He fulfilled his engagement; and before the year 1481, his navigators had surveyed the coast as far south as the Congo.

John II., successor to Alfonso, established trading stations, and built several forts, on the coast of Guinea; completed a survey of the shore as far as the Cape of Good Hope, and by his navigator, Gama, found communication with India by the highway of the seas.

The attention of Europe was now turned to the new continent which Columbus had given to the world, and the

Portuguese enjoyed a century of undisturbed and profitable trade with the Ivory and Gold Coasts of Africa.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, the demand for laborers, in the rich and widening fields of the West Indies and Spanish America, suggested the idea of making a profitable trade, by buying negroes in Africa and selling them in the markets of the new world. The Portuguese, who had already entered the slave trade between the coast and the markets of Europe, now established lines of slavers between the towns of Guinea and St. Domingo. The profitableness of this trade soon attracted the attention of the Dutch, who were then in the height of their maritime glory. With such an appeal to their cupidity, and the growing disposition of the age to question the authority of popes in things temporal, Martin's grant of exclusive possession and right of trade to Portugal was no longer heeded. They anchored their vessels off the trading settlements, entered the forts by force, and so completely took the trade into their own hands, that, at the close of 1637, there was not a Portuguese trading station on the Gold Coast. The English followed the example of the Dutch, drove them in turn from several of their forts, of which we shall speak more particularly under appropriate heads, and for many years the British lion fattened himself on the lion's share of the African slave trade. His conscience did not then interfere with his digestion; he hunted, ate, and slept well; and his coat became smooth and glossy. Some will have it, that he was a grown lion then—that the relative positions of conscience and stomach were permanently fixed—that they are now *in statu quo*—and that if his peptic strength is not now what it was then, something

other than moral sensibility interferes with the capacity of his powerful organs to assimilate such food. We are disposed, however, to attribute only the best of qualities to the noble and venerable brute; and to hope that, like some other heaven-favored sinners, he has been blest with an increase of conscientious sensibility in his old age. The English were followed by the Spanish and French, and of their trade and settlements we shall speak hereafter.

The bounds of what is termed the West Coast are not uniformly defined by geographers, but for our present purpose we shall consider it as embracing all that part of the African coast which lies between the southern borders of the Great Desert, and the country of the Cimbebas, which is bounded on the north by Benguela, and on the south by the land of the Hottentots. West Africa may be divided into three grand divisions, namely, Senegambia, Upper Guinea, and Lower Guinea. The coast of Upper Guinea is divided into Liberia, which extends from the Gallinas River to the San Pedro; the Ivory Coast, which extends from San Pedro to Cape Three Points; the Gold Coast, which lies between Cape Three Points and Cape St. Paul; and the Coast of the Gulf, or Bight, of Benin, sometimes called the Slave Coast, which is comprised between Cape St. Paul and the mouths of the Niger. Lower Guinea may be divided into four divisions—the Coast of Biafra, the Coast of Loango, the Coast of Angola, and the Coast of Benguela. So much for the geography of the coast.

From another standpoint we behold Western Africa under three conditions, each having its own period:

I. As the theatre of exploration and discovery.

II. As the theatre of wars, piracy, slaving, and all forms of crime.

III. As coming under the influence of civilization and Christianity.

It may not be inappropriate to conclude this chapter with a few remarks on the trade of Senegal River, and the town of St. Louis, the most northern of the trading stations on the West Coast.

We went in the direction of St. Louis as far as the island of Goree, which is near the mouth of the Senegal. The pleasure of seeing for ourselves, and gathering information on the spot was denied us; but the following facts, which we gathered from resident merchants of the adjoining trading town, Bathurst, English and American traders, and reliable authors, may meet most of the questions which the reader will ask concerning such a place.

In the year 1637, the French made a settlement on an island in the mouth of the Senegal, and there subsequently built a town which, in honor of Louis XIV., they called Saint Louis. If the reader wants to know how that notorious sinner came to be a saint, we would, as the most probable solution of his question, remind him of an old song which runs thus:

"The Devil got sick,
The Devil a saint would be,
The Devil got well,
Then devil a saint was he."

This town was taken by the British in 1756, but was recovered by the French in 1779. During the French Revolution, it fell again into the hands of the British, but was

ceded to France at the restoration of the Bourbons. By treaty with the natives, France has possessed herself of extensive tracts on each side of the river, and for many years has enjoyed exclusively the trade of an immense district. This trade has always been profitable. Among the natives they found ready purchasers for guinea cloth—colored cottons—beads and trinkets of French manufacture, for which they receive in return ivory, gold dust, cloves, and gum senegal—gum of the acacia. The first named article they continue to gather in large quantities, for which they give, in trade, five cents a pound. Ivory and gold are not so abundant as formerly, but beeswax and hides have come into market, and the pea-nut—ground pea of the south—being found valuable in commerce, is so extensively produced by the natives, on the banks of the river, that it is now the staple article.

Pea-nuts are bought here at sixty cents a bushel, trade consideration, and exported to France, where they are manufactured into *olive* oil! Do you doubt the correctness of the statement, look at the label of your bottle of salad oil; there it is, written in letters of gold, "*Huile d' Olive*," and remember that the oil manufactured in France from *olives* would not be sufficient to supply the city of Paris if used exclusively. However, there is nothing in a name. The pea-nut olive oil is of excellent quality when properly refined.

The gum senegal is gathered by the tribes of the neighboring Sahara, who, at a certain season, repair in vast caravans, men, women and children, on camels and horses, to the vast acacia forests which cover the lands of the upper waters of the Senegal. Here they spend several weeks

gathering the gum, which is found on the exterior bark of the tree, in hard globules the size of a pigeon's egg. When they have laden themselves and their beasts, they descend to a town on the lower waters, at which an annual fair is held, and where they are met by the French merchants. At a given signal the fair is opened, and lying on the part of the natives, cheating on the part of the French, noise, broils and merriment, are kept up for several days.

The country near the Atlantic partakes of the character of the neighboring desert; it is flat, sandy and barren. A French officer, who surveyed and explored the river for several hundred miles into the interior, informs us, that in the lower sixty leagues the inclination of the river bed is but two feet. St. Louis and its vicinity are said to be more healthy for Europeans than most places further south. But even here the life of the European is short; dysentery and African fever prevail, at times carrying off almost the entire white population. The tribes in the vicinity are of mixed blood, representing the Negro and "the Moors (Berbers most likely) of the desert." They are Mohammedans in their religion; and though they have had Jesuit missionaries and schools among them half a century, conducted with the wisdom, scheming and zeal which characterize everywhere the operations of that order, but little has been done in the way of making them Christians, or even giving them a favorable impression of Christianity. At present there are two or three young men in Paris, sons of native princes, who are receiving instructions in commerce and the Romish faith. The following figures will show the rapidity with which trade has increased in this section, and its present extent:

A reliable French author, M. Philip Kerhallet, states, that in 1833 the importations were worth three millions of francs—exportations a little more. In 1846, the French trade of Senegal was, importations seven millions of francs, exportations over sixteen millions! At present the trade with Senegal employs over two hundred vessels and over two thousand seamen. It is steadily and rapidly increasing, and in 1858 was worth over ten millions of dollars. The present value of the trade on this one river, its rapid increase, and the readiness with which—as in the case of the pea-nut—an insignificant article has been made a staple article in agriculture and commerce, will surprise many readers.

BATHURST, ENGLISH SETTLEMENT ON THE GAMBIA.

CHAPTER IV.

GAMBIA RIVER.

"Here lofty trees to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat, and floods
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heav'n
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom."

Rough Sailing—An African Pilot—Civilization and Religion—Gambia River—Moonlight Visions—Historic Associations—Early Settlers and Explorers—Islands of the River—Trade of the Gambia—Bathurst—Missionaries and Mission Stations—Tribes of the Banks—An old Acquaintance—Civilization advancing.

Several days spent in cruising over the restless waters which divide the Cape Verd Islands from the African coast, gave us an intense appetite for land breezes, and brought us to that point of humility in the eyes of Neptune which accepts of "any port in a storm." They were terrible days, followed by still more terrible nights. Days and nights of "close hauled" sailing, angry seas, closed ports, wet decks, fearful pitching, terrific rolling; bilious headaches, desponding hearts, sour looks, cross answers; ennui, nausea, and general discontent; but as we ploughed our wide way into greener waters and the soundings indicated our approach to land, faces grew brighter; and as the seas subsided, our spirits rose. This is certainly the most restless and unpleasant portion of the Atlantic; it is swept by the Northeast Trades, which here attain their maximum force, and

for at least nine months of the year the boisterous winds and foam-crested waves take no repose. Woe to the poor cruiser who has to beat against them on his windward course; let him expect days of darkness, for they shall be many!

In my memoranda of those cheerless times, I find the following: "Feb. 16th. Sick to-day—sea-sick, head-sick, heart-sick, home-sick! Mem.—Never go to sea again! Take the Black-jack Ridge, or the Alligator Swamp Missions in preference! Abraham Pennington—bright be my memories of his virtuous life!—was near the truth when he said that 'the devil has control of the elements sometimes.' This must be one of his ball-grounds, and our officers, our men, our ship even, feel the influence of his music; and a pretty dance the old gentleman has been leading us for the past three days. The seafaring life is an unnatural one. God made the dry land for man, and he should stay on it! but if he will be a fool, and tempt the dangerous deep, he must take the consequences. So, pipe on ye winds and teach me some sense!" This is not a very amiable note; but if the reader has ever been sea-sick, he will understand it; and if he has not, let him be very charitable toward its faults, for he may be sea-sick himself some day.

On the morning of the 17th of February, 1857, we were near the bar of the mouth of the Gambia river and twenty miles from the land, which was obscured by a deep haze. We hove to, and made signal for a pilot by firing a gun. At noon, a stout little vessel of English rig came alongside, and a naked gentleman, tall, dignified and black, made his appearance on the quarter-deck. Advancing to the commander, he introduced himself with a low bow and a scrape of his right foot, saying—

"I'se de pilit, sa."

"Do you speak English?" said the captain.

"Oh ya, sa! I'se b'long to de English town."

"Don't pilots wear clothes in your country?" said the officer, as he made deliberate survey of the ebony Adonis before him.

"Oh ya, sa!" he replied, casting a glance at a small bundle under his arm, "I'se tend to him bim by," and without further ceremony he mounted the horse-block with the air of an admiral, saying, "S'pose you fill-away, Cap'n, de tide be flood."

He was the lion of the hour; a fine specimen of the half-civilized African; nor was there any mistaking the type of his civilization. With all the self-possession of the Englishman and the pomposity of the African, he played the cockney well, in spite of his breechless exterior, and gave us a favorable impression of the young England of the Gambia. While the officer of the deck was "making sail," he went to the main gangway, where he unrolled his bundle of rags, and after several attempts to get his head and arms through the proper holes, worked himself into a shirt that had evidently seen better days; and then drew on three-quarters of a pair of breeches, composed of a front, a waist-band, a leg and a half, and two pockets. He completed his toilet, which I was impolite enough to witness with a great deal of interest, by putting on the topless crown of a straw hat. I handed him the spy-glass, with which I had been trying to find the land, and which he put under his arm, *à la militaire*, and now, in the full dress of a run-away scare-crow, presented the most interesting union of the dignified and ridiculous that mortal eyes ever beheld.

But I found him interesting in other respects. He was well acquainted with the trade of the river, the officers and missionaries of the station, and informed me, with much pride of manner, that he had received *all* his education from the missionaries. On learning my office on board, he became quite communicative; said that for many years he had been a Wesleyan Methodist; and from his conversation I doubt not that he read his Bible with profit, that he was a sincere Methodist and a humble Christian, and that within that dark casket and ungainly exterior there was a precious jewel, even a ransomed and regenerated soul. We shall see, in our further acquaintance with African humanity, that a good degree of scriptural intelligence and personal religion is not incompatible with the half civilized state. We advanced slowly up the smooth and sunlit waters of the majestic Gambia, and an hour before sunset dropped anchor off the island of St. Mary's and abreast of the pretty town of Bathurst. The English flag was saluted with twenty-one guns, and the compliment was speedily returned. The flag-lieutenant visited the governor with the respects of the commodore, and a party of English officers from the garrison came off and spent the evening in our ward-room in a jolly way. I remained on the quarter-deck until a late hour, enjoying the soft breath of evening and the clear moonlight. The stillness of the night, the glistening, quiet river, the silvery voice of the gentle ripple, the slumbering woods, all contrasted so favorably with the scenery and discomfort of the previous evening, that I was loth to retire to my dark little room. Cheerfulness and gratitude had succeeded to self-reproach and discontent, and visions of my loved home far away, scenes and persons

from the history of the Gambia mingled with fancies born of the wild forest around, all blending softly yet obscurely, as the deep shadow of the woods blent with the dark bosom of the river.

Who has not read "Mungo Park's Travels in Africa?" and who that has read them can fail to associate his name with the Gambia? Long as its mighty floods shall roll to the Atlantic, the music of the wave on its shores shall sound requiems in the ears of civilized men to the memories of Thompson and Park. The Portuguese established defences for the protection of their traders on this river in the early part of the 16th century, and for more than a hundred years reaped golden harvests from the trade in ivory and gold dust which they carried on with the tribes of its banks. But though it is likely that they penetrated far into the interior, their observations contributed but little toward unfolding the geography or ethnography of Africa. Gold was the debasing object of their pursuit, until they entered that trade which is, of all others, the most degrading to the feelings and intellect of those who pursue it, namely, slave hunting. With such objects before them, their eyes were closed to the majestic forms, and brilliant garb, and varied life, which nature here presents.

It is claimed for commercial men and trading adventurers that they have contributed most toward extending our knowledge of geography and mankind, and in promoting civilization. We grant that they have done much; but be it remembered that they have performed only a secondary part in these works.

In the tropical as in frigid zones, the most successful explorers have been men who were actuated by nobler motives

than the pursuit of gain. Prince Henry of Portugal, Mungo Park, the Landers, Wilson, Bowen, Livingstone, Barth, Franklin, and Kane, were men whose adventures were prompted by incentives to which the mere trader is a stranger.

In 1618 a company was formed in England for the purpose of exploring the Gambia. Richard Thompson was sent out at the head of a small party, and furnished with ten thousand dollars worth of goods and trinkets, by distributing which he hoped to gain the good will of the natives, and pursue his course to the headwaters of the river. He arrived safely on the coast in a vessel called the Catharine, and proceeded up the river as far as Kissan, a fortified town occupied by Portuguese traders. The traders, who considered themselves the rightful owners of all western Africa, received him with coolness, and watched his movements with jealousy. Here he left his vessel and most of her crew, and pushed up the river in small boats; but soon after his departure, his men in the vessel were murdered by the natives, urged on by the Portuguese. Thompson never returned; and his fate is unknown.

Two years after his departure, Richard Jobson was sent out, and at the head of a small party sailed up the Gambia, in small boats, to a point more than a hundred miles above the falls of Baraconda, now the head of navigation, and three hundred and fifty miles from the coast. He was the first to give any reliable account of the country on the upper waters, the people and their habits. The natives told him that Thompson had been murdered by his own crew; but as none of that crew were ever after found, it is likely that they were all massacred by the natives at the instigation of

the traders. He was informed by one Buchar Sano, a native merchant, that far up the stream there was a country of much gold; but after continuing his course three months he returned without seeing the Beulah of his hopes.

Hearing of this land of gold, Vermuyden, a merchant who had resided some time on the river, led another expedition up the stream in 1615, but did not advance more than a hundred miles beyond the falls. Nothing more was done by the English until 1723, when Captain Stibbs was sent out, by a company, in command of a small party. The idea now prevailed in Europe that the Gambia was a branch of the Niger, and by continuing upward Stibbs hoped to enter that stream. Sickness, and other mishaps attended his expedition, and after going sixty miles beyond the falls he was compelled to return. In 1791, under the patronage of the African Company, Major Houghton, a gentleman of rank, intelligence, and sanguine spirit, undertook the hopeless task of exploring the Gambia, by travelling along its banks on foot and alone. Don Quixote's charge on the windmill was wisdom compared with this undertaking. The noble man was lured from his course by a party of Moors, who, after robbing him of his last garment, left him to perish in the forest. Mungo Park entered these waters in 1795, but after going some distance up stream, pursued his journey overland, and by dint of a brazen constitution and unusual common sense, worked his way among the natives until he reached the cool waters of the Niger at a point near a thousand miles from the mouth of the Gambia.

He saw the great river flówing eastward, and satisfied with the result of his adventure, and full of thrilling experiences of life among the negroes, he returned to England,

where he was received as one from the dead. The source of the Gambia, and the country on its headwaters are not yet accurately known, but enough is ascertained to dissipate the idea of its connection with the Niger, and the romantic accounts of cities of gold glittering on its upper banks.

There are several islands in this river. St. James was settled by the African Company—English—in 1724; and Joar, a hundred miles from the sea, about the same time. On Macarthy's Island, two hundred miles up the river, there is a large trading town, a fort, a Methodist church, and a schoolhouse. To this point the river is navigable for vessels of large draught, and a small war-steamer plies between here and Bathurst, superintending the interests of England. The Portuguese, long ago, retired from its banks, the French have lately resigned their forts here, and the trade is now entirely in the hands of the English. To their liberality, however, be it said, that they give every facility and encouragement to the shipping of the United States. Their forts and possessions at Bathurst, and on Cape St. Mary's, command the west side of the river; and on the eastern shore they have lately purchased from the Barras a tract one mile wide and thirty miles long. Here, as at Senegal, the cultivation of the pea-nut has been encouraged, and the crop may now be estimated at two millions and a half of bushels. Of this quantity, a million bushels are purchased for the French markets, and the remainder are exported to England, Germany, and America.

The American traders who visit this river deal mostly in hides, horns, and beeswax; but with them, also, the pea-nut will soon become the staple article. Wild honey is brought down the river in considerable quantities, and is bought for

the German markets. These articles are all brought to Bathurst in canoes; and some idea of the value of labor in Africa may be formed by considering that half a dozen men will spend five or six days in bringing ten bushels of these nuts to market, and then exchange them for articles on which the merchant makes two or three hundred per cent. profit, at the rate of sixty cents a bushel. We say nothing of the labor bestowed to produce them. It is likely that the present (1858) value of the export and import trade of the Gambia is over five millions of dollars, and that the vessels from Salem and New York will take one sixth of it.

Bathurst was settled in the year 1816, called after Earl Bathurst, a gentleman whose virtues Pope thought fit to immortalize in verse. The island on which it stands, St. Mary's, is four miles long and one broad; it is a delta of the Gambia, raised on the inland side by the alluvium of the river, and on the seaward side by sand thrown up by the action of the waves. A mangrove swamp occupies a large portion of it, and the vast quantity of mud which is exposed to the action of the sun at low water, must contribute greatly to the known unhealthiness of the island. In this mud, along the water's edge, I found quantities of those delicious bivalves of the genus *ostrea*, known in America as cockles, or scallops. The town presents a neat and business-like aspect. The houses occupied by the traders, missionaries, and government officials, are built of stone, and are tasty and substantial. In the business, or dry season, canoes throng the beach, and negroes, of twenty tribes, keep the streets in an uproar with their noisy chattering. The native residents on the island represent six or eight tribes, and speak as many

languages, each language comprising several dialects. They number five thousand.

On the morning of the 18th, in company with Dr. C., I called on the Rev. John Bridgart, superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions on the Gambia, and his co-laborer, Rev. Alex. F. Gurney. These gentlemen received us with much cordiality; showed us through the mission premises, school-house, and chapel—all comfortable and substantial buildings of stone, and kept in good order.

The school, which has an average attendance of three hundred, is conducted on sound, common-sense principles; and the instruction imparted, in English, is of a practical character. The teachers are native converts, themselves graduates of this school, modest and intelligent men. Most of the scholars have forsaken the religion of their fathers, many of them are worthy members of the church, and will soon return as missionaries to their several tribes. This mission field, which is entirely in the hands of the Wesleyan Methodists, is in a most promising condition, and though young, the fruits are now visible. Connected with the chapels of St. Mary and Barras there are now about six hundred members; thirty of whom are Sabbath-school teachers, nine local preachers, and four teachers of day-schools. On Macarthy's Island there are two chapels, with a membership of near three hundred, seven of whom are local preachers, three teachers of day and eighteen of Sabbath-schools. The number of day scholars in this mission exceeds six hundred, many of whom are adults. The attendance of the Sabbath-schools is much larger.

These results demand comment, and more especially in view of the common impression that of the various mission

fields occupied by the church, Africa is the least productive; but we forbear for the present. The converts are prepared for membership by long trial, and careful instruction, but notwithstanding, there are occasional relapses, not into barbarism, but into sin—the sins of civilized men. I am inclined to think, however, that in these churches, the number of consistent and zealous Christians bears as large a proportion to the whole number of members, as may be found in most of the churches of America or England.

The climate of the Gambia is in all respects tropical. There are but two seasons—the wet and the dry. The rainy season commences in June and ends in December; then it is that fatal fevers prevail, and missionaries fall in the midst of their labors. There are stations on the coast more unhealthy than this, but, even here, the strongest constitution may not hope to survive more than four or five years. It is an occasion of gratitude and encouragement that so much has been accomplished in view of the constant changes and fearful mortality among the missionaries. What but an intelligent sense of duty, and that sense how strong! could sustain men in such arduous labors, staring death in the face continually, exiled from civilization and most of its blessings, looking forward to a grave among strangers, and a tomb which the tears of affection may not consecrate to the slumbers of the beloved: and all this without hope of any earthly reward or honor! Truly such men are heroes; but, because their motives are too high for the appreciation of the multitude, their names will not mark the fading annals of worldly greatness.

The most important and influential of the surrounding tribes, are the Jollifs and Barras. In physical appearance

and in manners the former resemble the Mandingoes, the most intelligent people of the western coast, and the roots of their language indicate a common origin. They are above medium height, erect and bony, and perhaps a shade darker than the Mandingoes. Their features are regular, feet and hands small, and but for the wool, might pass for black Moors. They are more industrious and intelligent than many of the neighboring tribes, owing doubtless to the fact, that, centuries ago, they embraced Mohammedanism. Perhaps this fact will also account for their more intellectual cast of countenance. Although professed followers of the Prophet, they retain many of the superstitions of their more barbarous estate; particularly their love of charms or amulets, which they believe possess power to resist evil spirits and evil influences. These are of various forms—carved teeth of certain animals, small leathern pouches handsomely embroidered, containing texts from the Koran, etc. I have seen as many as a dozen of these on one person, suspended from the neck and wrists, and worked into the hair. The missionaries do not find them so accessible as their less intelligent neighbors, but the qualities which make them firm in their present religion, will, when they are converted, make them zealous and consistent Christians. A few of these are, however, numbered in the triumphs of the Wesleyan missions.

We met several Jollifs and others from some of the semi-Mohammedanized tribes, in full Moorish costume, but they were dignitaries. The dress which a majority of the Jollifs wear, is a cool garb even for Africa, consisting of a turban, amulets, a shirt, and a pair of sandals. The residents and natives of St. Mary's imitate the European style of dress,

and progress in it as they advance in intelligence, so that in a given case one might estimate the degree of civilization by the amount of breeches. The huts are built of cane or other wicker-work, are covered with palm leaf, and generally enjoy the shade of the palm or plantain. While strolling in the outskirts of Bathurst, we were invited into a hut of unusual neatness, surrounded by a garden inclosed by a bamboo fence. We entered the low door and seated ourselves on stools placed in the centre of the apartment for our accommodation, and one of the three female occupants brought us some excellent palm wine in clean, fresh-looking gourds. They seemed pleased that we enjoyed their wine, thanked us for the visit, and told us that they were members of the mission chapel. We finished our day's walk by visiting the graveyard of the whites—a grassy hill overlooking the sea. Here the gold-hunter, the explorer, the slave-hunter, the soldier and the missionary, sleep side by side, awaiting the day of revelation and the rewards of their toil. Which will be called "the fanatic" then? Who then "the fool?" Who will then be pronounced wise? blessed are they, for they shall shine as the stars in the firmament for ever and ever!

In passing through the native market next morning in company with Lieut. M., our attention was arrested by a stand of *ginger cakes and beer*, behind which sat an old black woman in a neat calico dress and white headkerchief, with the unmistakable tie and set of the low country house-girl of the Southern States.

"This reminds me of Georgia," said one of the party.

"I come from dare!" exclaimed the old lady, rising to her feet.

"From where?" asked Lieut. M.

"From Sawanna."

"What is your name?"

"Catherine."

"Where did you live?"

"At de 'Our House,' mossa."

"Did you know Col. M.?" said I, referring to the father of my companion, an old and distinguished citizen of Savannah.

"Oh yes, mossa!" said she, mentioning at the same time the names of several of his family.

"Would you know Julian now?" said I, casting a glance at my friend.

"Dunno, mossa; Jule be little boy, den."

"Look at this man," said I.

She gazed a moment, and grasping his hand, exclaimed:

"De Lord help my poor soul, if this aint moss Jule! Tank de Lord! Praise de Lord! I see some my people one time more!"

Then followed many inquiries after old friends, a sketch of her life since she left Georgia, and the touching question:

"Can't you take a-me back to my people?"

He explained that this was impossible, and emptying the contents of his purse into her hands, bid her good bye with a softened voice.

"Tell my broder and sister of Andrew Marshall church," said she, "that I been see heap trouble; but my Jesus been wid me, and I try meet um ober yonder."

Poor woman! she had been *set free* at the age of forty, and sent to Liberia; but her husband becoming dissatisfied,

came to this place, where he died, leaving her helpless: but the white residents buy her cakes, and she makes a scanty living. That evening the missionaries visited our ship, and I enjoyed sweet communion with them for several hours. Noble men! sincere Christians! Intelligent gentlemen! God spare them and bless them in their loved employ!

Next morning our beautiful ship unfolded her white wings to the wind, and as if refreshed by her repose in the quiet river, dashed swiftly on toward the spray and the wave. Civilization is advancing even in Africa. The roar of cannon, the plunging of heavy anchors, the rush of the paddle-wheel, have disturbed the gambols of the hippopotami, and the river-horse no longer rolls in the lower floods of the Gambia. The lion, the leopard, and the stately elephant are disappearing from its banks; the mimicking parrot has already carried the echoes of the steam-whistle into the deep forests of the interior—the voice of a bird telling the dawn of a coming day—and after them shall follow, with slow but steady tread, the heralds of religion and the sons of trade. The march of humanity is "onward!" Progress is inevitable, and "knowledge shall be increased unto the end," saith the Lord of Hosts!

CHAPTER V.

SIERRA LEONE.

Green Waters Again—Entrance of the Sierra Leone—Ashore on the Bar—The Sailor's Love for his Ship—Sabbath Morning in Sierra Leone—Freetown—Looking for a Methodist Church—English Distinctions of *Church* and Chapel—Congregations of Natives—Native Preachers—Good Reading—Disappointment No. 3—Wesleyan Chapel—Methodist Liturgy—An Intelligent Congregation—A Troublesome Nose—Good Singing—Christian Sympathy superior to Prejudice—Mrs. Stowe in Africa—Rev. Mr. Teal of the English Methodist Mission—Sierra Leone.

"GREEN waters, again!" said the officer, just relieved from the morning watch, as he passed through the ward-room to his berth. In a moment we imagined that our ship pitched more lightly, and persuading our feet into a pair of India-rubber overalls, ascended to the quarter-deck for a mouthful of fresh air. An hour after we made signal for a pilot, and early in the afternoon another breechesless Anglo-African, venerable and greyheaded, crawled over the gang-way with a bundle of clothes under his arm and the credentials of a pilot between his teeth. The mist and fog began to clear away, and soon the high mountains of Sierra Leone made their appearance above the clouds, like islands floating in the air. Night overtook us on the bar, and the pilot, becoming a little confused in his bearings, and not making sufficient allowance for our draught of water, ran us aground on a submerged sand-bank. Then followed a scene of excitement, but without confusion. The commander,

J. H. W., who has always been equal to his emergencies, sprung to the horse-block, all hands were on deck in a moment, orders were passed and executed with the rapidity of thought, boats were lowered and kedges were carried out without delay. The tide was still rising, and after fifteen minutes of hard bumping to the ship, and hard work to her men, we floated off into deep water without the slightest injury. An hour after, we dropped anchor in the smooth Sierra Leone, now the broad mirror of a thousand stars. A hundred lights were shining from the windows of Freetown, and, feeling grateful that we were once more among the habitations of men, we slept that night unrocked by the tossings of the deep.

We occasionally find in our life-experiences that those indefinable and self-willed creatures of our being, called affections, often cling with strong attachment to things inanimate; nor is it an abuse of language to say that we may love such things as we may love persons or qualities. The farmer loves the tree that he has planted and trained; the soldier loves the blade that has served him in battle; and the sailor loves the ship that has borne him safely through storms. We felt the stirrings of this latent affection that night, as our good ship struck heavily with each fall of the wave on that shallow bar, and the possibility of a wreck glanced through our minds. From the number of our boats, the proximity of the shore and the smoothness of the sea, there was no danger of loss of life, or personal property, and indeed such a wreck would have terminated an unpleasant cruise; yet we felt that we could weep to see the good timbers of our faithful ship bleaching on a foreign shore; and the possibility that she that had carried us safely

over a thousand angry waves, and proudly waved our flag among strangers, as if conscious herself of the dignity of her mission, should come to so ignoble an end, touched every heart with pity and strained every nerve to her assistance. Phrenologists call this love "local attachment," and I suppose that its presence would be indicated by a "bump"—but bump, or no bump, it exists in all good sailors, and is often, in degree and kind, similar to the love which they bear for persons or principles. The sailor needs no naturalization, oath of fealty, threatening or reward, to attach him to his ship; so long as she bears him safely through the gale, and furnishes him with a hammock and a home, he will fight for her safety and honor, bear what flag she may.

Next morning the bright sun of an October Sabbath revealed the flourishing city of Freetown; resting on the northern part of the high ridge called Sierra Leone—Lion's Ridge—and stretching along the shore a mile and a half. The blue hills still mantled in the mists of morning, the deep and sombre valleys now changing with the silvery light to more cheerful hues, the solemn forests and the silent shore, the majestic river in its noiseless flow, the waveless bay, unruffled by an oar, the quiet city and the cheerful fields, all seemed conscious that a holy day had come—a day of rest, and silent adoration. The music of the church-bells carried us far over the wave, and we mingled unseen in the worships of our own hearths and altars; but another glance, and the tall cottonwoods on the beach, the graceful palms, waving in the light winds on the hillside, the clustering cocoanut trees, which shade the streets of the city, reminded us that we were in the climes of the sun; in

Africa, savage Africa, but Africa waking up with a smile on her face to welcome the blessings of the Christian Sabbath.

I went ashore in the first boat, and, landing at a substantial stone pier, accepted the services of a well-dressed negro, who proposed to "show Massa Kapting anywhere for a sixpence," and turned my steps to find a Methodist church. A few seconds' walk brought us to the heart of the city, where, in the centre of a square, stands a large stone church in the Gothic style, which may be considered as the cathedral of the place.

"Dis de church ob Hingland," said my guide, and with the hope that his sixpence was gained, proposed that I should go to church there, assuring me that they had "Mighty good white people preaching, Kapting, and plenty prayers!"

I was struck with the size and neat appearance of the houses, and the cleanliness of the streets. The houses of the government officials are large and well built; so are the various public buildings; and beside these, there are a great number of brick, stone, and frame-houses, occupied by natives, which display taste and means. From these down to the huts of wattle-work, daubed with mud and thatched with palm-grass, the same attention to order and cleanliness was manifest, and that in an extraordinary degree for an African town. The suburbs are occupied by thousands of these huts, attached to each of which there is generally a small garden, and among them cocoanut trees, affording both fruit and shade in abundance.

The streets were thronged with well-dressed negroes, on their way to church, and had it not been for the tropical shade trees, and the occasional appearance of an untamed

African, in shirt and old hat, or a turbaned Mandingo, I could have fancied myself in the suburbs of a southern city. After walking a quarter of a mile or more, we stopped at another church, where a native preacher, in surplice and bands, was commencing the service of the Church of England. He was followed by a large congregation, who, with prayer-books in hands, read the responses with a great deal of unction.

"This is not the place, sir!" I said to my guide; "I begin to fear that you don't know where the Methodist church is?"

"O yes, Kapting, a little further!"

Another quarter of a mile, and a large, white stone building shone through the cocoanuts; rural English, in every feature; such a one, doubtless, as casts its shadow on the "aged thorn," which Gray hath written into immortality. A little nearer and I heard the congregation singing the *Gloria in Excelsis*, but as English Methodists have had the good sense to retain this inimitable hymn in their "Sunday Service," I thought it worth while to look in; but, behold two black gentlemen in surplices and bands!

"Wrong again, sir," said I to Tobias, my guide, who, like myself, was in a glow from hard walking and the hot sun. He touched his hat very respectfully, saying:

"Thar be plenty more, sa, s'pose dis no suit Mas Kapting."

"How far to the next?"

"'Bout half a mile, Kapting!"

I sat down on the belfry steps and listened to the deacon reading the first lesson. He read well, enunciating distinctly the final syllable of preterits ending in "ed;" a

practice which English scholars observe everywhere, but in some of the southern and western States, and which raises the dignity of Scripture language above the vulgar abbreviations of the common colloquial. But the poor fellow made terrible work with his "h's"; and had that defect in the pronounciation of "r" like *a* broad—which is peculiar to the affected Englishman and the American snob. He was English in his religion, his education, with its excellences and defects, and in everything else but color. The congregation, numbering near two hundred, were neatly dressed in European style, except a few Sabbath-school children, and were attentive and devotional.

"Now," said I to Tobias, "you have deceived me thrice, you may go about your business, and I'll hold on to the sixpence."

"If you please, Massa Kapting, I take you to one more church."

"How far?"

"'Bout mile: other side town."

"Is that the church of the Methodist mission?"

"Tell you de trufe, Kapting, I duno what church dad be."

"I thought as much," said I.

"Perhaps the Kapting want to see some de chapels?"

"Ah, boy, that gives me a little light. You Englishmen"—Tobias straightens up—"call nothing church but the English Church?"

"Jes so, Kapting; de oder is chapels."

"Very good; now, I want to go to the chapel of the Methodist mission: do you know where that is?"

He scratched his head a moment, and brought out a very reluctant "No, sa."

"What chapels do you know?"

"Plenty; I knows two Lady Huntingdons, one African; there used to be Baptis, but he shut up now, and I knows heap o' Wesleyans."

"Ah, Tobias, now you strike me! Excuse my stupidity! that's the one I want—take me to the principal Wesleyan chapel."

We had a very long walk, the sun was hot, and, as usual when I needed one, I had no umbrella. We arrived at the chapel—a large building of stone, under the same roof as the mission house—just in time to hear the concluding prayers of the morning service. It may be necessary here to inform the reader that among all Methodists, except those of the United States, the form of prayer as abridged by John Wesley from the Book of Common Prayer of the English Episcopal Church, is used every Sunday morning before preaching. Dr. Cumming, I think it is who remarks that "no people can use the service like the Methodists." The author would add, and none others stand so much in need of it, as some compensation for the incoherencies and oversights, at times, inseparable from extemporary prayers.

In nothing is the sound sense and moderation of Wesley so marked as in this, that while endeavoring to reform a system whose life was almost extinct, and where mere form had taken the place of spirituality and power, he did not eschew all form, and while endeavoring to cultivate the gift and exercise of extemporaneous prayer, for private and public worship, he still found place, and saw the necessity for a liturgy. There is no hiding the fact from those who are acquainted with "Wesleyan Methodism," that where, in this and other respects, Mr. Wesley is closely followed,

a type of Methodistic piety develops, for which in American Methodism (U. S.) there is no counterpart. We shall see this exemplified, to some extent, in the mission fields of Africa.

The preacher officiating was a black man, dressed in black clothes, relieved by a necktie of spotless white. He read as only spiritually-minded men can read, and his respectable looking audience responded as those only can respond who understand and feel what they say. A polite sexton, out of respect to my brass buttons, I suppose, led me to the furthest seat in the amen corner. It was cushioned comfortably, and supplied with books—a Bible, a prayer book, called "Sunday-Service of the Methodists," and a hymn book. A venerable black gentleman, in the uniform of an English army officer, was the only occupant of the seat besides myself, and after my long and hot walk, I found the ample and soft cushion a pleasant resting place. There was but one element of discomfort: my unfortunate olfactories would keep reminding me that there were certain odoriferous particles afloat in the atmosphere not exactly to their liking. But this was not as bad as it might have been, for I had the advantage of an open window; yet I could not help thinking sometimes that there was a very large flock of goats from Mount Gilead, or some other fragrant place, out in the garden; or a great many swamp-rabbits under the house, with, perhaps, a muskrat or two. The Africans are fond of perfumes!

The preacher gave out a hymn in short measure, which was sung to Cranbrook; the music was led by the teachers and scholars of the Sabbath-school, who occupied the front seats. They sung well. In attaining a good knowledge of

the science, they had not lost the spirit; and to the spirit of music was added the soul of prayer. The congregation generally followed; they stood while they sung, although this was the second or third singing, and I doubt not but the sacrifice was accepted before the Throne.

My spirit also was stirred with gratitude and love. I had been long thirsting for the assembly of the saints, and just such praise as this. I felt that I was among God's people, however ignorant or obscure they may have been, and I felt that whatever else divided us, we were one in depravity and darkness, one in dependence and frailty, one in the immortal hopes of the eternal redemption that is in Jesus Christ. Deep in my own consciousness I found a sympathy that claimed brotherhood with those who expressed their wants and hopes in the songs and prayers that expressed mine—a sympathy that is superior to questions of original unity or diversity of races, intellectual comparisons, or social caste. Memory, too, was busy. The singing carried me back to Andrew Chapel, Savannah, to camp grounds in Middle Georgia, where "the darkeys" make night melodious with their simple songs and inimitable music; and with camp-meetings came the friends and labors, and successes and sorrows, of other days; the spiritual and sympathetic in me were aroused in unison, and the better part of my nature was soon thousands of miles away, revelling somewhere between Griffin, Georgia, and the third heavens. When I came to myself, I alone was standing, the preacher was taking his text, my handkerchief was at my eyes, and my spectacles were dim with moisture. I felt ashamed of myself.

The text was, "My people do not consider," of which the

preacher made good use, as illustrating his topic, which was The Sin of Ingratitude. His remarks were plain, in good grammar and excellent sense. I felt especially interested in the latter portion of his discourse, where he touchingly and beautifully reminded his hearers of the darkness and death in which the missionaries found him and them. He compared their condition, temporally and spiritually, with that of their fathers, with that of their brethren still in barbarism, and finally with that of their race in America, "where they live on roots, and do the work of brute beasts." "Ah, stupid!" said I to myself, "why go beyond your depth, and spoil all?" I thought that if it were every way convenient, I should have been glad of the privilege of enlightening both preacher and people on this point. After service, I introduced myself, as a southern Methodist, to the preacher, and enjoyed half an hour's chat with him at the mission house, where I intimated that his description of the condition of the colored race in the United States was new to me. Imagine my surprise when the gentleman quoted from the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and asked me if I did not admire Mrs. Stowe. I replied that "*as a writer*, I admired her; and that the most ardent admirers of her intellect were Southern men."

"How is that, sir?"

"Why, out of the South she is complimented in that she possesses an imagination which can form a beautiful and attractive story out of a few plain characters, acts of cruelty and pictures of suffering. In the South, *we know* that not only did her imagination supply the dressing and paint, but even the characters and the so called 'facts,' and that, therefore, as a creative genius, which is the highest order

of genius, we consider her *gigantic*—but alas! for her veracity."

Thus is abolitionism doing its accursed work; spreading, even in Africa, the venom of falsehood, and engendering strife.

The Rev. Mr. Teal arrived soon after service. He is, *pro tempore*, superintendent of the missions here; a sturdy, strong-minded Englishman, and a devoted missionary. I dined with him, and in the evening visited the Sabbath-school attached to the premises, and addressed the teachers and children. A southern Methodist preacher was a creature Mr. Teal had never seen before, and for that reason took great interest in learning my opinions on the "vexed question" which divided the American church, and as he heard, perceived that the question is a little more knotty than one-sided readers generally suppose. I spent a delightful evening in his society. I found him a gentleman and a brother; and I returned aboard at sunset, wearied and profited by the exercises of the day.

The extensive and fertile tract called Sierra Leone was purchased from the natives by the English government, and here, in 1787, they established a colony. For more than a century previous to this, Sierra Leone had been an important trading station, where the English maintained a fort for the protection of their traders, and whence they exported thousands of slaves annually. The original settlers of the colony were blacks, stolen from the Americans during the War of Independence. To these, in 1792, were added a few hundred free negroes from Nova Scotia. Many of these poor creatures died in the acclimating fever, but their places were supplied by thousands of Africans taken from

slave-ships captured by English men-of-war; for at this time the English had become almost as zealous in capturing slavers as they had previously been in supplying them. The natives of the colony are, for the most part, children of re-captured slaves; and this population is annually increased by the cargoes of the slave vessels which the British cruisers continue to capture along the Western Coast.

How this colony has prospered, what is the present state of its laws, commerce and religion, we shall see in our next chapter. In thinking over the scenes of the day, as I sat in my room that night, I could hardly realize that I was in Africa. Yet, this is Africa; Africa under the control of the British mind, and the influence of the Christian religion. Through these, behold what hath God wrought!

CHAPTER VI.

SIERRA LEONE—CONTINUED.

The Author invites himself to Breakfast—A Morning Walk—Geology of the District—Guessing—Physiognomy and Civilization—Advice to the Reader—Birds—A World Alive—Village of Wilberforce—Rev. Mr. Dillon—Evidences of Civilization—School and Scholars—Character of the African—Population and Classification of Inhabitants—Languages, etc.

Before leaving Mr. Teale, on Sunday evening, he furnished me with a note of introduction to his co-laborer, the Rev. Mr. Dillon, who was then residing at the village of Wilberforce, two miles from Freetown, in charge of the missions and schools at that place. This note I sent by a native to Mr. Dillon, that evening, with another informing him that I would do myself the pleasure of breakfasting with him next morning.

The grey dawn found me at the landing, and sunrise overtook me on the broad and smooth turnpike road lying between Freetown and Wilberforce. Bright mornings are exhilarating to the spirits, and excite an appreciation of the beautiful wherever we may be; but here, where nature reigns in wildest majesty, the ideas which the scenery excites are those of the sublime rather than the beautiful. The high mountains still gathered round them the clouds of night; the deep forest, where the lion and leopard prowl, stretched away till it seemed lost in the sky, presenting many shades of red light and struggling darkness; the broad river, roll-

ing in solemn grandeur from the mysterious depths of the unknown wilds of the interior, reflected the warm hues of the morning sun like a sea of molten brass; and the recol lection that I was gazing on the abodes of wild beasts, poi sonous reptiles, and savage man, added the charm of wild ness to the sublime picture.

The gay plumage and unmusical notes of the numerous wild birds, the countless forms of insect and animal life, the endless variety of luxuriant weeds, and flowers, and trees, serve here to remind the traveller, unstudied in nature's tropical aspects, that he is a stranger and in a strange land. Yet not entirely a stranger, for though the fauna and flora be not those of his own soil and sun, in the igneous, and stratified formations, and ferruginous clays, which form the rock and surface of this district, he may find combinations which in their elements, relative positions and arrangements are the same, and obey the same laws, as the surface of the fields and quarries of his own home: so that in mother earth at least he is an old acquaintance. The geological effects of climate are comparatively trifling, and, therefore, the prac tical geologist may be as much at home, and apply his prin ciples with equal confidence in the uniformity of the results, on the banks of the Niger or Nile, as on the banks of the Potomac or Mississippi.

I met a great many natives on their way to market, car rying fruits, poultry, and baked fish. Fish, when baked, will keep for a long time, even in this climate, and they form here an important article of trade among the negroes. Sitting down to rest under the shade of a palm tree, I amused myself in asking questions of those who passed along the road, and in guessing, from the expression of the face, as

to whether they were Mahometans, Christians or heathens. The Mahometan is unmistakable; conscious of his superiority over his savage brethren, he is erect, dignified and sullen. The Christian, by whom I mean him who has received more or less education, and has renounced grisgrisism, presents a cast of face quite familiar to the Southerner; good-natured, more or less intelligent, with a blending of self-consequence. The poor heathen comes along, "nigger all over;" his face may express a good or bad temper; and a greater or less degree of sensuality, but, generally, it is unlit by intelligence, and, when unexcited, is unmeaning in expression. Of course the reader will not suppose that all the Mahometans look proud, all the Christianized amiable and intelligent, or all the untaught, stupid and brutish. We present these merely as representative men, or types of the three classes; and with these ideas in mind, we went to guessing, and in nineteen guesses made but one mistake!—that of taking a krooman for a Christian —and he had been for three years in contact with civilized men in the English service. He must be blind indeed who, in going from the southern States to the West Coast of Africa, or, in comparing the Christianized with the heathen African, will not be persuaded that civilization shows its effects in the increased intelligence and beauty of the human face.

If the reader is now impatient for his breakfast, let us remind him that Gordon Cumming's "wait-a-bit thorns" are very abundant in Sierra Leone, and that we are now taking a by-path through "the bush;" and if he has not nine hundred lives to spare, and cannot afford to be harrowed to death with thorns two or three times a day, as was that gentleman, he had better be patient.

The birds along our path were very numerous. My guide, an intelligent boy of the church mission school, whom I picked up on the road, called my attention to a little fellow about the size of a wren, in a jet black plumage, which he exchanged in the rainy season for one of pure white. In a tree, not far off, a number of parraquets, in brilliant green and red, and not larger than a lark, which he called love birds, were keeping up a very unmusical conversation, tumbling, swinging, and pirouetting the while, like a set of young mountebanks at rehearsal. In an old field close by, a where a number of cows were grazing, a flock of long-legged white birds, resembling pigeons, seemed to be amusing themselves in hopping from the ground to the backs of the cattle, with whom they seemed on very familiar terms. My guide said they were gathering insects. In the palm trees overhead, palm-birds, of bright yellow and black plumage, were chattering around their ingeniously-wrought nests, which swung from the branches. Half a dozen varieties of ants were pursuing their labors at our feet. Insects and lizards sported in the rank grass around, and the earth, the woods, the air, in every direction, stirred with animal life.

We reached the village and the mission-house where we found Mr. Dillon awaiting our arrival, with a cheerful and hearty greeting; and when I say that he is a Christian, a man of taste and letters, and a *Welshman*, what further guaranty can be asked for a warm welcome, a good breakfast, and a pleasant day? The early part of the forenoon was quite close and sultry, but at ten o'clock a cool breeze from the sea rustled among the palm leaves near the cottage, and, provided with umbrellas, we sallied forth to visit the mission school, and the summer residence of an English

officer of the colony. In going through the village we passed several very neat cottages, surrounded by pawpaw, banana, and palm trees, and furnished with well and tastefully cultivated gardens, which contained fine heads of cabbage, and culinary vegetables familiar to American eyes. Chickens, goats and pigs strolled about the streets, and everything gave evidence of the advance of civilization. The occupants of these houses are generally persons who have grown up in the colony, and after receiving the rudiments of an English education, pursue some trade or mechanical art. Most of them belong to some church, and all seem aspiring after a higher civilization and a more liberal education for themselves and their children.

In what striking contrast stands beside these, the squalid, smoky, and filthy mud hut of the recently arrived and recaptured slave, or the unyielding savage. What an unanswerable argument, and constant appeal do these natives present to their savage brethren, in the comfortable appearance of their homes and persons, their superior intelligence, and the respect which they enjoy as members of the civil community.

In the school we found about fifty scholars, between the ages of five and fifteen, under the superintendence of a colored teacher, himself a graduate of the Methodist mission school, and a good English scholar, assisted by his wife, a sensible looking woman. When I was introduced the scholars rose to their feet, exclaiming "Good morning, sir." A few of the better scholars, boys and girls, were called to the front seats, where the teacher examined them in arithmetic, and at the request of Mr. Dillon I gave them a few questions in geography, grammar, and sacred history. They

acquitted themselves well, and showed that they not only memorized rules but understood their application.

After attaining the age of fifteen, and learning the rudiments of an English education, they are generally apprenticed to some trade in the colony. Here, as in some other communities, many of the natives are too poor to support their children at school, although the schooling costs them nothing, and the children are sent forth at an early age to pick up a living as best they can; these, contracting habits of idleness, grow up useless members of society.

Those who are of good character, studious habits, and intelligence, are transferred to the high-school, where they are supported by the Church, and prepared for teaching or the ministry. It is to be regretted that here, as everywhere else among the missions of civilization and religion on the coast, so little attention has been paid to the cultivation of the soil, and that so few of these children are brought up to pursue agriculture as a means of living.

It is sometimes the case that when these young people, after receiving some education, and some knowledge of a trade or art, are thrown upon their own resources, and cannot find constant employment in their proper calling, they become discouraged, and, yielding to those temptations to idleness, so powerful over the African temperament, presented by a warm climate, where enough to sustain life may be gathered with little labor, and public opinion tolerates a shirt and hat as full dress, they relapse into a state of comparative heathenism.

Yet, the fact stands confessed that these are exceptional cases. A very large majority of those who had been trained at the schools, brought into the churches, and

taught that idleness is sinful and labor virtuous, continue attached to the ideas and pursue the practices of civilized life. The children of such are growing up with wants and tastes, some of them not very commendable, which the civilized estate alone can supply. They form a taste for the dress, the meats and drinks, the luxuries, the manners, of white men, they aspire heartily after position in society, and to gratify themselves, they must labor. These wants, to those brought up in them, are in a sense natural, and, therefore, to relapse into barbarism and forego all these would be to them unnatural.

True, the African is "peculiarly lazy," whether bond or free, that is, as compared with the Gaul, the Celt or the Anglo-Saxon, and from this fact it is predicted that he will not retain even a low degree of civilization when left to himself. Those who have studied the character of the negro, whether at their own firesides in the Southern States, or in the woods of Africa, are aware that nature, just in her compensations, has given him counterbalancing qualities. Who has not laughed at the assumed dignity of Uncle Ned, who carries his master's keys, or the imitativeness of Jim, the house-boy, in putting on his master's airs? These qualities then, which in the African are *peculiarly* developed, pride or personal importance and imitation, will counterbalance his *peculiar* indolence; and while he has a superior being to imitate, or a position of importance open to his aspirations, and these I presume he always will have, he will be as likely to labor as most other men. The principle will apply to the civilized African in his civil as well as in his social character and relations. In Sierra Leone there is rapidly growing up in the public mind a

respect for those who live and dress in the European styles, and an abhorrence of all things heathenish. Offices in the civil and military departments of the government are open to educated natives. Education is creating wants which civilization alone can supply; Christianity is enlightening and elevating, and making the darkness of heathenism visible and hideous. With these influences directed by British minds, it would seem that civilization has a permanent foothold in western Africa.

I must not forget my friend, Mr. Dillon, with whom, in walking and talking, and eating and drinking, I spent a day which surpassed in realization the delightful anticipations of the morning. The present population of Sierra Leone is 47,000, of whom less than 20,000 are females. This inequality is owing to the fact that a majority of the recaptured slaves have been males; they being more valuable in the trade.

The towns of the Colony are Freetown, Kissey, Waterloo, Wilberforce and Kent. The population of Freetown is 16,022. This population embraces three distinct classes, who, in point of civilization and numbers, rank as follows: First, the natives of the colony, who are English subjects, to whom may be added the freed slaves who have resided a dozen years in the colony. These supply the schools and churches with members, and may be called, in the general sense of the term, the Christian community. The English, with the peculiar accent of our low countries and a dash of cockney, is their language. I found great difficulty in understanding those who were born on other parts of the coast, even when they had resided in the colony, and had been speaking English ten or fifteen years; but they under-

stood me distinctly, even in lecturing. This is the most numerous class. Secondly, the residents and natives of the colony who belong to surrounding tribes. Among these, the most important are the families of the Mandingo tribe, who reside in Freetown, and those of the Pulah tribe called, by Mr. Bowen, Palhos. They are Mahometans, and are not subjects of the English Crown. They are allowed to reside in quarters appropriated to them, in consideration of which they pay certain taxes. Thirdly, the liberated Africans who have been brought to the colony in the course of the past ten years. Many of these retain their heathenish habits and ideas, yet the younger and more intelligent of them learn to labor readily, and some of them become members of Sabbath-schools and the Church. The colonists represent more than two hundred tribes; indeed, I suppose that there is scarcely a tribe on the West Coast, or a hundred miles from it, which has not a representative here; and here, though English is the language of the colony, and understood by a majority of the residents, one hundred African languages are spoken. A vocabulary has been compiled and published, lately, containing three thousand words, in one hundred dialects.

How many interesting biographies might be gathered here, full of wildest adventure in states of life with which civilized men have no acquaintance! Many of these people before entering the slave-ship had never seen the face of a white man. Taken as captives, in the wars which are constantly occurring between the tribes of the interior, or stolen from their huts at night, or sold by their own parents or masters, they were hurried to the coast and exchanged for a trifling sum of money, or European clothes and guns.

Then came the fetters and hand-cuffs, and the close quarters of the "white man cunnoo," where they lay side and side in the apartments or decks but three feet high, with but little air, and no light. Then came sea-sickness, and then ship fever, thinning out their thronged ranks. Then the man-of-war heaves in sight, and they hear cannons and see the excitement of their keepers; they are overtaken; white men who put on their fetters knock them off, transfer them to another vessel, and land them in a strange country, though it be Africa. How they wonder at all this; and without interpreters to explain, they often remain in the colony for years before they understand it.

An intelligent Fantee, who had been in the colony a dozen years or so, gave me, in substance, this account of himself:

"Our people de make war; I be stout boy; I go make war. We go six day in the country; we see war people come; we fight; heap our people be kill. Night come, we sleep de woods. In de night war people come; he make no noise; he take we knife an' we gun; den some we people see him an' make noise. Me an' twenty my people be tie by the neck, an' he drag um to de bush, and we see we people no more. De trade man carry me to de barracoon (a house where slaves are kept) a' sell to white man in ship; heap we people be dare—heap die. Man-war ship come: take we people dis country. He say, dis be your country (Sierra Leone); I say, no, dis no be like a my country; dis people no de talk my people plaver. I no like um; I want see my people long time. Missionary tell me, go school, go chapel; I go; some my people be dare; he tell me 'bout God an' Jesus. I like hear um. Mis-

sionary teach me heap. Me pray long time; den Jesus come; I tink I see de Lord. Me feel so good. I say dis country be betta an my country. Tank de Lord I come see dis people."

"Don't you want to go back to your country now," said I.

"Please de Lord, I like a tell a me people 'bout dis car 'ligion an' de blessed Jesus; but I no kin go; I pray de Lord he send dem missionary people for tell my people how for do."

Similar to this is the experience of many of those who have become religious, and by industry make a comfortable living; but many others there are upon whom contact with civilization has had no more effect than it has upon monkeys. They learn a few of the tricks or vices of civilized men, and, indolent and unhappy, are always pining for the greater freedom of their previous state.

CHAPTER VII.

SIERRA LEONE—CONCLUDED.

Revenue of the Colony—Government—Commerce—Trade with the U. S.—Schools and Churches—Methodist Missions—Rev. Mr. Bowen's View of Freetown—Advantages of Sierra Leone as a Mission Field—Hon. Mr. Smythe—Rev. Mr. Jones—Pleasant Hours—The Mandingoes—An Appeal for Arabic Bibles and other Books—Questions concerning Christ—Ingenuity of Mandingo Mechanics—Market of Freetown—Adieu.

The revenue of the colony of Sierra Leone is derived from a direct tax imposed on all holders of real-estate, and from the custom-house receipts. Every freeholder pays an annual tax of one dollar and twenty cents; but when his estate is worth more than $100, he pays five per cent. per annum on his income. In 1855, this revenue amounted to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The expenses of the colony are but a trifle in excess of this; it is, therefore, evident, that in a year or two it will be self-supporting, and soon will be a source of wealth to the British crown directly, as it has long been to her merchants. The roads, bridges, wharves and other works of public utility, are kept in order by a tax of thirty-six cents, *per capita*, collected from every able-bodied adult resident. A week's work on the road may be substituted for this.

The judicial law of the colony is the common law of England, administered by petty magistrates, a chief justice, and a chief magistrate. Criminal cases, as with us, are tried

by a jury. The legislative body is a council chamber, of which the governor is president, and of which the bishop, colonial secretary, collector of customs, chief magistrate, and the chief of the police are permanent members.

The commerce of Sierra Leone is rapidly increasing, and considering the age of the colony, and the disadvantages under which it has labored, from the character of its inhabitants, and the frequent changes among its officers by death and removals, has already attained to quite noticeable proportions. In 1855, the value of importations amounted to $574,500, and the exports to $852,735. The productions of the present year (1858) may be safely estimated at one million of dollars. From Lieut. Myers, of our ship, I received the following statement:

"The number of American vessels which arrived in the port of Freetown in the course of eight months, in the year 1856, is seventeen. Total tonnage, 3,722. Cargoes imported were general, mainly flour and other provisions."

The more important articles of exportation are timber, palm-oil, pea-nuts and palm-nuts. The teakwood, of which large quantities are shipped to England, is highly valuable in ship-building.

In Freetown there is a grammar school supported by the government, and numbering two hundred and thirty students. The other schools in the colony are supported by the missionary societies of the Methodist and Episcopal churches, and are attended by over 8,000 regular day scholars. There are besides these, two collegiate institutes, in which young men are prepared for teaching and the ministry. One of these is supported by the British Con-

ference of the Methodist church; the other by the Missionary Society of the church of England. The church in the colony is represented by denominations, which stand in number and importance in the following order: Methodists, 7,000; attendants on public worship, 12,000; church of England, 4,000; communicants, attendants, 6,000; African Methodists, Lady Huntingdons, and Baptists together, 2,000.

The Methodists here, as everywhere in Africa, are doing a successful and permanent work. The officers of the church are as follows: Missionaries, 7; local preachers, seven of whom speak their mother tongues, 135; day-school teachers, 47; Sunday-school teachers, 160; they have thirty chapels and several outside preaching-places; twenty-one day-schools, and the same number of Sunday-schools. The Episcopalians have more schools and scholars, but in their system of class-meetings, which they carry out in true Wesleyan form and spirit, the Methodists have the advantage of them, and indeed of all others, in training candidates for membership. The probationary relation is protracted until they are thoroughly indoctrinated in the cardinal truths of Christianity, and give evidence that they are practical Christians. The members of this and other churches give liberally, for their means, toward the support of the missionaries and the day-schools. Several of the latter, among both Methodists and Episcopalians, are self-supporting.

In view of the above facts, I was not a little surprised to find, in Mr. Bowen's excellent work on Central Africa, the following passage: "Freetown itself is a great and important missionary field, especially to those who preach

the Gospel as preached by Baptists. I am not aware of the light in which this remark may be regarded; nevertheless, Sierra Leone does need the doctrine and the practical common-sense preaching and management which Baptists can give them." Like Mr. B., I am at a loss to know how this remark may be regarded, especially in view of the fact, which Mr. B. very candidly admits, that the Baptist missions, though conducted by English gentlemen of zeal and education, and with respectable means at command, have been an utter failure; and for the want of that very thing which Mr. B. claims for his denomination as a par-excellent quality, namely, *practical common-sense preaching and management.* The Christian world has yet to learn that the Gospel, as preached by Baptists, has any more *common-sense* in it than the Gospel as preached by other orthodox Christians. We will believe, however, that their management, as applied to Africans, is excellent when it is demonstrated in the fruits of the promising and favorably-situated missions of the Baptist denomination in Central Africa. Mr. Bowen has begun a good work in Africa, and most heartily we wish him and his colaborers, among whom we have a highly esteemed friend, God's speed.

Mr. B., who is a man of uncommon common-sense, beheld in Sierra Leone peculiar advantages and demands for missionary labors; and certainly when we consider that here are the representatives of so many tribes, still speaking their own language and anxious to receive instruction, who, after being instructed, might be sent back as teachers to their own people, or employed as interpreters and assistants to missionaries going south or interiorwise, the field is

peculiarly inviting. Here, as on the Gambia, the missionary of any country and of any denomination would find welcome and sympathy. From among the various classes of the population, described in the last chapter, he might select that field of labor to which he felt himself best adapted; and in the resident missionaries, he would find valuable advisers in selecting and planning his work. Let not the missionary lightly esteem the dear-bought experience of his predecessors. Had Mr. Bowen associated himself more extensively with the clergymen of Sierra Leone, he would have left some things in his book unwritten. With facts like these, which they might have known and ought to have known, how could the Committee on Missions of the late General Conference of the M. E. church, South, state to the world that to their missionaries there is "no opening in Africa." But I shall pay my respects to that very unmethodistic and timid clause of *their report* after a while.

A few mornings after our arrival, I breakfasted by invitation with the Hon. Mr. Smythe, the colonial secretary, and was met by the Rev. Mr. Jones, president of the Episcopal Collegiate Institute. Seldom has it been my privilege to spend a morning so pleasantly as that passed in the society of these intelligent and Christian gentlemen. Mr. Smythe and his accomplished lady are bright mulattoes, natives of the West Indies. Mr. Jones is a native of Charleston, South Carolina, and like most Carolinians, black or white, is very proud of his State. He is a man of warm southern feelings—said he loved the South and southern people, and believed that toward his race they have kindlier feelings, and sincerer friendship, than the people of

the North or West. He did not hesitate to express the desire that certain ameliorations might take place in the condition of colored people in the South; he believed that as they advanced in morals and intelligence, their condition would be improved, and he rested his hopes of this on his knowledge of the noble impulses of the southern gentleman, and not on the insincere pretensions of northern agitators. In early life, Mr. Jones went to England, where, in the course of time, he received a classical education and holy orders, and was at length promoted to the important position which he now honors and enjoys. In his manners, he reminded me much of Andrew Marshall, of Savannah; he is, however, many years younger, and several shades darker than he. He received his first lesson in religion and letters from Mr. Pine, formerly rector of the Episcopal church in Charleston. His mother will be recollected by many of the old citizens of Charleston, as the keeper of a respectable boarding-house near the market.

The Mandingoes, to whom we referred in the last chapter, are the representatives of a large and powerful tribe of the interior. They are tall and erect in person, regular in features, dignified and taciturn, and characterized by mental and physical activity, industry and intelligence. In their village, on the eastern suburbs of Freetown, they have several schools, where, under Mohammedan priests of their own tribes, their children are taught to read and write Arabic, and study the Koran. In the schools which I visited, in company with the Rev. Mr. Dillon, the children were transcribing passages from an Arabic Bible; they sat on the ground, and, holding the slip of paper on a board resting on their knees, wrote with a pen made from a small

cane or reed. The British Bible Society lately made a donation of Arabic Bibles to the missionaries of Freetown for the benefit of these and other Mohammedan tribes. Mr. Dillon informed me that they accepted them readily, read them and took care of them, and applied for a larger supply, that they might send some copies to their brethren in the interior.

"The African Mohammedan," said the priest of the school, "will read anything that is written in Arabic." He himself was thoroughly read in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, and I believe was "almost persuaded." Dr. S., who was with us, asked him:

"Who is Christ?"

"Jesus is the Son of Mary," said he.

"But who is his Father?" continued the doctor.

"Had none," was the reply.

"How can that be?"

"Don't know," said the priest, shaking his head, adding, at the same time, some words of his own language, which Mr. Dillon informed us signified "Mystery, mystery."

Cannot these intelligent people be supplied with Arabic Bibles, Evidences of Christianity, Catechisms and other good books in the Arabic language? We believe that the Word, where it is read, will produce good results—that it will not return void. Let us act our belief!

The Mandingoes wear turbans or fez caps, and those who can afford it sport gaily colored togas, and strong leathern sandals. Their houses are larger and more cleanly than those of the more barbarous tribes. The walls are generally eight or ten feet in height, and about two feet in thickness, being built of a red tenacious clay. They are often

supplied with window sashes, and well-made doors; in the windows, oiled paper generally supplies the place of glass. We visited one of their blacksmith shops, where they were engaged in making dirks and rough swords from old iron. They told us that in the interior they prepared their own iron, which they dig out of the mountains. The primitive and ingenious construction of the blacksmith's bellows attracted our attention. It is a bifurcated tube; the extremities of the forks are supplied with two bags of kid-skin, a boy sits between these, holding the bags by the necks, one in each hand; as he raises them, he opens his hands so as to admit the air into each sack, then closing them tightly and pressing down, forces the air through the tube into the burning coals. By working his hands alternately he produces a continuous and strong stream of air. They have some idea of casting, also, and showed us rings, little birds, and other ornaments molded in brass. In leather work they are very ingenious; and have looms for the manufacture of coarse cloths and matting—commonly grass-cloth, prepared from the inner bark of certain trees.

The market of Sierra Leone presents many objects of interest to the American, such, for example, as monkeys, baked bats, and pounded locusts, as articles of food. Here, however, as everywhere else in the colony, European commodities and styles are driving out the heathenish and African. To see an African market in full character, we must go further South.

On the morning of the last day of our stay in Sierra Leone, the Rev. Messrs. Teal and Dillon visited our ship and breakfasted with the ward-room mess. In the afternoon, the commander and commissioned officers went ashore

and dined at the hospitable cottage of our worthy consul, Mr. Taylor, and late in the day visited the beautiful garden of the Church Collegiate Institute. Here we met again our respected friend Mr. Jones, who took much pleasure in pointing out to us the luxuriant beauties of tropical vegetation, flourishing in the well-kept grounds of his delightful residence. Next day we laid in a good supply of stores, here readily obtained, and spreading our canvas to the breeze, turned to the open sea. Having made many pleasant acquaintances among the government officers, missionaries and other residents, we left with the hope of returning before the end of the cruise; but that evening, as the red hues of sunset lingered on the "chariot of the gods," * we saw Sierra Leone for the last time.

* D'Anville supposed the mountains of Sierra Leone to be those which were denominated by the ancients the "Chariot of the gods."

CHAPTER VIII.

KROOMEN.

Coast of Liberia—Visitors—Kroomen—Their Employment, Villages, etc. —Tom Pepper and Ben Coffee—Names of Kroomen—Domestic System—Religious Ideas—Superstitions—Their First Parent—Origin of the name, Kroo—Tradition respecting the Origin of the White and Black Races—Comparative Intelligence, etc.—Why are not the Kroos more Civilized?—Commerce and Civilization.

Land-ho! sounded from the main-top, and an hour after, Cape Mount, on the coast of Liberia, was visible from the quarter deck. Black specks were descried on the distant waves, bounding from crest to crest on their way to meet us, like things of life.

We were soon among them, and what seemed to be gulls, or other sea-birds, in the distance, turned out to be canoes, or what we familiarly term dug-outs, generally eighteen inches wide, and from twelve to twenty feet long, each carrying from one to four naked savages. Not entirely naked, however, for each had on an old hat or a handkerchief about his head, and rings of ivory, tin, or brass on his ankles and wrists, besides charms or gris-gris—pronounced *gree-grees*—round the neck. We were twenty miles from shore, and the sea ran very high; yet these venturers turned and manœuvred their light crafts with as much ease and confidence as if they were floating on a lake, and kept close alongside, although we were going at the rate of eight knots an hour. Several were permitted to come on board,

where they made some alterations in *toilet*, by transferring the kerchief from the head to the loins, and thus equipped, proceeded to present their testimonials and letters of recommendation, which they carried in leathern or tin cases suspended from the neck, or folded in the head-dress, to the commander, and to ask for employment.

These are the Kroomen so frequently mentioned by African voyagers, and so favorably known to our traders and cruisers. They generally speak a little broken English, and from their acquaintance with the tribes and harbors of the coast, are very useful as pilots and interpreters. They occupy several villages along the coasts of Sierra Leone and Liberia, where, though mixed with other tribes, they preserve their own forms of government and religion. When a vessel appears on the horizon, they launch their canoes and go out to meet her; the head men, or leaders of gangs, go on board, and he who can make the best palaver generally finds employment for himself and gang. Traders and men-of-war find these men very useful in rowing boats and other work which involves an exposure to the sun, such as white men cannot stand on the coast without great risk of life, especially on the rivers. They engage themselves for the cruise, at rates which vary from four to ten dollars per month, and always on the condition that they shall be returned, at the end of it, to the port where they were shipped. These wages seem small, but when they have made a few cruises on men-of-war, and saved their money, they have enough to make them independent for life. The young and single men, at the end of a cruise, after supplying themselves with gay kerchiefs and trinkets, and reserving a little for pocket-money, deposit their earn-

ings with some aged relative, who, after supplying his own wants, divides the remainder among the needy relations. Cases of extraordinary liberality in this direction are numerous among them, and secure to the giver the favor of his tribe. Those who are matrimonially inclined invest their funds in wives, and are important and independent in proportion to the number they own.

Here I must anticipate myself a little, and introduce two gentlemen, who, with a dozen others, we shipped at Monrovia—Tom Pepper and Ben Coffee. I enjoyed the confidence of these intelligent leaders of our Kroo company, and in the course of the cruise gathered a great deal of information from them respecting their own and other tribes. Their names are not half so dignified as their manners, but, like the names of all Kroomen, are given at the caprice of fun-loving sailors, and though sometimes changed by new employers, generally stick to them for life. The following are fair samples of some of them, and familiar to the coast cruiser: Ben Jumbo, Jim Crow, Lilly White, Beef Steak, Bottle o'Beer, Ginger Pop.

"Tom," said I to Pepper one day, near the end of the cruise, and after making out his account, which amounted to something like a hundred dollars, "what are you going to do with all this money when you get home?"

"Buy wife."

"You just now told me that you had three already!"

"Yes, sa, but I want tree mo."

"What, six! How can you support so many?"

"O, he s'port he self, sa."

"Who supports the children?"

"He s'port dem too; and s'pose I no want for go sea no more, he work for me too."

"Whom do you buy your wives from?"

"He fader; s'pose he got no fader, I dash—make a present—he 'lation, an' he sell um."

"How much is a nice young wife worth?"

"S'pose he people be poor, he sell for twenty dollar; s'pose he no want to sell much, he be price fiftee dollar, an' heap dash."

This law of estimate applies among fairer maidens than the dusky daughters of the Kroos. I tried to convince Tom that such a state of things was wrong, impolitic, and unnatural; but when I closed the argument, Tom replied, with a grin of good-natured incredulity:

"You no like him, but he be berry good for we people."

The Kroos are at present insignificant, in point of numbers, and the only territory which they now claim as their own, is a small district in the vicinity of Cape Palmas; but physically and mentally they are in advance of most of the non-Mohammedized tribes, and are believed by traders to be faithful, brave, and honest, above all their brethren. There is a tradition among them which I am inclined to believe, namely, that they are descended from a people who once possessed many hundred miles of sea-coast, who were the most powerful of the tribes of west Africa, but who have been reduced by surrounding tribes, allied against them in war, and that this tribe was not originally called Kroo. They pride themselves in the belief that none of their people were ever sold as slaves; yet they themselves have ever been active abettors of slaving, and it is likely that their

numbers were much reduced by *stealage*, during the prevalence of the trade. They admit that after loading the slavers, the Kroomen were sometimes carried off with the cargo; but will not admit that they were afterward sold. They were, no doubt, lured off with the promise of being sent back, but the good price offered for such fine-looking fellows was a bait that English and Spanish traders could not resist. It is a fact, however, that they are not to be found as slaves among the surrounding peoples. As evidence of their muscular development, we state, that he is considered a weak man among them who cannot hold a barrel of beef—200 lbs.—at arm's length above his head, and walk with it through a heavy surf to a boat two hundred yards from shore. In features they are less coarse than the Guinea-man, have more beard than many others, and in color are of a dark chocolate, rather than black. They are monotheists, yet worship idols, because, like most other idolaters, they believe that these are the media through which men must approach unto God. *What a loud though uneonscious cry for the Great Mediator!* They believe also in the existence of devils or evil spirits, and, I think, pray to them, and also in a future state of rewards and punishments. They are naturally inclined to fatalism—will make great Calvinists some day!—but are, notwithstanding, quite superstitious, and contact with civilized men effects but little change in their ideas on this subject.

One of our Kroomen died of cholera while we were cruising off the Cape Verd Islands in 1856, and was buried in the sea. Next morning one of the mess-mates of the deceased reported himself sick, but without showing any particular symptoms.

"What is the matter with that Kroo boy in the sick bay?" said I to Tom Pepper.

"He be skeere, sa."

"Scared of what?"

"He tink he been see de dead man on deck las' night."

"Nonsense, Tom! You don't believe that, do you?" I supposed that Tom was too intelligent for that, but he undeceived me, saying, with a thoughtful face:

"I dun no, sa—I tink may be so, he see um."

I made Tom act as interpreter, while I tried to explain to the poor fellow, that if such an appearance were possible, it could do him no harm. The talk didn't convince Tom, but an hour after I saw the sick man on deck laughing and talking with his companions.

They hold that their first parent on coming from heaven *landed* near a large lake in their country, and that a canoe and equipment were provided for him; that, therefore, they are fond of sea-going as a profession, and that they are less liable to accidents on water than others. I imagine that the present name of this race is a corruption of Crewman, they having been employed as portions of the crews of traders on the coast for many centuries. They have an interesting tradition relating to the origin of the white and black races and their comparative merits. The internal evidence will not sustain the antiquity claimed for it, but we may suppose that the instruments of modern science referred to in it are mere interpolations, employed to express the idea more forcibly. It recognizes black and white as original distinctions, yet gives to the two races a common origin in point of time. Ben Coffee, who is the most intelligent Kroo that I have seen, a man of character, intelligence,

and well versed in the customs and traditions of his tribe, and who withal speaks quite understandable English, must be allowed to tell his own story.

"Let us call up Ben and ask him some questions," said the officer of the deck, with whom I had been discussing the peculiarities of our black shipmates.

"Ben Coffee," said I, "do your people believe that there is a God?"

"No, sir."

"What do they suppose made the sea, the sun, and the moon?"

"Neahswah make him."

"Who, or what is Neahswah?"

"He what make me and all dem tings. Mos same what you call Jesa Chrise."

"Very good, Ben; I think we understand each other. Can Neahswah die, Ben?"

"No, he lib all time."

"Can he do everything?"

"Yes."

"Is he in every place?"

"Yes, all place same time."

"Is he good?"

"I tink so—*sometime*."

"What do your people think?"

"He tink he good *sometime*."

"Poor Ben!" said I, "the unassisted reason of a Plato could say no more. Tell me again," said I, "what your people say about the beginning of the black and white men?"

Pepper came up as a listener; and Ben, clearing his throat

and hitching up his pants, proceeded, with a solemn face, as follows:

"Neahswah, after he make land and sea, make a brack man and white boy. He make um same time—brack man fus, leetle bit. Den he make big house, an in de house make big chop (a feast)—hab rice, cassada, fish, palm wine, plantain, an heap we people wittles; an he hab roas meat, sof tak (wheaten bread), white people wine, and heap ting. Den in same place wid de chop he put calabash, wine glass, fish hook, knife an fork, watch, compass, an heap strange ting; an den on de sea, by de house, he put cunnoo and paddle, and big ship an all de rope an sail fix. Neahswah say, 'Brack man go in dat chop, eat, an den take what ting you like. I want see which be smarter, you nor dis white boy.' Brack man go in, he tase de roas meat, de sof tak, de wine; he say, 'me no like dis.' He tase de palm wine, de fish, de rice, de cassada; he say, 'I like dis,' an he eat *lot of um*. Den he look at de tings, de compass, de watch, de knife an fork, he say, 'I no saby dis'—(*saby* or *sava* is used on the whole coast as synonymous with understand). He look at de calabash, at de fish hook an line, he say, 'me saby dis.' He take um an go to de beach; he see de big ship, he no like um—he feared. He see de cunnoo, he say, 'dis do for me catch fish;' he take um.

"Neahswah say, 'White boy go in chop; eat, an take what ting you like.' He eat de *nice wittle*, but no eat much, like brack man. He look at de watch, compass, an all strange ting; he say, 'me saby dis, he be good for me, show me ebery place.' He see big ship, he no fear, he clim up an fix sail, he say, 'I like um, he take me far country.' He no like rice, palm wine, cassada; he no want for fish, he say,

'sun be too hot;' he no like cunnoo, cause he turn over wid him. Neahswah see all dis; he call um up; he say, 'Brack man, dis yea white boy got heap more sense, but he no can work: you good for work.' He say, 'White boy, you no can work like a dis yea man, but you hab more sense.' So brack man hab rice, an fish, cassada, an heap good ting for eat: white people good for make big war ship, have compass, and all dem strange ting. He can make book, but he no can work good."

It may be asked here why are not these people more civilized, considering that for so many generations they have been in intimate contact with civilized men. We answer —First, it is not the business of traders and cruisers to teach the principles and arts of civilization. Secondly, Traders do not desire to civilize. Nine-tenths of them believe that it is to their advantage to keep the people with whom they trade in ignorance; and hence it is that, as a class, these men are not favorable to missionary enterprises. Be it remembered, however, that among American and English traders there are noble exceptions.

Let us say to you, dear reader, that the talk of which we hear so much nowadays, from secular and religious men, about the civilizing influence of commerce, is *only talk*—nothing more! That, when accompanied by the efforts of the schoolmaster and the missionary, trade may give an impetus and permanency to the work of civilization we grant. That of itself it is calculated to elevate, in any sense, those brought within its influence, we deny. Nay, where traders have preceded the teachers of civilization, the very name of Christianity is in disrepute; and the teacher of it is received with an opposition and distrust that years of zealous, disin-

terested labors may not suffice to dissipate; for with the name Christian the heathens have learned to associate lying, injustice, and inhumanity.

But we must not forget that we are aboard ship. The Jamestown has dropped anchor within half a mile of Cape Mesurado, which rises 250 feet above the level of the sea, and is surmounted by a light-house. It is a calm, sunny evening; the land of the palm is before us, clothed in its changeless green. The Kroo huts on the beach, the roofs and spires of Monrovia, are glistening above the green foliage of the virgin forest. When morning comes we shall take a nearer view of much abused, extravagantly praised Liberia.

CHAPTER IX.

LIBERIA.

Questions concerning Liberia—Bowen and other Travellers—Friends of the Colonization Enterprises—Two Classes of Opponents—A Meeting-place for Extremists of the North and South—How Extremists reason—The "Capacity for Self-government" Question—The Position of Conservative Southerners—Monrovia.

It is intimated in the last chapter, that Liberia has not been always fairly represented by those who have undertaken to describe her and her people to the world; that she has been traduced by her enemies, and, what is worse, in effect, excessively praised by her friends. To this we may add the fact complained of by emigrants, by missionaries, traders, naval officers, and other visitors, namely, the want of plain, unprejudiced statements of the present condition of the country and its people. What is the country in its climate, soil, and productions; what the advantages and difficulties in agricultural pursuits? What are the people socially, morally, nationally? What do they eat, and drink, and wear, and how do they get these indispensable things? Are they poor or rich, and what are the chances of being either? Are they *playing* government, or are they truly and happily governed, having law, and power to maintain it? If so, how and by whom are they governed? Are they entirely independent, or capable of so being? Are they progressing in intelligence, morals and wealth as a nation? If so, will they continue to progress? If not, how long before

they get back to the bush? These are questions asked daily, and to which, as we have said, the answers have been doubtful and various.

Bowen's excellent chapter on Liberia, Captain Foote's very creditable work on Africa, Wilson's references to Liberia, and those of a few others, are statements from disinterested parties worthy of notice. The account of Mr. Bowen I regard as a clear and impartial one on the subject; but it, with the few like it, will go but a short way toward setting the public mind right after so much misrepresentation *pro and con*. The friends of the colonization enterprise, sanguine of success, have not always been sufficiently discriminating in accepting and publishing such testimony as may be gathered from residents and visitors favorable to their hopes. Their eyes and ears have been sensitively open to instances of individual success, and indications of national advancement, while they have too often turned away from examples of personal suffering, which have been numerous, and evils and discouragements which have threatened the existence of the nation. We would not be understood as attributing any unworthy motive to the zealous friends of the Americo-African in Liberia; they are noble and liberal men; but we wish to intimate that in looking at or describing the condition of their long cherished scheme, their desires too often color their statements.

Among the traducers of this young and struggling nation, there are two classes, who are stone-blind and adder-deaf in their prejudices, and unsparing in their abuse. These are the abolitionists of the North, and the extremists of the South. We congratulate these gentlemen on finding at last a ground of common sympathy!

The abolitionists, as a class, have ever been opposed to colonizing the free blacks of America in Africa, professing to believe—certainly they have never acted their belief—that the black man, born in America, is entitled to all the rights and privileges, social and civil, of a free man here. I imagine, however, that if they had no other argument, the fact that colonization is a southern-born enterprise, would be sufficient to excite their implacable opposition.

There is a class of men in the South, happily a very small class, who talk very skeptically on such questions as the unity of the human race, the expediency of Christian missions among slaves, or negroes in any condition, the immortality of the black man's soul, or, indeed, as to whether he has a soul at all—who regard him as having no connection with the *genus homo*, but rather as a development of the monkey, say the ourang-outang or chimpanzee, whose tail, from constant clipping, has at length taken the hint to stay "close aboard." These gentlemen seem to live in constant dread that the negroes, in Liberia or elsewhere, will demonstrate capacity for self government; that, as a result, the slaves will be freed, their plantations left without laborers, and their halls without servants. It is scarcely to be expected that these will be friendly to colonization enterprises; much less is it to be expected that they can see any good in Liberia, or Liberians. I have a friend of this class, an officer in the navy, and a most excellent fellow *in his way*. I met him not long ago in St. Jago, on his return from Monrovia. After the usual salutations passed, "Well," said I, "what is the news from below?" "Famine, sir, among the colonists—natives have quit bringing in rice, and there is nothing else to live on. Saw several of the

Liberians in Krootown. Large numbers had quit town, and hired themselves out to the natives. No doubt of it, sir! All over. It's a failure! Bet a month's pay that before two years the last man will throw away his pants and take to the woods." Another acquaintance of ours, from the snowy side of Mason and Dixon, came to a similar conclusion, but from very different premises. He landed at Monrovia in the usual way, viz., leaving the boat beyond the surf, and reaching the beach on the shoulders of a Kroo-man. His bearer dumped him down rather heavily, and much to the discomfort of a very gouty toe, the pain from which so disturbed his Faneuil Hall philanthropy that he wished "all the negroes in the very bottom of h—." The reader can supply the blank with Halifax. "Sir," continued he, "they call this a government—a republic! A pretty republic, where a gentleman has to land on the back of a darkey, and at the risk of breaking his—his—his—his neck. Why don't they build a pier, docks, wharves, or other conveniences for landing? But I see, they are good-for-nothing fellows, sir!"

"Haven't the means," suggested his companion. "A million dollars would make but a small show on this shifting sand and open sea, toward building piers; and besides, when it is not rough on the bar, boats may enter the river, where there are good landings."

"Means—millions—open sea, indeed! Nonsense! It's all laziness, sir! I am satisfied, sir! They'll never do anything, sir! Never, sir; *that is, here!* Fools for coming, sir!" Nor was this conclusion, formed even before Monrovia had been visited, ever changed.

If there appeared the decimal of a hope for the conver-

sion of this class of men, we would read them a short chapter on the enormity of their inconsistencies, and the nakedness of their hypocrisy; but the decimal is wanting. To the southern extremist, who fears that the successful establishment of Liberia will in some way or other affect the value of his bills of sale, we would suggest, for his comfort, that it is by no means a settled question among the statesmen and philosophers of the world, whether the Anglo-Saxon is capable of self-government or not. If the capacity for self-government is still in debate in regard to the race which occupies the summit of modern civilization, when shall it be determined in regard to those who, confessedly, occupy the lowest place in the scale of human intelligence? It is claimed for England, by Englishmen, that her government answers all the ends of government, extending to its people security of life and property, and protection in the lawful pursuits of wealth and happiness. Yet it is evident from her vast and accumulating debt, that there is a serious defect in her governmental machinery; a defect which must some day extort the confession that the present system is a failure, and demand a fundamental reformation.

France, in her numberless rebellions and revolutions, gives evidence that, heretofore, she has possessed no form of government adequate to the wants of her citizens; and if we may judge from the muttering discontents of the present, it is not likely that the government of Louis Napoleon will prove either satisfactory or permanent. The question asked by one of her modern infidel philosophers, expresses an idea entertained now in the high places of France: "If men be incapable of governing themselves as individuals, how can they govern themselves as nations?" It is

scarcely necessary to refer to Spain, Portugal, and the older kingdoms and states of Europe, in all of which government is effete, and statesmen are still hopelessly pursuing the secret of equitable and permanent civil government. If, then, according to European statesmen and philosophers, the capacity of man for self-government is not yet demonstrated in Europe—we Americans are merely experimenting—is the problem likely to be solved in Africa?

If we use this very indefinite expression, "capacity for self-government," in a sense inferior to that supposed above, *e. g.* capacity to maintain *some form* of national existence, in which protection to life and property is secured, and laws are framed and administered with reference to the principles of common justice, we must admit, with the history of the kingdoms of Ashantee and Dahomey before us, that the negro is capable of this—kingdoms, by the way, which, if we could add to them a few of the principles and arts of American civilization, especially the moral principles of the Christian religion, would compare favorably with many of the kingdoms of Europe in the protection and privileges secured to their citizens. Supposing, however, that Liberia should, in the course of time, become wealthy, powerful, established, how would that affect the relations of the black man in the South? Not at all. Southerners do not hold slaves, as such, because they believe them incapable of taking care of themselves; nor because skeptics have assigned to the black man an origin inferior to that of the white man; nor yet merely because the relation of master and slave is sanctioned by the writers of the Old and New Testaments. The ground on which the relation rests is that of *expediency*. The present relation is deemed

the best that can be adopted, considering the interest and happiness *of all the parties* concerned. This we believe to be the attitude of most southern men relative to this question, certainly that of all Christian and conservative southerners. In view of these facts, then, it is evident that, while the conditions of the South remain the same, no changes or demonstrations from without, except physical force, can affect this relation. Sierre Leone, Monrovia, Loando, Yoruba, may become powerful and civilized nations—we sincerely hope they may; the scientific world may become one on the question of man's aboriginal unity—we think it will; the higher law sentiments and morbid humanity of certain sections may prevail in a large portion of the Union, though it is scarcely to be expected; yet, while in the opinion of southerners the present and prospective interests of the South demand that the present relations of master and servant shall be sustained, southern slavery will be unaffected by these things. Since, however, this institution rests on expediency alone, it is not permanent in its form, but will continue to receive such changes and modifications as *the internal circumstances of the South* may demand.

The other arguments, *pro* and *con*, used by the agitators of this question, serve very well to give employment to second-rate politicians South and bantling pulpiteers North; and whether sustained or lost, with those who advocate them, is matter of small importance.

We have *once* seen, and only once, where this question of "capacity" was used to advantage. In 1855, one of Georgia's shrewdest sons was called on to address an assembly in Boston on "the all-absorbing topic of slavery."

Among other good things, he told the house that, "when the negro *clearly* demonstrated *his capacity* for self-government, the South would *doubtless* give up her slaves." The ladies waved their cambrics in approbation of the liberal sentiment, the good natured senator laughed in his sleeve, and the assembly applauded outright! It was oil on the troubled waters. Not so at the South, however. A few village politicians and newspapers thought it "a ruinous admission," and discharged the thunder of their fire-crackers at the head of the honorable gentleman. We here submit to the reader a question in mensuration, which has puzzled us much: Which of the parties have the longer ears, his applauders North or his abusers South?

Having disabused our minds of foolish prejudices, if we ever had any, we are prepared to take a survey of Liberia and its people, duly estimating the evil and appreciating the good.

We are ashore and without wet feet, thanks to the calm day and smooth sea; and without being *dumped* from the shoulders of a native. We pass through the village of the Kroos, remarking that their square, low huts, built of sticks and mud, and thatched with grass, are as dark inside, from smoke, as the women and children who inhabit them. On the little plain beyond, the humble-bee and blue-bottle are making noontide melodious, as they sport among the clustering wild flowers, to us strangers and nameless. We ascend the trap-formed ridge, or cape, called Cape Mesurado, and reaching the highest point, which is the site of the light-house, obtain a fine view of the parallel streets and green squares of Monrovia. Here there are no brown-stone fronts, marbled colonnades, gilded domes, or sky-

piercing spires. The two or three hundred buildings of the city are without ornament and pretensionless; and if not always neat, are perhaps generally comfortable. This, however, is not the character of all the houses. The presidential mansion, the residences of Dr. Roberts, Mr. McGill, Dr. McGill, Hon. Mr. Roy, and several others, are substantial buildings of stone or brick, which are tasty in appearance, and even luxurious in furniture. The Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches, are neat and commodious houses, and other public buildings are of a size and taste scarcely to be expected in so young a capital. The neatly painted white cottages, in the style of the southern States, look a little out of place in their surroundings of banana and orange, yet they are no doubt cool and comfortable to the occupants. We have called on the notables of the church and state, but we must reserve our sketches of them for another place.

CHAPTER X.

LIBERIA—CONTINUED.

American Colonization Society—Origin of Liberia—Jefferson's Opinion of the effects of Colonization on Africa—Delegation sent to Africa—Settlement on Sherbro Island—Settlement of Perseverance—Settlement on Cape Mesurado—Wars with the Natives—A National Festival—Independence Declared—President Roberts—President Benson—Territory and population of Liberia.

To the American Colonization Society belongs the honor of establishing in Western Africa the second community of civilized and Christianized people. Liberia was planted and nourished by this organization, until she expressed her desire to be independent, and declared herself capable of providing for her own wants. From that time to the present, the Society has acted the part of a watchful mother, counselling, assisting, restraining and furnishing, often by an unseen hand, those assistances without which her precocious child might not have been able to stand. Difference of opinion will exist as to the expediency of some of the measures of this Society, for blunders and miscarriages are inseparable from human organizations, but the purity of her motives is too manifest to be questioned, and we trust that hers (in reserve) is the honor of being called the mother of nations.

The subject of providing the freed blacks of America with a home in Africa, the West Indies, or on our own southwestern frontier, was first agitated in this country

by Thomas Jefferson, and as early as 1776. In 1800, the General Assembly of Virginia passed a resolution on the subject; and at the two succeeding sessions, 1802 and 1804, passed others, which expressed the idea that it was the duty of the General Government to provide for the free colored population of our country a home somewhere beyond the limits of the United States. Jefferson and Monroe were warm advocates of this cause, and directed public attention to Africa as the natural home of the black man. Jefferson, writing from Monticello, in 1811, says:

"I have long ago made up my mind that this is the best measure for drawing off this part of our population. . . . Going from a country possessing all the useful arts, they might be the means of transplanting them to Africa."

In 1816, the General Assembly of Virginia again passed resolutions on the subject, and instructed the executive "to correspond with the President, for the purpose of obtaining a territory on the coast of Africa, in which to colonize the free blacks of the commonwealth." In the meantime the subject was growing in importance, and attracting attention in other parts of the Union. The law of Congress of 1807, prohibiting the slave-trade, was producing effect in increasing the free colored population of the States with the cargoes of captured slaves. This gave urgency and point to the subject of colonization; but strange to say, the General Government could not be prevailed on to take any step in the matter, and to this day it stands timidly aloof.

Seeing that there was nothing to be hoped for from Congress, Christians and patriots took the matter in hand. A

meeting was called in Washington, in December, 1846. Henry Clay was appointed president, Andrew Jackson. Hon. Wm. H. Crawford, of Georgia, Rev. Dr. Finley, of New Jersey, and others, vice-presidents; and a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and nominate officers. The Colonization Society was formed in the course of the following month, under the title of: "The American Society for colonizing the free people of color of the United States," and on a basis at once Christian and national. A delegation was subsequently appointed, composed of Rev. S. J. Mills and Rev. Ebenezer Burges, to visit the west coast of Africa, for the purpose of seeking a suitable location for a colony. They sailed in November, 1817, and, reaching Sierra Leone by way of England, explored the coast as far south as Sherbro Island. Satisfied that this island, and the main in its vicinity, afforded peculiar advantages for the establishment of a colony, they drew up a report to that effect, which was presented to the society by Burges, Mr. Mills having died on the passage homeward.

In 1819, Wm. H. Crawford, of Georgia, procured the passage of an act in Congress, by which the society has been justly relieved of the burden of sending out and supporting the slaves taken from slave-ships by American men-of-war. By provision of this act, the President is authorized to restore to their own country any Africans captured from American or foreign vessels; to provide a suitable agency on the African coast for the reception of such persons, and for their subsistence and comfort there, until they shall have opportunity of returning to their own tribes, or become capable of supporting themselves.

In February, 1820, the first company of emigrants, com-

posed of eighty-six colored persons, sailed for Sherbro Island. They were accompanied by three whites, Rev. Samuel Bacon, agent for the United States and colonial governor, John P. Bankson and Samuel A. Crozer, physician. The island proved unhealthy. African fever made its appearance, and Mr. Bacon and twenty-five of the emigrants died within a few months. The remainder, sick and dispirited, went to Sierra Leone. The Society, disappointed, but not discouraged, put forth new zeal. In 1821, another company of emigrants, numbering thirty-three colored and four white persons, was sent out from Norfolk, Va., and joined the survivors of the first party at Sierra Leone, where they all were to remain, until a home was secured for them elsewhere. In the latter part of the same year, Lieut. R. F. Stockton arrived at Sierra Leone in the United States schooner Alligator, with orders from the Secretary of the Navy to coöperate with Dr. Ayres, the government and colonial agent, in procuring a suitable home for the emigrants. Reaching Cape Mesurado, lat. 6° 19′ N., long. 10° 48′ W., Lieut. Stockton and Dr. Ayres were so pleased with the appearance of the country in that vicinity, the bold promontory, the luxuriant vegetation, and the number of the streams, that they determined at once to make the cape the cite of the colony. They landed, and taking a demijohn of whisky (Stockton's peacemaker—No. 2) and a few plugs of tobacco, to show their peaceful intentions, and to *assist* in negotiating, sent for King Peter, chief of the Dey tribe, who claimed authority over that part of the coast. Several *palavers* were held, which resulted in the purchase of a tract of land, thirty-six miles along shore and two miles wide—including the Cape Mesurado.

To this point the Americo-African emigrants were removed from Sierra Leone in February, 1822. For a short time they remained on a small island, which they called Perseverance, in the mouth of the Mesurado River. In April, they established themselves on the cape, and on the 25th of that month, the American flag was hoisted on the summit of Mesurado.

In August of the same year, Mr. Ashmun, the newly appointed governor, arrived with a company of thirty-seven emigrants. He found the infant colony in a most unsettled state, and threatened with destruction by the surrounding natives, who had already repented of their bargain. He found but thirty-five of the colonists capable of bearing arms; and the only weapons in their possession were a few old muskets, two or three iron guns of small calibre, a long nine, and a field-piece well mounted. His first care was to drill the men in the use of these; and scarcely had he accomplished his task when the natives commenced, as they avowed, a war of extermination.

On the 11th of November an attack was made by eight hundred native warriors. The colonists fought with the desperation which the prospect of immediate destruction to themselves and families inspired; and after an engagement of two hours, the natives were driven back with the loss of at least one hundred and fifty men. The loss of the emigrants, killed and wounded, was fifteen, besides a few children carried off by the natives. Fearing another attack, the colonists set to work, preparing fortifications and planting their guns; and scarcely had they completed their work when their worst fears were realized. On the morning of

December 2d, the Deys, reinforced by hundreds of Golahs, and exasperated by the previous defeat, came rushing on to the fortifications, and, with a wild shout, commenced at once at attack on three sides of the defence. The colonists were prepared for them; they had the advantage of the ground; and the heavy charges of their guns told with fearful effect on the thick ranks of the enemy. It was again a struggle for dear life; they stood firmly to their posts, even when wounded, promptly obeying the orders of Mr. Ashmun. Every shot from the field-piece, the long nine and the other cannon, ploughed wide furrows of death among the natives, and soon the savages, confused by the deadly fire, and fearing to enter the defence, raised a wild shout of despair, and made a hasty retreat through the blood-stained palms. Thus, by an exhibition of more than Spartan valor, the colonists remained, and still continue to be, the acknowledged masters of the natives. The neighboring kings came in, and signed a treaty of peace drawn up by Mr. Ashmun, agreeing to refer all their disputes with the colonists to the governor of Sierra Leone.

Occasionally, since that time, the "*Americans*" have found it necessary to chastise some of the neighboring tribes, and to keep alive the respect due to their military superiority; but the engagement of the 2d December was the decisive battle, and the day is still celebrated with much enthusiasm by the people of Liberia. I was present at the celebration of this festival in 1856. Every house and hut in Monrovia displayed a flag; guns were fired, bells rang, volunteers paraded the streets in neat uniform and tolerable discipline, orations were delivered at the Methodist church,

which seems to be the popular establishment of the town, and very appropriate prayers were made, and songs sung by the choir to most excellent music.

I walked with a friend to the site of the old fortification, about which the faithful old guns are now rusting, and—remembering that, had the first attack of the natives been made a few weeks earlier, they would have found the emigrants undrilled; and that, had the second attack been continued a few minutes longer, three rounds more would have exhausted the magazine of the fortification—I clearly saw the Divine interposition in their behalf, and came away convinced that God has a mission for this people to fulfill, and that they will be invincible until it is accomplished.

Discouragements of another character now fell on the colony. The rainy season came on and found them without suitable shelter; the supplies furnished by the Society were fast running out, and their lands were still without seed. There was no trade; and sickness began to waste the number and the spirits of the people. These evils were in time partially relieved by the Society, and the population continued to increase by accessions from the States. Ashmun and his successor, Lot Cary, died in 1828. Cary was succeeded by Dr. Randall, under whose administration the prospects of the colony brightened, trade increased, and agriculture made some advance; but his health soon failed, and he returned to the States.

Dr. Mechlin succeeded him as governor, and agent of the United States. During his administrations many emigrants arrived, and the territory was enlarged by the purchase of a rich tract on the St. John's River. He returned home in ill health in 1833. Rev. J. B. Pinney succeeded him,

and continued in office until his health failed in 1835. A new settlement called Bassa Cove, was established during his administration, under the patronage of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society. In 1834 an independent colony was established on Cape Palmas under the auspices of the Maryland Colonization Society, which was not auxiliary to the American or parent Society. This colony continued to increase, and remained independent of Liberia until 1857. Pinney was succeeded by Dr. Skinner.

In 1836, the settlement of Marshall was established, and another tract of land was purchased on the Sinon River, and a settlement, taking its name from the river, established by the Mississippi Colonization Society. In September of this year Dr. Skinner's health failed, and he returned to the States. He was followed in office by Thomas Buchanan, who continued to direct the operations of the colony with much success until his death, which occurred in September, 1841. The Society now conferred the appointment of governor on a colored man, originally from Virginia, Joseph J. Roberts. He had acted as lieutenant-governor under Mr. Buchanan, and displayed a prudence and talent in this relation which commended him to the confidence of the Society. He filled this office with honor to himself and profit to his people, and he kept alive the growing enterprise and industry which had been developed under the administration of his predecessor.

In July, 1847, a convention of delegates, elected by the colonists, met in Monrovia and formed a constitution on the model of our own, an outline of which was prepared for them by distinguished jurists of the United States. This, with a Declaration of Independence, was adopted by

the people. Gov. Roberts was elected President, was duly inaugurated on the 3d of January, 1848, and by reëlection continued to fill that office, with acceptability to the people and the friends of Liberia, until January, 1856. Liberia included at the time of the declaration all the settlements established by the American or other Colonization Societies, except that of the Maryland Society, called Maryland in Liberia. The Americo-African population included in the republic when first organized may be estimated at five thousand. The natives in the territory, who consented to become subject to the laws of the republic, were over one hundred thousand. The independence of Liberia was speedily acknowledged by England, France, Russia, Belgium, Brazil, and other kingdoms. Treaties have been formed with her, recognizing her national equality. England presented her with an armed vessel, France with some other munitions of war, and she continues to receive aid and sympathy from abroad.

The Gallinas territory was added by purchase in 1848, and the Cassa territory in 1852. As a president, Roberts showed himself an able statesman; as a soldier, commanding in person in the wars with native princes, an able general; and in settling the disputes of the tribes in the territory of the republic, he appears as a wise and an impartial judge. Stephen Allen Benson was installed Jan. 3d, 1856; he is by reëlection still in the presidency—a man of clear judgment, liberal views, and great firmness. His administration has been marked by the admission of Maryland into the republic.

The political jurisdiction of Liberia extends at present

from the Shebar River on the north, to San Pedro River on the south, a distance along the coast of over 600 miles, embracing a country of 30,000 square miles, and a population of over 10,000 civilized blacks, and 200,000 natives.

CHAPTER XI.

LIBERIA—CONTINUED.

Constitution of Liberia—Legislature—President—No Rotation in Office—The Family Mark—Revenue and Expenditures—Future Possibilities and Probabilities—Conditions of Existence—Is Liberia Independent—Churches and Schools—A very Anti-republican Conclusion—Our Duty toward Liberia.

The Constitution of Liberia, as already stated, was modelled after our own, but the republic differs from ours in this, that it is composed of but one State, and has but one legislature. Discordant elements are gradually developing in the body politic. The savage and the civilized Liberians have but few ideas in common, and contempt on one part, and envy on the other, have weakened the bonds of these; the question of color—black or yellow—is gradually indicating its existence; and judging from its character in Hayti, it is a question tenacious of life, and regardless of the most sacred ties. Nativism, as practically opposed to the rights of foreign born blacks to hold offices of honor or profit, is in process of incubation; and abolitionism is there sowing many seeds of strife.

In view of these facts, it is an advantage that there is but one State rather than many, each claiming State-right privileges, and that the laws in every department of government are the same throughout the republic. We doubt not but in this unity the nation will find strength and safety, when

those questions shall arise which might dissever a republic of independent States.

The Constitution recognizes and provides for the maintenance of the following principles:

1. All men are born equally free in the right of enjoying and defending life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

2. All power of government is inherent in the people.

3. All men have a natural right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

4. Slavery shall not exist in the Republic of Liberia, or be countenanced by any of its citizens.

5. All elections shall be by ballot, and every male citizen possessing real estate shall have the right of suffrage.

6. The liberty of the press shall not be restrained in the republic.

7. None but citizens may hold real estate in the republic: nevertheless, this article shall not be construed to apply to Colonization, Missionary, Educational, or other benevolent institutions, so long as the property or estate is applied to its legitimate purposes.

8. None but persons of color shall be admitted to citizenship in the republic.

9. The improvement of the native tribes in the arts of agriculture, shall be furthered by the President, and the legislature shall appropriate money for this purpose.

10. The legislature shall make no law prohibiting emigration.

Emigrants of twenty-one years of age, who claim to be of African extraction, are entitled to all the privileges of citizenship when they become possessed of real estate, and avow their intention of becoming permanent residents of

the country, and assume obligations of fealty. We are free to confess the belief that this is the wisest and safest system of naturalization that the world has ever seen. Several distinguished senators informed us that the law excluding white persons from the right of citizenship is intended to be of but temporary duration.

The legislative body of the republic is styled "The Legislature of Liberia," and is composed of two branches, a Senate and a House of Representatives. Each county is entitled to two senators, who are elected for a term of four years. Representatives are elected biennially. Every county is entitled to one representative, and an additional one for every ten thousand inhabitants. The President is elected by the people, and for a term of two years. He is the supreme executive officer of the government, and commander-in-chief of the army and navy.

With the consent of the Senate, he appoints the Secretaries of War, the Navy, Treasury, and the State; the Postmaster General, Attorney General, the judges of all courts judicatory, and all foreign ministers, and many other officers civil and military. These all hold their offices during the pleasure of the President. Qualifications and good behavior are the only tests for continuation in these offices. May the curse of rotation never fall upon them!

The judicial power is vested in one Supreme Court and several subordinate courts, nearly corresponding to our justice and superior courts. The judges of these have salaries established by law, and are allowed to receive no perquisites under penalty of impeachment.

Thus far the government seems to have worked well. It has extended protection in life and property to its subjects,

and the equitable administration of law. The revenue, derived chiefly from a moderate tariff on imports, has been sufficient to meet the expenses of the government, and should the increase of trade keep pace with the increase of population, as it has done up to the present, the greater wants of the State will be met by this indirect tax. In 1857 the receipts and disbursements were as follows: receipts, $47,556; disbursements, $47,048. Compared with the preceding year, the receipts show an increase of near $5,000.

Liberia came into the family of nations with a national debt on her head, a family mark which should entitle her to the sympathy and fraternity of the republics and kingdoms of the present century.

This she has in common with the proudest and freest; but fortunately for her and her creditors, the debt is not large, and not more than ten thousand dollars of it is owed to foreigners.

According to the revenue and expenses, as given above, it appears that there is a surplus in the treasury of five hundred dollars; but truth demands the statement, that many of the government officials, noble and patriotic men, have deferred drawing the full amount of their salaries, small as these are, until the country is more able to pay them. To meet these demands, pay the interest on her debts, and carry on the operations of government, would leave the country still more deeply in debt. To this also must be added the fact, that thus far the republic has sailed in smooth water. True, the militia has, in a few instances, been called out to defend interior settlements against the encroachments of natives, and one of these wars, that of

Sinou, cost the government several thousand dollars; but she has had no occasion for a standing army, or a navy, or even a strong police. She has been at peace with the world without, her trade has been equal to her ability to supply produce, and her tariff as heavy as her commerce will admit of, and as is consistent with her prosperity.

As a nation, she is in a defenceless condition. Her extensive sea-coast is without forts or other defences; she has no navy worth mentioning, nor the means of supplying one, and, therefore, a war with the most insignificant of the civil powers of the world would result in her humiliation. She has, and justly claims, rank and right among the civilized nations, yet she has no power to maintain either; and to expect that these will be always duly respected and accorded, is expecting too much from human nature.

At present, her people are patriotic and obedient to law, and, therefore, the executive is at neither trouble nor expense to enforce law and maintain its dignity; but to hope that this will continue to be the case without interruption, is hoping against the experience of republics. Separated from the severe struggles to form and maintain a national existence, which so attached the hearts of the founders of the government to the institutions and laws of their own creation, the next generation will likely be less loyal and self-sacrificing. Ambitious men will rise up, and attempts at revolution and dismemberment are to be expected.

The two hundred thousand savages within her bounds are to be brought into the body politic, and to presume that they will not bring with them much of the ignorance and depravity of the barbaric state, is to presume without authority of history or philosophy; and troubles are to be

expected from this source which will demand for their arrest great strength in the executive arm. A consideration of these facts will lead to the conclusion, that the condition and prospects of Liberia, as a nation, are not what her too sanguine friends have supposed, nor what any of her friends desire; yet, perhaps, quite as good as reasonable men should expect. The continuance of her existence rests on two conditions: peace in her relations without, obedience to law within. To secure the former she must be blind to *petty* insults and injuries, humble, yet honorable; to secure the latter, she must be diligent in furthering religion and education, and slow in incorporating the savage element.

Liberia claims to be independent, and there is a technical sense in which, *as a government*, she is so, and as a government that independence should be acknowledged by all honorable nations; but there is a wider and a higher sense in which she is not independent. Can that nation be said to be self-supporting, and self-governing, which is dependent on another for the supply of educational and religious institutions, those foundations on which the social and civil framework of republics must stand, if they stand at all? Liberia is almost entirely dependent in these respects. Her schools and churches are supported by the benevolence of American Christians.

It is perhaps placing too low an estimate on the actual outlay, to say that fifty thousand dollars are spent, annually, in Liberia, by foreign societies, in the support of educational and religious establishments. And yet, these are not adequate to the present demands; certainly inadequate, in view of the mission of civilization and religion

which we hope to see accomplished in Africa, through her instrumentality.

The Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal churches of America are doing a noble work in Liberia. They are furnishing the moral strength on which the government must rely in exigencies of the future, and by which she is to be established, if established she may be.

We had the pleasure of meeting with and addressing the Methodist Conference of Liberia at Monrovia in the winter of 1856 and 1857. This is a body of intelligent and devoted men, numbering twenty-five itinerants, and having in communion with the church over thirteen hundred members, many of whom are natives. Their schools are numerous and flourishing. It is a mission conference, supported by the M. E. church of the northern States at an annual cost of $25,000. The Baptist church is represented here by over seventy missionaries and teachers, and, according to the report of the Association which met in Monrovia, December, 1857, near one thousand members. The Episcopal church has a bishop, four white missionaries, and eight colored, three of whom are natives. Teachers, 30; twelve of whom are natives. Day-school scholars, 550; 350 natives. Communicants, 250; more than half of whom are natives. Their most important station is at Cavalla, near Cape Palmas. The Presbyterian church has, white missionaries, 2; colored, 4. Teachers, 12; one high school; five day-schools; 150 scholars. Communicants, 180. Most of the missionaries of the Episcopal church are from the South; one of the two white Presbyterian missionaries is from Georgia; and the Southern Baptist Board supports a

high school in Monrovia. Where are the representatives of the Methodist church, South? Shame to her that she has permitted hundreds of her members to leave her shores without pastor or teacher, to be lost in the wilderness or gathered into strange folds! Inverted were the telescopes, and filmed the eyes of the missionary committee of the late General Conference, when they could see in Africa "no opening" for a southern missionary.

Studying the facts contained in this chapter, and influenced by a careful and candid observation of Liberia and her people, we were led to the following conclusions:

First: The organization of the Independent Government was premature. We do not say whether this resulted from the ambition of the people *to be free*—the too sanguine hopes of the friends of colonization—or a necessity, growing out of the unjustly-withheld protection of the American government. Satisfied we are, however, that the name of being independent without the sobering costs of the reality, has developed a pride in the people which may some day result in an insolence that will turn away the love of their friends, and bring upon them swift destruction from their enemies. She is yet in reality but a colony, and fit for nothing higher. Second: A republican form of government is not the best for a people such as compose the State of Liberia—shades of 1776 grant us a moment's grace!—for this form of government, above every other, demands intelligence, virtue, and moderation in its citizens. But, however this may be, our duty as a Christian nation toward her is clear. Far be it from us to witness with cold-blooded indifference the struggles of those who have gone out from us with barbarism and ignorance. If Liberia is a weak and

myopic child, it is not ours to look calmly upon her attempts to walk alone, guessing cruelly as to the chances of her making a safe journey; but it is ours by kind words to encourage her heart, and to lead her by the hand until age shall bring strength to her feet, and clearness to her vision.

CHAPTER XII.

LIBERIA—CONTINUED.

Climate of Liberia—Seasons—Winds—Rains—Temperature—Cause of Unhealthiness—African Fever—Physicians—No Acclimation for the White Man—Average Length of Missionary Life—Soil of Liberia—Productions—Timbers—Grains—Fruits—Vegetables. Animals—Domestic and Wild—Useful Ants—A Wish—Necessity for Labor, etc.

The climate of Liberia is equatorial. Pensive autumn and gloomy winter are strangers to her fertile plains, seed-time and harvest embrace each other in perpetual wedlock, and fruitful summer presides over the circling year. Seeds ripen, and leaves grow sear, and fall there, as everywhere, but decay and reproduction are ceaseless in their operations, and claim all seasons as their own. The same soft breeze which shakes the withered palm stem and the ripened orange to the ground, brings freedom to the swelling corn shoot, and bears the pollen of the full-blown flower to its hymeneal cell; and the same rays which brown the rough cheeks of the full-grown cocoa-nut, paint in delicate tints the expanding guava. Nature here takes no rest, but with beneficent hand scatters buds, and leaves, and flowers, and fruits with each morning's sun and each evening's dew.

The year is divided by two seasons, the wet and the dry, familiarly termed the rains and the dries. The former beginning with June ends with October. This is the cooler, or perhaps we should say the less warm of the seasons, and is therefore sometimes styled "winter." Certainly the sea-

son brings with it none of the circumstances which attend winter in temperate latitudes; yet to the emigrant and the missionary the name has a pleasant sound, and brings with it associations bright in memory and dear to the heart. It must not be supposed that during the rainy season the earth receives a ceaseless baptism of showers, nor that the dry season is one unrelieved drought. Clear skies, and successive days of fine weather, occur in the rains in the months of July and August, and in the other months an unbroken shower of a week's continuance is unusual.

It must be admitted, however, that on the whole this season is more agreeable to young ducks than to human beings.

Light rains fall frequently in "the dries." The month of January is usually very dry, yet I have seen heavy showers in this month.

The average heat of the year in Monrovia is 80° Fahr., the main temperature of the rains is 76° and of the dries 84°. The mercury seldom rises above 90° in the shade, exposed to the wind, and we have never heard of its falling below 68°. These extremes are noted as occurring in the same month; yet, as compared with the climate of the southern States, the climate of Liberia may be described as very equable, for the daily variation seldom exceeds 10°. June is the coolest month, and January the hottest, yet I have walked the roads and woods about Monrovia in the latter month without suffering as much from the effects of heat as I have suffered in Georgia, or Florida, in the month of July. During the hottest season, January, February, and March, the effects of the almost vertical rays of the sun are mitigated by the constancy of the winds. The land breeze, or

harmattan, prevails from midnight until near midday, and the sea breeze from midday until near midnight. Occasionally there is a lull between these winds, and while it continues, whether at noon or night, the heat is intense. The rains and dries are ushered in by those fierce tornadoes which are the terror of the African cruiser, but which, by a gracious provision of Providence, give timely warning of their approach.

The climate of Liberia, whether interior or coastwise, is deadly to the white man; nor would it be wise to hide the fact, that it is formidable to those persons of color who have attained the meridian of life in temperate zones. The cause of this unhealthiness, as we see from the figures before us, is not to be found in the degree of heat, frequency or suddenness of the changes in the temperature of the atmosphere, nor yet in the continuance of the heat, for the first fever, called acclimating, which is the severest ordeal through which the stranger passes, generally comes on in the course of the first month's residence.

The cause is to be looked for in those miasmata which throng the air, but of which, as to their origin and character, we have no certain knowledge. This sickness indicates its approach by headache, pains in the back, loss of appetite, and more or less gastric derangement, and rapidly develops into bilious remittent fever. This sometimes yields to a mild medical treatment, and the patient, if young and of good constitution, without further initiatory physical penalties is prepared to endure ordinary exposure to his adopted climate. Generally, however, this disease assumes the tertiary, or other form of intermittent fever, accompanied by bilious vomiting, furred tongue, a dull expression

of the eye, and in the febrile paroxysms intense headache and delirium. This is the African fever. It sometimes passes into the inflammatory type, and death follows from the congestion of some vital organ. The sheet-anchor of the profession in the treatment of the acclimating fever is quinine.

Skillful physicians, though not numerous nor equal to the demands of the population, are not entirely wanting in Liberia. Dr. Roberts, of Monrovia, brother of ex-president Roberts, is a colored gentleman of high professional attainments, and could take respectable rank among medical men in any country. Several well-educated young men from Liberia are now in America completing their medical education, and the prospect is that there, as with us, doctors and lawyers will soon be excessively abundant. As physicians and nurses are becoming acquainted with the fever referred to, the mortality among colored emigrants is decreasing, and at this time may be estimated at ten per cent. It has been as high as forty per cent. In the report of the Virginia Colonization Society for 1857, it is stated that the mortality attending colonization in Africa has not exceeded that which attended the colonies of Jamestown and Plymouth in this country. The fever leaves the system peculiarly liable to attacks of chill and fever, sometimes leaves the liver permanently deranged. Among those who had emigrated late in life I have seen several cases where no health had been enjoyed since their arrival on the coast many years ago. Their constitutions shattered and spirits wasted, without means or ability to labor, dependent on the charities of their brethren and strangers, yet sustained by the comforts of the religion learned and found in the homes

they shall visit no more, they are patiently awaiting their transfer to the healthful shore purchased for the outcasts by a Saviour's blood.

To the white man there is no acclimation in Liberia, or elsewhere on the West Coast. The so-called acclimating attack secures to him no immunity from a second or a third, but the period of the first bilious intermittent is perhaps the most critical. It is utterly out of the question for the Anglo-Saxon or Celt to enjoy robust health here, or in any other tropical climate; but while he lives on the coast, the price of his life is ceaseless and precise attention to clothing and diet, the strictest temperance in his habits, and as far as possible non-exposure to the sun, the dews, and night air. I suppose that the mortuary statistics of missions in Liberia will differ but little from those of Sierra Leone, and there the average missionary life has been *under three years!* Think of this ye who complain of the hardships of missionary work among the rice fields of the South, and ye who dream of the charming novelty and romance of the missionary life in foreign lands; nor overlook it ye who ignobly sneer at these immolations of self on the altar of Christian love, and question the paramount power of the religious motive over wise and enlightened minds.

In reading this description of the climate of Liberia, the stand-point must be borne in mind. To the native it is a good climate; many of the Veys and Golhas live to a great age, and have but few diseases, and we doubt not that the children of the Americo-Africans, if properly trained, will be a robust and long-lived race.

The soil of Liberia, if we may judge from the native growths, is rich and strong. This exuberant vegetation,

forests of giant timbers and almost impenetrable undergrowth, is, however, largely due to the warmth and humidity of the atmosphere. So far as we saw and could learn, the general character of the soil is argillaceous; yet there is no lack of variety, and soils that in our latitude would be considered harsh and unproductive, are here richly fruitful. Owing to the quantity of vegetation which for unnumbered centuries has waved and scattered over these lands, the surface bears vegetable mold in large quantities, and for its exhaustion will require years of continuous cultivation. The low lands in the vicinity of Monrovia, and I suppose elsewhere, are composed of alluvium and marls. The mountains and bold promontories on the coast, like those of Sierra Leone, are related in their origin, or perhaps we should say in their elevation, to that volcanic system of which the Madeiras, Canaries, Cape Verds, and other islands not yet mentioned are a part. Cape Mesurado, on which the town of Monrovia stands, is composed of hornblende, basalt, and other igneous rocks, and ferruginous clays. In a "pocket full of rocks," which a friend brought us from the interior, we have limestone, two or three varieties of sandstone, quartz rock and iron ore. The ore is peculiarly rich. Copper and other valuable metals are said to abound in the interior.

The productions of Liberia are almost endless, certainly countless, in their variety. Some of the more important native productions are rosewood, teak, mahogany, hickory, poplar, brimstone-wood, so called from its rich yellow color, sassa-wood, and many others valuable in ship-building and cabinet work. Cam-wood and other valuable dye-woods, some ebony, and in parts of the interior the acacia, which

yields the gum arabic of commerce, and the copal tree. Of the palm tree there are several varieties, and all highly useful. The nut-bearing palm is the most valuable of these, and will some day prove a source of immense wealth to the people of the West Coast. The palm oil, so valuable in commerce and African trade, is expressed from the soft pulpy rind which surrounds the nut. When fresh it is of a clear red color, is used by the natives as an article of food, and white men find it a most delicious salad oil. We shall refer to it again. The gums of Senegal, Gambia, Sierra Leone and Liberia, are more valuable and more important in commerce than Mr. Bowen and other travellers suppose. At Sierra Leone, we procured some excellent specimens of copal and arabic gums brought from a distance in the interior. The arabic of Senegal is esteemed of the highest value in the French markets.

Medical plants abound: the copaiba tree, the *croton tiglium*, which yields the croton oil; the *ricinus communis*, or castor oil plant; and the *ricinus major*, called also *curcas purgans*. The seeds of the last produce a highly purgative oil, and the wood is much used for hedges and fences. It abounds in the Cape Verd Islands, where it is called the pulga, and the seed is becoming an important article in exportation. The natives beat out the oil for burning in lamps.

Among the grains, the more important are Indian corn, of several varieties, and rice of an excellent quality. By an experiment lately made at the new settlement, fifty miles in the interior, called Careysburg, it has been ascertained that wheat, barley and oats may be produced on the high lands, yielding average harvests. Cotton flourishes in every

part of Western Africa, and is claimed by some to be indigenous. The many samples of African cotton I have seen do not come up to the descriptions given of it by travellers. The best that came under my notice classed with the middling fair of our uplands. Coffee of superior quality, and sugar cane, may be produced with little labor.

The fruits are numerous and delicious. Those with which we are familiar are the mango, lemon, lime, orange, guava, tamarind and pomegranate; the cocoanut, plantain, banana, the sweet and sour sops, rose-apple, African cherry, pine-apple, avocado-pear, and the African peach. We shall refer to some of these more particularly from some part of the coast where there is not so much of more importance to demand our attention as we find in Liberia.

The esculent and farinaceous roots are in great variety; those most commonly cultivated are the sweet potato of several varieties, the cassada, from which the cassava farina of commerce is prepared, the West Indian yam, the tania, which in flavor resembles the Irish potato, and the arrow root. The common garden vegetables of America flourish in Liberia when planted in the proper season, which seems to be March or April. We saw at Monrovia excellent cabbages, snap and lima beans, field peas, tomatoes, cucumbers and beets. If the African cruisers would remain long enough at Monrovia to send up the St. Paul's for supplies, they would have less reason to complain of the want of vegetables on the coast. Our domestic fowls thrive in Liberia, but the cattle are inferior. The sheep, being covered with hair instead of wool, much resemble the goat, and the mutton is indifferent. Oxen are too small to be of much value as beasts of draught or burden, and the beef is

seldom very good. Pigs and goats thrive well, and the former, with a laudable independence, make their own living. They are of the true republican stripe—lean and lank, and somewhat care-worn in the face. Here, as in Sierra Leone, horses do not last, even with care and skillful treatment, more than three or four years. Wild animals are becoming scarce. The elephant, hippopotamus, leopard, crocodile, boa constrictor, and deer, formerly abundant, are receding before the advancing civilization. Monkeys, guanas, chameleons, lizards and ants, in great variety, still infest the woods.

The driver ants, of which so many interesting stories may be told, are a useful annoyance. In their migrations they travel in companies of countless thousands, and with the order of a well drilled army. In crossing a path the advance guard forms into a perfect arch, under which the army passes, and then the *bridgemen* form into line in the rear. They do not turn out of the line of their course for any obstruction which they can surmount or remove. Beasts and insects of all kinds fear them, and when they come down on a dwelling the inmates retire, and the visitors, acting as a scavenger police, soon clear it of insects and vermin of every kind. Their visits, therefore, are hailed with welcome. (Wish a few companies could be brought over for the benefit of some of our western hotels, as a standing army for the defence of bed-rooms.) They are accompanied by birds which prey upon the insects that fly before them.

In this sketch we have necessarily omitted many things of interest regarding the climate, soil and productions of Liberia; but we trust that enough has been said to give

the reader a general idea of the character of each. We have only to add that, notwithstanding the prodigality of nature in the bestowment of animal and vegetable food for man, labor is quite as necessary to procure the comforts of life there as here, and toil is more irksome: that, therefore, the sluggard begs amidst perpetual harvests, and the poor are often hungry amidst fullness of bread.

The providence of God is marvellously varied; yet, in the distribution of good and ill to man, the balance hangs with an even beam.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIBERIA—CONTINUED.

Considerations not to be Overlooked—Agriculture and Trade—Beggars—Society and Morals in Liberia—Intellectual Developments—A College—Influence of Liberia—A Question Answered—How Liberia is to Civilize—Prospect of Union with Sierra Leone.

In looking into the industrial, social, moral and intellectual character of the Liberians, justice to ourselves and to them demands that we should give due weight to the following considerations:

First, the recency of the establishment. Second, the want of capital in those who formed the government, and those who, by immigration, continue to increase its population. Third, most of the emigrants were from the Slave States and had never learned to plan and provide for their own maintenance—those from the States called free were equally dependent—and the difficult lesson of self-dependence had to be learned under the disadvantages arising from an unfavorable climate, new modes of labor, new elements of subsistence, new states of society, and entirely new associations. Fourth, the necessarily imperfect civilization of those who, though long in contact with a high state of civilization, were there as ignorant spectators, not as practical students. The Christian religion, which, in its essential facts, they brought with them from the land of the white man, contains many, perhaps most, of the important and

vital elements of civilization, but not all. Fifth, that in forming an estimate of their civilization, the American observer tries it by the highest standard. He does the same in estimating their intellectual character, his standard in both cases being the attainments of the Anglo-Saxon race. He who stands on the sublime heights of Teneriffe or Atlas is not prepared to estimate the altitude of the hills on the plains below. The sum of these considerations is, that in any of the departments of civilized society, we are not to look for much in Liberia; yet, as a people, they are not without excellences, which reflect credit on the civilization of their adoption, their virtue and intelligence.

As yet, the Liberians have done but little in the way of agriculture, and until they become a producing people they cannot be wealthy, nor in any high sense independent. They do nothing in the way of manufactures, if we except the little sugar that is produced on the farms of the St. Paul's River; their main business is traffic, and though this is carried on in a small-sale way, it furnishes employment to the capital of the country, and to many of the people. Young Africa, patterning after Young America, has a penchant for merchandising and the professions. The petty merchants buy palm oil, rice, camwood, skins, and a few other unimportant articles, in small quantities from the natives; for which they give tobacco, powder, cheap cutlery, and cotton cloths. The more wealthy merchants buy from these, and sell again to the English and American merchant vessels, or ship directly to the States. There are several men of considerable wealth in Monrovia. They keep large, well-assorted stocks of dry goods, and find ready purchasers among their own people.

Many of the Liberians are mechanics—carpenters principally—and these find work, at rather moderate wages, about the towns and settlements. Shoemakers, masons, tinners and blacksmiths are abundant, but steady work in their departments is rather scarce. Those who have no trade nor the means of "keeping store" are driven to farming, and in the end, if at all industrious, are the most comfortable.

When emigrants, who are sent out—passage free—by the Colonization Society, arrive in Liberia they are transferred to the Receptacle House, where for six months they are provided with good board and excellent medical attention. In the course of this time most of the emigrants pass through the acclimating fever and are restored to health sufficiently to be able to provide for themselves. The republic offers to each adult person a piece of land containing five acres, or a lot in town. Farming and cooking utensils are furnished by the Society; and thus, brought through the fever, and furnished with tools to work, a home and something to put in it, the initiated stranger is left to himself.

Such is the beginning which a majority of the emigrants have made; but there are many others who at the end of six months are far from being rid of the effects of the fever, and, entirely incapable of providing for themselves, are sent forth to beg, or make a living otherwise, as best they may. It is desirable that the Society should extend its aid in such cases, but at present we suppose that it is not able. These are the beggars who hang about the landing-places in Monrovia, crying for a penny from visitors, and praying to be taken back to America. Among these beggars are many

too lazy to learn to work—barbers, waiters, coachmen from our northern cities, and others who, because of bad character, cannot find employment; yet truth commands us to say, that we have seen in Monrovia many cases of real and blameless poverty. There are scores there who would be blest, indeed, if transferred to some plantation in the South. The same may be said, however, of many in our own cities.

Liberians have been much censured for their neglect of agriculture, and not without some reason; but words are cheap. In Liberia there are no horses, no mules, nor even donkeys, and the oxen are too small to be of much service; nor have the people the means of procuring beasts of labor. Farming by hand is slow business where grass grows so rapidly as to require the constant labor of one hand to keep an acre or two clear enough to make corn and potatoes for a family. The very fertility of the soil is a disadvantage, with the present means of husbandry. Rice is the staple article of food among both Liberians and natives. It requires less labor in its production than any other breadstuff; but this is brought in by the natives in such quantities, and sold at so low a rate, that farmers cannot compete with them. This supply, however, does not keep pace with the demands of the increasing population, and, therefore, the time is not distant when the Liberians will find it both profitable and necessary to produce it for themselves. Coffee may be produced in Liberia with but little labor, and it is growing in importance as an article of exportation. The cultivation of sugar-cane is also attracting much attention. Several mills for grinding the cane have lately been introduced, two or three of which are steam mills. There are

many good farms on the St. Paul's River, and other interior settlements. Citizens of Monrovia have invested capital in lands and good farming implements, have employed natives to work, and are doing a good service to their country in developing its resources. Nature has designed the people and country of Liberia to be producers rather than manufacturers, and the sooner circumstances compel them to their plainly indicated mission, the better for them. But the means for beginning must be first given, or acquired by the present slow process; after that, progress will be easy and natural, and her fertile plains will unbosom a vast and an exhaustless wealth.

Society in Liberia is as good as can be reasonably expected; indeed, we found a degree of refinement and taste for which we were not prepared. The people desire to live in comfortable and pretty houses, the ladies and beaux dress in the fashion, and an aristocracy of means and education is already set up. The people generally dress above their means, extravagantly so, and the quantity of kid gloves and umbrellas displayed on all occasions does not promise well for a nation whose hope rests on hard hands and well used and well developed muscles. *The Virginians* are said to be the leaders of the aristocracy; and here we must add, as the result of our observation, that those who came originally from Maryland, Virginia, and Georgia, as a class, are more intelligent, more industrious, and more worthy than those who hail from points further north.

Thanks to the missionary societies which have followed the emigrants with teachers and preachers, the people are in a good degree intelligent and religious, and remarkably moral. As a people, they are proud, very much puffed up,

and offensively boastful. This seems to be the lot alike of young nations and young gentlemen just turned loose from school. Time and experience will generally cure both. The only danger is that some suicidal act may be committed before self-knowledge comes. Already the Liberians evince a degree of antipathy to those who assume superiority to them, by coming among them as teachers. They would be independent of missionaries if they could, but there are sane men enough among them, we trust, to keep this morbidly sensitive and foolish spirit in abeyance until the people are capable of providing for their own educational and religious wants. By that time they will have learned, among many other things, to esteem such agencies more highly.

The government is making some provision for country schools, but I do not understand exactly what. There is one school in Monrovia, and that a very respectable one, called the Academy, I believe, that is self-supporting. I was present at one of the examinations, and was much pleased with the intelligence and proficiency of the scholars. Young Africans, as we have seen in our Sunday-schools in southern cities, commit to memory readily and correctly, and as we have seen here and elsewhere on the coast, comprehend with near as much readiness as other youths. The deficiency seems to be in the practical application. But the African race is yet in its infancy, and the mental character undeveloped. At present they seem to be deficient in the reflective faculties, particularly in causality, but what they may develop, when for generations they have been under the influence of a high degree of civilization, is yet to be seen. They possess many of those qualities

which give excellence in the fine arts, and are by no means deficient in the superior sentiments.

I regret to say that a college has been lately established in Liberia, the presidency of which has been conferred on ex-President Roberts. I regret it, because it will involve an outlay that might be better used in common schools. It will send out, for years at least, men imperfectly learned, with the idea that they are scholars, and create a false standard of education. The present state of society has no demand for such a thing, the high schools already in operation being sufficient to supply teachers and professional men, and these are sufficiently patronized. A couple of manual labor schools, somewhere in the interior, would be vastly more useful. These things—academies dubbed colleges—are getting to be an evil among us in the States, and we are sorry to see our ebony offshoot copying any of our defects.

What are the Liberians doing toward converting the natives?

I once pulled a drunken man off a railroad track just in time to save him from being run over by the train. The imminence of his danger sobered him a little, and rising to his feet, he exclaimed:

"Sir, you have saved my life! What shall I do for you?"

"Pray for me," said I.

"Well," said he, after a moment's thought, "I guess I'll have to begin that job by praying for myself; and it'll give me enough *for a while* to do that."

When the Liberians are converted themselves then they may strengthen their brethren. At present they have no

means to spare in that direction. Indirectly, however, they are exerting an elevating influence over the tribes around. They hire their children as domestics, and these generally forsake the religion of their fathers for that of their masters. The savages acknowledge the superiority of the civilized man; they are gradually adopting the ideas and practices of civilized life, and eventually they will become one people. The schools and other missionary operations among them are hastening this event

At present the natives are prejudiced against, and bitterly jealous of, their Christian brethren, and, like the wild monkeys that will pick a tame Jocko to pieces if he goes among them in gay clothes and cocked hat, for getting above his kin, they would destroy the Liberians if they could. But this prejudice will soon wear away, and they will become the willing disciples of their more exalted brethren. Those living in the territory of the republic are forced into a degree of civilization, by the laws which require the abandonment of certain cruel rites, and the reference of disputes to the constituted authorities. If the republic survives, it is her "manifest destiny" to civilize by annexation; and like some other nations we wot of, to extend her sheltering wings over adjoining peoples, making herself rich the while by appropriating, for her services, their lands and treasures. In the *chaste* and *classic* language of our American satirist in the "Biglow Papers:"

"To go 'ascrugin' 'em out o' their dominions.
Ashelterin' 'em, az Caleb sez, under *their* eagle's pinions,
Which means to take a feller up jest by the slack o' 's trowsis,
An' walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his homes an' housis;

Wal, it doos seem a curus way, but then hooraw for Jackson!
It must be right, fer Caleb sez *it's reg'lar Anglo-Saxon*."

The Liberians, and for them their friends in America, are anxious for a union with Sierra Leone; but like some of the Protestant denominations who *liberally* propose union among Christians by inviting all to join in *their* creeds and modes, they propose a union in which, as to form of government, Sierra Leone shall concede everything and Liberia nothing. Liberia, by the addition of a fertile and an extensive territory, good harbors, of which at present she has none, and thousands of intelligent citizens, would be largely the gainer; and for this reason, as an American, I should be glad for such a union to take place. In conversing with the leading colored officials of Sierra Leone on this subject, I found that, to a man, they would be very decidedly averse to any proposition looking in that direction; and that though well wishers, they are not admirers of the government of Liberia or the type of her civilization. The nations cherish and keep prominent those social and political peculiarities which distinguish English and American civilization, and, both being uncompromising, they are further apart than America and England. When Canada is annexed to the United States, Sierra Leone may be joined to Liberia! Considering the interests of Sierra Leone, I cannot say that it would be wise in her to detach herself from the protection and assistance of Great Britain, for the sake of uniting with a young and struggling republic. The British lion may be very stern, and his paw at times very heavy, but it would hardly be prudent to desert his protection for that of an unfledged eaglet discarded by its parent.

The great war between Civilization and Barbarism, Christianity and Idolatry, is yet to be fought in Africa; blessed is that colony or republic which, when the day of battle comes, shall find that she is sustained by the sympathy and force of a powerful nation.

CHAPTER XIV.

LIBERIA — CONCLUDED.

Visit to President Benson—Ex-President Roberts and Family—Visit to the Senate—The House of Representatives—Politicians—The Press—Pulpit Celebrities—Bishop Burns—A Georgia Liberian—Messages to Friends—What shall we do with our Free Colored Population—A Railroad for Liberia—American Colonization Society—Melville B. Cox—Adieu.

On a bright morning in January, 1857, I accompanied Commander Ward in an official visit to the President of Liberia. We were shown into a comfortably and tastefully furnished parlor of the presidential mansion, and Mr. Benson soon made his appearance, dressed, as all officials dress here, except those of the military commission, in the habit of a private citizen. He received us with a good deal of cordiality, and the ease and dignity of a refined gentleman of the Old Virginia school. It was evident that he knew himself to be the President, and the lion of the occasion, yet there was an entire absence of the patronizing airs so common to high officials, and throughout our interview his deportment was cheerful and faultless, and worthy of the president of a republic. He spoke of the pleasure it afforded him to meet with American gentlemen, and of the increasing good disposition of the Americans toward his government by sending them a commercial agent. Knowing, by previous acquaintance—for I had had the pleasure of breakfasting with him on the morning of his inauguration—that I was

from the South, he asked several questions regarding southern interests, and showed, by subsequent remarks, an acquaintance with our institutions, laws, and history, and an expansiveness of view in regard to our peculiar institutions, which would do credit to any foreign statesman. In person, Mr. Benson is tall and well proportioned, is about forty-five years of age, and as black as charcoal. Judging from the following, it seems that the intensity of his color had not a little to do with his election.

Captain W., of Virginia, in taking a walk through Monrovia, met a person whom he had known many years ago as a very respectable and intelligent slave in the Old Dominion. There was a mutual recognition, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Why, howd'y, Buck? I hardly expected to see you here."

Buck, with an air of dignity—"How do you do, Captain? I glad to see you; but they don't call me Buck here!"

"What do they call you?"

"Oh, I keep the old family name, of course, but they call me *Colonel* Brown, if you please!"

"Well, tell me, Buck—or Colonel, I should say—excuse me!"

Colonel (relentingly)—"My old friends can call me what they please, Cap'n."

"Very good lad! Tell me how you and our Virginia people are doing here?"

An answer followed, in which the Colonel forgot that he was a Colonel, and throwing off his studied language and manner, gave a description of life in Liberia which ended thus:

"So, take all together, we've been doin' right tollable smart. Heap o' ups an' downs; but things is getting better, an' we are gettin' sort o' used to um like."

"Which of the candidates for the presidency are you going to vote for?"

"Oh, Benson, sir!"

"Has not Roberts made you a good President?"

"Oh, yes."

"He is a very smart man," continued the captain, "and much respected abroad. I think you had better vote for him."

"That's all true!"—Colonel becomes quite animated—"But the fac's just this, Mass Whit': the folks say as how we darkies ain't fitten to take care o' ourselves—ain't capable. Roberts is very fine gentleman, but he's *more white than black*, an' Mr. Benson's *colored people all over!* There's no use talking government, an' making laws, an' that kind o' things, if they ain't going to keep um up. I vote for Benson, sir, *case I wants to know if we's going to stay nigger or turn monkey!*"

Certainly a purer representative of the African race than Mr. Benson could hardly be found, and beyond expectation he has met the wishes of his people in executing the functions of the presidential office. Prudence and sound judgment characterize him as an officer; and his messages, though often too long and unnecessarily comprehensive, and sometimes a little pedantic, are marked by strength and clearness. Of their genuineness, those who know him have no doubt. He has lived in the colony and republic from his infancy; was educated at the mission schools, and has had but little opportunity for travel and observation abroad.

Politics he studied from American text-books, but without practical examples, in his own country, of much value; yet he is, in many respects, a model President.

We called on Ex-President Roberts and family. Mrs. and Miss Roberts are most intelligent and interesting personages, speak English and French fluently, and are, in all respects, well-bred and refined. I suppose that they have colored blood enough in them to swear by, but they might travel through every State in the Union without ever being suspected of having any connection with the sable progeny of Ham. Miss Roberts is a blue-eyed blonde, having light brown hair and rosy cheeks; yet she is a genuine African, in the Know Nothing sense of genuineness, having been born in the woods of Liberia. The Ex-President is tall and well proportioned, colorless in complexion—hope the reader can tolerate a paradox—but plainly indicating his African extraction by a very kinky head of wool, of which, his friends say, he is very proud. We have spoken of his official character in the tenth chapter. In intellect and moral integrity he is a superior man; and in the interview of that morning displayed much of that excellence in conversation and elegance of manner that have rendered him so popular in the courts of France and England. The best evidence of his practical good sense was displayed in a visit which he made, a few years ago, to his colored relatives and white friends in his native State, Virginia. In every circle he knew his place, and conducted himself in such a manner as to win great favor among bond and free. Both the President and Ex-President are official members of the M. E. Church.

In my strolls about Monrovia, I dropped occasionally into

the Senate Chamber to hear the debates. They are conducted in a very unrepublican manner, namely, with great gravity and dignity, and without noise and personalities. Othello might address them in truth as "potent, grave, and reverend signiors."

Senators Yates, Lewis, Warner, and Russell, are men of commanding talents. The last named is a superior debatant, and, in voice and manner, reminded me much of Bishop Pierce, of the Southern Methodist Church. There was an Uncle Ned among them (will the Honorable Mr. Day pardon our familiarity for the sake of auld lang syne), who, whenever he spoke, afforded me some of those hearty laughs which are so scarce and so beneficial among African cruisers. When I saw him last on the floor, he had on a long-tailed, brass-buttoned, two-story-collared blue coat, such as "Dandy Jim" is said to have worn, and on a nose of ample latitude, but deficient altitude, he had mounted a very substantial broad-shafted pair of brass spectacles. His useful-looking feet were as firmly planted on the floor as was his mind on the position he had taken, and after proving, from the Proverbs of Solomon, that his view of the case pending was the only one in the least degree reasonable, or consistent with the laws of the land, he called for the vengeance of heaven on the Senate if they would not decide in favor of his side of the question. Yet Uncle Ned was by no means a simpleton; and despite the "dees" and "dems" so abundant in his speech, it was not without wit and point. He is, no doubt, a preacher, for I have never seen a negro of his appearance and physiognomy that was not.

In the House there is less talent than in the Senate, but

it is not without intelligent and honest members. I once went there to hear a debate on some important question relating to the tariff, but during my stay a very windy and discursive speaker occupied the whole time. He was physically and mentally lame, and though of bright complexion was very dull in sense. His speech was a tirade of abuse on American institutions, nor could he leave the favorite theme, though several times called to order. The sum of his argument seemed to be, that the little black boys of the southern States ought to be allowed to dress in uniform on the Fourth of July, and parade with the volunteer companies.

That class of politicians known in our country as office-seekers, have a few representatives in Liberia. They would be more numerous, but lawyer legislation, and lawyers, have not yet taken root in Africa. When law interpretation and pleading shall have become a profession there, professional politicians, numerous and hungry as the lean kine, will soon be in excess. Liberia has not yet produced authors worthy of attention, but there are two newspapers published in Monrovia, which often contain very respectable original contributions and editorials. We are inclined to think that the Liberians, as well as ourselves, have made a mistake in the unqualified liberty given to the press. Surely, in its moral tone, an engine of such power cannot be too powerfully guarded.

Among the pulpit celebrities, Herring, of the Presbyterian church; Crummel, who is an A.B. of Cambridge, England, of the Episcopal church; and Crocker, Matthews and Burns, of the Methodist church, are the most prominent. They are all men of strength, professional attain-

ments, and unquestioned integrity. Francis Burns has lately been in America, where he was ordained bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, and appointed to Liberia as a permanent diocesan. He is a sweet-spirited, noble minded, intelligent and intellectual man. His heart is as white as his skin is black—and that is saying a good deal, for the ace of spades is but a shade deeper—and with his intelligence, moderation, sound judgment and piety, the friends of the church may be sure that her interests are safe in his hands. Our officers who have heard him preach, speak in high terms of his pulpit performances.

"Tell our southern brethren," said he, as we took an affectionate farewell of him, "not to forget us. We are their people by sacred ties. A missionary, a teacher, or whatever form of help they may be disposed to give us, will find appreciation and welcome."

Accompanying the Rev. Messrs. Wilson and Williams in a walk to the lighthouse one evening, I met with an old friend, formerly a slave in Georgia. Sherman, who will be remembered by some of my readers as the respected and polite sexton of Dr. Preston's church in Savannah, recognized me in a moment, but so emaciated and altered in his appearance was he, that I was some moments in calling him to mind, though I once knew him intimately. He and his wife have lost their health, I fear forever, but he is able to work a little. His children are industrious, and he makes a comfortable living. I called on his family, and after conversing awhile, I asked him what I should tell his friends in Georgia about his prospects in Liberia. Sherman is a sensible man, and I therefore took particular note of his answer.

"Tell them," said he, "that so far as myself and wife are concerned, we can never be as well off and comfortable, in worldly things, as we were in Savannah; but I am satisfied that our children can do better here than they could have done there."

I mentioned several persons in Savannah who spoke of emigrating. He said:

"Tell Demoe and Molly—servants of James Kerr, Esq.—that they have lived too long and too well to come to this country. C. and M. are young and industrious—they may come; but tell them not to expect to be gentlemen and do nothing."

I saw G. W. Ellis in Monrovia. He was bought by the Synod of the Presbyterian church in Alabama, and sent out as missionary in 1847. When sent out, he was a good preacher, a fair theologian, and knew a little about Latin and Greek. He went to Liberia with an excessive idea of his own attainments, and when he came in contact with scholars of his own color in Monrovia, he was made to feel that his acquirements were mere smatterings. He did not reach the position he expected to occupy, became discouraged, neglected his church, and, as a natural consequence, fell into sin. The afflictions through which he has lately passed have humbled him, and the Rev. Mr. Wilson has hopes that he will yet be restored and made useful. To many, "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

I have introduced these persons to throw some light on a question asked by hundreds in the South in regard to free persons of color, or those about to be made free. "Shall we send them to Liberia?" I am not prepared to give an unqualified affirmative answer to this question. Mr. B.

has a few servants, none the younger for having seen from forty to fifty cotton pickings, and none the stronger for having breakfasted so often by moonlight, and danced so many jubas in the fence corners while waiting for day-dawn, to whom he has offered *freedom*. He asked me if he ought to send them to Liberia, assuring me that they wanted to go and that he was willing to *be rid* of them. I answered:

"If they wish to go, by all means send them; but let me recommend that, if you have any interest in their future happiness and comfort, or any respect at all for humanity, you first knock them all on the head and send them embalmed."

What shall we do with our free population, is becoming a serious question. To permit them to remain and increase in the southern States, where they are often made the dupes and tools of bad white men from abroad, and where too often their influence over the slave population is anything but wholesome, is not to be thought of by the friends of the black man, or the friends of the South. Those southerners who know the social and moral condition of black people in the northern States, have, I trust, too much humanity to send them there; but if they would, many of the *free* States have enacted laws prohibiting the influx of such foreigners.

What shall we do, then?

I answer, with the following qualifications, send them to Africa, their original natural home. Send none who are known to be of vicious habits, none who are decrepit or in any way disqualified for active labor, none who are over thirty-five years of age. Let all the southern States do as

Maryland and Virginia have done: provide by law for the transfer of such persons to Liberia, and for their comfortable establishment there.

Yoruba, and countries beyond the equator, to which we shall refer hereafter, offer wide fields for colonial establishments, but now that we, as a people, have undertaken to provide a home for our colored people in Liberia, it is due her, that all our influence shall be given to aid and establish her, before dividing our attention with other colonies. As a nation, we should acknowledge the independence of Liberia; she needs this aid and encouragement; we should do it in obedience to the golden rule; we should do it, because the civilized world regards, and justly, Liberia as an American enterprise; and if she succeeds, we shall receive honor, if she fails, blame and reproach will rest forever on America and American civilization.

Liberia has in her the elements of success.

> "They speak the tongue that Shakspeare spoke—
> The faith and morals hold, which Milton held."

If we continue to assist in developing these elements, she will become prosperous and great. If we cease our efforts before these elements are fully established, and put into activity, she will fail of accomplishing her twofold mission of providing a home for our people, and keeping open a wide door of access to the African heathen; and a darker cloud will settle on her sky than has ever yet shadowed her palmy plains.

A railroad connecting Monrovia with Carysburg, or some other high and healthy location of the interior, would be a great blessing to emigrants and missionaries in Liberia, and

a valuable aid in the agricultural and commercial development of the republic generally. Such a road could be built for $900,000.

England has presented the republic with a vessel of war; France has made her valuable presents, and proposes to add another vessel to her little navy. A railroad would be an appropriate present from America, and one which would be of permanent use in missionary operations.

The national structure that we have surveyed in these chapters on Liberia, is the fruit of the labors of the American Colonization Society and her auxiliaries, a benevolent organization, than which, in its success and good results, none in the history of the world has been more successful. The blessing of God has been upon it, and it commends itself to the confidence and coöperation of Christian and charitable men, south and north.

In the course of our last visit to Monrovia, I visited the grave of Melville B. Cox, formerly of the Virginia Conference, the first Methodist missionary to Liberia. It is marked by a plain marble pedestal and shaft six feet in height, which bears an unostentatious inscription, containing his name, the year of his birth, his landing in Africa, and his death. As I stood among the tangled shrubbery and waving palms which cast their fragrance and shade on his lowly bed, I heard again his dying utterance, as a voice from under the altar, crying, "O Lord, how long! Though a thousand should fall, Africa must be redeemed," were the fervid words of his departing breath. May they never cease to echo about the altars of southern Methodism, until as a church we meet the peculiar claims which the long neglected tribes of Africa have upon us, and the outstretched hands

of Ethiopia are filled with the blessings of the Gospel of Christ.

Our beloved brethren, Wilson and Williams, of the Presbyterian mission, accompanied us to the beach as we embarked for the last time, and their prayers and blessings went with us to the land of their homes and their love. We left our old colored acquaintances and friends in Liberia with a degree of sadness and anxiety—such feelings as those have, who part company with a frail and feebly-manned boat far out at sea, praying that He whose paths are on the deep, and who rideth upon the wings of the wind, will hold the storms in His hand, and bid the waves be still, until they have gained a safe and quiet haven.

CHAPTER XV.

CAPE PALMAS.

Annexation of Maryland to the Republic of Liberia—The Cape—Dead Island—The Lagoon—Orphan Asylum—Palmas, Harper, Cavalla—Grebo town—Want of Beauty in African Scenery—Governors of the Colony, Management, etc.—The Mare that wouldn't go—Strife Engendered—The War—The Treaty of Peace—The Results of the War—Bishop Payne.

Before passing to the Gold Coast, we must devote a few paragraphs to Cape Palmas, the principal settlement of the State of Maryland in Liberia.

In the tenth chapter, on Liberia, we have referred to the origin of the colony of Maryland, and its annexation to the Republic of Liberia, in 1857. The union of this independent State with Liberia was long desired by the friends of African colonization, to give unity to American operations on the coast, and for the mutual strengthening of the state and the republic. The event was hastened by a war, which took place between the colonists and natives, at Cape Palmas, in January, 1857, and which, but for the opportune arrival of an English war-steamer, and a regiment of Liberian soldiers, headed by Ex-President Roberts, would have resulted in the total destruction of the colonists, and perhaps with them of the American missionaries.

The cape from which this settlement takes it name, is a rocky promontory, one hundred feet high, which extends into the Atlantic some three-quarters of a mile beyond the

line of the coast. To the southward of the cape, and a few hundred yards distant, stands an island of barren rock, an acre or two in extent. This is called Dead Island by the traders of the coast; and here, until within a few years, the adjacent tribes deposited their dead, without tomb or covering. The abolition of this mode of disposing of the dead, and many other inhumanities, has attended the labors of the missionaries. Commencing at the base of the landward slope of the cape, and tending in an easterly direction, is a lagoon of fresh water, half a mile wide and six miles long, which receives several small streams, and is separated from the ocean by a bank of red sand, thrown up by the action of the waves. In this lake, as it may be termed, fish are abundant; and when, in the evening, it is dotted over with the canoes of fishermen, and reflects the golden hues of the declining sun, and the lowing herds gather upon its banks, it presents a charming picture.

On the highest point of the cape, which is near its seaward extremity, stands the light-house, and near it the Orphan Asylum of the Protestant Episcopal mission of America. The Asylum is a large, commodious, and substantial cruciform building of two stories; the lower story, or basement, is stone, and the upper, wood. In the rear of these buildings, and separated from them by a natural grove of palms, cocoanuts, and other tropical trees, is the little town of Cape Palmas, and a mile to the eastward is another town of American-Africans, called Harper. Between these towns, until the late war, stood a native village of two thousand inhabitants, representatives of the Grebo tribe; a savage, treacherous and warlike people. Twelve miles from Harper is Cavalla, on a river of the same name, where there is

a village of Christianized natives, and the Episcopal residence and schools of Bishop Payne.

The country in the vicinity of Cape Palmas may receive the same geological and topographical classification as that of Sierra Leone and Monrovia. It is, perhaps, higher than that in the immediate vicinity of Monrovia, is magnificently timbered, and rises gradually toward the interior, as far as the eye can reach by means of a telescope, and to an elevation above the beach, of two hundred feet. A shallow and impetuous stream, called Hoffman River, disembogues near the western slope of the cape.

If we could survey African scenery as we do "the magnificent distances" and landscapes of our own country, we should say that the scenery in this vicinity is beautiful beyond description; but the wildness and mystery which are associated in our minds with everything in Africa, are incompatible with the idea of beauty. Grand, even sublime, we may say it is; but in a landscape where the useful herd, the cultivated field, the fruitful garden, the home where human happiness and love may dwell are wanting, we can scarcely find that which awakens the emotion of beauty.

The lands on which the colony of Maryland is located, were purchased from the Grebos by the Maryland Colonization Society (U. S.), in 1833; to which another tract was added in 1836. Subsequent purchases have greatly enlarged the territory, so that at the time of its annexation to the republic of Liberia it must have possessed a sea-coast of near two hundred miles. The depth of this tract, interiorwise, has never been definitely settled; but may be considered as running parallel with the line of the shore at a distance of thirty miles.

The governors of the colony, since 1837, have been colored men; but, until it became an independent state, acting under the supervision of the Society. During the administration of Russwurm, six neighboring kings voluntarily ceded their territory to the jurisdiction of the colony. The population was then one hundred; in 1857 it was near twelve hundred. The government of the state has been prudently and successfully conducted; and it now stands an honor to the Colonization Society of Maryland, and a praise to the noble State which, by annual appropriations of money, and reinforcements of emigrants, has increased the population and established them in comfortable homes.

The agents of the Society, in purchasing this territory, readily accepted the condition that the natives should retain their villages and the lands then under cultivation. This they did, supposing that the natives resident in the territory would assist in defending the colonists against the encroachments of other tribes; and that, by contact with the civilized blacks, they would more readily submit to civilization and Christianity. For a time, these results seemed to be working out. The natives assisted in building their houses, and even a fort; aped some of their manners, and attempted to learn their language. The colonists, in turn, shared with the natives their tobacco—blessed plant! bedewed with the fragrant rum of New England, the peace branch of modern civilization!—took their medicines when sick, the best proof in the world of friendship; learned to fish and hunt in the African fashion; and, for aught I know to the contrary, gathered the mysteries of detecting witches and catching young devils—arts in which the Grebos excel. The natives went to hear the missionaries preach, professed

to embrace Christianity, because they thought it would please the white men, offered their idol grisgris at the low rate of a plug each, or a canoeful for a bottle of rum. They were going into civilization with seven league strides —railroad speed was nothing compared to it—but the progress was suddenly arrested. "Money makes the mare go," but in this case the oats gave out. The land agents paid up; the missionaries found out, on closer survey, that their newly-gathered flocks were wolves in sheep's clothing, and arch deceivers. They ceased to make presents, and began on more common-sense principles. As to the colonists, poor fellows, they were soon past the giving point, and where the maxim, "it is more blessed to give than to receive," met an exception, and turned back inverted.

The chiefs now began to see the effect of selling their territory, and signing the treaty against illegal traffic, in the suppression of the slave-trade, which followed the establishment of the colony and the mission. This had been the source of their revenue, and furnished the means and incentives to war and plunder. They had not then, as many of them have since, seen the advantages of civilization, and felt the power of that Truth, before which men must bow or fall. They saw, in short, that they must labor, or do without the rum and tobacco, and beads and gay kerchiefs, so abundant in the days of the slave-trade. Human nature, African nature in particular, hates work; and with the work, those natives soon learn to hate those who brought the necessity for it, in any degree, upon them. This hatred was deepened by the discovery that between themselves and the colonists there was fixed an impassable gulf of *caste*. The dislike became mutual. The colonists did not hide

that they considered the natives little better than brutes, and the natives despised them in turn, for putting on the clothes and manners of white men, while their skins were black.

Then commenced, in feeling, a war, not of races, but of the *culottes* and the *sans culottes ;* savage nature and civilized taste. The superiority of the colonists over the natives in arms, ingenuity, industry and comfort; their increasing numbers and commerce, and the respect shown them by men-of-war on the coast, was constantly increasing the hatred of the former, and showing itself in frequent personal encounters between the parties, and complaints and menaces, without sufficient cause, on the part of the natives. For the last three years of the hardly preserved peace, the flags of the native village waved *in terrorem* over the trembling colonists, who lived in constant dread of an outbreak. To be prepared for such a probability, the colonists formed themselves into a military company one hundred strong; but their equipment was bad, and their discipline worse; and, worst of all, the native village stood between the towns of the colonists, and contained five hundred warriors, thirsting for blood, and armed to the teeth with knives, spears and muskets.

In the course of December 1856, Governor Dayton received information that the natives were secretly preparing for a descent on the colonists, and that the time was set, and assistance called in. He promptly called on the prince, Yellow Will, and held a *palaver* with him and his head men, in which the governor was given to understand that the contemplated attack had been in contemplation, but was now thought it advisable to call another *palaver*. In the early part of January, 1857, the Yellow Will refused

to attend, after three invitations followed by threats. The colonists received this as evidence of his unfriendly intentions, and a sufficient cause for war. They arranged a plan of attack, and, ere the natives were aware, were upon them with fire and sword. Torches were thrown among the thickly clustered huts, which being composed of bamboo and palm-leaf thatch, burnt like dry stubble. The warriors fled without their arms, and were received by volleys of musketry from men in ambush. The women and children were suffered to escape unmolested, but it is said that several children and old persons perished in the flames.

Not satisfied with routing the natives and destroying their village, the colonists, flushed with victory, proceeded, after resting a few days, to carry the war into Africa, by attacking the natives at Half Grehwey, a village at which they had encamped, some six miles from Harper. The former took their two field-pieces, and divided into companies —one of twenty-five men in a large canoe, taking one of the guns, while the other, of seventy men, dragged their gun and proceeded along the beach of the lagoon. Before arriving at the expected scene of action, they were surprised and surrounded by an ambushed party of several hundred natives. The men from the boat had, I suppose from the effect, fixed their gun athwart ships, and, forgetting to allow for the recoil, fired it off in that situation. The narrow boat capsized, of course, and those [illegible] were not drowned were shot in the water by the [illegible]. The party [illegible] ing the adage there was in great disorder, and remember-

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,"

took to their heels, leaving the field-piece to the enemy, and went into town at the rate of a great many miles per hour! Here they remained in a state of defence, until the arrival of further aid. Commodore Crabbe received a request, by a runner, who came up in a canoe, while at Monrovia, to send a vessel for the protection of the American missionaries at Cape Palmas. On arriving at Porto Praya, he dispatched the U. S. sloop St. Louis to their assistance. The arrival of the St. Louis, together with other forces, so awed the natives, that they sent in to sue for peace. A palaver was held, conducted by Commander Livingston and Ex-President Roberts on the part of the colonists, and by Prince Yellow Will and his chiefs on the part of the natives. A treaty was concluded, which, like most treaties in such cases made and provided, required the natives to submit *quietly* to their chastisement, pledge themselves to preserve peace for the future, and to pay several hundred measures of rice in a given time to compensate for a mission church, and other American premises, which they destroyed by fire in their flight. So closed a fair specimen of the colonial wars on the West Coast.

This war has produced two good results. It hastened the annexation of Maryland to Liberia, and removed the native village from the place which it occupied in the midst of the principal town of the State; but its moral effects on the native must be bad indeed. They consider the destruction of their town an infraction of the treaty between them and the colonists; and the destruction of the children and infirm

persons who perished in the flames will be cherished with feelings of resentment for many generations. The chiefs claim that they hold Bishop Payne and his white brethren in great respect, and that the burning of the mission premises was done without authority from them.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPE PALMAS—CONTINUED.

Favorable Impressions—A Word for Monrovia—General Superiority of the Southern over the Northern Black—The Great Obstacle to Improvement—Climate, Soil, Sugar-Cane, Coffee—An Opening for Enterprising Planters—Steam Liners—Palm Oil, etc.—P. E. Mission Schools and Churches—Bishop Payne—A Word to Episcopalians—Georgians at Cape Palmas—The Grebos—Miss M. E. B. Staunton, M. E. Missionary.

On entering the settlement of Cape Palmas, we were struck with the number and the cultivation of the gardens, the neat and cleanly aspect of the houses, and the comfortable appearance of the people. Evidences of thrift and industry are abundant; and though there are here no large private dwellings to compare favorably, in point of taste and convenience, with a few of the better class in Monrovia, the houses are generally more comfortable; and, what is still better, the town is entirely free from beggars, and such whining idlers as are often met with in the capital of Liberia. Justice to the Liberians requires us to say, however, that they are more industrious than the appearance of persons and things in Monrovia would indicate.

Most of the industrious and enterprising people of the republic are in the country on their farms, or pursuing some craft in the villages of the interior, while in Monrovia the poor congregate, or rather remain; and the barbers and fiddlers and banjo-players of northern cities, who cannot

bring their delicate fingers to handle the hoe or the axe, loiter about the streets doing "chores" as they are compelled by hunger, steal fruit from the gardens, or compose tales of woe to pour into the ears of visitors to excite small-change sympathy.

It is a great pity that such cattle should be sent to the colonies. If they cannot be made useful at home, measures should be taken for their extermination—drowning them in pairs, for instance. When the sable Beau Brummell gets here, he finds that, like Othello, "his occupation's gone," but, unlike Othello, he has no desire to learn any other. He soon becomes more ragged than any of Falstaff's recruits ever were, and finds himself *perfectly* "*free*" to choose between work and starvation. He splits the difference, and returning to original principles, bare head, bare feet, and fig-leaf apron, takes a few lessons from his friends, the monkeys, and seeks his daily bread among the palm and cocoa-nut trees of the neighboring woods.

The very worthy author of "Africa and the American Flag" concluded *a priori*, that colored persons originally from the slave States are not so industrious as persons of the same color who have always been free. Our observations in Liberia led us to the opposite conclusion, and we were confirmed in the correctness of that opinion by our observations at Cape Palmas.

The communities of the republic were made up of persons from both free and slave States; this colony was formed by persons of the slave States exclusively, yet I doubt if there is a community in Liberia of the size and means of the Maryland colony that can show more evidences of industry. I am aware that freed slaves are not *very industrious*, as a

class; and I am aware also that, as a class, the free colored persons of the North and East are not industrious. Mr. Chambers, of Edinburgh, in his notes of a tour in the United States and Canada, says of them that they are the most improvident, indolent, and wretched people in America. The difference, as presented in the colonies, between the freed slave and the negro who has grown up after the manner of his kind in the free States, without a trade or habits of labor, is this: the former *knows how to work*, and will stoop to it rather than suffer, and that, too, without considering it much of a hardship; the latter knows but little, generally nothing, about such labor as is profitable here, and if he understood the modes, such has been the character of his physical education, that he but seldom has the strength to endure it. Again: Whatever may be the occasion of it, the colored man of the South has in him a degree of personal pride and ambition, such as the colored man brought up in communities where he is told that he is free, and yet shut out from respectable society and in every respect degraded socially, has not. In obedience to the promptings of these principles, the former *may work*, but the latter cannot dig, and alas! to beg he is not ashamed.

The great obstacle to improvement among all the transplanted people on the coast, has been the idea, brought with them from America, that, when they reached Africa, they should become ladies and gentlemen, doctors, lawyers and senators, merchants, and so on, at once; and, oh delectable vision! all without work. Experience, that successful instructress, has tried to enlighten them on this subject, and, *by hard knocks*, has succeeded in several instances; but there are some hopeless scholars left yet, who, intent upon

realizing their dreams, are *going through the motions;* and I verily believe that, often against the testimony of their stomachs and backs, many have almost persuaded themselves that they are all they expected to be—rich, grand, wise and great. But our hope is in the next generation; and that hope is not without some rational basis.

The climate of Cape Palmas, as indicated by meteorological observations, is like that of Monrovia, but, though nearer the equator, I think that it is more healthy than Monrovia, and that the mortality among missionaries and emigrants here has been less than at that place. The soil in this vicinity is on the elevations, argillaceous, tophaceous and ferruginous; loamy alluvium on the bottoms; and bearing everywhere, except on the steeper ridges, a good surface of vegetable mold. Sugar-cane, the *arundo saccharifera*, thrives well here, as it does in most places on the West Coast. It is generally twelve feet in length, averaging seven or eight inches in the joint, and two inches in diameter.

The statement will seem incredible to many of our Louisiana planters, but we make it on the authority of a most respectable white missionary, himself once a West India planter (Rev. John Seys), that on the average land of Liberia 8,000 pounds of sugar per acre may be produced. The cane matures, bearing seed tassel, in nine months. The same variety in the West Indies requires twelve months for full maturity. Coffee is here fast becoming a grand staple in agriculture and trade. The Rev. Mr. Scott of the Episcopal Mission, formerly of Virginia, and who is by no means a visionary, has suggested that it would be profitable to American planters to take lease on lands out here (white

men cannot *purchase* real estate in the republic), plant them in coffee, furnish agricultural implements, etc., employ colonists and natives to work, and visit the coast annually to sell the crop. The quality of this coffee has been fully tested, and is found superior to any produced in South America. I doubt not that a company formed for the above-named purpose, or for the production of sugar, would realize handsome returns from their investments. There are intelligent and reliable colored men leaving the States every year fully competent to take charge of such plantations; and besides, the planting and crop-gathering seasons are sufficiently healthy to allow of the residence of white superintendents without serious risk of life.

The day is not distant when steam communication will be established between the United States and Liberia, and her exhaustless fields be brought within fourteen days of our own shores. Already the interests of American commerce demand the establishment of such a line, and the general government should extend its aid in such an enterprise, before England and France take the field from us. Already the steam liners between England and Fernando Po touch at Monrovia, and it is said that arrangements are making with the company to have them stop at Cape Palmas also. Of the 125,000 gallons of palm oil annually exported from this place, American purchasers get 50,000 gallons. The other exports are pepper and camwood. The revenue of Maryland, the year previous to its annexation to Liberia, was about $2,000, derived from a light duty on certain imports.

The dominant religious influence here is Episcopalianism. Perhaps among the colonists, the Methodists are most

numerous, but with the natives the Episcopalians have been more sueeessful. They have reduced the prevailing language, Grebo, to writing, and have translated into it many excellent works, including portions of the Scriptures, some hymns, and portions of the liturgy. We give below a specimen of this euphonious tongue.* Their sehools are numerous, and are conducted on prineiples which promise permanent results to the chureh and eivilization in Afriea. They have *nine mission schools*, and as many ehurches, within twenty-five miles of Cape Palmas. These, with three or four stations in Liberia proper, make up the African diocese of the Protestant Episeopal Chureh. Bishop J. Payne, D.D., formerly of Virginia, is the most popular missionary on the eoast, and justly so. The many years of self-sacrificing devotion which he has given to his work in Afriea, his accomplishments, his eatholic spirit, his zeal, his known trustworthiness, have made his name known and beloved, even by the savage hordes who reject his religion. The absence in him of the ridieulous exclusiveness and arrogant claims which render so many of his denomination in Ameriea unprofitable laborers and unlovable brethren, has gained for him the confidenee and love of the missionaries of other churehes. With sueh persons as Bishop Payne, Rev. Mr. Hoffman and his noble lady, the missionary martyr,† who,

* Nenh Dade dada Gyule, a po na, "nyene ne mia nyama beh mua Babo, Blioranh, Bubli, Sible ke Babo ah orenh nonh we, kba gedie, oh mu nah nyine na te. Boh po na, oh ye na na te, nenh oh mu no ma hwanh."

Then Dade called Gyule and said, "to-morrow morning go to Blioranh, Bubli, Sible, and all the Babo towns, and hire them to get your wife for you. If she is not obtained we will make war."—*Cavalla Messenger, W. Africa.*

† The Rev. Geo. Cummings, D.D., has given us an interesting bio-

though dead, yet speaketh, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, of Virginia, our beloved friend, Rev. J. Rambo and his accomplished wife, and Miss Williford, from Savannah, the Episcopal Church of America may consider herself well and ably represented in this land of deep shadows. Besides these white persons, there are six colored ministers, three of whom are natives, and over twenty assistants and teachers, half of whom are natives. In her liturgy this church possesses an instrument of usefulness and influence over the heathen mind such as no other American church possesses. We speak of human instrumentalities, of course.

The Orphan Asylum, to which reference is made in the last chapter, was opened in 1855 for the reception of orphans sent out from the States as colored emigrants, or those which should become such after their arrival here. They are boarded, clothed and educated at the expense of the church. They are taught with reference to becoming teachers in Africa. It was at this home that the sainted Mrs. Hoffman "fell asleep;" and when standing in the chamber where the martyr met her fate, we felt that it was a place honored above "the common walks of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven."

Let us say to our Episcopalian friends, that this and all the other institutions of their African Mission are worthy of their sympathies and charitable assistance. Nothing that they have given to Africa has been spent in vain; nothing that they may give shall be lost. Every missionary sent, every dollar expended, will tell on the future of Africa for good. Missionaries may fall, and means seem to perish

graphy of this estimable lady. We commend it to all interested in African or other missions.—Lindsay & Blackiston, Philadelphia.

with the handling, yet good results will follow. The death of a missionary in Africa is known, in one instance at least, to have been followed by the conversion of scores of natives, who pointed to that event as the cause of their first serious convictions.

There is a Methodist high school at Harper which promises much good; and a church at the same place which has many members. We retain a very grateful recollection of a basket of fresh beets, cabbages and okra, sent off to our mess as a present from the principal of that school, Rev. Mr. Paine.

Among the residents at Harper, I found several persons from Augusta and Savannah; and deeply, as a Southern Methodist, did I feel the reproof contained in the question, "Why don't some of our own Georgia preachers come out here to preach to us and help us?" In a temporal point of view, our Georgians are doing well. They are generally industrious and comfortable.

Our first visit to Cape Palmas was in December, 1855. We brought with us from Monrovia three passengers, the Rev. J. Rambo, of the Episcopal mission, and the Misses Staunton and Brown, teachers in the Methodist mission. Our kind hearted commodore gave up his cabin to the ladies, and I resigned my state-room to the gentleman. Miss Staunton was in the last stage of consumption; and Miss Brown was suffering from effects of the acclimating fever, which at length carried her to the grave. Miss S. had been tenderly brought up, and twelve months before left a comfortable home for a mission school in Africa.

Never can I forget the day of our landing at the Cape. Lieut. Williams and myself walked with the ladies from the

landing to the school-house where they were to reside, a mile distant. As we stopped to rest under the shade of a cocoanut-tree in the Grebo village, and the disgusting natives, men, women and children, in a state of almost entire nudity, gathered around us to gaze at the white women, one of the ladies exclaimed—"I *realize* for the first time that I am in Africa. Oh, what a work is before us!"

The Greboes are the most degraded of the tribes that we have yet seen. They live in low, circular, bamboo huts, having long conical roofs of palm leaves and grass. They are superstitious, treacherous and unintelligent. Yet among them there are many who have been won by the attractions of the Cross to the faith and hopes of a better life. Miss Staunton died on the 17th of April, 1856, at the setting of the sun. She was one of the purest, noblest women that I have ever met. Young, cheerful, child-like, affectionate, yet devoted soul and body to her Master's work. She sleeps among rustling palms, in the blessed hope of a glorious resurrection, and thither she went, cheered by the conscious assurance that they who sleep in Jesus "shall awake in his likeness."

CHAPTER XVII.

GOLD COAST—ELMINA.

Elmina from the Anchorage—Native Surf-boat—A Visitor—Landing—History of Elmina—Settled by the Portuguese—Dutch Possession—Taken by the English—Sold to the Dutch—Opinion of Governor Derx—Climate—Dutch Officers—Mortality—A Dutch Philosopher—Native Inhabitants—Effects of the Dissolute Practices of White Residents—Dress—Ideas of a Future State.

Our first visit to Elmina was made in December, 1855. We came to anchor in the open roadstead, a mile from the shore, late in the afternoon of the 11th. The sea was rough, as it generally is on this part of the coast, but the evening was calm and pleasant, and the sun went down in a clear sky. The forts of St. George and St. Jago, the houses of the traders, and the compactly built native town which surrounds them, were fully in view. I climbed into the mizzen top to take an outline sketch of them, and succeeded, after a sort, notwithstanding the rolling of the ship. Our decks were scarcely cleared when the quarter-master reported "a large boat coming off bearing Dutch colors." Said boat, which was a huge dug-out canoe, was soon alongside, and being the first of the Gold Coast boats that we had seen, attracted no little attention. She was twenty-five or thirty feet in length, four in width, and two and a half in depth. A space in her bows, eight feet long, was surrounded by a plank rail two feet above the gunwale, inside of which sat a white officer in uniform and feathers. She was propelled by

twelve naked paddlers, who kept up a full voiced jabber, and as they neared the ship commenced bowing and gesticulating to the men in the ports as if they were recognizing old acquaintances. The officer came on board and presented to the commodore the compliments of his excellency Governor Derx, of Elmina Castle. He was quite an intelligent young gentleman; spoke French and broken English quite fluently, and in the course of an hour's chat in the ward-room, gave us a great deal of information respecting the station and the latest news from Europe. It was quite dark when he left the ship, but his lusty crew, keeping time to their paddles with a song, the chorus of which was a simultaneous grunt, dashed the canoe over the heavy sea as fearlessly as if it had been high noon.

At eight o'clock the following morning we fired a salute of twenty-one guns with the Dutch ensign at the fore; and soon after a goodly company of us took boat for the shore. When within a few hundred yards of the beach we were met by a number of native surf-boats, such as the one already described, one of which we employed to take us ashore. We felt some hesitancy in committing ourselves to the savage navigation of these unshirted gentlemen, but, believing the nonsense that it is always dangerous to attempt a landing in ship-boats, we trusted; and very cleverly did they carry us through the heavy rollers to the mouth of a little river which empties near the larger fort.

Such boats as men-of-war carry are certainly safer when skillfully managed than these shapeless hulks. True, accidents have happened in ship-boats, but accidents have happened in native canoes also. In all our subsequent landings we staid in our own boat, and went through the surf com-

fortably. Skill and judgment, however, are quite necessary in such waters. Sharks are as numerous here as minnows in Flint River, and a capsize would be fatal to all hands.

After calling on the governor we spent the forenoon in strolling through the native town, and at two o'clock repaired by invitation to the castle to dine with his excellency and *suite*. Elmina, formerly written El Mina, derives its name from a mine in this vicinity, which tradition says was once fruitful in gold. It is the principal Dutch station on the coast, and soon will be the only one; for these stations, though profitable to Dutch merchants, have long since ceased to yield any direct revenue to the government, and are kept up by heavy expenditures and great sacrifice of life. The larger and more noticeable of the two forts here located, originally called St. Jago, now Koenzandsburg, was commenced by the Portuguese in 1481, under the patronage of King John II. The object of this establishment and similar ones on the African shore, was to afford protection to the vessels and persons of traders who visited the coast for the purpose of trafficking with the natives. Early in the year referred to, Don Diego d'Azambuja arrived on the coast at the head of 500 soldiers, 200 laborers, a priest or two, and several artisans. They landed with pomp and ceremony, marched to the native village which stood on the banks of the river, there hoisted the royal standard of Portugal on a high tree, built an altar under it at which they celebrated high mass in gratitude for their safe voyage, and offered prayers for the success of the settlement about to be established, and the speedy conversion of the heathen.

The native king, Camainca, was not pleased with the proposal to establish a permanent settlement in his territory,

but seeing that it was about to be done, with or without his consent, he accepted the offered presents, and ceded the tract of land on which the town and its suburbs now stand. A few days after he had signed the deed of sale (?) and while he was still in the deep blues of penitence for the fool's bargain which he had made, the workmen commenced quarrying stone for their buildings, and attacked a large rock which the natives regarded as a fetish; that is, something sacred. This was too much for the good king, and he showed his zeal for the idols of his fathers by attacking in person and severely wounding the profane pick-axe man. The cry of war was immediately raised; both invaders and natives flew to arms; but the prudent Azambuja called for a council with the king, and by presents, threats, and *aguardiente*, so soothed the ruffled feelings of his mud-bedaubed, war-painted highness, that he promised to keep peace for the future, and to forgive the sins of the pick-axe, on condition that said fetish rock should be exempt from attacks of profane pick-axes forever. The stone was pointed out to me on the bank of the river; and an intelligent native who accompanied one of the Dutch officers and myself in a tour of observation, assured us that it still bore its sacred character, as it had done since its creation, and would, until the end of the world, unless—and he scratched his head as he put in the proviso—"the white man put powder to it."

How long the Portuguese were in building this immense pile of stone and mortar, the castle, I could not learn; but it was certainly completed before the middle of the sixteenth century. It is surrounded by a high wall, pierced by musket ports, and to native warriors is impregnable. A deep trench

divides it from the native town, and it can be entered on that side only by a drawbridge.

We have already referred to the commencement of the trade of the Dutch on the coast. Paying but little respect to the grant of the pope, which secured to Portugal, for her enterprise in discovery, the whole of the Western Coast, they established themselves wherever they thought a profitable trade could be driven; and in the early part of the seventeenth century drove the Portuguese from all their establishments on the Gold Coast. They attacked Elmina Castle in the year 1637. It fell into their hands after a brief siege; and with it fell the last vestige of Portuguese power on the golden sands.

Not many years after, the English took possession of Elmina; but finding it a profitless establishment, sold it back to the Dutch. The expense in maintaining the force at present appropriated to this settlement is $40,000 annually. The receipts derived from a tax levied on certain importations and exportations by Dutch traders, are $20,000. In 1855, Governor Derx was consulted by his government on the propriety of levying a tax on the natives, and other residents in the territory of Elmina, sufficient to meet the remaining $20,000 necessary to support the forts. He was of the opinion that such a demand might be met; but, in case of a failure, he thought that it would be advisable to sell or abandon the station. He thought the natives were so awake to their own interest in carrying on peaceable trade with foreigners, that an establishment of this sort was no longer necessary; and that the occasional visit of a vessel of war would be quite sufficient to keep alive a proper respect for the treaties of trade and peace already established. Elmina was the

first settlement of white men on the Gold Coast. Don Diego d'Azambuja was the first governor.

It is remarkable that African fever seldom makes its appearance on this part of the coast, but at certain seasons of the year a form of dysentery prevails, which is as fatal to the white man as the fever. Our second visit to Elmina was in December, 1856, and of the ten white officers whom we met at the dinner-table in 1855, seven had fallen victims to this disease.

The pay of Dutch officers on this station is very small, that of the governor being but $2,000; but when they have served twelve years here, they are privileged to retire for life on a pension equal to two-thirds of the full pay. It is estimated that about one in fifteen of those who come here lives to return. But hope springs eternal in the human breast. Those that we met in 1855, notwithstanding the fearful odds against them, were sanguine of living through their exile. Every man had his argument: one rested his hopes on his youth; another on the great strength of his constitution; another on his temperance; another on the longevity of his progenitors, and so on; but alas! how sadly were these hopes disappointed; and that, too, when, with many, the trying ordeal was almost past. Our hospitable and worthy friend, Governor Derx, after thirteen years' absence from his family and his country, died on the homeward passage. The schoolmaster of the Castle, who was employed in driving about fifty young Africans into the mysteries of Low Dutch and civilization, by means of a few spelling-books and a great many bamboo switches, spoke and acted very sensibly on this subject. In furnishing me the figures on the mortality of the fort given above,

I congratulated him on having lived so long, and expressed the hope that he might again see his father land. He replied—he was a licentiate in the Lutheran ministry, and a decided Calvinist:

"Vore dat, moine fren, I shall dye ven moine dime komsh."

"Then," said I, "allow me to hope that your 'dime' will be a long time in coming."

"Ash vore dat, moine fren," said he, "dish dime be vixed; he ash no kan kome more quvicker an"——

Here his English gave out, and he concluded the sentence—no doubt very philosophically, for I never saw a Dutchman, high or low, that wasn't a philosopher of some sort—in the coffee-mill accents of his mother tongue. "Dish dime ish vixed;" and so he goes on drinking his sour wine, as a substitute for lager-bier, smoking his meerschaum, eating sauer-kraut, when he can get it, reading prayers on Sundays, and taking things easy generally. He was alive when we last heard from there, and no doubt will be ten years hence.

Elmina contains 10,000 inhabitants, mostly members of the Fantee tribe. Their houses are larger than those of the tribes hitherto described, and are generally built of mud, thatched with long grass, and contain from two to six rooms. Several of them are built of stone, are two stories high, and contain, in some instances, many good articles of European furniture. They are all badly ventilated, however, and owing to the fact that the chimney is generally but a hole in the roof, are black and dirty. Surely the style and furniture of these houses indicate progress in the people, but not a moral progress.

The concubinage, and other vices indulged in by a majority of the white residents here, who, away from home and the restraints of public opinion, are realizing the truth of Virgil's line, *Facilus decensus averni*, has had a sad effect in counteracting the missionary labor bestowed on the natives. Yet, the English Methodist Mission established on the Gold Coast, is not without fruit, even in this antechamber of hell. The natives wear more clothes than some others. The men generally wear shirts, and sometimes a long scarf, in the shape of ten or fifteen yards of calico, thrown over the shoulder and wound several times around the waist and hips. Here we saw the original of that once popular article of civilized woman's dress, *the bustle*. The native ladies wear a petticoat extending from the waist to the knees, and under this, on the small of the back, a camel-like bump or bustle. (The surgeon of the fort assured me that it was not a *natural protuberance!*) This is made to answer a useful purpose—as a saddle for the younger children. The style of female head-dress is remarkable. The hair, which, though kinky, is quite long, is well greased with pomatum or tallow, and gathered on the head in the shape, and generally in the dimensions, of a sugar-loaf; and this is often bespangled with ornaments of gold, in the making of which the natives are quite expert. Beads on the neck, and bracelets on the wrists, are indispensable articles of full dress. In our walk through town, we entered a house in which there was a corpse, a wife of the tenant. The chief mourners, who were slaves, were painted all over in white mud, literally whitewashed, and the remaining wives of the landlord were seated on the dirt floor of the room entertaining the company. Near the deceased, and

on the mat on which she lay, was a plate of boiled rice and fowl, and a bottle containing a little rum. These, they said, afforded her nourishment on her journey, and were very acceptable. Two old hags sat at the feet of the corpse, beating time on pieces of iron hoop, and to this music two women were dancing in a space near the bed. The scene reminded me of an Irish wake that I attended many years ago, near Wexford, Ireland: all hands, in both instances, were making a jolly time of it, and were more or less drunk.

"Why," I asked, through the interpreter, "do you dance and laugh on such an occasion?"

They replied, "Because she is gone to a better place."

I felt very much like acquiescing in the conclusion, for a worse place than Elmina I can hardly imagine. But how strongly, deeply fixed in human nature, thought I, is the conviction of another state of existence. There are but few tribes, if any, in Africa, and none out of it, more debased and ignorant than this people, yet here, though vaguely, and without shadow of reason, is held and cherished one of the foundation truths of all religion.

The governor's secretary estimated the value of the importations at twenty millions sterling, and the exports at twenty-five millions. Sixty per cent. of the exports are gold dust; of ivory, twenty; palm oil, etc., twenty. On an average, fifty American vessels visit Elmina annually, gathering palm oil, ivory, and hides; and the trade with America is steadily increasing.

TWO OLD HAGS SAT AT THE FEET OF THE CORPSE, BEATING TIME ON PIECES OF IRON HOOP, AND TO THIS MUSIC TWO WOMEN WERE DANCING IN A SPACE NEAR THE BED.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPE COAST.

Cape Coast Castle—The Memorable Dead—Dinner at the Mission-house—Rev. Daniel West—British Conference—Visit to the School—Effects of such Visits—Rev. Thomas B. Freeman—Population of Cape Coast Town—Fantees—Fantee Language—Ashantee and Ashantees—Houses and Huts—Christians and Heathens—Good Evening.

Cape Coast Castle, eight miles from Elmina, is widely known as the headquarters of the English establishments on the Gold Coast. Here reside the governor and other officers who compose the council, or government, and a large military force for the protection of British subjects and trade. It is also the centre of the missionary operations in Upper Guinea. The name Cape Coast was long used to denote the large "castle," or fort, which stands on this cape; but for many years it has been applied to a small territory, extending a few miles coastwise and inward, over which the English claim and exercise control. The Castle, which was built by the Portuguese, and taken by the Dutch, in the seventeenth century, fell into the hands of the British in 1666, in whose possession it is likely to remain while the kingdom of England endures. It will one day be the headquarters of the British possession in Africa; and that possession is destined to embrace the whole of the Gold Coast country, with its hundred tribes. The fort—commonly called "The Castle"—which stands on the solid rock, is an immense and well-fortified building of stone,

forming two sides of a square, defended toward the sea by a high wall, which, connecting the outer ends of the building, forms within a large right-angled triangular court. In this court repose, in their last sleep, the remains of several distinguished personages, once connected with the castle, among whom is Mrs. Maclean, that gifted daughter of song, who will live forever in the poetry of the nineteenth century, as "L. E. L." More of these living dead hereafter.

We visited Cape Coast Castle in December, 1856, and spent a few days there very pleasantly. The English officers of the Castle are always glad of a visit from civilized men; and, if we allow them to speak for themselves, which they do in act and word, "from Americans in particular." Navy officers are always glad of a run on shore; and to the African cruiser, the sight of white faces, and the accents of his own tongue, are always refreshing. Such visits are profitable in giving influence to our flag abroad, and in furthering the objects of cruising. After paying our respects to his excellency, Lieutenant-Governor Connor, a most agreeable and worthy gentleman, we visited the officers of the garrison; chatted of the wars which accompanied the establishment of civilization here, the distinguished dead, and above all, the tragic end of Mrs. Maclean.

In the afternoon, Dr. C., Captain S., and myself, dined by invitation at the mission-house, with the Rev. Mr. Freeman, the African missionary, whose praise is in all the churches. There we met Rev. William West, who, with his wife, was on his way to a mission station further south; and the distinguished, but now lamented, Daniel West, of

the British Wesleyan church, who, as commissioner from the English Conference, was on a tour of inspection among the African mission stations. We sat down that day to a table such as seldom greets the eye of the African missionary, spread in honor of the meeting of representatives of English and American Methodism on the shores of Africa. Potted mutton from Wales, beef from England, ale from Scotland, claret from France, sweetmeats from the West Indies, pastry made from American flour (and, by the way, flour of the southern States brings, in tropical countries, two dollars a barrel more than any other, for the reason that it keeps better), vegetables from Mr. Freeman's model farm near the cape, and last, though not least, wine from Madeira.

Ah, that was a delightful dinner!—and he that hath no stomach for a good dinner is fit for treason, stratagems, etc. —and with it we had the feast of reason and the flow of soul! Can we ever forget the three hours spent in the society of that great man, that catholic-spirited, devoted, humble Christian, Daniel West? Never! Never! May the God of truth and Methodism raise up to English Wesleyanism, hundreds like unto this prophet to fill his place! After he had accomplished the objects of his commission, as only a wise, influential, and faithful man could have accomplished them, he closed his labors and his life on the passage to England, and while off the mouth of the Gambia—a martyr to his zeal and love for Methodism in Africa. The British Conference mourned for him as for a father in Israel; and nearer and dearer ones still weep the absence of one who shall never return to the home which he loved; but in Africa, the death of such martyrs is the life of the Church.

In the evening, we visited the school on the mission premises, at which over a hundred scholars, of both sexes, and all ages between three years and twenty, receive instruction in English, and also in Fantee, the native tongue. After spending half an hour in conversing with the teachers and scholars, and making them a brief address, which was interpreted by a native preacher, for the benefit of some native visitors and scholars who did not understand English, we were treated to some excellent music. The children, accompanied by a seraphina, which was played skillfully by a native teacher, sang the hymn beginning—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness."

What a scene was that to be witnessed on the dark shores of the Gulf of Guinea. Oh, how sweetly they sang! and with what spirit did they emphasize the verse,

"Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean's shore,
Thou hast *for all a ransom paid,*
For all a full atonement made."

What Christian, not daily familiar with such exhibitions, could have witnessed the joy beaming from many of those upturned faces, and heard the saving truths of our holy religion understandingly and so sweetly uttered by these children of savage tribes, without grateful emotions? Tears glistened upon the white faces there that day, and the language of one heart, at least, was—"Blessed Lord, mine eyes have seen thy salvation even in Africa!"

It was our intention to visit some of the other schools of this denomination in the town, but when we reached the

summit of a hill near the mission-house, we saw the sunset signal flying from our fore. The effect of such visits upon candid minds may be seen in the following speech of our worthy *Saldado* captain, delivered at the mass-table a few days after. I hope that that benevolent gentleman will pardon me for telling this familiarly-expressed "tale out of school," but truth demands it. "I tell you what it is, gentlemen; I have often questioned the usefulness and the good sense of missions in Africa; but when I heard them little Guinea niggers, at Cape Coast, singing those old Methodist hymns, that I used to hear on Long Island when I was a boy—and that wasn't yesterday—I thought, by ganny, 'Well, the Christian religion is bound to go over the whole earth!' Chaplain, I give in! I apologize. By ganny, there's no use talking!"

I was a little disappointed in the Rev. Thomas B. Freeman, superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission in Guinea. He has been long and favorably known to Methodists, in both England and America, as a missionary pioneer in Africa, and as the author of many able papers, and model reports on the missionary work. I expected, therefore, to find him bald, or at least grey-headed, a white man, and all the whiter for his long African bleaching; but, behold! when I saw him, *in propriâ personâ*, he was neither bald, grey, nor white! He has a well-proportioned, well-developed, elastic physique—may be about forty-five years of age; his hair, which is not hair, but—well, never mind what it is—was quite dark; and as to color, he is—well, never mind that, either—but he is not white, nor yet is he black! We have often admired and praised his industry and his genius. England and America have long ago voted

him a clever man, in both senses of that word; and after a few days' intimate acquaintance with him, and inspection of his work, we are glad to be able to add that he deserves *all* the praise that he has received. May he be long spared to the church in Africa!

The population of Cape Town is between six and eight thousand natives; resident traders, officers, and missionaries, all English, about fifty. In the colony or district of Cape Coast, and now subjects of the British crown, there are families of many tribes; Commendahs, Winnebahs, Ashantees, and others; but a large majority of the people here and about Elmina are Fantees. They have, in a great measure, neglected the peculiar costumes of their tribes, but a few here dress (?) like the Elmina people, who retain largely their distinguishing customs. Time was, and that within the period of authentic African history, when the Fantees were the most powerful tribe on the Gold Coast; but after repeated and bloody wars, in the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, they were conquered by the Ashantees, and lost their national existence. The Fantee language is, however, the language of the Gold Coast; for although each tribe has its own dialect, or *patois*, this seems to be the root of most of them, and is generally understood. It is the language of trade, and missionary communications; and though, from its complicateness, much difficulty has been experienced in reducing it to writing, the missionaries have reduced it to grammatical construction, and have printed in it many useful books. Of the languages of the coast, and the obstruction which they present to the progress of truth and civilization, we shall speak hereafter.

The kingdom of Ashantee, the seaward borders of which are one with the inland line of the territory over which the English exercise control, is one of the most powerful kingdoms in Africa, but little if at all inferior to the kingdom of Dahomey, with which on one side it joins. The kings of Ashantee have regarded with jealousy, from the first, the establishment of European forts on the shores of the Gold Coast. This jealousy has been increased and embittered by the interference of the English at Cape Coast and other stations, in the wars which the Ashantees carried on with other tribes. The frequent assistance given by the British forts to their sworn enemies the Fantees, is still cherished with bitterness, and the closing of the slave-trade as an unpardonable sin. Deadly engagements have taken place between the Ashantees and the forces at Cape Coast Castle; but the fear of savage multitudes on one side, and respect for bullets and bombshells on the other, have led to the establishment of well-defined treaties of permanent peace. The Ashantees enjoy right of passage to the sea-shore through English territory, and the privilege of legal traffic there; and English merchants, missionaries, and other subjects of the British crown, are allowed to reside, and pursue their callings, anywhere in Ashantee. In our walks through Cape Town, we met many of the Ashantee people, who had brought with them from the interior palm-oil, gold-dust, gold rings of native manufacture, monkey and other skins of considerable value.

Those that we have seen of them are a more proud and intelligent-looking people than the Fantees, or any other that we have thus far described, except the Mandingoes. Our missionaries represent them as industrious and shrewd.

Cape Coast Town has a fine, conspicuous location. It is built on the sides and the summit of a hill which slopes gradually in every direction. The houses of the foreigners are generally tasteful and large, and occupy the western acclivity. Many of the native houses are two stories high, built of adobes or sun-dried bricks, and thatched with palm-leaves or long grass. Most of the native houses, however, are built without any reference to light or air. They are huddled together on the eastern side of the hill like so many pigsties, are offensively unclean, and the creatures that inhabit them seem to be in love with dirt. An improvement in personal and domiciliary cleanliness marks the progress of civilization among them. The cottages of the Christians may be distinguished from the huts of the heathen by the air of comfort which they present, the tilled garden, and other evidences of industry without, and rude imitations of European furniture within: but with both Christians and heathens, there is room for improvement.

But the sunset cornet is waving from the masthead; we jump into a native surf-canoe, and dashing through the rollers breaking on the beach, get wet jackets, and reaching our own bonny boat, glide over the heavy swell to our floating-home, a mile and a half from the shore. Lights are kindling along the beach. Africa is waking up from her afternoon's sleep to her nightly festivities of music and dancing.

> "But pale concluding *evening* comes at last
> And shuts the scene."

CAPE COAST CASTLE.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPE COAST CASTLE—CONCLUDED.

Bishop Heber's Hymn—Fancies and Realities—The Gold and its getters—Gold Dust Currency—Two Centuries ago—Cape Coast Town—The Civilization of Commerce—A Representative Man—Examples of the Rule for determining the Degree of Civilization among Africans—The Gamboge Tree—Forts William and Victoria—*The* Chapel—Wesleyan Mission—The Lake—L. E. L.—The Guinea Worm.

Who has not sung, or read, or heard of "Afric's golden sands?" The lovely Heber has celebrated them in that incomparable hymn to the strains of which the missionary host has been marshalled for more than a quarter of a century, and which has done more in infusing missionary zeal in the Protestant church than any other uninspired composition. In the imaginings of our boyhood, we often pictured to ourselves the golden sands of Guinea, glittering with particles of the precious ore, and longed "to be a man," that we might go there and pick up "millions;" but we have not found the reality to correspond with the brightly colored pictures of youthful fancy.

There is gold in Africa—enough to build palaces, no doubt—but it is not to be found on the surf-washed beach. The pure silex which there glistens with the salt spray of Old Ocean, crystallized by burning suns, is guiltless of possessing sordid dust—at least, we never could find any of it, though we *prospected* in several places. Nor, as some European adventurers have learned to their sorrow and at the

cost of life, is it to be picked up in "nuggets" among the gravel of the hillsides of the interior; but where the "sunny fountains" roll down the hills and vales, it is to be found, scattered in particles like hoar-frost, but not by any means so easily gathered.

Practical and experienced miners, from England, France and Germany, have visited the Gold Coast, furnished with picks, pans, pounding machines, crucibles, mercury, and other implements of gold-getting; but in all their "prospectings" no "placers" or "streaks" have as yet been found sufficiently rich to repay the labors of Europeans. The natives, with whom time is of but little value, can afford to "wash out" at the rate of a few cents a day, but civilized men require dollars where savages require but mills. The system of gold-getting among the tribes who inhabit the gold country, as described to us by an officer at Elmina, is by washing the earth which contains it in wooden or other bowls. The particles of gold by their weight sink to the bottom of the vessel when the contents are agitated, and are picked out, morsel by morsel, from the grains of sand or other heavy matter which accompanies them. The labor is performed chiefly by women, most of whom are slaves; a heavy percentage is paid to the king who claims the territory, and the remainder is bought up by petty merchants, who give cotton goods and trinkets in exchange; and by them is carried to the coast, where it is bought by Europeans for like commodities.

Our informant told us that, in the richer valleys of the interior, thousands of these women may be seen in company, each furnished with a bowl and a bunch of switches, with which to stir up the earth in the vessels, and a small spade

for digging. He described as "very interesting" the scuffles and woolings which daily take place at the washings between the dusky competitors for fortune. Laying aside all implements, they go through the operations in the style of the encounters at Irish weddings, with claws and teeth.

Gold dust is used in Elmina and at Cape Coast Town as a circulating medium. The venders in the native markets are furnished with small scales, and so skilled are they in the use of them and the value of the metal, that gold is given and received in exchange for a few cents' worth of fish, eggs, or roasted lizards. Two centuries ago, large fortunes were frequently made by Portuguese and other traders in a single voyage to this coast, in purchasing gold. Then a jack-knife, a piece of brightly colored silk, or a brass or tin ornament for the person, would bring half its weight in gold. In later days, Manchester goods have brought fifty times their cost; New England rum has been sold at the rate of twenty dollars a gallon, and Virginia tobacco at the rate of five dollars a pound. Those celebrated Yankee muskets that can shoot round a corner, and do as much damage at the breech as at the muzzle, once brought fifty dollars a piece; but the palmy days of such trade have gone by forever. The *civilizing influence of commerce* has dissipated that ignorance of the value of notions; and the trader of this age has to deal with men who estimate their gold at the rate of sixteen dollars an ounce, and who are as good judges of cottons and silks as most ladies in America. We do not mean to say that they are not cheated now; by no means! When they get too keen for Yankee ingenuity the millenium will be close at hand, and Sambo will have changed his complexion.

But Cape Coast Town, with its background of green crested hills, is before us; the morning sun shines softly over ship and shore, and while the harmattan dust-fog shades us from the equatorial brightness of his rays, we'll hasten to the landing for another stroll. There is no creek or river for us to run into, as there is at Elmina, and as Uncle Sam's boats are not built for beaching, we have to trust ourselves again to a big dug-out and a dozen noisy paddlers to bear us through the surf; for which we pay an English shilling, or an American quarter, each. To make exorbitant charges and to take advantage of the necessities of others, these rascals think evidence of intelligence, and to do this successfully is the *summum bonum*, in their idea of civilization.

"I want for learn read and make book" (write), said an intelligent Krooman to me.

"What for?" said I.

"So I can know how for cheat dis yeah foolish nigger."

Whilst we were on the coast, an instance came under our observation of a head-man or prince going a hundred miles to a mission-station to ask for a teacher for his village. When questioned as to the reason for such a request, he said that he and several of his people wanted to learn how to trade with white men so that *the cheating* might not be all on one side. On the coast, cheating and trade are in fact and name synonymous. Such are the ideas gathered from centuries of intercourse with commercial men. Yet commerce is called the "great civilizer." What a humbug!

"The apparel oft bespeaks the man," quoth Polonius. What then is to be our estimate of *Mr. John Paxton Wilberforce*, a dark gentleman in rags and tags, who proposes

to become our cicerone this morning? John has a pleasant face, he speaks very good English, his wool is done up in very tight corkscrews, he sports a massive seal ring, and there floats in his rear a dusky white flag as evidence of his peaceful intentions. John claims to be *a Christian*, although "not a member, and not 'ligious;" says he is a Queen's man, and at the same time a Fantee.

"Have you been to school, John?"

"Oh yes, sir, been to Mr. Freeman's school mose two year."

"Why did you not remain longer?"

"I get tire."

"What do you think of the missionaries, John?"

"Be very fine people, sir; but I don't like white people *fash* (manners); he want work and learn too much. I like dis country people *fash* better."

According to his own showing, John is in the transition, or half-civilized state, and is the type of a large class in this the territory of Cape Coast. This is the conclusion that we should have arrived at, judging from the "apparel." The rule for determining the degree of civilization among Africans, we have given in the chapter on the Gambia. With John Paxton Wilberforce before our eyes, we give the following as an example: straw hat, minus crown and half the brim; plus an old uniform coat, minus sleeves; plus white shirt, white worn off; plus pantaloons minus *dorsum* and one leg; equal half a suit of clothes, equal half civilized condition.

The broad and macadamized road which runs through the centre of the town, and which is used as a parade ground by the soldiers of the fort, affords a pleasant walk in the

forenoon or evening. It is lined by good-sized houses, many of which are built of stone and used as stores. It is shaded by handsome trees, here called umbrella trees, but which, Mr. Freeman assures us, are those which produce gamboge. In size and shape they resemble the *morus multicaulis*, or silk-worm mulberry; the leaves are heart-shaped, smooth, glossy, and of a dark green color on the superior surface, rough and whitish on the inferior. The seed capsules are short six-sided pods, containing six cells. It is from these pods, and the seeds which they contain, while in a green state, that the resinous matter is obtained. Those that we gathered and cut open contained a large quantity of a bright yellow matter, of the consistency of cream. It dried rapidly when exposed to the sun, forming a tenacious, bright yellow gum. The flowers resemble those of the cotton-plant, and like them are white on opening, but soon turn red. So little is known of this tree, that I regret the loss of the leaves, blooms and seed-vessels, which I carefully gathered and preserved, and from which I hoped to give a more minute description.

Women, half civilized and barbarous, sat in the shade of these trees, offering for sale the usual commodities of African markets: dried fish, eggs, fowls, glass beads; bananas and other fruits, ground peas, corn, rice, and cotton handkerchiefs.

The road to Fort William, a mile from the landing, affords a pleasant walk to those who are fond of walking when the mercury is at eighty-five in the shade. Comfortable-looking cottages, handsome shade-trees, and limpid streams vary the scenery; and early in the morning the chattering of the market-women makes music for you by the way. I say not

how pleasant such music may be, but to gentlemen who have been cooped up on board a man-of-war for months together, the screamings of the most untamable shrew, or the cry of the most *squally* brat, is a pleasant variation to the rough monotone of masculine voices heard on board ship.

Fort William occupies one of the two high conical hills that stand in the rear of Cape Town, and Fort Victoria the other. These we found carefully guarded by gentlemen who wore "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun," and the red coats of her majesty Victoria. Meridian observations were formerly taken daily at one of these forts, and at the second of zenith a gilt ball was dropped from the top of the flag-staff. This signal was of value to navigators in enabling them to correct their chronometers, but for some reason or other it has been abandoned.

In returning from the forts, we passed the principal Methodist church of the place, or, as it is termed here, "the Chapel." It is an ungainly, but large and substantial structure, capable of seating seven hundred persons. Crinolines have not yet been introduced at Cape Coast. Here services are performed in English twice on the Sabbath, and many of the soldiers and officers of the garrison and resident merchants attend. The following figures will show the Wesleyan force in this place, besides which there is a chaplain of the Church of England, a chapel, and a school at the garrison; a superintendent, 3 missionaries, 5 local preachers (natives). 8 churches, 1,000 communicants; 11 day-schools, 30 teachers, 500 scholars. The average number of attendants on public worship is 2,500, or one-third of the entire poplation.

We continued our walk to the shores of the lagoon, half a mile from the town. The English residents call it a lake,

and here often amuse themselves in boat-racing and other aquatic sports. It is a pretty sheet of water, surrounded by grassy banks and overhanging evergreens, and enlivened by the wild notes of the sea-birds that sport above its mirrored face. Along its shores was the favorite evening walk of Mrs. Maclean (L. E. L.), and from its cool breezes and sunset glories she gathered inspiration for the sweet productions of her later life. The want of space prevents the introduction here of our note on the African life and the death of this gifted but unhappy woman.

In passing through the native portion of the town late in the evening, we were attracted to a low and very dirty mud hut by groans of suffering, and the laughter of a crowd that stood about the door. Expecting to see something worth putting into a book describing life in Africa, we forced our way into the hut; where, stretched on a bamboo mat on the floor, lay a very hearty-looking negro, who was undergoing, by the hands of a native doctor, an operation for Guinea-worm. If the noise he made and the large drops of perspiration that stood on his body may be taken as evidence of pain, the subject suffered a great deal; and no wonder, for the operator was cutting into his legs at an unmerciful rate, and with a very unprofessional scalpel—an old razor with a very rough edge. We were quite anxious to witness the operation, but the atmosphere was too fragrant, and having neither cologne nor assafœtida to better it, we found out-door air indispensable after ten seconds absence from it.

The Guinea-worm—*filaria mediensis*—which abounds in the East and West Indies, Egypt, Arabia, and Africa, is a whitish, semitransparent, elastic, cylindrical worm; varying from twelve inches to several feet in length. It develops in

the legs, and neck, sometimes in other parts of the body, immediately under the skin, and is seldom discovered until it is several inches in length, and by its motion produces irritation in the walls of its abode. White persons of cleanly habits are rarely troubled with it, and though it for a time disables the limb which harbors it, it is rarely attended with serious consequences. We give place to a valuable and scientific description of this worm, prepared for us by Fleet Surgeon Clymer of the U. S. Navy. Next morning our ensign waved its adieu to the British flag, which floated above the sunlit walls of Cape Coast Castle. Two of the noble spirits that we left there have since passed to brighter and more salubrious skies. There may we meet them; beyond the reach of disease and death!

"THE GUINEA-WORM.

"I was especially interested while at Elmina, by the opportunity there presented of seeing specimens of those fortuitous and temporary inmates of the human body, peculiar to some warm climates, and which, popularly known by the name of Guinea-worms, have been fully described by writers on disease, under a great diversity of learned designations. They are represented, in medical books, as abounding in some localities in the East Indies among the natives, and even, to some extent, among the British troops at Madras, Ceylon, and Bombay, in Arabia, Egypt, and Abyssinia, along the coast of Guinea, among the negroes brought from Africa to the West Indies, and among sailors and others lately returned from that country. They are described as small, cylindrical, hollow worms, white, transparent, and elastic, developed in the cellular tissue beneath the skin, where they may be traced by the fingers, and sometimes seen like a whip-cord or violin-string, stretched out or serpentine in direction, and of various lengths, from twelve inches to as many feet. They infest various parts of the body, particularly the lower extremities,

and, occasionally the upper extremities and neck, and the walls of the chest and abdomen.

"The Guinea-worm is usually harmless, and for a time unnoticed, causing neither local nor constitutional symptoms, till, in its development, its presence is revealed by an itching at a single point. This leads to an inspection, and the discovery of a small vesicle over the head of the worm. In its progress to maturity, the irritated point swells, inflames, and at length suppurates, and forms an ulcer, through which the head of the worm protrudes. Though the worm thus appears to advance slowly and spontaneously, by the suppurative process, to extrusion from its lodging-place, its expulsion is usually assisted, after the head can be laid hold of, by daily gentle traction, carefully exercised for several weeks so as to avoid a rupture, and a consequent effusion into the wound of multitudes of the young progeny of this viviparous, cavitary, tubular animal, whose presence, when thus effused, is apt to create inflammation and abscesses in its course, with much constitutional disturbance. The native manipulators, however, more expert than Europeans, take the process out of nature's hands, and, making an incision through the skin over the middle of the worm, seize it by a duplicature, and extract it by a single traction.

"The surgeon of the castle, who had always many cases of it on hand, showed me samples of this filiform parasite (the *filaria medinensis* of nosologists), in various stages of its progress, from the earliest perceptible irritation beneath the skin in a single point, to fluctuation and approaching ulceration at that point, with a distinctly felt development of the worm in its waving or serpentine direction in the subcutaneous cellular tissue; and, finally, to its semi-extraction at the ulcerated point. Its length he stated to average eighteen inches, but to range from one foot to three. These worms he represented to exist, sometimes singly, sometimes in succession, and sometimes in numbers at a time in different stages of development in the same individual, and sometimes to appear a long time after leaving the coast of Guinea. Though they usually infest the lower extremities, I saw one, of eighteen inches, half extracted from the side of an individual, who had two besides in the lower limbs. The extracted part looked and felt like a string of catgut, whilst the other could be distinctly traced by the fingers, like a whipcord beneath the

skin. The sinuous track in which the worm was lodged was sensitive on pressure, particularly at its orifice; and traction caused some degree of pain. On this account, as well as to avoid the risks of a rupture of the worm, the traction is not carried beyond a quarter, or, at most, a half of an inch at a time, and is renewed daily, or twice a day, until its complete extraction. The protruded portion dangled at the side; though it is usually recommended, as well to protect it from injury as to prevent retraction, to coil it around a quill of cotton or other cylindrical substance, and to secure it near the aperture by adhesive plaster, or other retentive means.

"The Guinea-worm, as I was assured, requires two or three months to run its course, during which time the patient, though partially disabled, may walk freely about. Whilst it lasts, the soldier at the castle is relieved from duty. An attack secures no exemption for the future, but may be followed by a series of invasions.

"It has been observed that the officers, and others who are properly clad, are nearly, if not entirely, exempt from Guinea-worm, which attacks in great numbers the natives, whose limbs are exposed, with little or no clothing, and who bathe in the stagnant waters near the town. May we not, then, refer the origin of these subcutaneous, superficial worms to their penetration (after the reputed manner of the Pulex Penetrans, or chigoë), of the animalcules from the waters, in which they may be supposed to abound, through the skin into the cellular tissue, where, finding a nidus adapted to their nourishment and growth, they attain, at length, a development and activity which lead, through the irritation and inflammation which they create, to their expulsion from their human habitation as no longer to be tolerated inmates.

"The opinion that they are due to the drinking of water charged with the entozoal germs, which, traversing the absorbents and the route of the circulation, come to be deposited beneath the skin, there to find a home and to receive their development, is destitute of the support of physiology and analogy; though it does not want advocates, among whom is the surgeon of the castle at Elmina.

"The idea of their spontaneous generation will hardly be maintained in these latter days, which require a reason for our faith."

CHAPTER XX.

GULF OF GUINEA.

L. E. L. and Cape Coast Castle—Her Marriage—Arrival on the Coast—Reception—Employment—Her Death—Inquest—Verdict—Impressions in England regarding her Death—Death of Governor Maclean—Epitaph of Mrs. Maclean—Miss Staunton and L. E. L.—Points of Comparison and Contrast, etc.

Dear Reader: While the winds and waves are wafting us on to Accra, descend with me to my little room, and, if not already tired of my talk, hear my notes and memories of Cape Coast Castle relating to the life and death of that gifted daughter of song, L. E. L.

Governor Maclean, of Cape Coast Castle, while on a visit to England, in the winter of 1837–38, made the acquaintance of Miss Landon at the house of Mr. Foster, the member of parliament for Berwick. He addressed her—after a short acquaintance, they were married; they sailed for Africa, and arrived at Cape Coast on the 15th of August, 1838. She met with a hearty welcome from the officers and merchants of the place, and while she lived, by the brilliancy of her wit and the amiability and benevolence of her character, she continued to be the great attraction of the castle to residents and visitors. The report of her coming was received with incredulity, but her works were immediately and eagerly sought for and read, and that, too, by persons who, till then, had never read a volume of poetry in their lives. The people of the town could scarcely realize

that one so distinguished was to become a resident in a place so obscure; they felt honored by the event when she came, and when the pale messenger carried her away, after a residence of two months, her new, but warmly attached friends felt that her visit had been like the visit of an angel sent from heaven to cheer and charm them for a while; and they mourned for her as for the purest, the tenderest, the loveliest of their little circle.

She entered upon her domestic duties with cheerfulness; the novelties and inconvenience of garrison life in Africa amused rather than annoyed her. She was surprised to find "in such an out-of-the-way corner of the world, so many agreeable and well-educated men;" in the new aspects which nature presented on every side, she found matter of constant interest; and though she often spoke of her home and friends in England, with a tone of sadness, she seemed generally cheerful, and sometimes even gay, to the last evening of her life.

She was found dead in her room, on the morning of the 16th of October. A pall of mystery enshrouds that event which may never be raised. She left Mr. Maclean's room for her own, which was separated from his by a landing three feet wide, at 7 o'clock; a few minutes after, she sent her nurse, Mrs. Bailey, to her store-room for a pot of pomatum. When the nurse returned, she found, on attempting to reënter the room, something against the door; she forced it open, and found Mrs. Maclean on the floor, in the agonies of death. Dr. Cobbold was immediately called, and was soon on the spot; but before he arrived, every symptom of life had disappeared. A *post mortem* inquest was held, but nothing was elicited, except that, on testimony of Mrs.

Bailey, a vial which had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid was found in her hand.

The verdict of the coroner's inquest was "death by an over-dose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid, taken inadvertently." She had been in the habit of taking this medicine as a preventive of spasms, to which she was subject.

It was currently reported, and believed, in England, at the time of her death, that her later letters to intimate friends contained intimations of unkindness toward her on the part of Mr. Maclean; and this gave rise to the supposition that she had put an end to her life by her own hands.

We can scarcely imagine that a man who had resided many years in Africa, and who had degraded himself by living in concubinage with a native woman, would make a congenial partner for so sensitive and refined a spirit as was L. E. L. True, he explained before their marriage the state of his previous life, but not until she came to Africa, and beheld the creatures of such attachments, and witnessed in others the debasing effects of such alliances, could she realize the degradation of such a life. Who knows, but that in the object of her tender affections she may have discovered a divided heart; or, at least, that as the effects of his previous habits, she found not in him that pure and delicate affection for which her nature pined? Under such circumstances, the prospects of a life in Africa, to one who had received praise and admiration in the most brilliant and gifted circles of England, must have been gloomy indeed.

On the other hand, the testimony of many letters to

friends at home, in which she speaks pleasantly of her surroundings in Africa, and that of Mr. Cruikshank and others who knew her at the Castle, that she was generally cheerful and seemed happy in her domestic relations, are not to be esteemed lightly. Yet, such testimony may be fully admitted without removing the impression, common in England and America at the time of her death, that she was unhappily married. If disappointed in her hopes of happiness in that relation, in which her sanguine and confiding nature taught her to expect her highest happiness, her pride would have kept the secret of that disappointment in the inmost sanctum of her soul, to be divulged only to the nearest and dearest, and to be buried with her among the arcana of the tomb.

This is the darkest side of the picture; charity, and perhaps justice, to one who can no longer speak for himself, demands that we shall seek some other solution of the mystery. May she not have died from the effects of one of those spasms which she so much dreaded? or, as her physician thought, "by an over-dose" of the deadly preparation, taken perhaps to prevent such an attack?

An old negro, who was valet to Mr. Maclean when the death took place, was with us when we visited the room and the grave of L. E. L.; but he refused to answer any questions regarding her death.

Governor Maclean is represented as having been an indefatigable, prudent, and honest man. He fulfilled the functions of his office to the satisfaction of his government, and with advantage to the cause of civilization; but with his character and the habits of his life before us, we are compelled to admit the conclusion that he lacked the qualities

necessary to render him a suitable companion and husband for so tender, confiding, and affectionate a person as was Miss Landon. Governor Maclean died at the castle in 1847, much lamented by the natives and European residents. The natives suspended their usual employments, and made a mourning for him which lasted for several days. Chiefs from a distance continued to come in for weeks after his death, to discharge their muskets near his grave, in token of their respect for his memory, and "to speak words of praise." He was buried beside his wife, in a stone vault of the court of the Castle. There, in the sleep that is dreamless, and deaf alike to the adulations and reproaches of men, they await the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, and God shall judge the world in righteousness by Jesus Christ.

From a small marble tablet, let into the wall of the main building, and ten paces from her grave, we copied the following inscription, to which we add a free translation:

"*Hic jacet sepultum*
Omne quod mortale fuit

LETITIÆ ELIZABETHÆ MACLEAN.

Quam egregiâ ornatam indole
Musis unice amatam,
Omniumque amores Secum trahentum
In ipso ætatis flore,
Mors immatura rapuit,

Die Octobris XV. A.D. MDCCCXXXVIII.
Ætat. XXXVI.

Quod spectas, viator, marmor,
Vanum heu doloris monumentum
Conjux mœrens erexit."

Here lies buried
All that was mortal
Of Letitia Elizabeth Maclean;
Whom, endowed with rare genius,
Singularly favored by the Muses,
Attracting to herself the love of all,
Death prematurely snatched away
In the flower of her age,
On the 15th of October, 1838,
Aged 36 years.

O Traveller! the marble which thou beholdest,
Vain memorial of his grief,
A sorrowing husband has erected.

Ten days before our arrival at Cape Coast Castle, we were at Cape Palmas, and there learned the particulars relating to the death of Miss Staunton, the American Methodist missionary. That sad event was, therefore, prominently in mind when we visited the grave of Mrs. Maclean, and, without intending it, we found ourselves making a few striking points of resemblance and contrast between these remarkable women.

The points of similarity in character or circumstances are few.

They were both in the prime of life; they had been reared tenderly; they were loved by all who knew them; they were in intellect cultivated, and in taste refined; both possessed largely the graces of person and manner which adorn virtuous and lovely women; they went to Africa; they died there.

How different the motives which led them to that distant shore! One went in obedience to conjugal love—a heroine truly—to be with her husband was her choice, to render

him happy, her end. The other, in obedience to the promptings of that heart of universal charity which religion giveth to her children, went for the love of souls; to win men to righteousness, her employment; to glorify her Saviour, her end. How different were their engagements while they lived there? One, though devoted to her husband's wishes, and careful in the discharge of every domestic duty, was not so unselfish as to forget her reputation in the literary world. The flattery received had given thirst for more, and amid the duties of her new sphere, she found time and inclination to prepare sketches of Walter Scott's heroines for the millions who delighted in the productions of her fruitful mind. The other, while battling with a disease which, like a thirsty vampire, sat constantly at her heart, drinking up the life-current as it flowed from its pure fountain, devoted her time to the school-house, and her thoughts to teaching savage children the way to Christ and heaven.

How differently, and inconsistently, did men speak of their going to Africa! Of one they said, "She has made a good match; she ought to go with her husband; by that means she will secure, after her return, a comfortable establishment." Of the other, they said, with feigned sympathy: "Poor misguided girl!" "She is throwing herself away!" "She is a fanatic!" Aye, and harsher things than these were said, which we may not write, but with which the ears of missionaries are familiar.

But they died! The life of one may be compared to the course of the moon, which, after walking in beauty through the heavens, receiving the admiration of millions and charming them with the brightness of her shining, goes down

amid clouds of murky darkness. That of the other to the modest glimmering of a tiny star, which, after attracting the gaze of a thoughtful few by the pure serenity of her beaming, fades away in the bright light of morning. Shall we pursue them further? We would not rush "where angels fear to tread;" but in life so pure, and to the last so strong was the faith, so clear the mental vision of things eternal, so bright the hopes of heaven, so ample the testimony to the sustaining power of grace, of the missionary girl, that we may rest assured that she has passed to a glorious inheritance. The eyes that closed, so gently, on that couch of pain, to scenes of African depravity and wretchedness, are now gazing on the beauties of the Lamb and the glories of the upper sky.

"Thou'rt at rest—having taught them what rock to rely on—
And hast doft the fair robes which to virgins belong,
But the next robe for thee was the white robe of Zion—
The next sound thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song!"

L. E. L. sleeps on a desolate rock beside the sea, on a lonely shore; and there the heavy surf in deep-voiced moans shall chant her wild sad requiem until the earth and the sea shall give up their dead. Her name shall live while the English language endures; her grave shall be guarded as a sacred thing while the British flag floats over African soil. It will be visited by curious travellers, and wondering savages, for ages to come. Her praise shall be spoken by generations yet unborn—but she is dead to flattery and to fame! If these were her objects, she has her reward; but how poor in the possession! How deserving of human sympathy! If, as we sometimes hope, she aspired to honors

more enduring than those of earth, God, who knoweth the heart, will fulfill all her desires; and in the fair paradise where the disembodied pure abide, her capacious powers may revel in the noontide of bliss and knowledge.

The name and the resting-place of Miss Staunton will be forgotten by the next generation; but angel guards shall keep watch and ward beside that silent tomb; and, when the missionary martyrs are called to be partakers in the first resurrection, she shall rise with those who have turned many to righteousness, and a bright star in the firmament of God's own dwelling-place shall shine forever and forever.

As we stood at the grave of Mrs. Maclean, we remembered a few lines of her own sweet verse, peculiarly applicable to the occasion. They are from "The Hermit's Grave." How far was it from the thoughts of the fair composer, that strangers from another hemisphere would find them appropriate to her own last home and final resting-place.

"It was a scene where faith would take
Lessons from all it saw,
And feel amid its depths that hope
Was God's and Nature's law.
The past might here be wept away,
The future might renew
Its early confidence in heaven,
When years and sins were few:
Till, in the strength of penitence,
To the worst sinner given,
The grave would seem a resting-place
Between this world and heaven."

CHAPTER XXI.

ACCRA.

Accra in Sight—Come to an Anchor—Canoes and Traders—A word for Pets—Forts—Exports—Fillibustering—English—Civilization—Dress—Houses—Missions—"The Service"—Mr. Bowen—Things to be Regretted—Governor Bannerman—Gold Rings—A Native Goldsmith—Indian Corn—A Primitive Mill—The Gazelle.

"Now for the gold rings, leopard claws, and grey monkey skins!" exclaimed one of the master's mates, as he came rattling down the steerage ladder.

"What's the matter, Charley?" said one of his companions, suddenly waking from a nap that he had been taking on a camp-stool, with the bulkhead for a pillow.

"Accra's in sight, and the commodore has given orders to stand in and come to anchor."

Two hours later (3.30 P.M., December 22, 1856), and we were anchored within three-quarters of a mile of the forts and town of Accra, and in the open sea.

We were soon surrounded by a fleet of canoes, containing nude Guinea-men, eager and most noisy competitors in the sale of live monkeys, pigs, parrots, yams, bananas, and pine-apples. These gentlemen are content to do business on a very small scale. Here is a craft containing four men, who have come off to sell a small and very lean pig, for which they ask a dollar, but will take less. There's another, containing two men and a boy, whose stock in trade consists of a bunch of plantains, for which they ask a dollar, but will

take anything, in silver, as large as a dime. Yonder is another, in charge of a grey-headed gentleman, who wears a scarf of several yards of blue calico over his shoulders, and calls himself "a merchant." His canoe is large, and manned by five boys, who seem very obedient to his gravely-given orders. He has several parrots, a monkey, a few badly dressed leopards' skins and paws, gazelle's feet, and porcupine quills. Our men look very wistfully at the parrots and monkeys, but pets have been interdicted, our number being complete; they have but little money, and the skins are dear, so trade is confined to porcupine quills and fruit.

We have no sympathy with that rigorous enforcement of discipline which allows of no recreation, no pets, and no fun, on board of men-of-war. A monkey or two, a few parrots or other birds, on board ship, contribute to the amusement of the men, and help to relieve the monotony of their tedious life. Especially on the African station, where the enervating effects of climate tend to produce depression of spirits, such things are useful, as conducing to health as well as pleasure. To keep them in proper bounds is in the power of every commander, and he is a very weak man who cannot preserve discipline but by depriving his men of this small but much desired indulgence. A ship of war should not be converted into a menagerie, of course, nor yet should it be a penitentiary. The union of the *utile et dulce* is possible here, as everywhere, in the labors of life. But the days are well-nigh past when officers were offended to see their men laugh, and regretted that the sun shone as brightly for the man as for the master. There are, however, a few of the old regime left, and we wish them, very

cordially, a pleasant voyage to—wherever they are going beyond the Styx.

Along the shore, at this point, and within sight of each other, are several forts, belonging to European powers. The villages around them bear the common name of Accra, distinguished by the titles of the forts to which they are attached. The English, French, and Danish Accras are large towns, numbering together over ten thousand souls. Of these, English Accra is the largest in population, and most important in trade. The population is over five thousand, and the exports in palm oil and ivory are heavy. They may be estimated together at $75,000 annually. Large quantities of gold, brought in by the Ashantees, are also exported from this place. The English, of course, get the lion's share, and the remainder is divided in about equal proportions between the American, French, and Dutch traders.

The forts of the Danes at Accra, and four other places on the Gold Coast, have recently been sold to the British crown for $50,000. Thus, and by lawful means, is England lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes on the shores of Guinea. We like filibustering when it is done honestly, and hence we see with pleasure the widening influence of our cousin over African peoples and territories.

When the natives of Danish Accra heard that they were to change their masters, they received the tidings with the wildest enthusiasm, and, with shouts for Victoria and processions in her honor, welcomed the rule of her majesty, and the new era in their history. The superiority of English rule and civilization in elevating African humanity, may be seen in the advanced condition of the natives in the

English territories, as compared with those of territories under other foreign influence. This appears in a forcible light when we compare Cape Coast Town with Elmina. The facts and figures that we have given, will show that civilization and Christianity are making progress in the former place at a rate, and of a character, which inspire hopes of the final triumph of truth and the arts of peace.

Travellers, among whom is the intelligent and worthy missionary of the Southern Baptist Board, J. F. Bowen, agree, that of all the corrupt places in Africa, Elmina is the worst. Mr. B. thinks, that in their present condition the people are beyond the reach of the Gospel. After seeing most of the important towns between Morocco and Benguela, I am prepared to give them the honor (for such, no doubt, they would consider it) of being the vilest and most shameless sinners on the West Coast. Yet this is the same tribe which, at Cape Coast, a place but eight miles distant, has yielded so many noble specimens of pious and intelligent Christians. British rule is stern, implacable and exacting, it is true, yet how much soever berated, and how justly soever, by the enemies of Anglo-Saxon civilization and Protestant Christianity, it may be, the establishment of true religion, the prosperity of commerce, the progress of humanity, demand that in Africa, as in India, we shall wish it enlargement and prosperity. Where Jonathan can't enter, he will ever say, "Go on, John, it is all in the family."

The country around Accra is hilly and picturesque. Heavy timbers, if they ever existed here, have long ago disappeared, except in the valleys; yet the hills are covered with green bramble, and present the appearance of old

fields turned out to rest. The people are said to be treacherous, and as long fingered as any of their neighbors; indeed, the distinctions, *meum* and *tuum*, are not *perfectly* understood on any part of the coast; yet, having often laid myself open to losses of personal property without much damage, I am inclined to think that the rogues are not quite so bad as they are sometimes represented.

The dress of the people is almost too scant to be described. With the men, it varies from a piece of twine and a charm or two, to a pair of pantaloons, shirt, and umbrella; and with the ladies, from a string of beads and a bright bandana handkerchief, to a whole petticoat and two or three pounds of beads. Such is human nature in Africa. Would that, like truth, it were "when unadorned adorned the most." Then, truly, its beauty would be beyond praise.

The houses at Accra are generally two stories high, having mud walls, and long steep roofs of grass. Many of the buildings are of stone; and the streets between them are seldom more than six feet wide. The principal traders of the place are English-born mulattoes and blacks. They live in comfortable houses, and are, in many instances, intelligent and reliable men. The Wesleyans have a mission here; and though, for a few years past, it has had to struggle for an existence, it is now improving, and rests at last, we trust, on a permanent basis. The mission is composed of 1 missionary, 3 local preachers, 16 school teachers, 100 members, 270 day scholars. A German Protestant mission, within fifty miles of Accra, is reported to be in a prosperous condition.

I would here refer once more to the advantages of a litur-

gy among recent converts from heathenism. Mr. Bowen, who, like Baptist ministers generally, seems to have a very low appreciation of "the service," without intending it, pays the following tribute to its adaptedness to the tastes and wants of Africans: "To kneel a little and to stand a little, by turns, to chant the doxology [?] and repeat the Lord's Prayer in concert, to bow the knee mechanically when they repeat the name of Jesus in the Creed, to exclaim 'Good Lord deliver us,' in solemn set tones *twenty times* successively in the responses of the litany," [Where does Mr. B. find that litany? Not in the Wesleyan "Sunday-service," nor in the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer] "*all this has a strong hold on the hearts of the people, because it is congenial to their natural feelings.*" This he says of "converts."

Whatever may be said of the use of precomposed forms of prayer by the masses of the Christian church, satisfied we are that to two classes they are needful, not to say indispensable: the highly cultivated in taste and intellect, and the simple-minded and ignorant. To the former, the liturgy of the Episcopal and Methodist churches furnishes forms of prayer which, while they meet wants of the spiritual nature, and satisfy in their amplitude, conciseness and sense, the demands of the intellect, are in harmony with the most cultivated taste. To the latter, it furnishes language, which, while it fully conveys the devoutest aspirations of the soul, awakens thought leading to enlarged desires and conscious wants. The excellence and appropriateness of the many extemporaneous prayers which we heard offered up in Africa by native Christians, we traced to that inimitable service in which the Wesleyan converts breathe their first

vows and prayers to their newly found Saviour. It has been said that these converts repeat their prayers "mechanically;" that they speak them "as parrots speak," etc. I found many school children of whom these things might be said in truth; but after much inquiry I have not found one Methodist or Episcopal "*member*" to whom the service was not in a greater or less degree, in proportion to the intelligence and spirituality, a means of grace and a furnisher of devotional thought and language.

To follow the novelties and ramblings of ordinary extemporaneous prayer, adopting each new thought and utterance, in a devotional frame of mind, requires more spiritual and mental discipline than the Christians of Africa have yet received; and perhaps by the time that they shall have received that training, they will find out, with John Randolph, that many of such prayers are "abominable to God and man." There are occasions when extemporaneous prayer is needful, indispensable; there are occasions, also, when the well-digested forms which are the birthright of Methodism, may be used to advantage above any form that might be composed on the spur of the moment. Wesley recognized this truth; and it is the glory, the strength of Wesleyan Methodism, that it employs both instruments, and thus adapts itself to all circumstances, and "all sorts and conditions of men." In Africa, we see missionaries quite as evangelical, quite as zealous, quite as well supplied with means, as the Wesleyan missionaries, but we do not see the same results following their labors; and after a careful study of the effects of the various creeds, and forms of service and discipline, on the African mind, temperament and surroundings, we have concluded that the secret of

Wesleyan success is in Wesleyan training; and that the most valuable agent in this, coördinate with the class-meeting, is the liturgy of the Protestant Church. In view of these facts, we thank Mr. Bowen for adding to our assurance that "these things take hold of the hearts of the people;" and we very piously ejaculate, Amen! It is to be regretted that clergymen, non-liturgical, speak so lightly as they do sometimes of prayers sent down to us by our fathers, and perfumed with the blood of the martyrs. Still further is it to be regretted that they speak unkindly, as do also the strict prayer-book men, of those who, while they will not be tied down to the liturgy, do not discard it. Above all, is it not a pity that modern Methodist preachers sometimes bring up the oft-refuted argument of "want of variety,"—which, by the way, applies as well to the Lord's Prayer—and speak lightly of the forms in which young Methodism uttered her infant prayers in the nursery at Oxford, and in which Wesley, Coke and Asbury, spoke their most earnest petitions and benedictions?

His excellency Governor Bannerman is an English mulatto, a refined and strong-minded gentleman, held in great respect by English and American cruisers, and possessing great influence over the surrounding tribes.

The gold rings for which Accra is celebrated are manufactured from unalloyed gold by native workmen. They are either molded or made of plated wire, and are often quite pretty, though roughly finished as compared with the work of civilized artisans. I sat by one of these goldsmiths, who had his traps in a little court before his house, and witnessed his manipulations for an hour or more. His tools consisted of a hammer, a small anvil, two or three pairs of

pincers, a cold chisel or two, and an earthen crucible or smelting pot. At first he did not seem to enjoy my intrusion—thought, perhaps, that I was learning the secrets of his trade—but when I praised his ingenuity, which I did honestly, for he handled his tools well, he seemed pleased to have me remain, and showed me specimens of his work. The rings are sold for their weight in American or English gold coin.

Cowries—small sea-shells—(*spec. Cyprea moneta*) are extensively used here, and on the Gold Coast generally, as small change currency; but they are not very convenient, as it takes 2,500 of them, about six pounds in weight, to make a dollar. They are imported from the South Coast, or find their way through the interior, where they are the principal currency.

An excellent article of Indian corn is produced on this part of the coast. That which we have seen is the variety known among our planters as the white flint corn, and this is the only kind which we saw on the Gold Coast. The mode of grinding is peculiar. A slab of granite, or other coarse-grained stone, is set on an inclined bench or bank; the grain, after being soaked, is placed upon it and rubbed by another stone of the same material, oblong, and of two or three pounds in weight, which the operator holds in her hands. When reduced to the state of hominy, it is rolled into balls and sold in the markets. It is generally cooked by boiling, or, rolled in leaves, is baked in the ashes. The balls do not seem any the less valuable for being largely moistened by the perspiration of the operator, and the heavy percentage of dead flies and gnats that go to make up the mass.

Gazelles, the most beautiful and diminutive members of the deer family, are numerous on this part of the coast, but are rarely taken alive, and soon die in captivity. We purchased the skin of one having the legs and feet attached, and hoped by stuffing to restore the outlines of the animal, but on undertaking the task found that a large portion of the head was wanting. The little creature from which this skin was taken would have measured in height, at the shoulder, eighteen inches, and in length twenty-four inches, from the nose to the base of the tail. The legs at the knee are no larger than a stout goose quill, and from that point to the extremity of the hoof are five inches long.

But the anchor is up, and we are standing on our course toward the Volta and the Niger.

CHAPTER XXII.

SLAVE COAST.

The River Volta—Its Tribes—A Yankee Slaver—Topography of the Coast of Guinea—Is the Coast still Rising?—Deadly Shores—Quita—A Native King—A Walk through Quita—Hogs—Poultry—Cattle—Fruit—Parrots and Monkeys—A Modest Girl—Population—Spinning and Weaving—Baptist Missionaries—Little Popo—Grand Popo—Whyda.

In the afternoon of December 23d, 1856, we crossed the mouth of the River Volta, but so far out at sea as to be able to distinguish nothing but the deep green outline of the land, resting like a dark cloud on the horizon. In running down the coast in 1855, we were as close under the shore at this point as was safe for a vessel drawing nineteen feet of water, and, ascending to the mizzen-top, I obtained a good view of the river and the densely wooded plains through which its dark waters roll to their home in the sea. Like most of the rivers of Africa, this has a very shallow bar, ten feet—and that at high tide—is its greatest depth of water; but when the bar is crossed, the river is navigable for many miles.

The tribes who inhabit its banks have been among the most vigorous and cruel prosecutors of the slave strade, and to this day they are ready, whenever a Yankee craft makes signal, to ship, in a few hours, hundreds of their neighbors. It is said by old traders on the coast, that, rather than suffer in their reputation for promptness in supplying "live cargoes," these remorseless robbers will, when prisoners are

scarce and neighbors hard to catch, sell their wives and children, and deliver them on the deck of the slaver for a few dollars each.

A story was told us of a Yankee captain who visited this river lately. After paying the headmen, or traders, for five hundred lively darkeys, he invited them into his cabin to take a drink. He was profuse in his hospitality, made them all drunk, put them in irons, sank their canoes, pocketed their money, and got under weigh. Two of the twenty-five thus taken jumped overboard shortly after, and were drowned; the remainder he sold in Cuba for four hundred dollars each!

Were we to look for this shrewd gentleman now, he would likely be found occupying a neat cottage, with green blinds and brass door-knobs, somewhere in Massachusetts, a warm advocate of abolitionism and "higher law."

Could the waters of this bar tell their own story, we would hear of the tumult of revolt in slave canoes, and the destruction of captors and captives; cries of anguish from parents torn from their children, and from children torn from their parents; and of the sea being red with the blood of men, thrown a prey to the ravenous sharks which infest these waters, in order to lighten the slaver of her cargo on the approach of a man of war. Countless thousands will arise from these polluted waves when the sea shall give up her dead demanding eternal vengeance on their heartless murderers; and among these shall be mighty merchants and captains bearing the Christian name.

While we are rolling on for Quita, which is still eighteen hours distant, we will indulge in a note of the comparative topography of the shores of the Gulf of Guinea.

Passing along the coast of Liberia, we pointed out the volcanic formations and evidences of recent volcanic disturbances abundant about Monrovia (the coast of Sierra Leone belongs to the same period), and these are traceable as far as Cape Palmas. At Elmina, we enter a country, or surface rather, of a more ancient period, characterized by numerous conical hills and narrow valleys, and bearing abundantly formations of the plutonic and metamorphic systems: granite, gneiss, quartz, sandstone, etc.; and in the valleys, an auriferous or gold-bearing alluvium. The bluffs in the vicinity of Accra (that upon which the English fort stands we ascertained to be thirty-six feet high) indicate that their highest strata were once on a level with the sea, and during long periods received the action of the waves. This shows the elevation of this part of the coast also; an effect which likely was produced by the same forces which protruded volcanic matter, and more decidedly marked the surface on the coast further north. It has been thought that the shore of the Gold Coast continues to rise, or, as some express it, that the sea continues to retire; but the foundations of the forts of Elmina and Cape Coast Castle, which stand on the beach, do not indicate any change of position in relation to high-water mark, since their establishment, three hundred and fifty years ago.

How far this system extends into the interior or coastwise east of Accra, we are not prepared to say, having left the coast at that point, but as we approach the Volta we enter a district which, along the gulf at least, is more recent than either of the two districts just referred to. Timbered savannas, marshes, sand-beds and lagoons diversify its surface; and this continues to be its character down

to the deltas of the Niger, and perhaps beyond. The lagoons which here traverse the beach are from a hundred yards to two miles in width; they receive many large creeks and streams, and are gradually filling up with earthy and vegetable matter. The bar which divides them from the sea is rapidly widening by the accumulation of sand thrown up by the action of the tide-waves; and when the present chain of lakes is filled, the causes which produced them will produce others still further seaward. Such, doubtless, has been the process in the formation of this low and fenny coast. Pestilence broods over it continually, and woe to the white man who sleeps even for a single night beneath her deadly breath. Traders and cruisers anchor a mile from the shore, and have learned by sad experience never to delay their return to the ship after sunset. Yet the natives of this country are hearty-looking races. Missionaries have braved its dangers, and endured them for a while, sustained by Him who tempereth the winds to the shorn lamb; but African fever, which on the Gold Coast is rare, is here prevalent and fatal, and the white man, sooner or later, must fall before it.

The white houses of Quita are glistening in the morning sun, and look cool and cheerful amidst the cocoanut forests which surround and shade them. When we visited this place twelve months previously, the king paid a visit to our ship; but we had been sufficiently amused by African kings, and attached but little importance to his visit. He called on the commodore and commander, and then condescended to the ward-room, where he spent a couple of hours in moody silence. I gave his highness, quite unintentionally, an unpardonable offence, by asking him if he was not vice-

roy to the king of Dahomey. Assuming a scowl of injured dignity, he replied, "No; I king mese'f, an' bigger dan king ob Domys!" Whatever may be his relation to Dahomey now, his tribe were long tributary to that great interior kingdom, as have been most of the tribes on the Bight of Benin. But so vain and unreliable are African chiefs, that it is impossible to obtain from them any truth regarding the extent or relations of territories. His majesty wore a straw hat—the only whole straw hat I ever saw on the head of a heathen ebony—a white cotton jacket, and a blue cotton scarf folded into the shape of a petticoat. He carried a large gold-headed cane in his hand, had heavy gold earrings in his ears, and a dozen or more gold rings on his fingers. I was for a while the only entertainer of the king in the ward-room; and having occasion to step out, I found, on my return, my *valet de chambre*, a black ward-room boy, trying to persuade his majesty to accept of a bundle of old clothes and shoes, in exchange for a few of his gold rings. I sent my tiger on deck to report himself "for impudence," and made an apology to his majesty, for which I received a royal grunt. I fear the old gentleman entertains a low estimate of American respect for black royalty.

On the morning of December 24, 1856, we came to anchor within two miles of Quita. As our purser was going ashore to buy beeves, I accepted his offer of a passage, and took a walk, of several hours' length, in the town and its vicinity.

The white houses which present so imposing an aspect to a beholder in the roadstead, are two story buildings of stone, occupied by the king, and by English merchants of African blood. The small fort on the beach is one of those lately

purchased by England from Denmark. It contains a few brass guns, and is occupied by a sergeant and corporal's guard. The houses of the natives resemble those described at Elmina, but they are generally more cleanly, not so close together, and are not quite so abundantly supplied with lizards and snakes—reptiles that are largely represented in the huts of African towns, and which live on terms of intimacy with the women and children. These snakes are large and black, and are regarded by the natives with religious reverence. To kill one is a serious offence, and the murderer may consider himself doomed to a life of misfortune and a death of pain.

Quita is the Cincinnati of Guinea. The hogs seem to be as numerous as the people, and have villages of their own on the neighboring beach and in the rear of the town. The poultry market is well supplied, but the prices are high. Cattle are abundant but small. The full grown bullocks which we purchased did not average two hundred pounds, gross, and cost twenty dollars a head. There are no large cattle on the West Coast, and those that are there produce inferior meat. Plantains, cocoa-nuts, and pine apples are abundant and good. We bought a few pine-apples in the morning at ten cents each, and in the evening a few more at ten cents a dozen. This will give the reader some idea of the unsettled state of prices in African markets. Parrots and monkeys were offered us at two dollars each for the birds, and "what you like give" for the little tailed boys. African heats had cooled our love for pets, but fearing that we should not again visit the shore in the grey parrot region, which extends seven or eight degrees on each side of the equator, and remembering that we had quieted the fare-

well sobs of our "little Willie," with the promise of a "Polly," I purchased a red-tailed prattler, which afterward turned out to be a remarkable bird. The African parrot is intelligent, long-lived, and capable of imitating any tone of voice, or sound of musical instrument.

After strolling in the hot sun for an hour or two, my companion, Lieutenant H., proposed that we should rest awhile among a few umbrageous cocoa-nut trees, which stood near a large hut on the outskirts of the town. We knocked down some green nuts, and seating ourselves comfortably commenced *sampling* the cool fluid which Thomson describes as

> "More beauteous far than all the frantic juice
> Which Bacchus pours."

While thus engaged, a young lady from the hut at our backs came to claim pay. She did not discover that we were white, until in answer to her call we faced about; she uttered a scream, and bounded like a deer back to the hut; and like a deer her bounds were unembarrassed by hoops or skirts. After a while she gained courage enough to come to the hedge of the garden and motioned to us to leave the pay on the ground. We dropped a piece of silver, which, when we had removed a few hundred yards, she picked up and acknowledged by bows and courtesies.

The people of Quita, who number 5,000, are more industrious and modest than any of the tribes that we have seen to the north or west of them. We saw several women spinning cotton with a distaff—a slow process truly; an active American woman, with a wheel, could spin more than forty of them together—and others weaving, on very simple looms,

cotton cloth six inches wide. At the entrance of the town, and near the king's house, we saw two rude images of stone, around which were scattered shells of eggs that had been broken as a sacrifice on the heads of these deities. This is the nearest approach to idolatry that we have seen in Africa, and these are not properly idols, as they are not invoked.

The surf was running to a terrific height when we left the shore in the evening. We went through it in a large canoe, paddled by twenty yelling savages, and surrounded by scores of ravenous sharks, which came within a few feet of us, and seemed anxious for a taste of white man—black man is very common fare with them. Accidents are here numerous and fatal.

The bark Hermitage came to anchor alongside of us in the course of the day. She had on board the Rev. Messrs. Priest and Carson and their wives; all on their way to Lagos, whence they were to go up to Yoruba, to join the Baptist mission in that country. They are all southerners, and persons of high standing. We intended visiting them, but the commodore ordered the ship to sea immediately on our return from shore. God grant them health and success.

Sixty-five thousand gallons of palm oil were exported from Quita in the year 1855. Ivory, honey, hides and wax in small quantities.

In December, 1855, we went to the northeastern extremity of the Bight of Benin, visiting the towns of Little Popo, Grand Popo, and Whyda.

Little Popo contains a few houses in the European style, residences of black merchants, and with the many brightly-colored flags which they display when a war ship passes,

they present a pretty appearance. George Lawson, a colored man, who claims to be an English subject, is king *de facto*, and the principal merchant of the place. He can furnish you with anything produced in Africa, from a chicken to a cargo of slaves. George wears the clothes of a European, has travelled in "de Europe," is a rich man, and an enormous scoundrel. Great Popo is a place of no interest. The town composed of mud huts nestled among cocoa-nut trees, stands on the beach. Nothing but the signal of a slaver can bring out its lazy inhabitants.

Whyda is a town of several thousand lazy and dirty people. It is situated a mile and a half from the shore, on the banks of a lagoon. Several of its native merchants are men of wealth, but very unreliable. Pigs, poultry, and fruit are abundant and cheap. At all of these places, and also at Badagry, the second town to the south of us, the Messrs. Hutton, of London, have agencies for the purchase of palm oil and other native productions. We were desirous of visiting Badagry, as there are a few Methodist missionaries there of whom the English officers whom we met at Whyda spoke in the highest praise.* These tribes are all attached to the kingdom of Dahomey, but many of them,

* The Methodist missionary force on the Gulf of Guinea may be thus stated: Stations 10; missionaries 10; school teachers 100; local preachers (natives) 27; churches 20; communicants and probationers 2,000; day-school scholars 1,500; persons who attend preaching, and are more or less under missionary influence 10,000. Besides these, there are three mission stations supported by the churches of the English Missionary Society, and two or three German missions. The interest which the government of Great Britain takes in her Guinea possessions is, in part, evidenced by her annual expenditure of more than $40,000 in maintaining forts for the protection of English traders. This does not include any of the expenses of her African fleet.

preserving their language and national peculiarities, are governed by a viceroy appointed by the king of that country. Lagos, an important trading and mission town, is near at hand.*

* EXPORTS OF LAGOS.—The town of Lagos is founded on the northern extremity of a small island of the same name, and may be considered as the seaport town of Dahomey and Benin. The following are the quantities and value of the exports for the year 1857:

Palm Oil, 4,942 tons, value,	$1,111,950
Ivory, 24,118 lbs., "	21,100
868 bags Cotton, averaging 132 lbs., value,	17,950
Cotton Cloths, native woven, 50,000, "	125,000
Total value,	$1,275,900

The value of the palm oil annually exported from the shores of Benin must be something like ten millions of dollars. This oil is, and is destined to be, the staple of the West Coast. In its production but little capital or labor is required, and nothing is to be feared from competition. English cotton buyers are doing much to encourage the cultivation and cleaning of cotton on the West Coast, with the hope of bringing it into competition with American cotton, and thus free themselves from their present total dependence on the southern planters. Should this hope ever be realized, it will not be by the present or the next generation of buyers. Indeed we think it highly questionable whether the time ever will come when the effect of African cotton in the markets of Europe will be to cheapen the American staple.

Other crops will be found more profitable, and require less labor; the cost of producing, cleaning, and exporting, with the present means for cultivating and ginning, are such as to prevent its being sold in England for less than the American cotton (the civilization which will improve the means will also increase the price, by increasing the wants of the producers), and withal the cotton is of inferior quality.

The highest classification that it has received, and that from the most sanguine friends of Africa, is "middling fair," and that by the time it is landed in Liverpool will cost quite as much as New Orleans middling. We wish our Liberian friends success in their cotton-growing enterprise. The production of a few hundred thousand bales of African cotton, annually, in the English market, would be an advantage to the American planter in giving steadiness to prices. The quantity of cotton exported

But the reader must be tired of coasting, and the monotony of Guinea towns; so let us away, for change and recreation, to the beautiful Isles of Biafra.

from the West Coast, in 1858, was 220,000 lbs.—equal to the crop of some of our Mississippi plantations.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ISLANDS OF BIAFRA.

Geography—Opinion of the Ancients—Scenery, Vegetation, etc.—The Inhabitants—Fernando Po; discovered; ceded to Spain; leased to the English; Clarence; Grave of Lander—Prince's Island, Appearance, Discovery, Colonization, Inhabitants, Romanism, etc.—Naiads—St. Thomas—Annobon—Corisco—Presbyterian Mission.

In the Bight of Biafra, and between the parallels of longitude 5° and 9° east, and latitude 4° north and 2° south, are situated four beautiful islands, Fernando Po, Prince's Island, St. Thomas, and Annobon. Like most islands of volcanic origin, these are high, jagged and broken in outline; their surfaces are varied by abrupt hills and mountains, chasms, deep and tortuous valleys, relieved occasionally by plateaus and gentle slopes. Their grotesque summits, terminating in dome or turret or spire-like masses, pierce the clouds; during the rainy season, these heights are bathed in ceaseless showers, and when the storm prevails, the lightnings which flash from the thunder-clouds which they attract to their sides, give them the appearance of volcanoes ejecting streams of liquid fire far into the sky.

It was the opinion of the ancients, and indeed of the moderns, until the navigators of Portugal penetrated the tropic of Capricorn, that the regions of Africa which lie near and beyond the equator, were parched by intolerable heats and droughts, and produced neither animal nor vege-

table life, except noxious weeds and poisonous reptiles. The heats of Cancer and Capricorn are oppressive, it is true, and in a great part of Africa almost intolerable to the white man; but, so far is the rest of their picture from being correct, that rains are more abundant in the tropical portions of Africa than in Europe.

Nature, as if to compensate for the intensity of the heat, grants them cool breezes, dewy nights, and refreshing thunder-storms, with a liberality unknown beyond these realms of light. The islands, though in the latitudes of eternal summer, are clothed with the richest and most luxuriant vegetation; even the tallest peaks are green with the bramble and creeping vines which find life in the moist and soil-filled crevices; and in many of the deep valleys, so dense is the canopy of foliage, spread by huge timbers and parasitic shrubs which grow upon their branches, that sunbeams never enter to scatter the mists of morning. In these shades the atmosphere is always moist and cool, and here birds of gayest plumage congregate, to find shelter from the heat of noontide; and scaly reptiles, and busy insects make in them their abodes. The clouds which shed constant moisture on the mountain tops are feeders of streams, which, after leaping from cliff and crevice on the heights, pursue a serpentine course down the slopes, foaming and roaring as they go; and, after winding with more sober pace and softer music through the deep and shady valleys, and giving drink to man and beast on the way, enter the bright bosom of the tropical sea. The islands are as rich and varied in fruit as they are abundant in flora. The "goodly boughs" of the palm-tree yield constant harvests; the delicious pine-apple, the juicy sour sop, the

mellow banana, the delicate rose-apple, the milky cocoa-nut, and the useful bread-fruit, grow wild upon the hillsides; and the cocoa-tree, and the coffee-tree, yield, without cultivation, a luxuriant fruitage.

What, it will be asked, are the character and condition of the human inhabitant of abodes where nature dwells in such majesty and beauty? "Give me the geography of any country," says M. Victor Cousin, "and I will give you the character of its inhabitants." Without waiting to hear the philosophical guessing of the venerable father of eclectic philosophy (for philosophy, which in its ideal state is reasoned *truth*, is, as applied to this and most other practical questions, but reasoned *guess-work*), we will give you conclusions, drawn from actual observation. A few there are who prefer philosophy to experience; but you and I, dear reader, are not yet learned enough to be of that exalted class. But patience a moment.

The most northern of these islands is Fernando Po. It was discovered in the latter part of the fifteenth century by a Portuguese nobleman named Fernão do Poo, who, charmed with the beauty of its appearance, called it *Formosa*.

Alphonso V., reigning sovereign at the time of the discovery, out of honor to his enterprising subject, named the island Fernão do Poo, which title soon passed by easy transition into Fernando Po.

A colony of Portuguese was planted on it soon after its discovery; the colonists reduced the natives to slavery, and increased the number of the slaves by importations from the opposite coast. Wars and financial embarrassments turned the attention of the mother country from her

colony in Biafra; many of the first settlers were carried off by fevers; others intermarried with the negro inhabitants; and the island was left for many generations in the possession of a mongrel and indolent race. In 1728 it was ceded to Spain, in exchange for the island of Trinidad, W. I. It is still in her possession, but England has made some ineffaceable impressions on the character of its inhabitants. It was for several years in the possession of the English by a lease from the Spanish crown; they removed to it several hundred partially civilized blacks from Cape Coast and Sierra Leone, and deposited there several cargoes of recaptured slaves. They made some effort to purchase the island, but, failing in this, the project of establishing there a colony of free blacks was abandoned.

The valleys and hillsides are heavily timbered with valuable wood; the soil is exceedingly fertile, and well watered; the climate is healthy, as compared with that of the adjacent coast; and it is to be regretted, for the sake of Christianity and civilization in Africa, that it is not in the possession of a more liberal nation than Spain. The English Baptists have there a mission which has accomplished much good; and among the English colonists—the emigrants from Sierra Leone and Cape Coast—there are a few Wesleyans, and a few Episcopalians. The English town stands at the head of Clarence Cove, a safe and pretty harbor; it is a coal depot, and the terminus of the West African Steamship Line. A few of the residences of the English officials are tasteful in appearance and surroundings, but the town generally is void of interest.

The colored population (5,000) is a degraded and ignorant mass—thievish, indolent, inoffensive, useless beings.

Contact with Christian missionaries, and civilized men of color, is, however, gradually elevating this mass, and permeating it with moral and intellectual life: but we live in daily expectation of hearing that the Spanish government (which has once, already, silenced the Baptist missionaries) has driven the teachers of truth from the island.

Clarence is destined to be a place of great commercial importance. It is already important as a depot of palm-oil, cotton, and other African productions; and when the English shall have fully opened the trade of the Niger, an enterprise in which they are engaged with a zeal that is sure of success, it will be the commercial mart of western Africa. On this island sleeps Lander, the discoverer of the mouths of the Niger. The heavy strokes of the paddle-wheel and the rush and roar of steam engines, as they serve the interests of African commerce, and verify his prophecy in developing the trade resources of the Niger, will soon cheer the loneliness of his resting-place, and form befitting music to the memory of one who spent his life in preparing the way for commerce and civilization in Africa.

We entered West Bay, Prince's Island, in the forenoon of Dec. 27th, 1855, and remained there until January 2, 1856. Tired with the sameness of the shore scenery in the Bight of Benin, and sick of the disgusting phases which humanity presents on the coast of Guinea, we hailed with joy the leaf-clad peaks of Prince's Island, as they loomed up in the mellow sunlight of that December morning; and nature, arrayed in equatorial splendor and loveliness, seemed to be inviting us to communion with herself. It was the rainy season; heavy showers had fallen the previous night; the atmosphere was cool, and the land breeze

was fresh and invigorating. The steep and conical hills which rise from the beach to the height of several hundred feet, forming the foreground of the scene, were covered to their summits with vegetation of the richest green; here a huge bread-fruit, and there a giant palm, raised their proud heads above the surrounding timber; streams leaped from the hills, as if moved by sportive life, forming here roaring and serpentine torrents, and there bounding over cliffs of wildest contour, forming cascades which glistened in the morning sun like streams of pearls and diamonds. The blue summer ocean, as if in sympathy with the serenity of the morning and the calm beauty of the scene, rolled around us in gentle undulations, and laved the shores of the lovely island with waves that made music in their flow. Our beautiful ship glided into the snug little harbor, as if drawn by some attraction on the shore, and at 8 A.M. we dropped anchor in twenty fathoms of water.

Prince's Island was discovered on the 17th of January, 1471, by the Portuguese navigators Santarem and Escabor, who called it San Antonio, out of respect to the patron saint of the day on which it was discovered. The name was some time after changed to Prince's Island, because its revenues were appropriated to the oldest son of the king of Portugal. It is nine miles long and seven broad, and is situated in lat. 1° 25′ north, and long. 7° 20′ east. It was colonized soon after the island of Fernando Po, and for awhile received much attention from the crown of Portugal; but its trade and importance have been gradually declining for a century or more. Its population, which numbers near 5,000, may be classed as follows: mixed bloods, 150; white Portuguese, who, excepting two or three priests, are govern-

ment officers, 25 or 30; free negroes, 1,150. The remainder are slaves. The mulattoes are a sickly-looking race, but the negroes are well-built and intelligent-looking fellows. So far as they are anything religiously, they are Romanists, and they know just as much about Romanism as Romanism knows about them, and no more; but wherein they are lacking in knowledge of the teachings of the church, they supply themselves with superstitions brought by their fathers from the banks of the Gaboon. Judging from their appearance, we would say that the most prominent articles of belief among them are opposition to work, clothes, and soap and water. Any change in their civil or social condition would be an advancement, for they occupy the *ne plus ultra* of human ignorance and debasement.

"The world's a stage and all the men and women players," quoth William. Will some friend of William tell us what part these chaps play in the tragedy, or comedy, which you please, of human life? We once assigned them a place on the stage with the group who play at do-nothing; but a moment after we remembered that the fellows will not even play; and again we were puzzled to find any room for them on this world's stage. They may be holding themselves in reserve for some important act in the drama of the life to come.

St. Anthony, the only town of the island, stands at the head of a bay of the same name, and contains about half the population. Its buildings show signs of a taste and an enterprise in the people which have long passed away. Large quantities of sugar were formerly produced here, but the present insignificant exports are confined to coffee and cocoa, both of superior quality, and a little camwood and ebony.

The only remarkable person of the island, and the largest slave and land-owner on it, is Madame Fereira, a lady of eccentric but strong and cultivated mind, who, like Lady Hester Stanhope, prefers the associations of half savage life to the restraints of civilized and enlightened society. West Bay is a favorite resort with our African cruisers. The water is excellent; fruits, pigs, poultry and wood, are abundant and cheap; but let the cruiser be careful to bark and smoke his wood well before taking it on board, lest he convey to his ship scorpions and tarantulas, which are here numerous and poisonous. If not afraid of anacondas and venomous reptiles without number, he may take his gun and amuse himself in hunting monkeys; but if, like the writer, he fears to break the sixth commandment by shooting these little cousins of the human biped, he can promenade the little strand at the head of the bay, bathe in the cool stream which empties near the landing, and gather rare specimens for his herbarium or geological collection; refreshing himself occasionally with a delicious pine-apple or juicy sour-sop; accompanied the while by the shrill whistles of the gaily plumed king-fishers as they pounce upon the unwary minnows of the rapid stream. We have a tingling recollection of a bath we took one day in said stream, in company with friends B. T. and W. Divesting ourselves of the unnatural habits which tailors make for us, and civilized taste requires us to put on, we plunged into a clear and well-shaded pool. We had scarcely entered when a couple of ebony-colored lasses made their appearance on the bank a hundred yards above us, and, supposing that the example of civilized men might be safely followed, they too laid aside all unnatural append

ages of person and entered the stream. Ye nymphs of Solyma, thought I, what next! We approached the cover of some large rocks, there intending to hide and bide our time, but as one of our chaps would look at them, they thought that we were interested in their innocent gambols, and kindly wishing to give us a nearer view, they came bounding from rock to rock, and pool to pool, until they were in our very midst. Our memories of what followed are rather confused; but we have a distinct recollection of the disappearance of sundry white legs bearing bundles of clothes into the neighboring bushes, snakes or no snakes! We arrived on the beach in time to see one of the party emerge from a thicket with his pantaloons in his teeth and his shoes in his hands, the remainder of his wardrobe having tarried behind on the bushes to mark the path of his ungallant retreat.

We did not visit the islands of St. Thomas and Annobon, but the following notes may not be uninteresting to the reader. St. Thomas was discovered a few weeks before Prince's Island, and by the same navigators. It was named after the patron saint of the day of its discovery, December 21st. It is the most important of the Isles of Biafra in population and commerce. Its exports of coffee, cocoa, *lignum vitæ* and ebony, are by no means insignificant, and its population, which is variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand, two-thirds of whom are slaves, is said to be more enterprising and intelligent than that of its neighbor. Annobon, or, as it is written by the Portuguese, Anno Bon—good year—was discovered ten days after St. Thomas, and by the same navigators—whose pilot, by the way, was one Martino Fernandez—It was colonized by Por-

tuguese in the sixteenth century. Slaves were conveyed to it from the neighboring coast; but the colony did not prosper, and the island was soon left in possession of the slaves. The population at present is estimated at 3,000. It is the smallest of the Islands of Biafra, and is but seldom visited. It abounds in fruits, and produces *lignum vitæ* and ebony.

The coast which lies opposite to these islands is a fertile, well watered and populous country. That portion of it which is bounded north by the Cameroon mountains, and south by the northern boundary of the district of Loango, contains numerous tribes, known by the general name of Pongoes. Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, in his valuable work on "Western Africa," tells us that several of these tribes are distinguished for their mental and physical developments. Midway on the shore of this district is the Bay of Corisco, and in it is an island of the same name, on which the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has established a mission. In common with all other missions in Africa, this has met with reverses. Mrs. Mackey, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Williams, the noble companion of our dearly beloved brother and fellow statesman, Rev. E. T. Williams, now of Monrovia, and perhaps others since we left those latitudes, have given their lives for its ransom. But Presbyterians are not to be discouraged; they advance like heavy artillery, slowly, it may be, but with firm tread and resistless force. The language of the Coriscoes has been reduced to writing and grammatical construction, and through it access may now be had to hundreds of thousands of adjoining tribes. The time, we think, is not distant when, through their instrumentality, the tribes of the Muni, the Gaboon and the Congo, shall hear in their own tongues

the tidings of salvation in the name of Jesus. We humbly offer our concurrence in the opinion of the respected author quoted above, that the lives of our missionaries on the West Coast might be prolonged by frequent visits to the more elevated of these islands.

But the Magellan Clouds and stranger constellations are bidding us welcome to the southern hemisphere; our coursers are set, and we are gliding gently through the equatorial calms toward St. Paul's, Loando. Health to the lovely isles, and grace to the Christian mission in the Bight of Biafra.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOUTHERN GUINEA.

Indications of Approach of Land—Crossing the Mouth of the Congo—Loango—Geography, Climate, Harbors, Population, Religion—Congo River—English men-of-war and Yankee Clippers—Humanity (!) of American Slavers—Geography of Congo—Ethnology—The Congoes—Topography—Trade—Slavery, domestic—Religion of the Congoes—Conversion to Roman Catholicism—Relapse to Heathenism, and why—Religious Character of the African.

On the 13th of January, 1856, while standing to the south before a seven knot breeze, we encountered patches of drift, composed of sticks, bamboo, grass, and other river debris; land birds lighted on the rigging, and the water assuming a muddy tint, indicated that we were near land, and in the mouth of a large river. An observation at meridian showed that we were crossing the mouth of the Congo, the most noted and important river of Southern Guinea: noted for the number of slaves which it has furnished to North and South America, and the West Indies; and important for the trade in ivory, palm oil, rhinoceros tusks, and other African productions, which has long flourished, and is now rapidly increasing on its banks and tributaries. We trust that the time is near, when it will be known as the port of entry to the Mission stations of Congo and Loango. On the north bank of the Congo, and stretching along the coast of the southern borders of Pongo, lies the territory of Loango, commonly called the kingdom of Loango. It would be more correct to say the kingdoms of Loango, as the

country is inhabited by several tribes, who maintain independent governments.

This country, which is bounded eastward by a mountain chain called *Sierra del Crystal*, or Crystal Mountains, is said to be densely populated, and fertile, and more healthy than any other part of the coast within the same distance of the equator. It possesses two excellent harbors, Loango proper, and Kabenda; and cruisers who have visited these, report good markets, and live stock and vegetables at low prices. The population is variously estimated at from sixty to one hundred thousand. Some of its tribes are distinguished for intelligence and ingenuity. When Roman Catholicism held sway over the adjoining kingdom of Congo, the people of Loango also became nominally Christians; but they soon returned to the native religion, which is a mixture of fetishism, Romanism and idolatry.

The Congo River was discovered by Portuguese navigators in the year 1485; and on the banks of its upper waters, and at the foot of the Crystal Mountains they established a trading station, call St. Salvador, which has become noted in the history of African trade and slaving. The river, which is six miles wide at its mouth, possesses a good bar, and is navigable to large vessels for several miles, affording safe anchorage. Knowing the people on its banks to be ardent lovers and prosecutors of the slave-trade, the English keep a war steamer constantly cruising about its mouth; but under cover of the American flag, a Yankee clipper goes in occasionally, and watching an opportunity, glides out with a cargo of "ebony and ivory," alias gentlemen and ladies of color. Sometimes, however, the traitorous winds leave them becalmed on the bar, or they make a mistake in

"guessing" as to the whereabouts of the man-of-war, or an accident befalls them in their flight, and they fall an easy prey to the British Lion. This lion, when he goes to sea, has a voracious appetite for kinky heads and black faces, and when he sees a cargo of them, he will pounce upon them irrespective of the flag that may be floating overhead. The dependence of the clipper is her heels, and when from light winds, or other causes, these fail her, it not unfrequently happens that, as a *dernier pas*, she discharges her load of human beings into the sea, and escapes while her humane pursuers are trying to rescue the helpless victims of civilized cupidity from the hungry sharks.

Between the Congo River and the northern boundary of Angola lies the kingdom of Congo, so called, perhaps, for the reason that at some remote period the territory with its many tribes was under the rule of one sovereign. Like Loango, it is at present composed of several independent communities, speaking different languages, but much resembling each other in the form of government and in domestic institutions. The roots of their languages, as well as their physical characteristics, indicate a common origin with the tribes of Loango; which origin has been referred to an extensive family of the plains of the interior. The ethnological relations of the tribes of Africa, particularly of western and central Africa, have been but little studied; and owing to the want of history, the amalgamation of tribes and languages that have taken place by conquest, and the physical changes which have followed migrations from the mountains to the seaboard, or *vice versâ*, but little light is to be expected. To philology rather than physiology are we to look for anything useful or satisfactory on this subject.

The Congoes, under which general name we include the various tribes inhabiting the Congo country, are an athletic and long-lived people; quite as intelligent as any of the tribes of Upper Guinea, and more so than most of them; inclined to industry above their brethren to the north of the equator, and not lacking in ingenuity, as their carved wooden images, spoons, and dishes, and well woven and brightly colored grass cloths, will testify. Their country is vastly varied in surface and scenery. Wide plains basking in the sunshine of perpetual summer, mountain ranges sufficiently high to maintain the average temperature, and vegetable forms of the temperate zones. The soil is everywhere rich; the streams abound in fish; the forests are full of game; the river horse still plunges in the flood; and birds of gayest plumage make day pleasant, and night doleful, with their chatterings. The stately antelope, the heavy rhinoceros, the graceful giraffe, and the solemn elephant, still browse in the virgin woods; and lions, leopards, and hyenas prowl in the canebrakes and jungles of the valleys.

The teeth of large animals, as well as the tusks of the elephant, are valuable in trade; palm oil, gums, and dye-woods are abundant; and the grass cloths of native manufacture, with furs and skins, find ready sale. With such resources at hand, it is to be expected that the Congoes would be a trading people, and such they have been and are; but so profitable has been the slave-trade that it has monopolized their capital and enterprise, and the more laudable and elevating branches of industry have been neglected in consequence. But a change has taken place; the slave-trade has been effectually crippled, and measures are now in progress

which will soon destroy it entirely. A temporary suspension of labor followed the suppression of the favorite traffic; poverty and suffering came soon after, and with these a step backward in a moral degradation that seemed already complete; for even "in the lowest deep" of African depravity there is a "lower deep." Reaction is in progress; and the Congoes, driven by necessity to more laborious occupations than making forays for the purpose of stealing their neighbors' wives and children, are learning that other branches of trade may be made profitable. Stations for legal traffic are opening along the shores of southern Guinea; the quantity of exports and the consumption of imports are increasing annually, and at a rate almost incredible to the particularly uninformed; and soon the slave-owners of this portion of Africa will find it more profitable to work their slaves than to sell them. This we regard as the grey dawn of civilization in Africa. The advocates of the "universal and unqualified abolition of slavery," should mourn over this; for though it will close the foreign slave-trade, and save humanity from the recounted horrors of the "middle passage," it will confirm and strengthen the domestic slavery of Africa.

The Congoes are counted among the peoples that have relapsed from Christianity into barbarism, and the infidel of the next century will present their history as evidence of the unadaptedness of Christianity to certain classes or conditions of the human race. A word of this.

Roman Catholicism was imported into Congo by the first traders and settlers from Portugal, and under the protection of that crown. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, companies of Capuchins, and other missionaries, were

sent into Congo. They were received with favor; they built churches, established monasteries, made converts of and baptized princes; and in less than a quarter of a century after their arrival, Congo was reported as having embraced the "Catholic faith." During the two centuries following, these baptized savages were obedient to the dicta and discipline of the church. Then followed a century of reaction; the untamed heathen chafed in a harness that had become cumbersome; the reins of priestly discipline were felt to be too tight for the unbroken steed; and the lash of spiritual drivers, long annoying, became intolerable. Wars, promoted by the slave-trade, raged among the tribes of Congo; communities, long severed, were driven together for mutual protection; they assumed their original forms of government, and with them the heathenism of their fathers, which had been suffered to grow under the shadow of the church, as a means of conciliating heathenish tastes. The priests saw their followers, one after another in quick succession returning to their original superstitions and neglecting the ingrafted rites, because not suited to their tastes and wants. Disheartened and despised, they retired from the faithless field, and in this, the year of grace 1859, there are no traces of Catholicism to be found among them, except here and there a decayed temple, the picture of a saint, or a crucifix, and to these the present generation attach a heathenish significance.

That Roman Catholicism, as a religious system, has not the power to raise a barbarous people to a high degree of civilization and practical Christianity, will not be wondered at by Protestants; but that in Congo, the relapse from Catholicism to heathenism should have been so sudden and

complete, is matter of wonder to Protestants and Catholics alike. Various causes have been assigned for this by the friends of Romanism: the character of the people; the hostility of the climate; want of adequate patronage from the church, and civil powers abroad, etc. We venture to offer to the reader a few reasons, which, to our mind, satisfactorily explain the matter. *The people were not taught.* The religion presented addressed the senses only; the intellect and the moral sense were neglected—so much so, that, after two hundred years of contact with the system, the people were advanced but little morally, not at all intellectually. The observation of feasts and fasts, of saint's days and masses, penance and sacraments, the counting of rosaries and the reciting of prayers in Latin, possess in themselves no means of enlightenment, no power to eradicate the evil passions of the heart, or to guide aright affections prone to sin. The varied tinsel, and gorgeous symbols of Romanism, attracted the curiosity and amused, as gaily colored toys attract and interest children; but never having been led into the philosophical or spiritual significance of these things, the hold which the spiritless form had on the affections of the people was weak indeed; and hence, when the new religion came in contact with temporal interests, it was easily abandoned.

The conversion of the masses was merely nominal. The baptism of a prince or leader was the signal for the baptism of his slaves and adherents, and these, so long as they pleased their masters, cared little for the significance or obligation of the ordinances received. While the kings professed Romanism, the people also professed it; indeed, the civil rulers required that the people should submit to

all rites enjoined by the priests, and, when the kings returned to heathenism, the people readily returned with them.

Heathenism had not been destroyed. The Romanism taught was a barbarized Christianity. The Capuchin friars, and after them the Jesuits, pursued the erroneous policy of attracting the savages by compromising with the native religion and christening its rites. The people might still believe in witches, and, as a preventive of their evil influences, charms might be worn, but a cross or a crown must be substituted for the *grisgris*. Wooden figures might still be regarded with reverence, but the uncouth native fetish must give place to the Virgin and the bambino. Taboo days must be called fast days; and to abstain from flesh and butter on Fridays, was no hardship to people who but seldom tasted the one, and had never seen the other. Native conjurers were allowed to practise their tricks, because the clergy expected soon to play at the same game under pretence of working miracles; and these men, by way of maintaining their own trade, kept alive the superstitions and traditions of fetishism. So far, to become Christians was an easy matter; and so far only were the masses ever Christianized. Of the essential doctrines of the New Testament, the atonement by Christ, and justification by faith, they knew no more than if these truths had never dawned on man's spiritual night. What wonder, then, that the forms of Romanism, when they lost the charm of novelty, and were felt to be cumbersome, should have been easily abandoned for the forms of a heathenism better adapted to savage tastes and ideas? And what wonder that, when the priests lost the assistance of a foreign crown,

with which they commenced their work, and the influence of native princes, through whom they had long exercised tyrannical rule, the transition to the native religion should have been as rapid as it was easy? Considering that through all their history these people have been shockingly ignorant, morally base, and socially and domestically brutal, and that they have ever pursued practices and entertained ideas at variance with intellectual development, and moral and social advancement, how unjust it is to say that they were once *Christians!* Equally unjust is it to say, that the failure of Romanism in Congo and Loango is to be attributed to the want of capacity, or to any unimprovable quality in the negro, or to the unadaptedness of Christianity to his mental and external conditions. Nothing but a mongrel and spurious Christianity has ever been offered to the Congo, and that without preparing him for its reception: and we might add, on authority not to be despised, that the offer was made by men whose conduct was not always, or even generally, such as to secure confidence. The honest skeptic will, therefore, admit that the experiment of Christianizing the Congoes is yet to be made. We have no fears of the result, when such trials shall be fairly made, and we are anxious to see the missionaries of evangelical and apostolical truth in this inviting field.

But are *we* not admitting too much when we say that the experiment is yet to be made? In the southern States, we can find hundreds of the descendants of Lower Guinea-men who are intelligent and reliable servants, and sincere Christians; and, in Sierra Leone, we have seen native Congoes who are educated and polished men, and lively members of the church.

The African, we think, will develop æsthetic tastes; the imagination predominates; ideality will be his mental characteristic. The form of religion, therefore, that is to exercise power over his life, and to take firm hold of his affections, must not be devoid of ritual and symbolism; an asceticised religion will not suit him; but, at the same time, it must possess the vital element. It must be religion in earnest, beautiful in its external modes, and full of vigorous, pulsating life; a religion that can be felt as well as seen—in short, the religion of Jesus and of Paul. Give them this—give the Congo, the Ashantee, the Mandingo, that form of religion which insists on holy living and spiritual communion with God; possess them once with the conscious hopes of a better life, let them once see the beauty of the truth as it shines in the face of Jesus, and hear the harmony of a holier world as it sounds through the Gospel of the grace of God, and feel the throbbings of the life eternal in the soul, and we have no fears of relapses into barbarism; no doubts of the triumph of truth in Africa through the cross of Christ.

CHAPTER XXV.

ANGOLA.

A Dull Morning—Tropical Philosophizing—Bay of Loando—Scenery—Harbors and Commerce—A Pleasant Evening—A Glorious Sunset—Thoughts of Home—Going Ashore—Fishing and Water Boats—The Pier—The Bishop's Chair—Suggestions by the Chair—St. Paul—Native Market—The Biter Bitten—Sir George Jackson—Population—Loando—Religion Exports and Imports.

A HAZY morning was that which dawned on us on the 16th of January, 1856. Not the haze of rain and winter, but that, which, in the tropics, precedes a day of terrible heat. It was a sluggish morning; the clouds, scarcely visible, seemed fixed in the heavens; the atmosphere was motionless; there was a heavy swell in the sea, but the surface was glassy and dead, as the face of the stagnant pool. Our ship rolled on the crestless wave, like a helpless wreck, and the sails drooped heavily from the yards; the men moved silently about the decks, and tardily, as if clothed in lead; and orders were passed quietly and executed slowly. The wardroom officers still sat around the breakfast-table, moodily, solemnly, as if in the presence of the dead; breathing was laborious and unsatisfying, and conversation lagged in long-drawn monosyllables. Nature seemed to be in deep sleep, and the sympathetic spell spread over sea and ship, mind and matter. Time was in motion. "Two bells" (9 o'clock), cried the orderly, as if waking from a dream; "two bells," muttered the messenger boy, as if

talking in sleep; and two strokes of the bell rolled slowly through the heavy atmosphere. The master's mate came into the ward-room with muffled tread, and wrote in the log, "Thermom. 96°—wet bulb 84°."

We tried to cool ourselves with the remembrance that twelve months before, we walked round our good ship as she lay fast bound in the thick ice of the Delaware. We pictured to ourselves the snow-covered fields at home, and friends going out into the cool blue air, muffled, booted and gloved. But it was no use. Imagination may make drunken men sober, and sick men well, and poor men happy, and wise men fools, but it can't make sinners cool—nor saints either as to that—when the mercury is at 96° in the shade, and there is no wind.

"Pain and pleasure are but ideas." Thank you, Dr. Berkeley! Fire in the blood, and suffocation in the lungs are mere "ideas;" in plain prose, all imagination I suppose; but, somehow, we can't help believing that there is a perception of heat *per se*, when perspiration pours from every pore, and men gasp for oxygen like down-chased turkeys. "*Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuit in sensu*," says Leibnitz. That sounds more to our liking. Perception comes with, but after, sensation; but sensation is not without an object. Yes, our ideas are dependent on our senses, and our senses on things. "Qualities of things," say you: the combined qualities are the thing itself. "Matter '*per se*' is a nonentity," says Ferrier. "All idea"—nonsense! Polly in the steerage *who* has no ideas, nor intellect to perceive, nor imagination to create, showed that she had knowledge of heat—she drooped her wings, and ruffled her feathers, and solemnly refused to say anything but "poor Polly." The

little pigs, idealess little pigs, in the manger, suspended grunting; and the monkeys, unreasonable monkeys, in their boxes, confined their gymnastics to fanning themselves with their tails. Try it when you please, my Berkeleyan friend, and you will find that with ninety-six degrees of heat and no breeze, you have something else than an "*idea*" that you are hot. We submit this digression, dear reader, as a specimen of the way we do philosophy and logic in the tropics, when the thermometer is at 96° in the shade, and no breeze.

"Oh for a breeze, a squall, anything, anything, for this terrible stillness—this living death!" said one. Motion of some sort! Motion is health, life, happiness, everything! Heaven is represented as a rest, but with constant employment. "No night there," because no need of sleep—constant strength, constant activity, constant life!

Motion came. The clouds began to move; the haze cleared away; a pleasant breeze filled our sails, and at 10 A.M., we saw the high land of Loando looming above the eastern horizon. The breeze freshened; the high cliffs rose out of the sea; we entered the broad and beautiful bay of Loando; and, an hour before sunset, cast anchor a mile and a half from the town of St. Paul.

There was much in the scenery, that evening, to tempt us to forget that we were in Africa. The high and stratified cliffs of the older formations lining the beach on our left; before us, the white houses, castellated walls, spires and domes of a large and European-looking town; beyond, and on a high protecting mass of primitive rock, an extensive and well-built fortress, above which floated the ensign of Portugal. On our right, a low and pretty island, extending five or six miles into the sea, forming with the

shore-line an acute angle, and having its outer extremity bent toward the land, thus affording to the bay protection from the prevailing winds and heavy seas of the Atlantic; and around us were vessels boaring the colors of various nations, among which were prominent the stars and stripes.

Some one has said, that "nature has given good harbors to those countries which she designs to be largely commercial." If natural harbors are the only indicators of what a country may be in commerce, it follows that western Africa is, and will ever continue to be, insignificant in this regard; for her good harbors are very few, and very far between.* Of the many places which we have

* Referring to this passage, a worthy and scientific officer of the navy, who has spent two years on the African station, says: "Nature has supplied the want of harbors on the West Coast of Africa, by placing the entire line of anchorage under the lee of a coast, over which all the storms rise, and from which they all blow to seaward. She has, therefore, not constituted the West Coast an exception to the real rule that 'she has given a sheltered anchorage along the coast of a country which she designs to be largely commercial.'"

To this we reply: that will hardly be considered an anchorage favorable to a large commerce, in which vessels roll heavily at their anchors; and where, owing to the surf, landing in the boats of merchantmen is seldom attempted, and the cargoes of traders are carried off in native canoes. Such is the anchorage opposite most of the trading towns on that part of the West Coast which lies to the north of the equator. Canoe hire is cheap; but the process of loading by this means is tedious, and in commercial matters, as in most others, time is money. Besides, the loss by damage in this mode of shipping is very great, for even the natives cannot always master the surf. The want of convenient and secure anchorage must long operate as an offset, or compensation, for the cheapness of labor in Africa, and the abundance in which the great staples of commerce may there be produced. One of the most experienced of the English traders on the coast, Mr. Oldfield, of Sierra Leone, remarked that "there are not half a dozen secure harbors on the West Coast, north of the equator: and so shifting are the bars of the large rivers, that to deepen them is impossible."

visited, and in these letters described, lying on the coast, this is the only safe harbor that we have anchored in since we left the Gambia. If with a stretch of indifference, we admit this rule to be correct as a general thing, we must, however, admit also that western Africa will be, indeed already is, one of the exceptions. The degree in which a country is likely (considering its resources and people) to produce articles of general use, above the demand of home consumption, is, we think, a safer rule, by which to determine the future commercial character of any new or uncivilized country.

Never shall we forget the pleasant emotions and sensations of physical comfort, which we experienced on coming to an "even keel" in the smooth bay of Loando, after so many days of wearisome tossing and brain-sickening cradling on the tropical Atlantic. The evening was mild and balmy; the light breeze, which fanned us so gently that it seemed trying to bestow its freshness upon us without our cognizance, produced not a ripple on the water; and our proud and beautiful ship, held by the mere weight of her cables motionless as the hills on the shore, lay mirrored in the depths below, like a beautiful creation of art transferred to the canvass by a touch of faultless magic. It requires but a short stretch of imagination to endow, as do the Chinese, a well-built vessel with the attributes of life and intelligence; and I could fancy, as our trim craft floated on her own image that evening, that, like a beautiful, but vain woman looking at herself in a glass, she was conscious of her beauty, and, intoxicated with the vision of loveliness, rested spell-bound and enamored of her own reflection. The atmosphere was clear; sheets and wreaths

of fleecy clouds rested overhead, and to the north and west, banks and mountains of cloud rose one above the other, like masses of snow floating in the sky. As the sun approached the horizon, his dimensions seemed to increase tenfold with every degree of descent; his color passed, by softest blending, from a rich bright yellow, through various tints of orange and scarlet, to the deepest red; and long after his departure, the clouds, in silver and gold, and soft vermilion, and scarlet, and purple, reflected the sunset glories on the water beneath, until the ocean glowed like a sea of fire. Never have I beheld so grand a sunset; never beheld so entrancing a vision of beauty; never before warmed with such grand conceptions of the glory that shall be revealed, when He who is the author of the beautiful, as well as the good and the true, shall welcome us to the brightness of his own abode. But the clouds, true to themselves, for they are the emblems of change, faded away, and the silent sea changed its borrowed glory for an abysmal darkness.

"Ah, messmate! air-castle building, eh?" said the officer of the deck, approaching the arm-chest on which I sat. "How would you like to be going home to Georgia to-night, astride of one of those fine clouds?"

"Ah, my friend, you have struck the key-note in this fleshly heart! I've just been thinking of a brighter and a better world than this; but, now that you've called me back, I believe that, supposing it to be the same to all parties concerned, I'd rather go to see my wife to-night than to go to Paradise."

"A strange taste, and smacking a little of profanity, for a man of your cloth, eh?"

"May be so—*de gustibus non disputandum*—but I confess that, to suit my present aspirations and ideas of happiness, there is a heaven in a little white cottage on an old chestnut ridge in Georgia containing angels of flesh and blood, which would be quite sufficient."

How we slept that night, and of what and whom we dreamed, the African cruiser may guess.

Next morning several of us went ashore in the first boat, to spend the day in sight-seeing and hunting curiosities. We passed among fishing canoes, the occupants of which seemed to be enjoying excellent sport with the red snappers and other large fish; and by water boats on their way to the river Bengo, some nine miles to the north, the only body of fresh water sufficient to supply the shipping, any where near St. Paul. These water canoes are the only African boats that we have seen propelled by oars. They generally carry a square sail, made of grass cloth sometimes fantastically colored, and are said to be managed in a sea way with much dexterity by the native sailors. The crews are generally composed of slaves, in charge of the owner or a driver, who is captain of the boat. Judging from the labors which they perform, as well as their appearance, they are not much better off than the slaves of galleys.

We landed at a substantial stone pier, on one side of which, and near the landing steps, stood a large stone chair. Accosting a white gentleman standing near, whom we took to be an Englishman, and rightly, as to its use or meaning, he answered kindly, and correctly, as we afterward learned, that in the palmy days of the slave-trade the Roman Catholic Bishop of Loando used to come to the pier to bless the cargoes of the slavers, and on such occasions used this chair.

Pretty good idea, wasn't it? So very appropriate too, while men were struggling and fighting in the vain attempt to get away or to avoid going aboard, and women were screaming, and sailors were cursing, to bless the troubled mass collectively in the name of Christianity and the Holy Catholic Church. They needed a blessing, the rascals! And how dare they make their exodus, the savages, without the blessing of an Apostolic Bishop. The bishop was right in blessing them, and since they hadn't decency enough to ask his blessing, he was right in cramming it down their throats! Long live the stone chair—that serviceable, flexible stone chair! To-day it is laden with anathemas for the slaver; to-morrow, should the trade become popular, it would bless him—for a consideration! The chair suggests to those Yankee captains and southern capitalists who propose reopening the slave-trade, that each of their vessels shall be furnished with a chaplain. Why not? They are entering on a mission of mercy; to civilize the "niggers" is their prime object; to make them assist in producing corn, and cotton, and sugar, is only an afterthought, suggested by a thoughtful philanthropist as a means of supplying wholesome exercise. Yes; why not bless them; and have chaplains to do it often? To go down to the berth-decks, where the scoundrels are stowed away, like sides of bacon in a warehouse, and while Jack dashes them with water for their morning ablution, and Bill stuffs rice into their mouths for their breakfast (sometimes the sinners, if left alone, try to starve themselves), and Tom drags out and throws overboard those who have been mean enough to die during the night, to sing them a hymn—say that commencing, "Blest is the tie that binds our hearts in

Christian love," etc., and bless them in the name of the stars and stripes. That would be so nice—so religious!

But the chair is speaking ironically, sarcastically, and no wonder: his Peter's pence are gone and his stony heart is soured. We don't think that there will be any need of slaver chaplains, or slaver captains either, growing out of the demands of the South. The South has already as many slave Africans as her interests require, and more free ones than she knows what to do with. Now and then a fanatical company will invest twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars in a "Wanderer," and attempt to run a cargo; but when they find out that, with good luck, not more than one in nine of such Wanderers will ever return, and that even that one is liable to fall into the hands of the home cruisers or the United States marshal before she disgorges her load of ignorance and depravity, they will find more profitable investments. Then, my mitred friend, the South is patriotic, respects her good name among the nations and her compacts with them, in which she is signed, sealed and delivered against the foreign slave-trade. She is humane, and would not expose even savages to the horrors of the middle passage. She is Christian, and would not corrupt her people by introducing savage hordes among them; nor debase her religion in the eyes of the heathen abroad by encouraging them in a practice which even they believe to be cruel. And then the increased American, and English, and French forces on the coast, colonial and mission stations, and ——. Here my confab with the stone chair was brought to a sudden close by an impatient "Come on" from my companion, and promising, should it ever become necessary, to let my brethren in the South into the details and iniquities of this

traffic, I doffed my cap to his grace, and bade him good morning.

We soon found our way to the American consulate, where letters from home were awaiting us, and loads of newspapers just brought in by an American brig from Salem. In reading letters and chatting over the news, the day passed away quickly and pleasantly. The papers were full of war and Mr. Crampton, and we found, on going aboard, that our stay in Loando was to be short, as the commodore wished to be at the headquarters of the station, Porto Prayo, St. Jago, where he would be in communication with the department.

Next morning we hastened to the shore, to spend the day in making visits and seeing "the sights." From the pier we proceeded through an alley, lined by high walls and houses of stone and Dutch tiles, in the Moorish style, until we reached the Broadway of the city, a wide and paved street, on which are the stores, the cathedral, a barrack, and some of the principal private buildings of the place. On this street is the native market, the noisiest place imaginable; a Babel, with the squealing of pigs, squalling of chickens and children, cackling of geese, and chattering of monkeys thrown in. There were at least five hundred women there, having goods for sale, and all talking at once, and seemingly at the highest pitch. The market-place, which is something like a quarter of a mile in length, is composed of rows of bamboo stalls, six or eight feet square, and as many high; and in these small establishments many of the merchants live and bring up families. Cooking, eating, sleeping, bartering, whipping babies, kicking the dogs and children that were crawling about under the stands

and getting into rice pots, stringing beads for necklaces, mending stalls, washing clothes—light work this—all were carried on at the same time, and in a very matter-of-course way; even young ladies made their toilets as if unconscious of vulgar gaze and criticism. Fruits, nuts, vegetables, dry goods, trinkets, hardware; productions of native handiwork and European manufactories, cooked victuals and raw victuals, shared the same tent and decorated the same stands. The staple articles of African markets, glass beads, coarse cutlery, and gay cottons, were largely represented; but we noticed, besides, walking-sticks made from rhinoceros horns, a few tolerably dressed skins of gazelles, leopards and lions, grey parrots, baboons, monkeys of several varieties, neatly woven mats (commonly called grass mats of Loando, the material, however, is the inner bark of a tree), and baskets of grass, palm leaf, or bark, richly colored. I there saw for the first time the cachou apple—*ficus elastica*. In shape and color it resembles a large yellow pepper. The pulp is a tough and spongy mass, containing a slightly astringent acid-sweet juice, which is cooling and very delicious. The bean-shaped seed which is attached to the extremity contains a highly pungent oil, as I discovered by biting it; a bite from which my mouth did not recover for several weeks. As an Irishman said of a green persimmon which he was persuaded to submit to his molars, I might have said of it: "Faith, and it makes a man whistle when he ought to be saying howly Pathrick!"

Mid-day in mid-summer in the tropics is not expected to be very cool, nor was it on the 17th of January, 1856; we therefore gladly accepted the invitation of our consular agent to spend the hours of heat at the consulate, dine, and

continue our walk in the evening. Here we received a visit from Sir George Jackson, British commissioner for Loando, at whose delightful home we afterward spent a few pleasant hours, and to whom we are indebted for much valuable information relating to this district. We dined sumptuously; but I must enter my protest against the way of making soup in the tropics, a habit into which Americans and Englishmen readily fall. That is, making it so hot with pepper that the uninitiated have to let it alone, or to drink it, like a toast "to the departed," in silence and tears. Tears and solemn toasts may do very well in the proper places, but to be compelled, like a crocodile, to cry over one's dinner is intolerable.

In the evening we visited two of the forts, the ruins of a Jesuit college and chapel, built two hundred years ago, and that part of the town which stands on the hill overlooking the business streets and the bay.

St. Paul de Loando is the capital of Angola. It is the largest and most important commercial town on the West Coast; situate in lat. 8° 46′ 12″ south, and long. 13° 9′ 18″ east. It was built by the Portuguese in 1578, and, excepting the two years in which it was held by the Dutch, has been in their possession ever since. While the slave-trade was considered legal, it was the principal slave mart of the Southern Coast; and to it political offenders have been, and continue to be, sent for exile from the mother country. The population is estimated at ten thousand, fifteen hundred of whom are Portuguese and other whites. Most of the black population are slaves. The town is well built and well defended. Many of the residences of foreigners and civilized blacks display taste and wealth. It con-

tains several churches and a few schools, and here reside the governor and the bishop, and the more important officers of state, with the higher clergy.

Loando, the district immediately around St. Paul, extends along the coast sixty miles, and interiorwise very much more. It contains, exclusive of the town, a population of about ten thousand. The number of slaves in this district, including the town, is fifteen thousand. Loando is governed by the governor and his council, and is strictly a colony of Portugal.

The country of Angola, of which Loando is a district, extends from the southern border of Congo to the northern border of Benguela, and interiorwards five hundred miles. This, with all of Benguela, is claimed by the crown of Portugal; but England has disputed and will not allow that claim. The surface of Angola is varied, well watered and fertile. Its mountains contain iron, copper, and other metals; malachite, specimens of which we have seen, and other minerals of value. Its climate is better than that of any other portion of the West Coast, as evidenced by the fact that white men can live here much longer; it has good harbors, and for many reasons we think it to be regretted that the American colony for free blacks was not established here. Had our government taken the matter in hand, territory for that purpose could have been obtained without difficulty.

Benguela is less fertile than Angola; its southern portion is a desert, but the greater portion of it is rich enough for farming, and at St. Philip, Elephant and Fish Bays, there are excellent harbors. A small tract near St. Philip has lately been granted to a company of Germans for the pur-

pose of forming a colony. In the spring of 1857, a vessel laden with emigrants, on their way there, touched at Porto Praya, St. Jago. They were hearty and intelligent looking men and women, and were well provided with agricultural and domestic implements. We gave them all the encouragement we could as to the health of the country, but have serious doubts as to the results.

Ambriz, in the country of Angola, is a town of some commercial importance, and a favorable resort with slavers. The roots of the dialects of the tribes of Angola indicate an origin in common with those of Congo. The tribes acknowledge allegiance to the crown of Portugal and are nominally Roman Catholics, but in reality their religion is a wonderful mixture of fetishism, idolatry and Romanism. The last may gain the ascendency after awhile, but not until more vigorous measures are adopted for the enlightenment of the people.

For near three hundred years Rome has had her missionaries among these people, yet the only *bonâ fide* Catholics among the natives are the few who have been educated at the schools. Contact with Romanism, however, has not been without effect in the elevation of the masses. It has given distinctness to their ideas of God, the immortality of the soul, and worship. They are gradually adopting the arts and manners of civilized society, and, excepting the Joliffs and Mandingoes, we think them the most intelligent and industrious tribes on the West Coast. The dress of the men is, generally, a shirt, extending to the knees, and a long cotton scarf, worn like a Roman toga; with most of the slaves, however, a single handkerchief is made to suit every purpose. The female dress is a petticoat, extending

to the knees, and a dark blue cotton cloth, often of native manufacture, drawn round the body so as to cover the mammæ.

The exports from St. Paul and Ambriz, in ivory, palm oil, gums, wax, horns and hides, are very large. We were informed by our purser, T. Marston Taylor, Esq., who is competent authority in all that relates to American trade and commerce, that at least one-fifth of these exports are taken by American traders. Large quantities of southern flour, and other American stores, are imported here, and the demand is rapidly increasing.

Our stay at Loando was pleasant, and the last evening, to me peculiarly interesting. We walked to the governor's residence, to the hospital, and the ruins of an old Gothic church and monastery in the suburbs; and thence, along a good road, a mile or so into the country. As we sat resting in a shady place, several large trains of natives with baskets on their heads passed us on their way to their homes in the interior; and occasionally one stopped to shake hands with us.

An erect, grey-headed old man, leading a small gang of peculiarly dressed and charm-decorated men, bearing well-filled baskets, stopped when he came near us, and after jabbering a while and making many gestures, which I partly understood, extended his hand.

"What does he mean?" I asked of our native mulatto guide, who, though he understood but little of his language, seemed to understand his signs.

"He says he be going home—very far—no think he see white man no more—want you shake hands."

The guide asked him "how far to his home?" he replied

by signs, "forty days." I extended my hand, which he shook heartily. There was something so touching in the old man's manner and request, that I found occasion to wipe away an unbidden tear. He looked at me with an expression of surprise, smiled, shook my hand again, and started with his gang, singing as they went. The sincere blessing of a white man went with him to his home, five hundred miles away, in the wilds of Ethiopia; and for once in my life, I felt that I would be willing to be an African missionary, if my sense of duty urged me in that direction. It is no uncommon thing for natives to come this distance, bearing a basket of ivory, gum, or other produce to the market at St. Paul.

On the pier we met several messmates, each provided with a mat, or some other curious memento of Loando, and at sunset we took leave of St. Paul and the Bishop's Chair. The streets, when we left, were still swarming with negroes, and the hum of the market throng fell on our ears like the sounds of a distant cataract. Next day, January 23d, we ran up to Ambriz, but seeing no vessels in the harbor, did not enter; and the following morning found us ploughing our way toward our own hemisphere. Go with us, reader, to the Cape Verd Islands, and thence home; bear with a few general remarks on customs, cruising, and missions in Africa, and then we'll give you a longer respite than the Secretary of the Navy has given us; and, perhaps, trouble you no more with what Bennett, of the "Herald," calls "the everlasting nigger question."

CHAPTER XXVI.

CUSTOMS OF THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

Prefatory—A Caution—Difficulties of the Subject—Conflicting Accounts—A Point of Agreement—Polygamy—Marriage but a Trade—Evil Results—Slavery—How Free Persons become Slaves—Social Position of Slaves—Origin of African Slavery—Origin of the Slave Trade—Its Effects on the African Race.

In this review of the domestic, social, civil and religious ideas and institutions of the West Coast of Africa, we do not purpose to bring each tribe under consideration. We have not the means of doing this; nor is it our purpose to look so closely into society, as to pursue the differences or resemblances, which may exist between the more important tribes in thought and conduct, with reference to these relations. We are not sure that it would be profitable to do so, supposing that we were both competent and inclined; but we are neither. Our object is to give the reader a general idea of humanity in Africa, considered in these aspects; what men generally believe, and what they generally practise, in their private and public relations with each other, and how they are affected, morally and intellectually, by both. We caution the reader against expecting *much*. Our subjects are dark; "the shadowy livery of the burnished sun" covers not only the faces of the Africans, but also their private life and their ideas of government and religion.

The reader cannot be told *distinctly* what is believed, for the believers have no very distinct belief, and they are slow

and disinclined to communicate their impressions; and when they attempt communication they are indistinctly understood, because of the hearer's ignorance of their weak and idiomatic languages. Nor can he be told much, indeed nothing *certainly*, of the origin of any of their domestic or evil customs, for they have no history, and their traditions are wholly unreliable. Modified by contact with white men, by the slave-trade, by commerce, by the teachings of missionaries, Mohammedan, Romish, and Protestant, the institutions and ideas of to-day are not those of five centuries ago, nor are they those that will be a century hence. What wonder then, that, with this state of things, the accounts given us of Africa should be so laughably contradictory—accounts too given us by men whom we know to be intelligent and truth-loving? This is necessarily so, because, in practice and belief, it is a land of contradictions. We spent this morning two hours in trying to reconcile Mr. Cruikshank and Rev. Mr. Wilson on one point; namely, as to whether the inhabitants of Upper Guinea worshipped evil spirits or not. They are irreconcilable; yet both of these gentlemen resided eighteen years in Western Africa, and made the habits of the people their study; and they are equally entitled, by their intelligence and integrity, to confidence. In this, however, all are agreed, that if the devil had any hand in the creation of man (as hold the Two Seed Baptists), this must be his part of the job. But our business is not to reconcile contradictions which may exist in the ideas of the Africans, or antagonisms in their institutions, but to give a little light, as to what these are; and in doing so we draw upon our own observations, and facts gleaned from missionaries, traders, and late reliable authors.

POLYGAMY

Exists among every tribe on the West Coast, and, so far as we are informed, throughout the length and breadth of Africa. The ability to purchase and provide for wives (so far as the husband has to provide), is the only limit which law or public opinion sets to the number which a man may have. A man's influence and importance in society may be estimated by the number of his wives; but if he is a good subject, and does not wish to excite the jealousy of the king, he will always have fewer than his majesty, be his wealth ever so great.

Of the romance of love and courtship, but little is known in Africa. On arriving at the age of puberty, if he be a free born person, the young man finds a few wives—the number in proportion to the means of his father—awaiting the time of their espousals; and to this number he may add any that he may have fallen in love with in the foolishness of his boyhood; provided that they are not betrothed to another, and provided further, that he is able to pay the required dower, which varies from five to forty dollars. If he be a slave, he may find one or more appropriated to him, according to the taste of his master; and to these he may add, according to his inclination and ability to purchase; and over those purchased he has perfect control; but at his death they become the slaves of his master. The wishes of the woman are seldom consulted. She is often purchased while still a child, and is told, when she is old enough to understand such things, that she is to forego all thought of others than the purchaser, and any disregard of this advice is

punished as severely as though the marriage ceremony had been already performed.

African mothers are flattered to have suitors for their daughters while they are still young, and often dispose of them to the highest bidder, without the least respect to the appearance, age, or character of the buyer. The purchaser places a string of beads on the neck of the girl or child, and in case of the death of her mother, before the child is of age, the husband expectant removes her to his home and places her under the guardianship of an old woman. Sometimes, however, a girl is lucky enough to find herself unsold when overtaken by the tender passion. She may then propose—for it is always leap year in Africa—and if the man of her choice has still a vacant chamber in his heart—capacious hearts these fellows have—and the means of buying her from her parents, a union is formed on the basis of mutual attachment. Sometimes a betrothed girl falls in love, and if the object of her regard can arrange matters with the husband by purchase, her marriage with him is allowed. This is often a delicate and difficult matter, but if the husband is old, or pretty well supplied, the affair is more easily consummated. Love, like hunger, will break through a stone wall; and unlawful amours are constantly occurring notwithstanding the severity with which adultery is punished. The punishment of the woman, if her husband desire it, is mutilation; the nose, an ear, or a finger is taken off; the man, generally, is enslaved to the injured party. There is a difference in the domestic and social standing of the wives purchased as slaves, and those received by dower and the consent of parents. The latter may leave their husbands at any time, by the restoration of the dower with certain in-

terest. The former are slaves for life; and the children of both are the property of the father. Among most tribes each wife is furnished with a hut, and the families dwell apart, but they are all under the supervision of the head wife, who is generally an old, and, from her position, an influential person.

Generally, the wives are expected to maintain themselves and their children; what they obtain from the husband they receive in the way of presents. When a husband dies, the wives, with other property, fall to the eldest son; and his mother, who is treated with respect, becomes the mistress of the household. The old wives are thus provided for, and, as a redeeming trait be it mentioned, they are generally well treated. Reverence for age is the most prominent virtue in Africa. Wives are proud, and of social importance, in proportion to the size of the domestic circle of which they are members; and, strange as it may appear, and contradictory of certain elements of character, common to women, an African girl considers it a misfortune to be affianced to a man who has but one or two wives.

It will be seen, on a consideration of these facts, that African polygamy is intimately related to, and largely productive of

DOMESTIC SLAVERY.

It is said that four-fifths of the Africans are slaves. This estimate has been objected to, as being too large; we are safe, however, in saying, that in western Africa, three-fourths of the people are slaves. This large proportion will not be so much wondered at, when we see how numerous and easy are the ways by which men pass into slavery.

First, the father is the *owner* of his children; and though the children of a free man are not generally considered or treated as slaves, he has the right to sell them whenever he may choose and without respect to their age or circumstances. Second, the children of slaves are slaves unless freed by the owner. Third, all captives taken in war are the slaves of the captors. This perquisite gives daring to the African soldiers, and prompts a degree of mercy without which all their wars would be wars of extermination. Fourth, persons sold for debt are slaves until the debt is redeemed. This is a fruitful source of slavery. In time of famine, men who have no slaves to dispose of, or not enough to meet the demand, pawn themselves, or their wives, or children, for food, or the means of procuring it; promising to pay as much as fifty per cent. interest—this is a common interest in such transactions—and in a majority of such instances the pawn is never redeemed. This system, which in Mexico is called peoning, is here called panyaring.

A degree of admirable self-immolation is sometimes shown in such cases of family distress, by a member coming forward and offering himself to the highest bidder, willing to go anywhere, or to be anything, so that he may relieve his father and mother, or other dear relatives, from distress, and the disgrace of enslavement. Africans are wild in their speculations, sanguine in their undertakings, and to carry out a favorite pursuit will pawn themselves even when the hope of redemption is small. They pawn themselves for tawdry merchandise; pawn themselves to lawyers to free them from difficulties, or to punish an enemy; pawn themselves to the priests for ghostly comfort, for relief from a malady or a witch. It is a dernier resort, but while they

are free they feel that they are not destitute, even though poor; they feel that they own marketable articles in themselves. Every free man in Africa, therefore, owns "one nigger." How intense must be their self-consciousness! Fifth, the adulterer, among many tribes, is sold to pay the fines in such cases provided, if he have no other means of meeting them, or is turned over by the judges to the husband offended. To murder the offender would not be allowed, and if the new owner punish very severely he would be considered mean. Men of great cupidity and a superabundance of wives, often increase their property by employing a seductive and pretty woman to lure men into her wiles, and then betray them; having provided beforehand, and often ingeniously, that the proofs shall be positive and ample. The punishment of the woman in such cases is merely nominal.

Slaves may own slaves, and other species of property; and in laboring and saving for this purpose they are encouraged by their owners; for the reason that at the death of the slave, all his property falls into the hands of his master.

Where the slave is of the same race and color as the master, where slaves and owners are on an equality as to intelligence, where blood relationship extensively exists, and the right of holding property is allowed, the line of social distinction between slaves and owners cannot be very wide. Indeed slaves are generally treated as members of the family; they hunt, fish, work, eat, and sleep with the children of the master; are frequently admitted to his confidence, and take charge of his affairs, and the slaves of headmen or princes frequently hold important office in the government. When sales are made, of course the least valuable and relia-

ble are first disposed of; and among many tribes a degree of consideration, which might be safely imitated by civilized nations, is shown for the domestic ties of the person sold. Slaves run away sometimes in Africa as elsewhere, but where there is no division of sentiment as to the right of holding men in this relation, and the perfect right of the master to treat his property as he pleases is generally acknowledged, and it is felt to be the interest of the community at large to sustain these rights, the recovery of runaways is generally effected without recourse to police officers.

As we intimated in a late chapter, the growing demand for African productions is increasing the value of home labor; slaves are, therefore, advancing in value on parts of the coast, despite the suppression of the foreign slave-trade; the authority of the master is increasingly felt, and the social division between the owners and workers is widening daily.

Of the history of domestic slavery in western Africa but little is known. Fanatics who are disposed to charge on the foreign slave-trade all the social and moral ills which burden Africa, tell us that this also is one of its fruits. Of course we differ *in toto* from these men. We think that under the present conditions of society in Africa slavery is a blessing rather than an evil; and as to its origin, reasoning from the analogy presented in the history of other races, we think that it is coëval with the African race. Supposing that the classic histories which tell of the importations of Ethiopians into Egypt, centuries before the present era, and subsequently into Greece, to be unreliable; or that the term "Ethiopian" may be applied to the Berbers of Atlas and the Sahara, reliable Portuguese authority is given for the fact, that the earliest modern navigators found slavery ex-

isting among the tribes of the West Coast. The fact that slaves were bought and sold in Africa, no doubt, suggested to the Portuguese traders that a profitable business might be done by buying slaves on the coast and shipping them to parts where labor was more valuable, and where laborers would bring a higher price. The slave-trade, as it has been carried on, especially in the course of the last half century, has been bad enough in all conscience, but let it be responsible only for the evil that it has done. We would not for any consideration be considered as saying anything encouraging to the forlorn hope of reöpening this trade—to do so at present would be to compromise the dignity of our nation and the humanity of our religion, yet at the same time we believe that the Great Disposer of events will so direct the issues of this trade as to make them contribute to the moral and intellectual elevation of the African race. Who that has compared carefully, and from actual observation, the condition of the black man in America with that of the black man in Africa, can hesitate to say that in the former this trade has been made a blessing indeed? From America have gone forth, and will continue to go forth, men Christianized and enlightened, commissioned by the church as harbingers of the light of life to their brethren who sit in the valley of the shadow of death. There is profound significance in the resolution of the Rev. Mr. Slaughter, of Virginia, offered at a late anniversary of the American Colonization Society, "that America in Africa solves the problem of Africa in America."

CHAPTER XXVII.

CUSTOMS OF THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

Forms of Government—Ordeals—Fetish Oath—Red Water—Religious Ideas—Difference between Fetishism and Idolatry—Fetish Priests—Ideas of God—A Future State—Evil Spirits—Witches—Things to be Remembered—Hope Gathered from the Credulity of the African.

What is the form of government, and how is justice administered in such a state of society? are the next questions in order. Here, reader, we are in deep shades, if not in utter darkness. A Yankee captain, who knew but little about navigation, and had but an inferior chronometer, and that stopped a few days before he made land, recently made his way to the Cape Verd Islands, and delivered his cargo to the proper consignee. When asked, by our master, how in the world he managed to make his port, he replied:

"Wal, ye see, this ere old clock helped us on some; but I tell you what, neighbor, my main dependence was on luck and guessing. Wal, I guess it's as good a way as any—but if the plagued old clicker hadn't got water-logged and gin out, I guess we mout a been here a matter of a day or two sooner."

The facts before us, gathered from many sources, serve to carry us some distance into these questions, but like the Yankee's chronometer, they give out before the answers are fully made. The general outline and more prominent facts, however, may be traced. In Africa, almost every form of government may be found; the patriarchal government, des-

potism, constitutional monarchy, oligarchy, republicanism, and mobocracy; and some of the governments have mixtures of two or more of these. The prevailing type is a patriarchal despotism.

Shrewdness is a great power in Africa, as elsewhere, but wealth is greatest. The richest man of a town or village is generally "headman," and assisted by those who approach nearest to himself in wealth or influence, dictates municipal law, hears disputes, levies fines and taxes, imposes penalties, and leads in war. Each slave-owner and head of a family is, in his sphere, a patriarch; he, if he be not leader himself, acknowledges his allegiance to the leader or headman of his town, treats him with reverence, and, though having his own private flag, fights under his banner, and in all respects becomes a retainer of the headman. With a number of such adherents, the headman becomes a feudal baron; and in turn acknowledges *his* allegiance to the king or headman of the tribe or tribes with which he may be confederated. The king generally holds such men responsible for the conduct and taxes of the towns over which they preside.

If the king is shrewd, as well as rich, he may exercise great authority. He may make use of the jealousies which ever exist between the various tribes and towns of his kingdom, to compel any one of them into his measures. But whenever he commits any extreme act, such as the deposing of a headman, or the confiscation of property, or imposes an unusual tax upon a tribe or town, he must show that the general good demands it, or that for doing so he has the authority of a predecessor. If, however, he does such things capriciously, his barons, not knowing which of them may be next served in the same way, soon get rid of him.

In most of the kingdoms of western Africa, the government is hereditary, but passes from one brother to another, rather than from father to son. How chiefs of towns are gotten rid of when they become unpopular with the people, and are still in favor with the king, I do not know. Witchcraft may be useful on such occasions.

When parties are at variance, they appeal to the influential and old men of the town, who form a council. Plaintiff, defendant, and witnesses, are brought into court together, the case is heard, debated, and generally decided in favor of the one who has done the most bribing. Sometimes the bribes are equal, sometimes the litigants are both poor, or the case in point may be one bearing largely on a question of general interest to the community: in such cases the judgment rendered is based on justice. There are cases, however, which this body will not decide finally: as, for instance, whether one person has bewitched another. The defendant, in such cases, may appeal to the ordeal of a solemn oath before a Fetish, or to the Red Water. Where parties at variance are not satisfied with the decision of the judges, they may appeal to an established ordeal. Also, where an individual is suspected of bewitching cattle or crops, or other bad conduct, he may appeal to an ordeal to attest his innocence, or may be compelled by public clamor to submit to such a test. Kroomen and others, who have been long from home, frequently try the fidelity of their wives by this means; and all persons who pass the prescribed ordeal unhurt, are exonerated from suspicion, can no more be tried for the offence in question, and are restored to their original position in society, increased in respect and importance.

The most common ordeal in western Africa is that of

RED WATER.

This is a decoction of the bark of sassa-wood (a species of mimosa), is a powerful narcotic, and when made very strong, or taken in large quantities, is also an active emetic. It is generally administered by the priest who prepares it, and in the presence of the old men of the town, the relatives, friends, and enemies of the accused. This person occupies, with the priest or priestess, the centre of the throng, is generally naked, and before drinking the trying potion, makes a general confession of the sins of his life, invokes the name of God three times, then drinks boldly, if he knows the priest to be his friend, but tremblingly if he has doubts on the subject, or happens to be guilty. If his stomach rejects the water, he suffers no inconvenience, is declared innocent, and friends and foes join to conduct him home in triumph; but if vertigo ensues, which is always the case when the fluid remains on the stomach, he is declared guilty, and the infuriated mob, after dragging him by the heels through the streets of the town, jeering and abusing him, dispatch him with clubs and stones. In this horrid butchery the friends, and even the near relatives of the offender, are required to take part, lest they be considered parties to the crime. As the priests are well skilled in the preparation of this draught, the guilt or innocence of the persons tried is, of course, decided by them beforehand; and in making their decisions they are generally influenced by the popular opinion, though often by personal feeling. If they determine that the person is innocent,

they make the red water, and administer it accordingly.

The ordeal of an

OATH BEFORE A FETISH

and Fetishmen—priests—is much practised on the Gold Coast. The accused person is brought before the Fetish and its priests, where, after the performance of many mysterious rites, he is adjured to confess the truth on penalty of incurring, temporally and eternally, the anger of the Fetish. The priest hears the confession, and determines as to its truth or falsity. These ordeals will remind the Scripture reader of the oath by the Temple and the oath by the Altar, and the Bitter Water of Jealousy mentioned in Numbers v., 11, et seq.

This brings us to consider the

RELIGIOUS IDEAS

of the people of the West Coast. In this chapter, as in several preceding it, we have spoken of Fetish worship and of Fetishism, as being the religion of the west Africans. *Fetishism* is not idolatry, as that term is generally understood. It is the religious idea antecedent and inferior to idolatry. Idolatry is based on Polytheism: it recognizes gods many and lords many, accessible to the praises and supplications of mortals through such media as images and animals. Taking the idolaters of ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome, or of modern China and India, as exponents of this term, idolatry clearly recognizes the existence of a Spiritual Being or God, worshipped as separate from, and independ-

ent of, the creature or substance which may be employed to represent him. The image or altar, the bird or beast, has in itself no power, no value, other than a representative value, is esteemed as it is considered the mediator through which the god permits approach, and by which he expresses such of his qualities as he is disposed to reveal to the worshippers. To the intelligent idolater, an image of Jupiter, or Juggernaut, was no more a god than the unhewn tree, unless it had been consecrated by the priest of that god, or received miraculous evidence that the god was willing to acknowledge it as his representative. Fetishism recognizes supernatural power as inherent in certain things. The Fetish, or, as it is generally called, the grisgris, is prized for its own sake, and is worshipped without reference to anything ulterior.

The philosophy of Fetishism is this: there is a Supreme Being, maker of all things, who still presides over important events. He, in mercy to man, bestowed upon certain animals, vegetables, minerals, waters, and compound substances, a measure of his spirit and nature. To different substances different natures, and to separate portions of the same substance separate qualities.

Every man by nature is entitled to a Fetish, or a number of them, for his personal use; this may be a bit of wood, the hoof, horn, or tooth of an animal, a scrap of leather fancifully formed, or even an old rag. In the selection of a grisgris (pronounced gree-gree), the worshipper is guided by a blind impulse of feeling, or the suggestion of a priest; he selects it for a particular object—to prevent sickness, to assist in punishing or detecting an enemy, to prevent death in battle, to assist in

trade, or anything else that he may desire. He wears it about his neck, wrist, or ankle, sacrifices to it, and that often by shedding the blood of some bird or animal. He believes in the power of the charm until he finds it useless; then he throws it away, believing that he made a mistake in his selection, or that he did not understand how to treat it, but without the least abatement in his confidence of the power of Fetishes in general. So true is it that the soul must have some resting-place for its hopes and faith.

Besides the Fetish of the individual, each family has its household Fetish; then there is the Fetish of the town, which has its temple and a priest, and the Fetish of the tribe, which often has many priests. The Fetish of the town is resorted to when sickness or other calamity threatens; and that of the tribe when war, famine, or other general evils invade. They are appealed to also by parties at variance, who cannot otherwise settle their disputes. Such things are windfalls to the priest.

A cunning set of rascals are these priests; well skilled in ventriloquism and legerdemain, they have great power over the people, and can bring even princes to their feet. They enter the priesthood early in life, and so complete are their deceptions, that they deceive even themselves, and are, therefore, often conscientious in blinding and deceiving their followers.

The idea of one God and Creator prevails among the tribes of the West Coast. This belief has been attributed to the spread of Mohammedanism in Africa, but, as we have shown, as Fetishism is based upon this idea, it must be as old as the religion of the people. Mr. Crnikshank, an

English officer who resided eighteen years on the Gold Coast, and made the religion of its tribes his study, viewing this idea from the philological stand-point, says: "The Fantee word Yankompom, derived from 'Yankom,' friend, and 'epon,' great; and the word 'yammie,' from 'yeeh,' made, 'eme,' me, names by which they designate God, would seem to indicate that the idea of a benevolent Creator was coëval with the language."

Like the Babylonians and Sepharvaim brought to Samaria by the king of Assyria, the Africans "*fear* the Lord, but serve graven images." They occasionally invoke his name, but never worship him. Of their ideas of his moral attributes we have spoken in Chapter VIII. Some of their rites—for instance, that of calling on God three times before drinking the Red Water—seem to have a remote reference to the Trinity. These may be the shadowings of an indistinct intuition, or the symbolical remains of a tradition whose verbal form has long since passed away.

Their ideas of the immortality of the soul are vague, yet they believe that the thinking principle, and that in man which suffers and enjoys, will survive the body; and that in the future state the good will be happy; and that there, those whose sins have not been sufficiently punished in this life will be subjected to such sufferings as their unexpiated crimes may demand. The transmigration of souls is held by many tribes; and not unfrequently a shark, an alligator, or a snake, is regarded as a near kinsman. They believe that the spirits of the departed have some knowledge of things occurring on earth, that they are capable of exercising some influence over friends or enemies, and receive pleasure from things which pleased them in life. Hence

they pray to the spirits of their ancestors for aid in trouble, pour oblations of rum, oil, and rice on their graves, and murder slaves that they may have attendants in the other world.

They may not believe in the existence of the devil, but they do believe in the existence of evil spirits who have power to injure them, and if they do not worship them, they certainly try sometimes to conciliate them, and pray them to depart out of their coasts. The belief in witches is general, and, like our worthy colonial ancestors, they have rules for detecting them. Among some tribes, the person found guilty of possessing this dreaded power is burnt or otherwise killed, and receives the burial of a dog. Among others, the witch is exorcised by the priest, and the person formerly possessed is permitted to go free after paying penalties. Sickness and death are supposed to be the work of witches, and the injured parties turn to the ranks of their enemies to find the guilty one.

Circumcision is practised by many tribes; indeed, Fetishism contains many elements of Judaism and Mohammedanism; and, on the South Coast, Romanism has made modifications and left new rites and ideas. We can account for the Romish and Mohammedan practices, but to account for those of Judaism is left to conjecture.

Many of these superstitions excite our sympathy, others our laughter; but let us not suppose that these things are evidences of a peculiar and incurable depravity in the African. Let us not forget that the Patriarchs were polygamists; that the learned and elegant Grecians were polytheists; that our British, Angle, and Saxon forefathers worshipped stocks and stones; that the Corsned cake

ordeal was appealed to in certain kinds of guilt in Cornwall, England, as late as the eighteenth century; that some of the ablest statesmen and profoundest theologians of modern times have believed in witches and haunted houses; and, finally, that the spirit-rapping and spirit-worship, which has made so many crazy and been so mischievous, by free love and other "movements" in its "circle," belongs to the nineteenth century. But this long and varied creed, these numerous beliefs regarding things spiritual and things material, afford ground for the hope of the African's civilization. They show *his capacity to believe;* they are the vouchers of his relationship, his identity, with the genus man. They show the possession of will, moral sense, and pure intellect; and with these we would be compelled to acknowledge him *a man* though his heels were a foot long, and the conformation of his skull and facial line that of the alligator or bear. Better is it to believe too much than too little. While men can believe there is hope for them, superstition may be changed to enlightened devotion, and belief in truth substituted for belief in error; but infidelity is unimprovable, hopelessly incurable. Error is but "partial truth;" it should be destroyed only by the substitution of the higher truth. Fetishism is better than Infidelity, as Idolatry is better than Fetishism, Mohammedanism better than Idolatry, and Christianity better than Mohammedanism.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GENERAL VIEW OF MISSIONARY OPERATIONS AND SUCCESSES ON THE WEST COAST.

Discouragements — 1, Disappointment—Causes of Disappointment — 2, Ignorance of the Language—3, Weakness of the Language—4, Number of Languages—5, Want of Capacity—6, Fear of Spirits—7, Polygamy —Opinion of Bishop Colenso—History of Missions—Number of Missionaries, Teachers, etc.—Grand Results.

THE difficulties and discouragements which meet the missionary in Africa are numerous—many of them peculiar.

The missionary, like the trader, begins his career under a sense of disappointment. But few white persons, if any, find life in Africa what they expected it to be; and it is common to hear missionaries, as well as emigrants, travellers, and traders, say, that they were not correctly informed as to the difficulties to be encountered. Blame is heaped on those who have given accounts of the country; and even those who have been cautious and conscientious, in stating the facts of personal experience and observation, are accused of presenting too bright a picture. That many travellers have written and spoken recklessly, foolishly, about Africa we will not deny, but that such persons as Wilson, Bowen, Foote, and Mrs. Scott have withheld "unpleasant truths," or described untruthfully, we cannot admit. Yet, that emigrants, traders, cruisers, and missionaries have gone there with impressions of the climate, "living," and society, too favorable to be realized in the tropics, and among hea-

thens, we have painfully learned, and freely confess. Often have we heard emigrants from the southern States ask, "why was not all this told us before we left our homes?" And never can we forget the exclamation of an American missionary lady, as, wasted by African fever and sick at heart, she leaned on my arm going through the streets of a Grebo village to her new home, seeing sights of depravity as we went, enough to shock the nerves of the least delicate, "I realize for the first time that I am in Africa. The half of this had not been told me." The difficulty, however, is one that grows out of the subject itself.

To Americans and English, people who dwell in climates comparatively rigorous, who associate with the words "summer," "perpetual spring," "constant harvests," "unchanging verdure," ideas only of comfort and luxury, it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to give clear ideas or lasting impressions of the want and discomfort that may exist even in the land where there is no winter, and where the palm tree droppeth continually her goodly fruit. The writer on life in Africa may dwell on the unhealthiness of the climate, on the absence of the food and other domestic comforts to which civilized men are accustomed, on the social deformities and horrid superstitions which everywhere stare him in the face; yet, when he has said that it is a land of summer, of fruitful hills, and of valleys teeming with richest vegetation, the impression left in the mind of the reader, or hearer, is sunny, pleasant, and romantic. The ills described are soon forgotten; but the "sunshine" lives, with more than African brightness, and the "fruits and flowers do not die." When the country is entered, all said of its natural beauty is found true, and for a few days the sunshine and green

woods are enjoyed; but soon the constant heat becomes oppressive, fruits pall on the taste, flowers, from very abundance, cease to be valued; the "grand forest" is soon called "the bush," and is avoided, because noxious weeds and deadly reptiles are there without number. Then comes African fever, dissipating all romance; and in his delirium, the sufferer talks of the ice-cool fountains of his native hills, and the bracing winds that blow over the fields at home. With recovery comes disgust of everything African, and a longing for home such as may never be overcome. Then, with the thoughtless or impatient, comes the remark, "I was deceived."

The evil is, not that they were not warned of the ills to be expected, but that, true to the hopefulness of our nature, the best was hoped for and the worst unnoted. Some missionaries have gone to Africa as much to gratify a love of romance and novelty as to save sinners and glorify their Saviour—good and worthy persons, too, but who were not sufficiently careful, and self-knowing, to discern the spirit which prompted the step. Such sink under, quail before, the oppressive realities; and, if not carried off by the first fever, soon return home, or, what is worse, remain where, for want of faith, they are unsuccessful, and a profitless tax on the missionary society. Persons of this class, however, are few. Our missionaries are generally men and women of sterner stuff; but though not discouraged by the evils we have mentioned, they have all felt, more or less keenly, the disappointment we speak of. Even with the most sensible and calculating the loss of home comforts cannot be appreciated beforehand, and the ugliness of heathen society must be seen to be realized.

To those who study the missionary work objectively, it would seem that the constant apprehension of death, under which white men on the coast must live, presents a formidable opposition to the progress of Christian effort. "Who is he that desireth not life?" The desire to live is natural, and common to us all; and though in the soul enlightened by divine grace, the desire to obey God may be stronger than the desire to live, the love of life prompts a necessary caution and fear of risk, and demands that the sense of duty which requires dangerous exposure shall be clear and unquestionable. Many who feel called to the missionary work do not feel that they are called to that part of the field in which life is in imminent peril; and hence the greater difficulty of procuring missionaries for western Africa than for China or the Pacific islands.

The sober and intelligent missionary who goes to the coast, has, in the highest sense, the spirit of the martyrs. He knows that the average life of the white man there is under three years; when he enters the field he is met by disease; he sees his brethren cut down at his side; and when he recovers from what is called the acclimating attack, he goes to his work haunted by the fears of sudden death. When we see intelligent men laboring cheerfully and zealously, amid such discouragements as these, and that without hope of reward in this life, we see the highest exhibitions of human sincerity—the noblest examples of the subordination of self to the sense of duty—the most tangible evidences of the power of religion over the human heart.

In presenting the missionary work, the next difficulty which is to be encountered is ignorance of the language. The languages of western Africa are unwritten. By labo-

rious intercourse with the people, the missionaries must learn to converse; then the sounds are to be reduced to writing, in the English characters; rules of syntax are to be elaborated; and, alas, when all this is done, the people are still to be taught to read their own tongue. When teachers and pupils have learned to communicate freely, orally and by writing, another difficulty presents itself; the language has no words to express the ideas of Christianity; terms are to be invented and then explained. Here commences the great work. How shall the teacher begin? The people have never been taught to reason. Their processes of thought are entirely different from his own. His arguments are to them nonsense, and may be set aside by the revelations of a witch, or the authority of a tradition. He finds with them no common ground of clearly-defined belief; and learns, by sad experience, that the intellect must be developed and trained, before it is capable of receiving the simplest truths of the Christian religion. Hence the schoolmaster must precede the preacher.

Time was when it was thought that on presenting, by preaching, the reasonableness of the truths of Christianity, the heathens would be converted. Too much of this idea still remains; but missionaries are learning, by the uselessness of mere preaching, that it requires a long and tedious process of instruction and mental discipline to bring African heathens to the capacity to receive Christian truth. Therefore, as it should have been from the first, children rather than adults become the object of the missionaries' care. The school-house is built before the church, and step by step as the teacher advances the preacher follows.

The number of African languages is a serious hindrance.

Five or six of the languages of the coast have been mastered by white men and reduced to writing, but these serve only the tribes speaking such languages; the neighboring tribes must remain in darkness until the same work has been done for them also. A few tribes have heard, and many more doubtless will hear, in their own tongues the Gospel of life; but I am of opinion that the English language is the *grand medium* through which Christianity is to be taught in western Africa. The English is destined to become, and that shortly, the language of the people on the coast north of the equator. It is now the language of the colonies at the Gambia, Sierra Leone, and other stations on the Gold Coast; also of the rapidly growing republic of Liberia. Great Britain, we think, will at no distant day extend her rule over all that part of the coast lying between the Niger and the Gambia, except the territory of Liberia; and with British rule will go the English language. Mohammedanism was spread in Africa through the Arabic; why may not Protestant Christianity be spread, and in an equally short time, through the English tongue, its most perfect and approved vehicle?

In the religious ideas of the people, the fear of witches and evil spirits presents the most formidable obstacle to the missionaries. Not unfrequently they see a youth educated at the schools, baptized, and perhaps professing religion, turning to the heathenism of his fathers for fear of offending the spirit of an ancestor. Mr. Cruikshank relates that Mr. H., who for forty years officiated as chaplain at the garrison of Cape Coast, resorted to witchcraft in his last hours. But the Africans are not alone in the belief and fear of supernatural beings other than those revealed by the Bible.

That some turn back to heathenism is sometimes urged as an argument against the usefulness of missions. The same argument would apply against Christianity at home. But in the African missions the number of such backsliders is fewer than is commonly reported; and considering the influences which surround the converts, the wonder is that they are so few.

Of all the institutions, civil or domestic, polygamy is the most formidable to Christianity. John W. Colenso, Lord Bishop of the diocese of Natal, South Africa, in a work recently published,* advances the fact, that in South Africa the progress of Christianity has been delayed by the refusal of clergymen to baptize persons having more than one wife, and advances the idea that it would be well for ministers to yield so far to the prevailing custom as to baptize and admit to communion such persons as may be converted while having many wives. The Protestant missionaries in Africa, south and west, have denounced the bishop's idea on this subject, as unsound scripturally, and full of evil practically, and among the objectors none are more loud than the intelligent converts. Christ hath no concord with Belial; and though the polygamous nations should be lost, we have no right to compromise his religion with heathenism. The bishop's opinion, however, is not without advocates; but they are generally irreligious persons, or Christians who have not weighed the bearings of the question. It is said by missionaries of his own church that the bishop himself was of this last-named class.

We have thus hastily referred to what we consider the

* "Ten Weeks in Natal," (South Africa).—Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

strongest of the many circumstances which oppose the progress of Christianity in Africa. We now propose to show, in a few words, that despite these oppositions, missionary labor is producing much good fruit.

The history of evangelization in western Africa begins with the present century. The year 1800 found a few missionaries on the coast, of the Lutheran, English Baptist, Episcopalian, and Wesleyan Methodist churches; but these should be regarded rather as forerunners, or surveyors of the land, than as missionaries. With Rev. J. L. Wilson, Mr. Cruikshank, and the English Methodist Missionary and Church Reports before us, we give the following as approaching a reliable summary of the history and state of the more important missions now in Africa. The English Baptist Missionary Society sent out its first missionaries (two to Sierra Leone) in 1794. The Missionary Societies of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London, sent out each two missionaries in 1757. The Church Missionary Society (English) sent out two missionaries in 1804. The Wesleyan Methodist Church established its African mission at Sierra Leone in 1811, on the Gold Coast in 1835, and on the Gambia in 1820. The Basle Missionary Society sent out two missionaries to Elmina in 1828. The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions (American) sent out two missionaries in 1833. The first missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church (American) landed in Africa in 1833. The Mendi Mission (American Missionary Association) was established in 1841. The Southern Baptist Board sent out its first missionary to Yoruba in 1849. Most of these missions have been in active operation, increasing in strength and usefulness, ever since.

The following tabular statement, gathered from missionaries in the field and other reliable sources, will give an idea of the present forces and successes on the West Coast. Wesleyan Methodist (English): missionaries, 20; local preachers, 75; school teachers, 160; members, 18,000; school children, 5,000. Church Mission (English): missionaries and native assistants, many of whom are ordained, 120; teachers, 200; communicants, 3,000; scholars, 6,000. Methodist Episcopal Mission (American): missionaries, 23; teachers, 22; members, 1,400; scholars, 850. Baptist Mission (American): missionaries, 23; teachers, 20; members, 700; scholars, 500. Presbyterian Mission (American): missionaries, 25; communicants, 150; scholars, 200. Episcopal Mission (American): missionaries, 13; teachers, 27; communicants, 250; scholars, 550. English Baptist Mission: missionaries, 6; teachers, 15; members, 130; scholars, 300. Basle Society (German Lutheran): missionaries, 3; members, 40; scholars, 400. American Association Mission (Mendi Mission): missionaries, 17; members, 100; scholars, 150. Scotch Presbyterian (United Secession) Mission: missionaries, 15. Total number of communicants, 23,770. Total number of scholars, many of whom are learning trades, 13,950. Where, in the history of Protestant Christian Missions, can we find results to equal these? How grand are they when we consider the oppositions before which they have been achieved!

When we add to the above the 15,000 converts, and the 15,000 school children under care of Wesleyan, Independent, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, French Protestant, German Protestant, and Moravian Missionaries in South Africa, what grounds has the church for encouragement; and how are

the doubts of the fearful, and the sneers of the skeptic, regarding the success of Christianity in Africa, hushed into silence before the jubilant hallelujahs of this blood-washed throng!

"Ethiopia *shall* stretch forth her hands unto God," saith the sure word of prophecy; and to-day is that Scripture fulfilled in our eyes. In agony of intense desire she stretcheth forth her hands to heaven and to men for the bread of life; and from the borders of the Great Desert to the Southern Cape, from the Niger to the Mozambique, the many-voiced want-cry of a despised and neglected race, a race hitherto dead but now struggling into life, waxes louder and louder.

The day dawns already when the vision of an uninspired prophet shall be realized by triumphant millions:

"And Afric's dusky swarms,
That from Morocco to Angola dwelt,
And drank the Niger from his native wells,
Or roused the lion in Numidia's groves;
The tribes that sat among the fabled cliffs
Of Atlas, looking to Atlanta's wave,
With joy and melody arose and came;
Zara awoke and came; and Egypt came,
Casting her idols into the Nile.
Black Ethiopia, that, shadowless,
Beneath the Torrid burned, rose and came.
Dauma and Medra, and the pirate tribes
Of Algeri, with incense came, and pure
Offerings, annoying now the seas no more."

CHAPTER XXIX.

CRUISING AND CRUISERS.

Object of maintaining an African Squadron—Treaty of Washington—Want of Coöperation—Abuses of the American Flag—Reasons for Continuing the African Squadron—Its Increase demanded—Complaints of want of Protection from our Citizens in Africa—Objections to the Maintenance of the Squadron answered—Unpopularity of the Station and Why.

That the navy department, executing the pleasure of the President, has since 1843 kept a force of armed vessels, called "The African Squadron," on the waters of the west coast of Africa, is generally known to our citizens, but the business of such squadron is not so well understood. The objects sought to be accomplished may be stated as follows: To comply with a compact entered into with Great Britain.

To suppress the slave-trade, and all other forms of illegal traffic and piracy, attempted to be carried on in those seas under cover of the American flag.

To protect American commerce and American citizens on the West Coast.

To extend our knowledge of physical geography, meteorology, and anything else that may be of scientific or commercial value.

The treaty known as the "Treaty of Washington" was ratified in August, 1842. We select the following from the Preamble and Articles for the benefit of such readers as

may not have access to that document. . . . . "Whereas the traffic in slaves is irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and justice: and whereas both Her Majesty and the United States are desirous of continuing their efforts for its entire abolition, it is hereby agreed that both the contracting parties shall use their best endeavors to accomplish so desirable an object," etc., etc.

"ARTICLE 8.—The parties mutually stipulate that each prepare, equip, and maintain in service on the coast of Africa, a sufficient and adequate squadron, or naval force of vessels, of suitable numbers and descriptions, to carry in all not less than eighty guns—to enforce, separately and respectively, the laws, rights and obligations of each of the two countries, for the suppression of the slave-trade; the said squadrons to be independent of each other; but the two governments stipulating, nevertheless, to give such orders to the officers commanding their respective forces as shall enable them most effectually to act in concert and coöperation, upon mutual consultation, as exigencies may arise, for the attainment of the true object of this article," etc., etc., etc.

"ARTICLE 9.—Whereas, notwithstanding all efforts which may be made on the coast of Africa for suppressing the slave-trade, the facilities for carrying on that traffic, and avoiding the vigilance of cruisers, by the fraudulent use of flags and other means, are so great, and the temptation for pursuing it, while a market can be found for slaves, so strong, as that the desired result may be long delayed, unless all markets be shut against the purchaser of African negroes; the parties to this treaty agree that they will unite in all becoming representations and remonstrances,

with any and all powers within whose dominions such markets are allowed to exist; and that they will urge upon all such powers the propriety and duty of closing such markets effectually, at once and forever."

So far as the letter of this treaty is concerned, it has not been carried out. Sometimes our force on the coast has been less than eighty guns, at other times more: and the conjoint cruising has been from the first, in spirit and letter, dead. It is hardly worth while to inquire upon which party the greater blame rests in the non-fulfillment of this provision; but it is certainly true, that the object of the treaty could be better carried out by a hearty and well-understood coöperation of the American and English squadrons. The prevailing indifference on this subject may be seen by the following statement: The flagships of the American and British squadrons on the coast in the years 1855, 1856, and part of 1857, met but once, and that at sea. They were two miles apart; they recognized each other by signal, and by the same means held the following communication:

"Anything to communicate?"

Answer—"Nothing to communicate."

This was the amount of the coöperation, so far as we were informed, that occurred during those years. The comment of an Irish sailor who stood in the gangway of our ship while the signalizing was going on, was very much to the point: "Och, the divel! he might as well have said nothing at all at all."

Commander Foote, of the U. S. navy, while in command of the brig Perry, on the coast, found the English officers quite disposed to coöperate with him; and so far as he had

authority, carried out the provisions of the treaty in this respect. That gentleman deserves much credit for the number of illegal traders captured by him, and for the amount of information valuable to American interests which he gathered while on that station.

Conjoint cruising of English and American war-vessels is demanded by the position which, as a nation, we have assumed regarding the "right of search." Taking advantage of what we demand on this subject, and what, out of respect to our power and the fear of offending us, other nations will grant, any pirate, or illegal trader, may escape arrest by British, or other cruisers, simply by carrying at his peak or masthead an American flag. Indeed it has been the habit of illegal traders of other nations, while on the coast and in the vicinity of English or French men-of-war, to carry the American flag, and by this means avoid a search which would discover the real objects of their pursuit. In the presence of an American man-of-war, the same traders would bear English colors, and thus escape all the officers of justice. Conjoint cruising would nonplus such proceeding; for if the suspected vessel showed American colors, she would be searched by the American officers; if British, or any other colors, by the British officers.

Observations on the abuses of our flag in Africa, have led us to the opinion that we are in error in demanding that vessels bearing our flag shall everywhere be exempt from search by British and other cruisers. It resolves, practically, into this, that every trader who invests seventy-five cents in bunting, figured into stars and stripes, and floats it from his masthead, may claim American nationality, and immunity from search on the high seas. We have too pro-

found a veneration for this emblem of our nation's existence and honor, to be willing to see it prostituted to the base purposes which have been enacted, under its fair folds. Our position would be appropriate, and demanded by self-respect, if the nationality of vessels could be indubitably ascertained without boarding; and provided that we had a sufficient naval force on every sea to which our commerce extends to see that our flag should be used to cover only lawful commerce. But as nationality is not so easily ascertained, and as our naval force is small—very small as compared with our commerce—and inadequate to the supervision demanded, would it not be well for us so far to qualify our position as to permit vessels bearing the American flag *on the seas of the African coast, and on other waters frequented by illegal and piratical traders*, to be *visited* by the cruisers of other nations, and searched, *when suspicion may exist as to the genuineness of the nationality claimed.*

We have it in our power now to withdraw from the terms of this compact, so far as the keeping of a squadron on this coast is concerned, or to increase or diminish our forces there, provided, that in case of withdrawal of the squadron, due notice be given to her majesty's government. But though we should cease to acknowledge the obligation of the treaty as an object in maintaining our African squadron, the second, and more important object, remains to be met, namely, the suppression of the slave-trade between Africa and America.

As early as 1742, the governor and the provincial legislature of Virginia pronounced the importation of slaves from the coast of Africa "a trade of great inhumanity,"

and dangerons "to the very existence of the Dominions." From that day until the present, the opinion has been gaining ground, at the North and at the South, that the trade is one in which a humane, an enlightened, and a respected nation should not condescend to deal. Whatever may be said of the humanity or inhumanity of this trade in its early history, certain it is, that for many years past it has been carried on under conditions which made it the cause of innumerable murders, and immeasurable suffering to an unoffending and a defenceless race.

It is, moreover, believed by a vast body of intelligent and truly patriotic citizens of the South, that the influx, in any considerable numbers, of savage Africans into the southern States would be dangerous to the institutions of those States, and in portions of them dangerous to the existence of the white race. To meet the demands prompted by these sentiments, at once Christian and patriotic, the chief executive is required to keep a naval force on the coast of Africa to intercept the reckless speculators, fitted out at Boston and New York, who, in defiance of the laws of nations and humanity, would enrich themselves in this evil-brooding trade.

Since entering on its mission, the African squadron has done much for the suppression of this traffic. More might have been done with the same force, had it been distributed in smaller vessels, and had the cruises been made shorter. our ships have been too heavy to enter the rivers; and knowing that he had to remain two and a half or three years on the station, the cruiser avoided the shore as much as possible. The French and English employ small steamers for this work; and hence their greater display of activity

in capturing slavers and extending protection and aid to lawful traders. In 1856, the English squadron was composed of twenty-one vessels, eighteen of which were steamers. The Hon. Secretary of the United States navy has lately ordered three steamers to the coast, which will add much to the efficiency of our squadron there.

The American African squadron should be largely increased: four, or even five vessels are not enough; and this increase is demanded by the increase of American commerce. As the slave-trade decreases, lawful commerce increases; and if, by universal consent, the slave-trade should cease to-morrow, the increase of our squadron would still be demanded for the protection of our vessels and citizens. Complaint is made by our citizens on the coast, and not without cause, that they suffer many annoyances which would not occur were they visited more frequently by American men-of-war. The Africans have a wholesome dread of great guns and the bayonets of marines. We have been told often, by traders, that American vessels on the coast are constantly receiving assistance from English men-of-war such as should be furnished by our own. This seeming neglect does not grow out of the indifference of our government to the lives and property of its citizens abroad, as is often intimated, but is owing to the smallness of our squadron on the coast, and the inefficiency of the ships (not the officers) appointed to that station. When Congress puts steamers enough at the disposal of the President to meet the wants of our foreign commerce, he will likely put some of them on the coast of Africa. Until then our citizens must be thankful for small favors, and for the rest trust to good luck and kind neighbors.

Many objections have been made, of late, to the maintenance of a squadron on the coast of Africa. We have heard these objections as presented by the extreme political parties of the North and the South—the abolitionist North, and extremist South—and are still at a loss for an objection to the maintenance of an armed naval force on the coast of Africa that will not equally apply to the maintenance of every squadron we have, except that which guards our own shores. "The expense of this squadron" is dwelt upon. It is great—$250,000 annually; but this is less than that of any other foreign squadron. "The great mortality among officers and men" is complained of; but this is less, in proportion to the number of men employed, than that of any other squadron except one. But though the expenses were ten times greater, they should be met, if the honor of the American nation, or the interests of American commerce, demand it. It will be time enough for our citizens of the interior to complain of the unhealthiness of that station when the men engaged in the service complain of it. This they have not done yet; nor do they thank their country friends for doing it for them. Health and personal comfort are but secondary considerations with the American naval officer when duty is in question. If the honor of his flag, or the interests of his nation require his services on the coast of Africa, he will not stop to ask is it healthy? And to ask such a question for him, would be a reflection on his honor and courage. If our government has pronounced the slave-trade piracy (and she was the first among the nations to do this), she should maintain an armed force for its suppression, or recede from that position. If we have commerce with Africa, and citizens resident there engaged

in lawful pursuits, they certainly deserve protection. And, be it remembered, we have yet to contribute our quota of scientific labor to the navigation of those shores. Commerce, mission and colonial establishments, nay, the cause of civilization and Christianity in Africa, are largely dependent on the maintenance and efficiency of the American African squadron.

We suggest to our trading friends, that their constant complaining of the inefficiency of the squadron is not politic. Better occasional assistance than none at all.

And we would remind the imprudent friends of colonization and missions, who, for the purpose of lauding their own schemes, are given to commenting on the expensiveness of armed forces to suppress the slave-trade and encourage commerce, and the superiority of the "peace system" over that of force, that to the African squadron our missions and colonies in Africa are indebted for their existence. Withdraw the armed forces, and a single twelvemonth would witness the destruction of every benevolent institution on the West Coast, except those of Liberia; and indeed the destruction of that nation would be only a question of time.

The African station is not popular with navy officers. Not that it is feared—we have no such word as fear in our vocabulary—but because of its expensiveness, the long intervals of "news from home," and the monotony of the cruiser's life there. The notion prevails extensively, that navy officers are provided, on ship-board, with furnished apartments, comfortable fare, wines included! and uniform. Alas! that it is not so. And that it is not so, the lean purse of the African cruiser will testify. Most of the provisions consumed in the officers' messes are such as have

been put up in America, and, by the time they reach them, the plainest fare is high living in point of price. African markets are not abundant in such edibles as white men use. Baked bats are very good, no doubt, but they are not attractive to the American taste. Parrots are said to be "delicate," but what cannibal could eat a thing that says its prayers like a Christian, and screams "remember poor Polly" with its dying breath. A boiled monkey might look very well to Dean Swift, whose mouth could water at the thought of "baked baby," but for myself, I should feel more like reading the funeral service over such a dish than dining on it. The fruits are good, but will not keep at sea. Pigs and poultry may be obtained at the large towns, but seldom in sufficient quantities to supply all the messes. Then such pigs! Shades of Cincinnati porkers get up! Lank and lean as ill-fed grey-hounds, savage and untamable as hyenas, they do for neither cooking nor keeping. The hens are good—very good; but it is a moral rather than a muscular goodness. They are, generally, sober-looking old matrons, that have become lean in providing for other generations; they become home-sick, or sea-sick, on ship-board, and for want of the inspiring notes of their own chanticleer soon depart this life. You may be sure, delicate reader, that such faded cacklers make *foul* pies.

After filling up with stores and water at the U. S. store-house in the Cape Verd Islands, at which place is the post-office for the station, the cruiser runs over to the coast, and proceeds along shore, touching at the principal towns, and boarding such American vessels as he may meet until he reaches St. Paul, Loando, or St. Philip, Benguela; then he

returns to the Cape Verds. This cruise generally occupies four months—months of monotonous duty, tedious sameness of scenery, for all African towns are alike in general character, ennui, and debility from the heat; and all this without news from home. Then hours move on leaden wings; time, precious time, is felt to be a burden, and with its anxieties hangs heavily on the heart. Often would the African cruiser, on waking from a dream of home, willingly consent to wipe out from the number of his days the weeks which keep him from the desired haven where messages of love may greet him.

In memory we are there now, and live again the dead life of the tropical calms. But time, that waits for none, will speed for none. The equator must be crossed and recrossed, storms encountered and calms endured, days and nights of rocking and plunging on the dreary sea, counted by the score; but we shall make the Cape Verds at last; the English steamer, strong and faithful, like the nation she represents, will heave in sight; the American mails will be opened, and we shall hear, with palpitating hearts, "letters for you." In the meantime, thank God for dreams. They bring the pattering of little feet, and the forms of loved ones, and caresses of pure affection, to the sailor's pillow and the sailor's heart.

CHAPTER XXX.

CAPE VERD ISLANDS.

The Cape Verd Islands—Origin—Droughts—Population—Climate—Mayo—Boavista—Sal—Fuego—San Vincent—Porto Grande—American Graveyard—San Antonio—Brava—St. Jago—Porto Praya—Untold Incidents—Homeward Bound—The U. S. Steamer Jamestown—Home Again—Adieu.

The Cape Verd Islands, situate between 14° 48′ and 17° 12′ N. lat., and 22° 43′ and 25° 23′ W. long., have been long and favorably known to the seafaring and commercial men of Europe and America, as a half-way house, or caravanserai on the seas, between the ports of Europe and South America, and those of America and Africa. They are visited frequently also by the homeward-bound Indiamen of Great Britain, and by American whalers. In later years they have obtained some notoriety as being the rendezvous of the American African Squadron.

The group (sometimes, but incorrectly, called the "Cape *de* Verdes Islands") takes its name from Cape Verd on the opposite coast, 400 miles distant, and was discovered in the year 1450 by Antonio Noli, a Genoese in the service of the prince of Portugal. The inhabited islands are ten, namely: St. Jago, Sal, Boavista (generally called Bonavista), Mayo, Fuego, or Fogo, Brava, St. Nicholas, St. Vincent, St. Antonio, and Branco. Besides these there are several islets, barren and without inhabitants, remarkable only as the resort of fishermen and sea-birds, and for the grotesque beauty of their

dark cliffs and foam-lashed shores, and the well-characterized types of their geological formations. These islands are all of volcanic origin; the fruit, no doubt, of the same subterraneous throes which gave the Madeiras and Canaries to the superaqueous world. There are, however, abundant evidences of distinct and well-marked periods of elevation, widely separated from each other, the last of which may be referred to a comparatively recent disturbance. The bold cliffs, and wind-denuded peaks and mountain sides, reveal perpendicular dikes of volcanic breccia, protrusions of green stone, and beds of secondary limestone. In outline these islands are wildly jagged; in surface, everywhere uneven; but few of their tortuous valleys contain any verdure, and the mountains are generally without trees or even shrubs. M. Noli must have called them *Verde* for the reason that they were *not green*. The soil is a well-decomposed tufa, and when duly watered yields most abundantly the fruits and grains of the tropics; but alas! they have no rivers, no "fountains abounding with water," and rain seldom falls on the thirsty fields.

Our first visit to them was in August, 1855, and at that time no rain had fallen on any of them in three years, and some of them had received none in four years. In many of them the cattle had perished, and the famine-stricken inhabitants were flying to those in which there was still some food. Appeal was made on behalf of the sufferers to the mother country, and to America: some relief was obtained, but before it came, the population, which at the commencement of 1855 was 120,000, had fallen below 100,000.

For nine months of the year, the islands are swept by the strong northeast trade-winds, and during their continuance

no rain is expected; the plants, except the *orchilla*, and others which subsist mainly on the atmosphere, wither; and it is only by irrigation that the fruit-trees are preserved in the valleys. During the months of August, September, and October, the prevailing winds are from the southwest, and they occasionally bring rain with them. Of late years the droughts have been more frequent than formerly; and each succeeding one becomes longer than the former. A few more such as that which has just passed will leave the islands without inhabitants; and when they are gone, the world will be just as good and quite as intelligent as it is with them.

For many years these were the penal colonies of Portugal; the criminals were allowed to import negroes, as slaves, from the coast; with these they intermarried, and the present inhabitants are worthy representatives of this mixture of depravity and ignorance. Physically the African element predominates; their skins are black and their heads are kinky, and but for the regularity of their features they would pass for genuine Ethiopians. The officers of the government, many of the merchants, and the higher priests, are white Portuguese; but the rest of the inhabitants may be called blacks, without the least violation of language.

The climate of the Cape Verd Islands is in every respect tropical; but owing to the constancy of the trade-winds which sweep over them, the temperature is moderate and uniform. During what is termed the rainy season the climate is deadly to Americans, and persons from the north of Europe. African fever prevails, and frequently, becoming epidemic, carries off many of the inhabitants. During the prevalence of the northeast trade-winds the atmosphere is dry and laden with dust, swept from the lifeless fields;

inflammatory fevers are then frequent, and it becomes the white-skinned stranger to be always temperate in living and exercise, and to avoid the night air. The sanitary regulation of the African squadron, which prohibits staying on shore on the coast after sunset, is, and for sufficient reasons, applied to these islands also.

Some of this group are worthy of particular notice.

MAYO,

which is twelve miles long and eight broad, is remarkable for having but one spring of fresh water in its whole extent. It is thinly populated; the wretched inhabitants make a scanty living by manufacturing salt from sea-water; and they do no more of this than will suffice to buy corn enough to keep body and soul together.

The living sharers of their want are pigs, donkeys, and goats. By the way, I should like to know if the experiment of starving goats or donkeys has ever been tried. If so, with what success?

BOAVISTA,

(literally good view), is said to have been productive at one time; at present it is almost a desert. Its people, of whom there are four thousand, are always hungry, and the lean cattle, with sad faces and tears in their eyes, walk solemnly in endless rumination over grassless fields. In the valleys there is some vegetation. Fishing, salt-making, and going to funerals, are the chief amusements and employments of the people.

SAL

is well known to the American trade for the excellence and quantity of the salt produced there. Along the beach, on which the salt-pans lie, vast hills of it may be seen glistening in the sun, like huge drifts of snow.

FUEGO

(Fogo) is remarkable for the height of its central mountain, which is a slumbering volcano. It emits smoke and gaseous vapors; and at night, in heavy weather, the clouds above it reflects a dull red light from the fires in its crater. Its height, as estimated by M. Kerhallet, is 2,976 metres, and the depth of the crater 186 metres. Mrs. Somerville, quoting from Vidal, gives the height as 9,154 feet.

As late as the latter part of the last century this volcano was so active that it served a valuable purpose as a light-house to mariners on the adjacent seas.

ST. VINCENT

is favorably known to the American cruiser; for here the English steamers of the Brazilian line deliver the American mails for the African squadron. The tax on letters is one readily paid; but this is no reason why the exorbitant charge of *sixty-five cents per half ounce* should be extorted from men who are serving their country on the African coast. Surely they are taxed disproportionately; and that portion of it which goes to our own government might well be lessened.

The bay of Porto Grande, in the island of St. Vincent, affords a secure anchorage from the prevailing winds. The town, bearing the same name as the bay, is a collection of small stone huts, surrounded by hills and valleys that are the very emblems of barrenness. It is the coal depot of the English Brazilian lines, on the local expenditures of which the town is supported. The houses of the American and English vice consuls, coal agents and traders, help to give it an air of civilization and decency. On an arid plain beyond the town is the American graveyard. We have visited it often, but never without sadness at the fate of those who met death and found their long homes on so lonely a shore. After we are dead, it will matter little where earth returns to earth; but in anticipating that event, it would add much to its gloom to think that the bed of our long sleep should be made where the surf beats on a neglected shore, where the dreary wind speaketh continually in a mournful voice, where flowers find no life, and where the angel of desolation spreadeth his wings forever. On such a spot is the American graveyard of Porto Grande. But even here, as though kind nature would speak to us in the language of hope and life from the midst of death, on a soil unmoved by swelling germs or insect forms, a few dwarf cedars, emblems of immortality, rear their tiny heads and point us to the skies. Here sleep officers and men, carried off by diseases contracted on the coast, who never dreamt that a life of honorable ambition and faithful service could end in such quietude and obscurity. The fence of the yard is falling down; the American eagle which stands over the gate, spreading his wings in the attitude of defence, is dropping to pieces; and many of the tombs and head-

stones have fallen down. The same state of things exists in the graveyard of Porto Praya; and I am sorry to say, that, as compared with those of other nations, the American burial-grounds abroad are generally in a disgraceful condition. Is it true that the civilization and refinement of a people may be estimated by the respect which they show for their dead? Our consuls abroad and the commanders of our foreign squadrons might do much toward wiping out this reproach.

When last at this port we exhumed the remains of Lieut. Henry, formerly of the U. S. navy, an accomplished, worthy and beloved young officer. They rest now, amid the dust of his fathers, under the greensward of Pennsylvania.

As we came away for the last time from that unconsecrated ground, and our feet sank ankle deep in the burning dust, the earnest prayer was: "bury me not among strangers. No, let me sleep where spring shall scatter flowers o'er the moldering urn, and the carolling of birds shall mingle with the lullabies of angel watchers, and friends shall come in the quiet evening to commune with the invisible beloved, to gather thoughts of heaven, and to learn the way.

The adjoining island,

ST. ANTONIO,

produces corn, sugar-cane and fruits; but not enough for the support of its population.

BRAVA

has some well watered and fertile valleys, and produces cattle and vegetables for exportation to the other islands.

Fortunately for these people, the waters around the group produce excellent fish. Whales are taken occasionally in the breeding season; and the barter with the whalers produces bread.

ST. JAGO

is the most important island of the Cape Verd group. Its population is more numerous, its exportations and importations are larger: it is the port of entry to the other islands, has the seat of government, the cathedral, and the U. S. storehouse of the African squadron. Porto Praya is the chief town. The bay of the same name opens to the southward, is a mile and a half wide at its entrance, and a mile inland. Its shores are bold and high, and being lined by huge masses of conglomerate, are almost inaccessible. At the head of the bay there is a sand beach half a mile in length. Here boats land, or rather stop, and the passengers are carried through the surf on the shoulders of the boatmen, or natives, hungry for a fee. The town is built on a plateau, or table land, 150 feet high, which contains about a square mile. Its native inhabitants number four thousand; Portuguese officials and other foreigners, about a hundred. Here resides W. H. Morse, Esq., our hospitable and energetic consul for the Cape Verd Islands. The houses are built on the sides of a large square; many of them are of good size, and all are substantial, being built of stone and covered with Dutch tiles. There is a small market here; and beef, poultry and vegetables, can be obtained in small quantities; and besides these, some of the finest oranges in the world. Water is sold, but at a low price. It is wholesome, but of an unpleasant flavor, as

it passes through strata of rotten limestone. Beef, water and tobacco are monopolies; that is, a company or an individual pays the government so much for the right to sell these articles, and none are allowed to sell but by appointment of the monopolist. Monopoly has this advantage here, that a small quantity is sold at the same rate as a large quantity; thus preventing speculation, and putting the poor on the same footing with the rich. Slaves are still sold in St. Jago, and by the pound at that; but a pound of old negro meat will not bring as much as the more young and tender flesh. It may be well to remark, however, that this meat is not generally eaten! The flag-ship Jamestown spent much time at Porto Praya, as in duty bound, and we had ample opportunity of making short excursions in its vicinity. I should like to tell you of some of these, and, dear reader, of our walks to the baobab tree, forty feet in circumference, which was standing where it now stands when the island was discovered; and of our walk to Trinidad, where there are gardens and orange orchards; and how we broke down on the way; and how our dignified fleet surgeon worked his passage to town on the back of a donkey "that wouldn't go." I should like to give an account of our visit to the ancient capital of the island, the city of Cidade (formerly St. Jago), now in ruins; its venerable cathedral, ruined monastery, and parish church, in which are tombstones which date back to a period anterior to the discovery of America; and how we came near losing our lives on the way by being struck by a flaw. I should like to tell you something of our excellent friend, the governor of these islands; and of our dear and pious old friend, the Roman Catholic bishop of the Cape Verd Islands; and

how his fat sides shook with laughter when we proposed to send him two Methodist preachers from America who should do more and better work than his forty priests all put together. All about these things I could tell you, and more besides; but I fear that you are already weary of these sketches, and I know I am.

The Jamestown left Porto Praya and the African station on the first day of May, 1857, and entered the Delaware on the first of June; having visited over twenty foreign ports, many of them several times, boarded over a hundred vessels, and sailed 37,000 miles. She was pronounced in "perfect order and efficiency" by the inspecting officers on her return; and I question if a better disciplined or more moral crew ever worked a ship: thanks to her excellent Commander, J. H. W.; First Lieutenant, T. H. P.; Marine Officer, W. L. S.; and the exemplary lives of all her commissioned officers. I would like to describe the emotions which stirred in our hearts as the shores of our own beloved land loomed above the horizon; the pride, the gratitude, which glowed when we breathed again the air of the noblest, the freest of earth; the tears of joy that welcomed us home, and the thanksgiving of devoted hearts in our behalf. But language fails us.

CANARY ISLANDS.

CANARY ISLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

GRAND CANARY.

Peak of Teneriffe in the Distance—Grand Canary—Natives Visit the Ships—Our Commercial Agent—Surface, Soil, and Productions of the Island—City of Las Palmas—A Visit to the Shore—Hotel, Market, Cathedral, Foundling Asylum, Female College, Club-room, etc.

All through a cloudy day in the month of October, we were expecting to hear the cry of "Land, ho!" from the "tops," and occasionally sweeping the western horizon with our telescopes, looking for the giant landmark of these waters—the Peak of Teneriffe. About sunset, the clouds from the south and west dispersed, and far off on the western horizon, near the place of the sun's departure, the huge cone appeared, clearly defined, its broad base seeming to rest on the surface of the now burnished ocean, and bearing the evening stars on its Atlantean shoulders.

By observation, we found that we were sixty miles distant, yet so distinct was the outline, that we might have seen it several hours sooner, if the sky had been free from clouds. The Peak is said to be visible, in very clear weather, at the distance of a hundred miles; yet it seldom

happens in this latitude, that the sky is entirely cloudless, and hence it is but seldom seen beyond the distance of fifty or sixty miles, and then often the summit of the cone alone is visible, peering above the clouds, which the mountain attracts and holds to its sides.

Few pictures live more vividly in memory than the first appearance of a land for which the voyager has been anxiously looking, when seen from the narrow confines of a ship tossed on a monotonous sea; and from no other point of view will the impression be so favorable. The rugged steeps and dark ravines are lost in the distance; hills and vales blend with each other in softened lines; and the mind, absorbed in the physical aspect, forgets the human sorrows and moral deformities which exist in every clime.

Such a view was ours, on the evening referred to. The solitary ship, the silent sea, the darkening sky, the fading glow of evening, the struggling star-light, the clearly-defined circle of the horizon, broken only by the mammoth pyramid rising from the plane of the ocean,

> "Like Earth's gigantic sentinel,
> Discoursing in the sky,"

conspired to produce an impression that must live in memory, a thing of beauty, for ever. But more of Teneriffe in its appropriate place; at present we are bound for other shores.

On the following morning, Sunday 14th, the island of Grand Canary was fully in view; we were running before the brisk N.E. trade-wind, and early in the afternoon stood in for the town of Las Palmas, and came to anchor in its open roadstead, a mile from the shore. The decks were

speedily cleared, the awnings spread, all unnecessary work abandoned, and the men being already in clean dress, our ship assumed a quietness and neatness becoming the sacred day. The health-boat, bearing the Spanish ensign, after much delay, came alongside, and granted us leave to communicate with the shore. She was followed by a number of shore-boats, filled with natives of all ages and classes, curious to see an American man-of-war. They were permitted to board, and interested us much with their lively prattle, respectful manners and variety of costumes. They are more swarthy, but not less robust than their brethren of Spain, much like the creoles of Cuba, and have nothing characteristic in dress, if we except the knee-breeches and coarse woollen hose, supported at the knee with brightly colored stripes; and this, as we afterward observed, distinguished the people of the country from those of the city, and the fishermen of the coast.

The people of these islands, excepting the aristocracy, who are educated in Spain, and the government officials, who are mostly from the mother country, are generally very poor, very hospitable, very ignorant, very honest, very dirty, and very *religious;* though not unusually *moral!* Very few of them have as yet heard of Luther and the Reformation, and when they do, they will shrug their shoulders, and wish the heretic a quick passage to a place beyond purgatory. A few among the better informed of the *canaille* have heard of Protestantism, but their most liberal opinion of it is, that it is a faith of negations—a creed of protest against all the teachings of the *Church;* believing nothing but the being of God, and having no practical faith in that.

At the British consulate in the island of Teneriffe, we baptized a child of English parentage, and at the request of the friends, used that beautiful form of the church of England, which requires that the sign of the cross be made on the forehead of the child, "in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to acknowledge the faith of Christ crucified." When the ceremony was ended, an intelligent-looking native who was present exclaimed, "What! do Protestants believe in Christ and the cross?" Dear little Peter Swanson, may the spiritual significance of the sign, impressed on thy tender brow, be the comfort of thy life and death!

The flag lieutenant, Mr. B., went ashore to pay the respects of the commodore to the authorities of the island, and brought off with him our consular agent, Mr. Manley, who, though an Englishman, has acted in that capacity for many years, and to whose kindness and ample information we are indebted for much of our knowledge of this island.

Grand Canary is not, as its name seems to import, the largest island of the Canary archipelago; but was called "*grand*" by the discoverer, Bethencourt, on account of the bravery and warlike character of the aboriginal inhabitants; and it gives the general name of Canary to the group around, though it is but the second in size. Although it is an upheaval, or elevation, of volcanic formation, it possesses many plains and plateaus, and hills and valleys of gentle slopes, so that it is less broken in outline, and contains a greater amount of cultivatable land, than any of its neighbors; and if we except Madeira, is, perhaps, the most fruitful island of its size in the volcanic system of the African coast. Its rock, embracing mainly the volcanic con-

glomerate, tufas, compact basalt and vesicular scoria, is in general character, identical with that of Madeira.

The soil is remarkably fruitful, and the climate is so favorable to vegetation, that, as we were informed by competent authority, two crops of wheat may be produced on the same ground in one year.

The most popular brands of Canary wine were formerly produced in this island, but here, as in Madeira, and in the other islands of this group, and from the same cause, the grape has almost entirely disappeared. Sugar cane to be manufactured into rum, and cochineal for exportation, are now the staple articles of agriculture. The island is 105 miles in circumference, and contains a population of 59,900; including the 11,250 of the city.

The city of Las Palmas, formerly the capital of the Canary Islands, and now the residence of the Royal Council, is situated on the southern side of the island, on a plain of a mile in width and about three miles in length. On this plain, and to the west of the city, stand many venerable palms which are said to have been of their present height when these islands were colonized, and are therefore at least 1,500 years old. From them the city derived its name, Las Palmas being literally "the palm trees." From the anchorage, the city presents a pretty, rather than an imposing, appearance. The substantial, square-roofed houses, are generally painted in some brilliant color, and here and there an ornamented dome, or graceful spire, gives an air of taste to the picture.

Early on the morning following our arrival, I joined Dr. C. in a visit to the shore; knowing that, with his many other inestimable qualities and accomplishments, his thor-

ough command of the Spanish language would make him a valuable guide. We found our way to the *English Hotel* —so called, perhaps, because the servants don't understand a word of that language—were admitted through a massive door into an open court, around which the house stands in pure Moorish, or Spanish, style—which you please—were conducted to the second story, which alone is inhabitable in such buildings, led into a dark room, and, when the heavy doors and window-shutters grated their welcome to the light of day, found ourselves surrounded with pictures illustrating the adventures of Don Quixote. We felt at home at once! asked the butler if he was not a lineal descendant of the immortal shadow—told him we made the acquaintance of his relative in our boyhood, and hoped that by 4 o'clock, he would give us a dinner worthy of the friends of the family. He grinned and bowed, and we returned to the street for a lion hunt.

The city, which is built with some respect to system, is divided in the centre by a river bed, now dry, which is inclosed by walls of solid masonry, and spanned by a stone bridge, the balustrades of which are ornamented by well cut marble statues of several of the heathen deities. Near the river is the fruit market; and here we loitered for a while, feasting our eyes on the greatest variety of fruits and vegetables that we ever beheld in a market-place. The pumpkins, several of which we failed to lift on account of their weight, squashes, melons, and other fruits of the genus *cucurbita*, surpassed any fancy pictures we had ever drawn of tropical luxuriance. We speak of this as a tropical climate, for although it is not included in that zone which geographers call tropical, its climate and

animal and vegetable productions entitle it to that classification.

Let the reader imagine a small triangular court, lined with stalls, in which are heaps of such pumpkins as we have described, overhung by festoons of smooth rose-colored onions, and bunches of honey dropping bananas fifty pounds in weight; crowd the doors and shelves with baskets of apples and pomegranates, pears and citrons, peaches, apricots and limes, oranges and plums, dates and mulberries, figs and melons; and, among these, pack mammoth specimens of the common culinary vegetables of America, making room for walnuts, almonds and chestnuts, and ornament the whole with bunches of gorgeous flowers, and he will have a fair idea of the market of Las Palmas in summer.

But little in the way of architecture is to be expected in western Africa or any of its islands; yet, the cathedral of St. Anne, though still unfinished after a hundred years of building, is a large and beautiful edifice; in that style which, in its pointed and uplifting arches, is full of beauty, and symbolically appropriate to a temple of worship. The gothic style is speedily regaining favor in Europe, and finds admiration in America, and the time is not distant when it will be generally imitated in church architecture.

The arched and tastefully ornamented roof is supported within by the rows of columns which divide the interior into three aisles, of which the central one has a tessellated marble floor, while those on each side are ornamented with private altars, statuettes and oil paintings. Of these, two, representing the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord, are valuable imitations of Murillo. The choir—a room on

the floor, itself quite a large chapel—occupies one end of the central aisle, and the chancel, containing the grand altar, which is covered with a plating of solid silver, the other. The lamp which goes not out, suspended before the altar, is also solid silver, handsomely chased, and weighing five hundred pounds. We were shown into the sacristy, and allowed to take the furniture of the altar and the vestments of the priests in our heretical hands. Several of the crucifixes are of solid gold, and the chalice also is gold, set with costly diamonds. The vestures of the higher clergy are the richest fabrications of the kind that we have ever seen; one of them, made of white brocade silk, profusely trimmed with a fringe of pure gold—the robe of a bishop—cost over five thousand dollars. The garments alone are estimated at one hundred thousand dollars; the interest of which would support and educate the poor children of the island.

From here we descended into a catacomb, dark and damp, which occupies the space under the chancel, and has already several occupants, including two or three bishops. The roof of this apartment is composed of large square stones and stands, without arch or pillar, by being closely tongued and grooved together, and fastened with a strong cement. It is a piece of masonry worthy of any country.

Going through the public square, as we left the cathedral, we passed the venerable-looking bishop of these islands, dressed in a red cloak, black knee-breeches, scarlet hose and silver-buckled shoes. He was accompanied by a number of Jesuit priests, who were dressed in long black gowns, wearing the long stove-pipe hat, which here desig-

nates that order. We gave the amiable old man a military salute as we passed him, which he returned with the unusual compliment, lifting his cocked hat, and the stove-pipes flying up in imitation, revealed a number of closely-shaven pates.

A well-dressed and well-served dinner awaited us at the hotel, but one certainly more suitable to the stomach of a Don Quixote than to that of an American. The odor of garlic met us at the door to check the ardor of appetite. Garlic in the soup, garlic in the fish sauce, garlic in the gravy, *fricassée à la* garlic, the bread, and even the dessert, tasted of garlic, and for days after, the miserable scent followed us, as insensible to hints as a poor relation. After dinner, we were visited by a couple of gentlemen, who came to offer us, in common with the officers of the ship, the freedom of the club-room of the city, and to escort us to such places as we desired to visit. We placed ourselves at their disposal, walked through the most pleasant parts of the city, and visited the foundling hospital and female college.

In the hospital there are over one hundred children between the ages of a few days and fourteen years, mostly females. They are here taught needle-work, reading, and weaving, and furnished with food and clothing until they are old enough to make a living for themselves.

The institution is directed and maintained by the Sisters of Charity, who continue a kindly watchfulness over their wards for years after they leave it. Of the number of children there under six months old, two only were in good health—this, not for the want of medical attention or good nursing, but because the majority of them are born with

those diseases which are the heritage of abandonment. The lady, acting as matron of the establishment, informed us that of those brought there in infancy, but about ten *per centum* reached the second year. The children partook of the evening meal—consisting chiefly of bread and a light broth—while we were there; and as we were leaving, they were chanting, mechanically and with husky, sorrowful notes, their hymn of thanksgiving. Between those we left in the upper rooms in the various stages of emaciation, and *in articulo mortis*, and those singing in the court below, we were struck with a common resemblance in expression of features. Sadness marked every face. Early led into the mystery of sorrow, strangers to the voice of affection and the caresses of maternal love, they are growing prematurely old, knowing not the meaning of father, or sister, or home; the affection and joyfulness of childhood are withering in the bud; and with many, the pale cheek shows that the fair flowers are dead. Will Spring ever visit the gardens of these hearts? has this cold world a breath of love, or a gleam of sunshine, to call these dead heart-flowers to life?

No, not for all—not for most of them!

> "So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
> Shine inward!"

At the female college, the young ladies, natives of the islands, treated us to some superior music. We were shown through the dormitories and recitation-rooms, and everywhere order and taste were manifest. The course of instruction is similar to that pursued in our own female colleges, but differing advantageously in this, that languages

take the place of mathematics, and painting is carried beyond the region of daubing in colors to the highly useful accomplishment of sketching from nature.

It was now night; so we joined our messmates at the club-room, where we spent a pleasant hour receiving hospitalities from the gentlemen of the city. After refreshments, the president of the club offered a toast, "To the friendly relations existing between the Canary Islands and the United States—may they exist forever!" This was answered by our accomplished first-lieutenant, W. A. Bartlett, in excellent Spanish; both toasts were followed by rounds of applause. A second was offered, "To the Jamestown and her officers," which was appropriately responded to by Lieutenant Commanding, J. F. Armstrong, who was followed by "three times three."

Having thus contributed something toward strengthening the bonds of peace existing between our nations—we say this with a good deal of self-complacency, reader—we walked to a brilliantly-lighted square near by, where a military band was discoursing artistic music, and the ladies of the city were promenading. The ladies were beautiful, and walked exquisitely; but we beg to be excused from going into the usual ecstasies of admiration over Spanish female beauty. True, their carriage is admirable, their black eyes soft and beautiful, but too languid, and lack-lustre, and are wanting in intellectual vivacity; and the faces of the Spanish *señoritas* will not compare favorably with those of the young blonds and brunettes of America.

Here, as in Spain and the Havanas, young people of opposite sexes do not walk together in public, unless they

are *affiancés*, and then, they are accompanied by the mother of the lady, or a prudent relative. The reason offered for this usage is, that the sexes have more respect for each other when kept far apart; but the true reason, is the suspicion of parents, who are often conscious of not having set a proper example before their children.

We are satisfied that the degree of intimacy allowed in the *good* circles of American society—we exclude *upper tens*, *parvenus*, and the imitators of the defects of foreign society now so numerous in our cities—contributes to the self-dependence and happiness of both sexes. The unhappy marriages which, statisticians tell us, abound in Spanish countries, may, in part at least, be traced to the incongeniality which must so often result, where the parties know nothing of each other's personal qualities previously to marriage; and also to the want of confidence in a virtue which has never been left to stand in its own strength. We agree with the vicar of Wakefield, that "a virtue which requires to be always watched, is not worth having."

On the day following our excursion, we remained aboard, and on Wednesday visited the young but promising male college of this city, and the cochineal fields in the suburbs, of which cultivation we shall speak under the head of Teneriffe. On Thursday, our officers were engaged to dine with Madam Mendoza Tate, a South Carolinian by birth, who is married to a wealthy gentleman of this island; but a violent storm came up at noon, so that we were compelled to put to sea, and returned no more to Grand Canary.

CHAPTER II.

SKETCH OF THE CANARY ISLANDS.

History—Supposed to have been known to the Ancient Egyptians—Solon's Poem—Homer's Description—Plutarch's Account—Pliny's Reference—Strabo's—Modern Discovery, 1330—Bethencourt's Expedition—Transfer to Count Niebla—Bought by Spain—Conquest of the Islands—The Guanches.

It is highly probable that the Canary Islands are identical with those known to the ancients as the Insulæ Beatæ, Insulæ Fortunatæ, the Hesperides, and the Isles of the Atlantic. Solon, during his voluntary exile in Egypt, in conversing with Senophis and Heliopolitan, the most learned priests of that country, was informed by them of the existence of certain islands, far from the African coast, called the Atlantic Islands, which he, after his return, described to his countrymen in a poem, in which much fancy united with a few facts in producing a florid and extended description. It is not certain that any further information regarding them was obtained between the time of Solon and Homer; it is even probable, that all Homer's knowledge of the "abodes of the blessed" was that which had been transmitted from Solon, of whose brother he was a descendant; and it may be that this inimitable fancy sketch, which is the last and only unfinished work of the immortal poet, is but a re-dress and an expansion of the poem of Solon.

"Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime,
The fields are florid with unfading prime:

> From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
> Mold the round hail or flake the fleecy snow;
> But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
> The fragrant murmurs of the western gale."
>
> ODYSS. IV., *Pope's Trans.*

Diodorus Sieulus tells of an island in the Atlantic which the Carthaginians discovered in one of their explorations; but from the size ascribed to it—"larger than Asia or Africa"—it is more probable that it was the American continent than one of the Canaries.

It is supposed that this group was known to the Phœnicians, for whom it is claimed that they circumnavigated Africa; but we must remember that, in traversing this remote region, we are where history and fiction, fable and fact, are inseparable, and all is wrapped in beclouded uncertainty. It is also to be taken into consideration, that in a system of formations such as that represented by the islands of the African coast—which is underlaid by active volcanic forces, and where evidences of elevation and eruption of comparatively recent origin are not wanting—islands may have existed two or three thousand years ago which are now submerged.

Coming down to the time of Cæsar Augustus, there is evidence that something was certainly known of islands in these waters, to the descriptions of which the Canaries will nearly answer. Plutarch thus describes them: "The Fortunate Islands are two in number, and are at the distance of ten thousand furlongs from the African coast. Rain seldom falls there, and when it does, it falls moderately: but they generally have soft breezes, which scatter such rich dews, that the soil is not only good for sowing and planting, but

spontaneously produces the most excellent fruits, and those in such abundance, that the inhabitants have nothing more to do than to indulge themselves in the enjoyment of ease. The air is always pleasant and salubrious, through the happy temperature of the seasons and their insensible transitions into each other." The number of these islands and the description, so far as it will apply to any terrestrial abode, seem to point to the Madeiras; but as there is no evidence that that group was inhabited previously to their modern discovery—if we except those traces left, doubtless, by shipwrecked mariners, and upon which the story of Machim may have been founded—we must suppose that he refers to the principal islands of the Canary group, Teneriffe and Grand Canary. In giving their position in relation to the African coast, he seems to have been governed by a rule which many Down-Easters follow in sailing their vessels, viz., luck and guessing.

The elder Pliny speaks more definitely, and considering that in those days sextants and chronometers, lunar and stellar altitudes, and great circle sailing, were not yet in embryo, we must make allowance for the slight errors of his navigator in reporting latitude and longitude.

He says: "The Fortunate Islands were discovered by Juba, who thus describes them. The first island, called Ombrion [we may suppose that the names were given by Juba], has no traces of buildings. On its hills is a piece of standing water. It bears trees resembling a ferula, from which is expressed a water, bitter, from the dark species, but from those of a white color, pleasant to drink. [Probably the sap of some species of palm.] Another is called Junonia, and on it there is one little building of stone.

Near this, there is a smaller one of the same name. Then Campraria, full of great lizards. In sight of them is Navaria, taking its name from perpetual snows, and covered with clouds. [Teneriffe answers to this description. It is generally surrounded by clouds, and the apex of its volcanic cone, called the Piton, being composed of fragmentary pumice of a very light color, has, when the sunlight falls upon it, a whitish or snow-covered appearance.] Next is Canaria, so called from a multitude of dogs of great size, and traces of habitation appear there. As they all abound in plenty of apples, and birds of every kind, so this abounds in date-bearing palms and the nut of the pine-tree." We did not see them, but were informed that in some of the islands there are pines which bear a pleasant-flavored nut.

Strabo's supposed reference to this archipelago, we find in his geography in these words: "The fabled apples of the Hesperides—the Islands of the Blest they speak of, which are still pointed out to us opposite Gades [the ancient name of Cadiz], and not far distant from the extremities of Maurusia."

From the decline of the Roman empire until the beginning of the fourteenth century, western Africa and its islands were lost to the civilized world. Generation after generation of these inoffensive islanders passed away in blissful ignorance of that civilization, before which they subsequently disappeared, and in the proud belief that they were the largest and most important body of mankind.

With these, as with most, if not all, of the islands of Africa, their modern discovery was the result of accident, a French merchantman having been driven there in a gale, in the year 1330. France was indifferent to the newly-

found territories, which were hers by right of discovery, and they are lost sight of until near the middle of this century, when we find them in possession of Pope Clement VI., who makes a grant of them, with the title of king, to a Spaniard, Louis de la Cerda, on the condition that he should cause "the Gospel to be preached to the natives." We do not find that any equivalent was received by the Pope for this grant, other than the promise that the Gospel should be preached to the natives; and this desire for the salvation of an obscure race, and the spread of the principles of the Gospel, deserves mention as a redeeming trait in one whose character, as drawn by Protestants, is marked only by unscrupulous cupidity and the love of luxurious ease. The death of Cerda, which was soon followed by that of Clement, prevented the execution of this scheme, and the islanders lived on in unbroken tranquillity to the close of the fourteenth century.

In the year 1400, John de Bethencourt, a Norman baron of means and enterprise, fitted out a small squadron at Rochelle, for the purpose of taking possession of, and settling in, these islands. He sailed from Rochelle that same year, and arriving at the island now called Lanzarote, he landed without opposition from the natives, and formally took possession of it, and subsequently of Fuertaventura, Gomer, and Hierro.

The pacific and conciliatory character of his measures won for him the good will of the people of these islands; they readily consented to his terms of residence and trade; granted him extensive possessions; and on Lanzarote, ignorant of the use to which it would be afterwards applied, assisted his people in building a fort at Rubicon, and in the erection of a church, called St. Marcial. The other

islands, especially Grand Canary and Teneriffe, resisted his approaches.

From Don Henry III., king of Castile, he obtained a formal grant of the entire group, and the promise of assistance in reducing all the islands to his authority. After a residence of nearly ten years, during which time his colony prospered, and his benign government won to him the attachment of his own people and the confidence of the natives of the friendly islands, he returned to Spain to provide a more extensive system of settlement, and to arrange measures for the reduction of Grand Canary and Teneriffe. He left the government in the hands of his nephew, Mason de Bethencourt, who, for the kind and just measures of his uncle, substituted harshness and deception. He spent his time in arranging and working secret attacks against the non-conforming islands, for the sake of booty; and stealing men, women, and children, and shipping them to Spain, sold them as slaves. In the course of eight years, he became an object of disgust among even his own people, and fearing that he was not altogether safe among them, he sold the grant, which by the death of his uncle had fallen into his hands, to a Spanish count, named Niebla; and going to Portugal, sold it again to that government, for a possession in the newly-discovered Madeira. Niebla was supported in his title by his crown, and Portugal failed to secure her claim to the Canaries.

For sixty years, the colony in Lanzarote continued to exist, doing little more than to establish itself more firmly in the friendly islands, and making occasional, but unsuccessful, attempts towards an establishment in Grand Canary.

The character of the islands was now well understood in

Spain; their extent, climate, and productions, excited the covetousness of their Catholic majesties, who compelled Governor Diego de Herrara to sell his claim, under the pretext that he could never subdue the natives, and allowing him four millions of *maravedis*—$15,000—the group was added to the Spanish crown.

In 1477, a thousand Spanish troops were landed on the shores of Grand Canary, and pitched their tents among the palm-trees, which waved over the site of the city of Las Palmas. The native warriors, numbering over four thousand, attacked the invaders with clubs and spears, fighting with a bravery worthy of a noble race; but the discipline and firearms of the soldiers prevailed, and the Guanches,* retiring in good order towards the mountains, left many Spaniards and three hundred natives on the field. Like the ancient Britons they found security in their mountains, and occasionally descending in forays to the valleys, were victors in many skirmishes, and took many prisoners; but at length, after a six years' war, they submitted, on condition that the rank of their princes should be respected, and that the possession of personal liberty and effects should be secured to all. This event took place on the 29th of April, 1483, and the day of "the great peace" is still annually celebrated in the churches of the island. In 1487, Grand Canary received the title of kingdom from the crown of Castile, and was rated a bishopric by Pope Innocent VIII.; and in 1515, Las Palmas received the title of royal city, and was constituted the capital of the Archipelago.

The war with Teneriffe was now vigorously prosecuted;

* Called "Guanches," from "Guan," which in their language signifies *man*.

the chief, Tanause, was made prisoner and sent to Spain as a trophy, where he died of a broken heart. After many bloody struggles, the brave Guanches of Teneriffe submitted, but they were conquered by the perfidy of Alonzo de Lugo, the Spanish commander, rather than by force of arms. The prisoners taken in the wars were transported as slaves to the markets of Spain; the remaining natives were gradually reduced to a condition of serfdom; a few intermarried with the lower classes of the Spaniards; and by the middle of the seventeenth century there was not a pure-blooded Guanchy to be found in the islands; and Spain was in peaceable possession of "the abodes of the blest." The population continued to increase in wealth and numbers, until the present decade, and in numbers still continues to multiply; but since the failure of the wine-crop, which had become the staple of their agriculture and commerce, heavy losses have been experienced by capitalists, and labor is less valuable among the poor.

The islands are seven in number: Teneriffe, Grand Canary, Palma, Fuertaventura, Gomera, Hierro,* and Lanzarote, situate between the parallels of 27° 30′ and 29° 30′, north latitude, and 12° and 17° west longitude. Humboldt, at the close of the last century, gave their population as less than 160,000. We must admit, reluctantly, that that reliable traveller was mistaken, as the population has increased but slowly in the past fifty years, owing to emigration, and the population at present is over 218,000. This, with other facts, we obtained from official documents at the department of government at Santa Cruz.

* At one time the geographers of all nations counted longitude from this island, but at present it is used only by the Dutch for that purpose.

The mother country has done but little for these islands during a century, other than to oppress them under the plea of government; yet, in all her wars, they have been her faithful allies, and are still the contented sharers of her fame, her poverty, and her hopeless indebtedness. The present population, *Isleños* (Islanders), as they term themselves, are, as has been intimated, of Spanish descent, containing a little of the Norman French blood inherited from the Bethencourt colonists, and in parts of Teneriffe Guanchy features are traceable among the lower classes. They are enterprising and industrious; and under a system of government more favorable to the development of genius and labor, would be a most thrifty population.*

The earliest reliable accounts of these islands represent them as peopled by an athletic race, of dark-complexion, straight hair, and regular features of Moorish cast; whose men were muscular, active, intelligent, and brave, and whose women were not lacking in beauty of form.

They knew nothing, nor had any tradition, of the migration of their ancestors to these islands, and supposed their own the largest country in the world. The question of their origin has been fruitful of conjecture, and on the subject

* The government of the islands is vested in a Junta, or royal audience, composed of five or seven members appointed by the crown, over whom the governor-general presides. The decisions of this court are final in all cases, except those relating to real estate. The judicial tribunals below are the courts of the alcalde major, and the alcalde; besides these there is in each village and rural district an alcalde, whose powers are similar to those of a Georgia justice. These officers are all appointed by the royal audience, and hold their commissions at the pleasure of the governor-general. It is evident that whatever may be the sins of this government, the people will be guiltless; and that however enslaved in other respects, they are certainly free from "the cares of state."

which has occupied such minds as Blumenbach and Humboldt, one not claiming to be a *savant* is expected to say but little; this little is, that we see no unanswerable objection to, but many facts for, considering them a branch of the Atlas family.

The languages of the several islands were closely allied, showing a recent origin in a common tongue, and of these between one and two hundred words remain to us: these are mostly substantives. On comparing these Guanchy words with the language of the Touariks of the Great Desert, it has been found that many of them are almost identical with those used by that tribe to denote the same things; and when we consider that the language of the Guanches was unwritten, and allow for the physiological effects of climate in modifying articulation; and allow also, on the other hand, for the changes which in the course of centuries take place in the language of a nomadic tribe, the wonder is, that so many of the few Guanchy words remaining should now be recognized by the Touarik. When we add to this, the maintenance in common of certain ideas and customs, such as fattening young women on milk before giving them in marriage, using hot butter as a salve for wounds, their preference for a pastoral life, the absence of idolatry, and others, the argument for a common origin is strengthened. That origin was doubtless in the great Berber family. The "when" and the "how" of their migration hither remains to be answered with such questions, as the *ab quo* of the ten lost tribes, and the appearance of the Asiatic on the American continent.

The inhabitants of Teneriffe believed in one God, whom they called "Achoran, the sustainer of heaven and earth."

They worshipped standing, lifting their hands towards heaven in silence. The natives of several of the other islands also, were monotheists, who regarded the Divine Being as omniscient and compassionate, the rewarder of virtue, and avenger of sin, and to whom they made sacrifice by pouring out goat's milk. The inhabitants of Hierro recognized a male and a female divinity, who were worshipped by the corresponding sexes. Some of the islands had image representations of the Deity, and, from this fact, travellers have spoken of them as idolaters.

Each island was governed by a prince, whose honors were hereditary: sometimes two or more princes shared the same island, in which case stone walls marked the lines of the division. When a new prince came into power, a few young persons were allowed to sacrifice themselves in some mode of death, to secure the divine favor for his reign. The prince showed his appreciation of their patriotism, in favor towards the surviving relatives. The laws were just and severe; murder was punished with death; and to minor personal injuries, the *lex talionis* applied—"an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." The Guanches were not polygamists, and were remarkable for virtue. Ramsey, the historian, tells us that the "virginity of every bride was the property of the king, and that both parties considered it an honor when he condescended to claim his right;" but this does not accord with other ideas and practices of their domestic system, nor can we find any good authority for this custom.

Indecency towards a female was a serious offence promptly punished. A man meeting a woman in a solitary place was to leave the road, or to turn his back as she passed, nor to look at nor speak to her. The natives of Teneriffe recog-

nized three classes in society, corresponding to nobles, yeomen, and laborers, and the gradation is regarded as of divine appointment. Their wealth consisted in flocks of goats, on the breeding of which they bestowed so much successful attention, that their meat is said now to be superior to Welsh mutton. They did but little in the way of agriculture, yet they had wheat, and several varieties of pulse; they lived in caves, or houses built of loose stones; dressed in cloaks and shoes of dressed goat-skin, to which the women added a petticoat of rude woof in goat's hair.

The dead bodies of princes were embalmed, and, with the nobles, were buried in caves. Several of these mummies have lately been found, in a state of perfect preservation, and so light, that a denuded body weighed but a few pounds. Their manner of embalming was like that on the banks of the Nile, from which some have inferred their Egyptian origin; but Blumenbach has shown that the conformation of the skull denies the identity. Near the town of Orotava, in Teneriffe, there are several caves which contain skulls and other bones, some of which we have seen, but we are not competent to a comparative anatomical description of them. Two were brought home by one of the officers of our squadron, Lieutenant Johnson, of Georgia, and presented to Rev. Dr. Means, of the Augusta Medical College; and it is to comply with the request of our honored friend, that we have been thus particular, and perhaps tedious, in giving an account of this remarkable race. We owe the doctor this, and more, but will he not acknowledge our "one good turn," by giving us a note on the skull in his possession? Such observations on the facial line, the capacity and characteristic developments of the cranium, as the doctor can make,

would throw much light on the mental character and anthropological relations of this extinct tribe; and thus let science contribute her quota of light on the things of the past, while

> "The historic Muse from age to age,
> Through many a waste, neart-sickening page,
> Doth trace *the race* of man."

CHAPTER III.

TENERIFFE.

Approach to Santa Cruz—Fishery on the African Coast—Catching Fish—The City—Our Consul, Col. Hart—His Death—Intolerance of Spanish Romanism—A Word to Caterers—Character of the Canarian—A Festival—A Day-Dream—Nelson's Defeat—Camels—Cochineal and its Cultivation.

The white sails of the fishing-boats which dot the waves in the vicinity of Teneriffe, beginning at the anchorage off Santa Cruz and stretching to the southward and eastward, give an air of life and enterprise to these waters, and bespeak a favorable impression for the island which sends them forth. The fishing-ground, which begins here, extends to Cape Blanco on the coast, and runs northward along the African shore for five hundred miles, affording profitable employment to the Canary islanders, who hold it in exclusive possession, sustained by the crown of Spain. Along the shores of the islands, the fish, though abundant, are small; but nearer the mainland, cod, bream, and other large fish, valuable in commerce, are taken in large quantities, and hundreds of tons are annually exported hence to the mother country: but such are the foolish restrictions, and heavy excise duties imposed by the government, that the fishermen are not the party who enjoy the greatest benefit from this valuable fishery. As we float among these tiny boats, it is quite amusing to witness the wholesale and dexterous manner in which the small fry are taken. A circular

bag-net, of fine brass wire, suspended from a stern-pole, is lowered a few feet into the water; the fisherman then throws around it a quantity of finely chopped fish, and gradually baits the shy school into his net, when a jerk brings it to the surface, and a dextrous capsize throws the silvery flutterers into the boat. Hundreds are often taken at a draught, mostly of the perch family, with an occasional rock fish, and that delicate *bouchée* of epicures, the biche-le-mar. At night, the fishermen keep fire in their boats to attract the fish, and these lights serve to guide vessels coming in the dark to a safe anchorage.

We made the land last night, and put the ship under easy sail. It is now morning; Santa Cruz, situated at the foot of an inclined plane, is fully in view, basking in the early sunlight like a flock of sheep yet undisturbed by the shepherd. The surface of the country to the east of the city is remarkable for its wild and broken aspect, it being composed of a group of distinct natural pyramids, rising from the level of the sea to the height of several hundred feet, and standing with as little order of position as if some great despiser of systems had thrown them together to gratify his love of disorder; or as if this had been the battle field of those angels who, quoth Milton,

> "Pluck'd the seated hill, and by the shaggy tops
> Uplifting, bore them in their hands."

To the north and east, the country, less broken, rises to a central ridge, or mountain chain, which trends in the direction of the Peak, but breaks before it reaches the system which is crowned by the giant cone. It supports an irregu-

lar plateau of fertile land, on which wheat, barley, sugar-cane, and cochineal are produced in luxuriant harvests.

"Our good ship is anchored, the bill of health accepted, the compliments of the commander-in-chief acknowledged, salutes fired, and we are away for the shore." We landed at the mole immortalized by the defeat of Lord Nelson and his gallant band, in 1797; and proceeding under the arch of the fort which guards it, entered the city. The stars and stripes, waving from a balcony near the landing, marked the residence of our consul, Col. Hart; we called, as in duty bound, to pay our worthy countryman our respects, but he was too sick to receive us. Next morning, the sad tidings came that he was dead; and that evening we committed his remains to a grave among strangers. A note of the funeral of so distinguished and worthy a citizen may not be out of place here.

At 5 o'clock, P.M., a military procession was formed, under direction of Lieut. Bartlett, and marched in solemn order from the English Hotel, where the deceased had resided, to the graveyard in the suburbs. Our band and a file of marines marched before the coffin, which was carried by four seamen, supported by six pall-bearers, led by the chaplain. The bearers were two commissioned officers of our ship and four foreign consuls, resident in the island. These were followed by the surgeons, one from our ship, and a surgeon of the Spanish army. These were followed by a number of our officers and Spanish officers of rank, with the foreign diplomatists; then by a number of ordinary men in full dress, the master's mates bringing up the rear. The music and the novelty of the occasion attracted a crowd of street loungers and beggars, who embarrassed our progress

by their numbers, and when we reached the little inclosure allotted to English citizens for burial purposes, the mob rushed in, completely filling it; nor would they be persuaded out, until our thoughtful captain of marines put his men through a manœuvre preparatory to firing the salute, which the guilty crowd interpreted as preparations against themselves, and instantly gave way.

So strong is the popular opposition to Protestantism here, that it was advised that the chaplain should wear his uniform as an officer on the occasion, rather than the black gown and white cravat generally used in performing divine service. To this the chaplain consented, in obedience to the request of his superior officer; nor were his exhortation and prayers less fervent because made in full-dress uniform; but certainly that is a deplorable state of public sentiment, or rather, we should say, of public ignorance, and priest-excited prejudice, which demands such a thing, and that is an inattentive government which will allow its subjects to be treated with such indignities. It *is true*, that, in most Roman Catholic countries, American Protestants may not bury even their highest representatives entirely according to their own forms; and where it has been done in any degree, it was by borrowing English chapels, English graveyards, and English protection. Is it not high time that we were demanding of such nations, in behalf of our subjects, the same liberty in religious observances that we grant to their subjects among us?

Col. Hart is known in America as the author of several respectable works. He had been for two years our representative in the Canary Islands, where his able and zealous measures for the promotion of the interests of his flag, won

for him the respect and confidence of his diplomatic brethren of other courts.

Santa Cruz is a compact city, of stone, prison-like houses, built in true Spanish style—Moorish, strictly speaking—containing a population of twelve thousand souls, and abundantly supplied with wind-mills and macaroni shops, unfailing characteristics of Spanish towns. The central square of the city, covered with smooth flag-stones and surrounded by fine buildings, presents an imposing appearance. It contains a monument of Carrara marble thirty feet in height, composed of a pedestal, surmounted by a female figure, which is surrounded by statuettes of cherubim, which was built to commemorate *the appearance of the Virgin* at Chimisay, in the year 1392.

The city contains a cathedral, and churches whose number is somewhere in the "teens." The cathedral is a venerable, unsightly, moss-grey, tile-covered pile of stone and mortar, in the style of—— but I am forgetting myself—the editor of a popular southern newspaper says "we plain readers are not interested in church architecture and the like." What a graceless set plain readers must be! We commend us to the clemency of His Holiness of the triple crown: *Ora pro nobis!* Let us add, however, for the comfort of those interested in the ghostly welfare of these sunburnt brothers, that there are in this city over six hundred monks and priests; exactly one ecclesiastic to every twenty, children included; and besides a nun to every forty, for the spiritual comfort of the bachelors. With such a moral police as this, it may be expected that the moral and spiritual health of the people is abundant and robust. It may be so; but to our eyes, the moral developments did not

reflect much credit on the means; and, to use a common but significant expression, the spiritual were only "as well as could be expected." *

Vessels bound from Europe to the Indies and South America, make a half-way house of Santa Cruz, where they stop for water and fresh provisions, and in former years made an addition of Canary wines to their stock in trade. With the English and American cruisers of the African coast, this is a favorable recruiting station, when their crews have been weakened and dispirited by long exposure to the heat of the tropics.

The markets of meats, fruits, vegetables, and poultry, are therefore encouraged, and the prices, though in advance of the Madeira markets, are not extravagant. Caterers of passenger ships and men-of-war might lay in their salt fish to advantage here, as the cod is of superior quality, and the *tassarte*, when properly dressed, is said to equal the salmon in flavor.

In coming here from Madeira, we were struck with the difference of manners which exists between the lower classes of Funchal and those of Santa Cruz, and the comparison is favorable to the former. "Take away all the good qualities of a Spaniard," says a traveller, "and you have a Por-

* The islands are divided into two bishopries, which together contain fifteen convents, over thirty monasteries, and more than four hundred regular clergy, or priests, who have cures. The monks are numerous, but more decent in appearance and manners than those generally met with in the dominions of Spain. They are even said to be tolerably moral. One was pointed out to me by an old Spanish resident as being "quite a gentleman." I walked across the square, wiped my glasses and took a careful survey of him.

tuguese." We dissent *in toto* from such a definition of their relative merits. The Portuguese is rather obsequious, it is true, and there is an independence in the bearing of the Spaniard of the Canaries which is more pleasing to the American taste; but, as with the lower classes of America, impudence too often takes the place of that self-respect called independence. At present the Spaniard is the more enterprising, but the Portuguese is equally honest and industrious, and more liberal in his views of politics and religion.

The lower classes here are very observant of religious rites. Every family has its patron saint, to whom one day in the year is dedicated in festivities, and the saints' days of the church are regarded with as much reverence as the Sabbath: though to the credit of Santa Cruz be it said, the stores are not opened on Sunday until the afternoon, and many of them remain closed all the day long!

Our first visit to this port included the festival of St. Anthony, the patron saint of the island. High mass was celebrated at the cathedral; the soldiers attended in full dress; the streets were thronged with country people, the men in best knee-breeches and brightest vests, and the women in gay calico dresses and hooded shawls of white flannel, trimmed with white silk ribbon. We went to hear the oration or sermon of the day, delivered at the cathedral by the most eloquent priest of the city; but our interpreter—one of our officers—was so taken with the nun-like costume, or the bright eyes of the peasant lasses, that he gave us but little of the discourse. We gathered, however, between our eyes and ears, enough to assure us that, from the American stand-point of pulpit eloquence, it was dry and

prosaic. The self-possession of the old gentleman excited my envy. He stopped at intervals of ten minutes to take snuff and *scratch up* new ideas—an ungraceful gesture, we thought—and always resumed his discourse with marvellous freshness. From his success, we recommend these expedidients to those brethren who are so much opposed to "prepared discourses," yet so frequently at a loss for ideas.

The aroma of crushed myrtle and cedar, and other fragrant leaves, with which the streets and churches were strewn, the holiday appearance of the people, and other less defined associations, reminded us of camp-meeting and scenes of true spiritual festivity in a State far away; and while the preacher progressed with the glories of St. Anthony, we were imagining the effect upon his unmoved auditors if Alexander Means, done in Spanish, could pour upon them his wild, torrent-like eloquence, or if we could call up the finished and impressive orator, Alfred T. Mann, or introduce Pierce—the old man eloquent—with his incandescent words of revealed and philosophical truth, forcing their way to the heart like the red-hot missives of heavy ordnance. Ye saints of paint and canvas! how these naves and aisles would ring with the shouts of spiritual resurrection! Nor could the potent *Antonio* himself command the peace. What have these to do with Teneriffe? Patient reader, they were there—not each *in propriâ personâ*, but as certainly there, in the memory and imagination of the writer!

This day is also celebrated as the anniversary of the victory over Lord Nelson. The English flags, secured in cases to the altar, are displayed to the people, and the English, and heretics generally, are *blessed* without stint or penance.

It was here that Nelson lost his arm and seven hundred of his men.

At midnight, on the 24th of July, 1797, he attempted to land a thousand men on the mole and beach of Santa Cruz, with the hope of taking the city by surprise; his approach was discovered, and when within range of the guns of the forts, he was met by a deadly fire. Through the destructive hail, and the heavy surf, his brave men pressed on; many of their boats were dashed to pieces against the mole, losing men and ammunition; the powder was all destroyed, yet morning found a resistless remnant of near three hundred in the central square of the city—the Prado—with torch in hand, ready to destroy the town and perish with it, rather than surrender to their enemies, by whom they were now completely surrounded. Knowing their desperate determination, the governor consented for them to return to their ships, to restore their prisoners, and to furnish them with boats in which to leave the shore. The prisoners, a few scattered companies taken on the beach during the engagement, were liberated, but their flags were retained as trophies. This is the victory annually celebrated here—a defeat which reflects more glory on Nelson and English sailors than the victory of Trafalgar.

Camels are extensively used in these islands as beasts of burden, and in Teneriffe they are the main dependence in transferring merchandise from the ports to the interior. Curious to see how these ships of the desert navigate among hills and valleys, we started in company of half a dozen, with their drivers, for the old town of Laguna, four miles in the interior, but soon became tired of their slow pace and left them behind. In going up or descending the gen-

tlest slopes, they tack and veer like a ship beating to windward, and though quite sensible to kindness and flattery, cannot be coaxed into a quicker pace, in ascending or descending, than about a mile to the hour, and if laden with more than five or six hundred pounds, groan and complain at every step. They are of the Arabian, or one-humped species, but certainly are not "swift of foot," like their ancestors, "the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah." They are shaggy, ungraceful, yet majestic-looking animals, and among the stony roads, steep hills, and scant herbage of the Canary Islands, are out of their native element.

Before reaching our destination, we turned into a cactus field, where a number of persons in pantaloons, short sack-like gowns, and straw hats, were gathering cochineal. We approached the nearest operator, preparing, as we went, a few questions from our small stock of Spanish; but imagine the surprise when our "good day" was answered by the sweet "*Buena, Señor*," of a young brunette.

Dear reader, if you are a very modest man you can form some idea of our embarrassment. We stood in the presence of a full-blown Bloomer, a Lucy Stone fully shed—we apologized, through our guide, for the intrusion, and proposed to withdraw without further question; but she laughed heartily at the joke, and soon we were surrounded by her companions, all of the same sex and dress, who laughed at our modesty, answered our questions, and sued for a fee, which we met with a *bunch of cigars*. They gladly accepted the present, and, as we left them, they sent us away with a merry song. When we reached the road, the work of dislodging the many thorns gathered

in our skirts, showed us that, at least in the cactus fields, women have good reason for "wearing the breeches." The cochineal insect, or *cocus cacti*, is a species of the cocus, "a genus of hemipterus insects, having the snout or rostrum in the breast, the antennæ filiform, and the posterior portion of the body furnished with bristles." It is oval and purple, and when fully grown, is of the size of a grain of wheat. The body is marked with transverse wrinkles, or depressions; the antennæ are one-third the length of the body; the legs, on the inferior anterior portion of the body, are black, smooth, and seemingly, but little adapted to locomotion, and the whole insect is covered with a white, pollen-like dust. To describe it in more homely terms, it much resembles a half-grown cow tick, and when first broken, the secretion which contains the coloring matter resembles the blood (?) of that insect.

There are two varieties of these insects, produced, doubtless, by cultivation: the *grana sylvestria*, and the *grana fina*. The former are the small wild insects, and the latter the insects cultivated for commerce. The males of the C. cacti are in proportion to the females as about one to a hundred and fifty, are furnished with wings, and contain but little coloring matter.

The female lays a great number of eggs, and soon after dies, leaving the process of incubation to the warmth of the atmosphere. The *cactus cochinillifer*, upon which the insects live, is cultivated in rows four feet apart, with a space of two feet between the plants in the row, and on a rich light soil will attain to great height, but it is kept down to three feet.

The harvests are three in the year, for the cultivated variety, when they are scraped from the surface of the leaf with a dull knife or piece of iron hoop. They are then killed, either by exposure to the heat of an oven, or by being dipped in scalding water, and afterward dried in the sun.

The varieties of cochineal known in commerce as the grey and black, are produced by the process of killing; those killed by the dry heat retaining the white powder already described, which gives the mass a greyish hue, and those scalded, losing it in the water, assume their natural purple. Two-thirds of the weight of the insects is lost in drying, and it is supposed that about 70,000 are necessary to make a pound when dry. Cochineal has been extensively used in dyeing, and although chemistry has supplanted it in the lac dyes, by a cheaper material, the demand for it is still unabated, and while it commands, as it now does, a dollar a pound in the first market, it will be cultivated with profit in these islands.

It is the opinion of the capitalists here, that cochineal can be made as profitable to the laborers and land owners as was the grape, for which it has been substituted; but the sun-burnt *isleños*, whose smoky huts are scattered among those desolate-looking fields, where once the vine dropped its fatness, and spread luxuriant shade for the gambols of their tawny children, and the evening *siestas* of the sires, are longing and praying for the return of those harvests when wine flowed in rivers, bearing joy to the poor and gold to the rich; and when the light labors of three-quarters of the year prepared them to harvest the fruits, and tread the wine-press of autumn, with songs and merry-

making, and when the benevolent Bacchus relieved labor of its curse.

"Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
To wide—imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined."

THOMSON.

CHAPTER IV.

TENERIFFE—CONTINUED.

Start for the Peak—Our Horses and Guide—Jar-Carriers of Santa Cruz—City of Laguna—Flowers on the House-tops—Historical Associations—Population—A Sacrilegious Painting—An Agricultural District—Threshing and Ploughing—Backward state of Agriculture accounted for—Is Contentment always a Virtue?—A Glimpse of the old Basaltic System—A Case of Conscience *versus* Appetite—A Wandering Jew—Ancient and Modern Portions of the Island—Botanical Garden—Dragon Tree—Orotava, etc.

Reader, have you been in the tropics—in the tropics in mid-summer, when the sun of noon was so exactly overhead that the shadow of your immortal self was included in the circumference of the leaf of your straw hat; when all the philosophers in the world could not have shaken your conviction that the sun is a ball of fire, and you persisted in the belief that he is much nearer than ninety-five millions of miles, despite the showing of your mathematics; when the "luminous atmosphere" theory was answered with a pshaw! for you *felt fire;* and the aphorism that "figures do not lie," was met by an incredulous shrug, and a "may be not!" If so, you can appreciate the heat and brightness of the day in August when, in company with Dr. S. R. S., the writer left the dusty streets of Santa Cruz on a journey to the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, by road, forty miles distant.

Through the kindness of our excellent friend, Mr. LeBrun,

of Santa Cruz, we were furnished with letters of introduction to Professor Smyth, astronomer royal of Scotland, who was then on the heights making astronomical observations; and to her British majesty's consul for Orotava, Mr. Goodall. We hired a guide and two horses at the rate of five dollars a day and provisions for man and beasts, and mounting to our crazy saddles, at 9 A.M. took up the paved road for Laguna and Orotava; the former four, and the latter twenty miles distant. Our horses, a bay and a sorrel, were modest, subdued-looking creatures, that seemed to have been trying the straw-a-day experiment, with a bright prospect of soon joining company with the immortalized nag of Walter Scott in the wide pastures of nonentity. Yet, they were the best that could be hired in the city. Our walking-sticks were soon in requisition, and indications came early and frequently that we should both ride and work our passage to Orotava. We intimated to the guide, who was owner of one of the horses, that we were not much pleased with his stock, but he assured us that they were "blooded animals," and though not very fast, were safe and docile. Safe they were, for they despised such insobrieties as cantering or fast trotting; and they were obedient to perfection to the word "whoa!" What our horses lacked in *embonpoint*, Jose made up. He was a stalwart "*isleño*," with the arms and legs of a Hercules, and the activity of a greyhound; unusually good humored and obliging. He kept up with the horses all day, ran up the hills, and whistled or sang along the plains, indifferent to the rough roads and hot sun. Like his countrymen, and the dwellers in hot countries generally, he seemed to have no care for the morrow, and with the prospect of five dol-

lars and a good supper at the close of the day, he was perfectly happy.

This road is frequently enlivened by the scarlet petticoats and gay songs of the olive-jar carriers, who, having deposited their heavy loads in Laguna and received a pittance for the labor, are descending to their homes in Santa Cruz with light heads and glad hearts. Women are used as beasts of burden in transporting these fragile commodities across the mountains, and the weight they carry, over roads too steep for wheeled carriages, is astonishing to American eyes. I counted *forty* of these earthenware vessels on the head of one woman, and she, seemingly, over forty years of age; yet she toiled up the steep hills with a brisk and steady step, and when at the end of her journey she received sixteen cents instead of twelve, the pay for an ordinary load, she went home to her swarthy brood with a bounding step and a cheerful face.

Think of this, ye who, strangers to the simple annals of the poor, talk of the hardships of life in the excess of luxury and ease! Think of it, ye well fed, well paid, yet discontented laborers of the States, who, from very abundance, forget the dignity of labor, and disturb the virtuous cheer of an industrious life with restless aspirings after positions of idle ease or corrupting wealth!

An hour's ride brought us to Laguna, the oldest town and former capital of the island. It is situate in a hollow, or shallow basin, of the irregular plateau, which we have already described as overlying the great central ridge of the island, and is 2,220 feet above the level of the sea. The tradition handed down from the Guanches, that its site was formerly occupied by a lake or pool, is confirmed by the

order in deposit which the surface soil presents. The houses are built of stone and covered with Dutch tiles, into the crevices of which the winds that sweep these hills continually have carried light soils, which, moistened by the humid atmosphere of this location, give vigorous life to trichomanes—species of fern—wall flowers, house lecks and other plants, which grow so luxuriantly as often to cover entire roofs, and form a striking feature in a view of the town.

It was in this vicinity that the long and bloody wars between the Gaunches and the Spanish invaders were brought to a close. At a council, assembled on the plain under a flag of truce, the representative of the Gaunches asked Captain Alonzo, "why he invaded their country without provocation, and carried away their cattle and their people?" he answered deceptively, that his object was not to conquer them, but to make them Christians. Tired and wasted by the protracted war, and with the hope of obtaining rest from their too powerful enemies, they accepted his proposal, and the host of rude warriors bowed to receive the baptism of the church. It was a fatal step. The symbol of new life and liberty became to them the yoke of bondage and destruction; and Alonzo, seeing that the triumph of Spain was now sure, sanctified his unhallowed means by building a chapel on the spot; and around it, in 1495, laid out the city of Laguna. The present population, composed mainly of shopkeepers and traders, who buy up country produce for the shipping merchants of Santa Cruz, with a few artisans and a swarm of idlers, including four hundred monks, numbers about nine thousand.

On market days the town presents quite a business aspect; camels and donkeys with well filled paniers of grain

and vegetables, throng the dusty streets; crowds of countrymen, in broad-brimmed woollen hats, sporting cords and tassels which hang down the back, and coarse linsey-woolsey small clothes, fastened at the knees by knots of gay ribbons, occupy the sidewalks and numerous wine-shops; all smoking papelitos, and all chattering at once, like a flock of monkeys disturbed by the cry of a jackal. The beggars are few, and unusually modest.

In the old and well-built cathedral there is a painting—a copy from some bold Italian master—which shows the extreme into which symbolism will inevitably run, when not held subservient to a scriptural and spiritual religion. It is an attempted representation of the Trinity—we almost shudder to write it—in which God the Father is represented by a venerable old man; God the Son by a young man, whose face is deeply marked with lines of sorrow; and the Holy Spirit by a white pigeon, encircled by a halo. Our own Longfellow could not avoid offending, in some degree, the feelings of refined and sincere Bible theists, when he represented, in the shadowy lines of poetry, the Great Spirit of the Indian by an old man smoking a peace-pipe. Some show of excuse may be offered for the poet who would thus embody a legend of savage thought, but what apology can be offered for this enormous excrescence of a morbidly overgrown symbolism? Who that receives the decalogue as an exponent of Divine Will, can pardon so palpable a violation of its spirit and interdictions—or who in christendom is so ignorant, so weak in intellect, as to be assisted in his conceptions of an omnipotent and unchanging Being by the picture of an *old* man with a grey beard; or to gain any realization, spiritual or intellectual, of the Afflatus that

filleth immensity by a daub of shaded white in the shape of a pigeon? They who can profit by such a representation are not, religiously, a single step in advance of the idol-worshipping savage; and to such, conversion to Mohammedanism would be an elevation. Yet, the venerable institution which arrogates to herself the title of "Spiritual Light of the World," here, and in some of the churches of Italy, hangs this brilliant expression of sacrilegious thought about her altars; and that not merely as a symbol *to assist* the conceptions of the ignorant, but as the exponent of a definite idea of the personality of Deity. Pardon the digression, dear reader! Our *blooded* nag, "Ready-to-halt," progresses so quietly up the gentle hill that leads from Laguna to Orotava, that moralizing is easy, especially on this subject; and here, where the mighty mountains around us, towering above the clouds, and the boundless vista of surging ocean, impress us with the immeasurable grandeur of Eternal Power.

We pursued our journey across the high plains over the excellent road which connects Santa Cruz and Laguna with the hamlet of Victoria and the country beyond. The fields on each side had lately been reaped of a heavy crop of wheat, and at a farm-house on the road-side, a few miles from Laguna, we witnessed the operation of threshing after the manner of ancient Egypt: the sheaves being spread on a smooth floor of hardened earth and the grain trodden out by oxen. The mode of ploughing, like the threshing, is at least two thousand years behind the age; the plough is of the Roman model, has one handle, a coulter of wood tipped with iron, and is drawn by an ox. The ploughman holds the plough with one hand and guides his slowly-moving

animal with the other by means of a long switch. The ground is thus furrowed to the depth of three inches; it is afterward cross-ploughed, and pulverized on the surface by being harrowed with bushes. For sugar-cane and cactus, the ground is broken with an iron mattock, and, as in Madeira, to the depth of eighteen inches. The soil is rich, and the climate highly favorable to vegetation; yet it is everywhere manifest that agriculture is conducted on the least laborious and least profitable system. Everything that costs money is avoided, as far as possible, even in the purchase of farming tools, and for the reason, that the tillers of the ground are not the owners, and, insecure in their temporary possession, make no outlays not immediately remunerative. The operative farmers, as a class, are very poor and without enterprise; their highest ambition and hope are, that, after meeting the exactions of landlord, state and church, they may have enough left to furnish the sheer necessities of life, without thought of educating children or providing for the wants of old age. When we speak of their farm-houses, let not the reader picture to himself the neat dwelling and surrounding barns of a New England farm, nor the airy mansion of the southern planter, with its cluster of white cottages or log cabins, but a square low building of stone, thatched with straw; lighted by one, or, at most, two windows, in whose broken panes the old hats and cast-off garments of the family do service in excluding air and light. The floors, like those of the Irish peasantry, are of earth, hardened and polished by the steps of many generations; and, as in the huts of the "ould counthry," smoke-stain supersedes the necessity for black paint in hiding dirt. The destruction of the remains of feudalism in these islands

would infuse a new life into these improvident and ease-loving rustics, and crown these fruitful hills with perpetual harvests. Their future, however, is not promising of such a change, for they have learned to content themselves in abjection, and even to be cheerful and light-hearted in the position of slaves to men of their own blood. There is a contentment which is certainly a virtue, and there is a contentment which is as certainly a vice, for it involves the stagnation of progress, moral and intellectual, and draws its life from the grave of the noblest aspirations of our nature.

At a point some fifteen miles from Santa Cruz, we descended into one of those inclined valleys which, opening on the northern shore deeply indent this range. The denuded sides of the valley, in which a number of men were quarrying rock, revealed the system of columnar basalt, which, superposed by beds of breccia, tufaceous, and ferruginous earths, underlies the range and plateaus which we had just crossed. We gathered here a few specimens of basalt containing crystals of olivine; the doctor gathered his first specimen for his *Alma Mater*, the University of Virginia, and following his example I gathered one for my adopted mother, "Emory," of Georgia. Rising thence, we found ourselves among decaying old vineyards, and flourishing young ones; cactus fields and cottages, embowered in shrubbery, and where bare stone walls, or straggling hedge-rows of prickly-pear and briers mar the face of a magnificent landscape. The young vines, still clinging to the ground and laden with fruit, seemed free from the disease which, in the course of three years, has destroyed most of the vineyards of the island. Our conversation naturally

turned on this subject, and proving the correctness of De Quincey's observation that, "he who talks oxen, will think oxen," we talked grapes and thought grapes, and *at length* desired grapes. But how to get them? No house within quarter of a mile of the road, and no one in the fields—a poor chance to buy, but a good one to steal. The doctor intimated to Jose that we were out gathering specimens of fruits as well as rocks; he took the hint, and bounded over the six-foot wall like a stag, and in a moment returned with a dozen bunches of rich purple malagas, whose luscious juice and slightly acid pulp, were as grateful to our parched lips, and dust-vexed throats, as water to travellers in the desert. The eighth commandment occurred to us as having some bearing on the question, but we met it with a fortunate recollection of a Jewish law which permitted the plucking of grapes in passing through a neighbor's vineyard. Getting over the wall, in this case, presented an obstacle in the way of a satisfactory conclusion; but in the meantime the grapes disappeared, rendering further debate unnecessary. Cases of conscience are generally decided, practically at least, in favor of the appetites; and certainly nice points of conscience stand a poor chance for a hearing when grapes like these are in question, the sun is cloudless and vertical, and lips are sunburnt and dry.

In the course of the afternoon, we overtook a lame and heavily laden camel, whose driver made signals of distress for tobacco, or snuff, and lifted his hands in woe-begone exclamations when he found that we had neither. There is a fraternity among tobacco users that is superior to social caste. A beggar may ask a prince for "a chew," without giving offence, and the appeal is met with a matter-of-course

compliance. Let the reader elaborate this suggestion—tobacco contributing to universal brotherhood—and *he may* find a good argument for the use of "the weed!"

Further on our road we overtook a traveller on horseback, whose horse was laden with two large boxes, one on each side of the saddle. As we came up, he saluted us in Spanish, but perceiving that we understood but little of his language, he proceeded in peculiarly accented French, of which we understood but little more. We gathered, however, that he was a Jew, who had resided many years in the provinces as a peddler, and was now on a trading tour. On expressing surprise at finding one of his race in this out-of-the-way place, he answered poetically, "the Jews, like the winds, are everywhere." He might have added, and everywhere examples of industry, thrift, and sobriety.

We regretted that his slow pace would not admit of our keeping company, and that we did not better understand his language, for he was full of that information regarding the country and its people, which was one of the objects of our journey. Seeing that I was suffering from the effects of sun in my face, for I was imprudent enough to leave the ship in a uniform cap instead of a straw hat, he kindly proposed to give me his umbrella, and seemed sorry that I refused it.

Turning an angle in the road, Orotava, surrounded by green fields, bursts into view, a thousand feet below us, and four miles distant. The summer vegetation through which we have passed is ripe, and withering before the dry hot winds of August; this around us is still full of sap; and as we descend into the lower and more level country around the Orotavas, it assumes a vernal freshness. This may be

attributed, in part, to the protection from the trade-winds which a large portion of these lower lands enjoy; and, in part, to the occasional showers which in the dry season fall from the clouds which are attracted to the vicinity of the peak; and, further, to the streams which variegate its surface. We are passing into another region, geologically speaking; and as we pass within the circle of the former action of the peak, which now rears its gigantic proportions above us, we are changing the old upheaval system for a surface which is evidently the production of subärial volcanic action, and which still bears the freshness of its youth. On the older formations, over which we have travelled, the harder lavas present a rusty, decomposed exterior; the tufaceous earths are in some places so decomposed as to have formed a tenacious clay, and have long been ripe, though still improving by disintegration and decay, for the seed of the sower.

As we approach Orotava, the exposed lavas present a dark, smooth, and clean exterior; the scoriaceous soil is black and harsh, and though generally productive, is, in some places, too young, and too little decomposed to be cultivated with profit. The dark and barren hills in the rear of Orotava are heaps of volcanic cinders in slow process of decomposition. This modern formation, however, is quite superficial; for in some places along the shore, and, as we were told, in some deep valleys not far from the base of the peak, there are evidences that this system, excepting the immediate vicinity of the volcanic foci, is underlaid by a continuation of the older and upheaved system of the island.

The city of Orotava is composed of two towns, a mile and a half apart. That situate on the sea-shore is called the Port

of Orotava; the other, Orotava *par excellence*, is called the "city." We could not learn exactly, but suppose that taken together, the population numbers about twelve thousand.

Before we reach Port Orotava we pass the botanical garden of which Humboldt speaks so hopefully. It was established seventy years ago, and contains rare plants from the Indies, South America, and Africa. It has received government patronage, but, notwithstanding, gives evidence of decay, and the want of adequate attention. The object of its founder, the Marquis de Nava, seems to have been to test the question of the acclimation of plants; and had it been sustained in the spirit of its founder, its floral variety would have been extensive, and light would have been thrown on many questions of botany.

Among the native growths of Teneriffe, the dragon-tree, of the genus *dracæna*, forms a striking object. In its younger days it resembles the Spanish bayonet-tree of the southern States, but in more advanced age sends forth long bare arms from its upper portion, each surmounted with a crown of bayonet-shaped leaves. Its sap, when dried, produces the dragon's blood of commerce. The age to which it attains is matter of conjecture; it is known, however, that its years are counted by centuries. One is still standing in a private garden at Orotava, which was of its present dimensions, forty feet in circumference, when the Spaniards first visited the island, at the close of the fifteenth century. To such trees Pliny may have referred, when he described some of his time as "*intacta ævis, et congenito mundo*"—untouched by age and born with the world.

If Texas had been nearer, we should have thought on enter-

ing Orotava that the population had emigrated. The houses were shut up, grass flourished in the streets—Bucephalus and Ready-to-halt pricked their ears at the sight—and after riding into the paved court of the hostelry, we had to wait some minutes before the sleepy-looking waiter came to take our portemanteaus; and then he was going to take one at a time, but the doctor threw some very emphatic English words at him, which brought him to bow and scrateh like a French dancing-master, opened his eyes, and gave him strength to carry all our traps at once, and canes to boot. Having performed ablutions and ordered a dinner, minus garlic, we turned out for a walk, and to present our letters of introduction to Consul Goodall. The city was just waking up from its evening nap. Mr. Goodall was at home and received us cordially; walked with us through the public square, now enlivened with mantle-covered figures of ladies, and the rusty coats of moustached, clever, half-pay looking gentlemen; went with us to a livery-stable—save the mark! gave us the use of his fluent Spanish, in engaging fresh horses and guides (Jose's "blooded animals" were too "safe")—returned with us to the hotel, and gave detailed orders for provisions for our journey—called after dinner, and chatted an hour with us over a glass of ale, and otherwise served us; but most of all were we grateful for the cordial manner in which he performed these offices of kindness. At dinner, by advice of a physician—I saved my pledge—I drank a glass or two of Canary wine, and felt better.

Having to start early in the morning, we practised the wise maxim "early to bed," etc. The oppressive heat of

the sun, and the rough, laborious ride had fatigued us much; yet, the scenery and observations of the day had enlivened my feelings, and I retired in the blissful frame of conscious gratitude, laid me down in quietness, and my sleep was sweet.

CHAPTER V.

THE PEAK.

Leave Orotava—Barren Hills—Goat's Milk—Breakfast—Stream of Lava Llano del Retama—A Hot Ride—Effects of a Drink—An Artist from Home—Professor Prazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal—Ascent of the Malpays and Piton—The Summit—A Cheer for Old Virginia—A Night at Alta Vista—Our Hosts—The Descent—A Word of Advice.

The clattering of our horses' hoofs on the pavement of the court-yard startled us from sound sleep, and, without the usual parley with morning dreams, we sprang to the oaken floor, and making a hasty toilet, went down to inspect our caravan and equipage. The two guides, with blankets over their shoulders, were rubbing the sleep out of their eyes, and the three horses, as if holding their strength in reserve, stood soberly meditating on the duties of the day, or brooding over the fodderless prospects of their journey, occasionally moving their lips in solemn soliloquy, or as if gathering invisible oats. The prospect was not bright, for either speed or comfort. Our guides, neither of whom spoke a word of English, seemed as lifeless as the horses. The leader, an old man of fifty, and the driver, a tallow-complexioned boy of seventeen, were fair specimens of the poke-easy "*isleños*" of the interior, and we afterward found them quite as slow and stupid as their first appearance indicated. We were assured that there were but four other persons of the place who knew the way to the summit, and they were absent, which accounted for the care-

less and independent air of these. Humboldt, in making this tour fifty years ago, could not find one person in Santa Cruz who had mounted the peak, and we in 1856 could find but two in Orotava, twenty miles nearer. He adds: "I was not surprised at this, for the most curious objects in nature become less interesting in proportion as they are near to us; and I have known inhabitants of Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, who had never seen the fall of the Rhine but at a distance." He might now add, that, even in this wonder-loving age, there are adults who have grown up within hearing of Niagara, who have never seen the falls.

Our provisions for the two days' journey before us, consisted of a keg of water, a basket of bread, cold meat, hard boiled eggs, and a few bottles of cold coffee; these, with a scant allowance of corn for the horses, were stowed in the panniers of the pack-horse. The doctor had, besides, a flask of some very fragrant fluid, which he carried in his coat-pocket, accompanied by a bunch of delicious Havanas. My nag showed a degree of restiveness when I sprang to the saddle, which was quite encouraging, as showing some of the life in reserve, and I stooped forward to pat his neck and encourage him; but a peep under the pommel of my saddle showed me that the poor thing was wincing from a very sore back. I was about to vent my disgust on the senior *Antonio*, when my attention was called back to the doctor, whose horse had slipped up on the pavement, and was now taking a quiet grunt on his side, preparatory to getting up. He had sprained his thumb, and I thought, from his looks, that he was in a fair way to do scolding for both of us; but quoting the philosophical maxim of Marryat's Jacob Faithful, "What's done can't be helped,"

he remounted with marvellous coolness, and giving his steed an affectionate spur, deep in both flanks, passed us in a trot, and took up the van.

It was a lovely morning; and to persons who, like ourselves, are not in the habit of dulling the taste by too frequent use of the luxury of sunrise-views, the air and scenery were unusually enjoyable. Attempt at description would be useless, where the pencil of a Raphael would fail to catch one of the thousand fleeting shades and tints of so grand a panorama: but let us say that the unclouded sun had just risen above the horizon; behind us, the sea, still undisturbed by the land-breeze, was covered with a light mantle of blue mist; before us, the peak raised its sublime height, girded with a circle of cloud, and cast its huge shadows far into the sea; around us, spread a varied landscape, green in the luxuriance of tropical vegetation; and the air, balmy with the dew of morning, was redolent of the aroma of flowers, and the fragrant smoke of fagots now kindling on the cotters' hearths. The road lay through a narrow and unfrequented lane, where our horses showed themselves adepts at playing marbles, by stumbling among the loose stones which covered it; but we discovered, to our gratification, that as their stiff joints warmed by travelling, they were becoming more sure-footed, and the chances were increasing for reaching the summit with unbroken necks. We passed among the hills and fields of black volcanic cinders, to which we referred in the notes of yesterday's journey; and though we rode around the largest of these conical hills, we could find no evidence of the truth of the tradition, that it once emitted lava. There is no lava in its vicinity but which, in its

position and inclination, points to another origin. There are no traces of a crater on its apex, nor marks of lateral eruptions; it is a homogeneous, regularly-formed mass. We think Humboldt's first impression in regard to the formation of these hills the true theory. He says: "These hills owe their origin to lateral eruptions of the great volcano," yet, he seems to think it probable that the larger one, to which we refer, may have emitted lava. It is called *montanita de la villa*. A few thousand years hence, these barren fields will bear a fruitful and an exhaustless soil. Time is a cultivator.

In this vicinity we met a number of boys and girls driving milk goats to Orotava, to supply their customers with the morning's meal of milk. In these islands, and in Madeira, there is no danger of being imposed upon with the swill-milk, or sky blue, of our cities, for the goats are driven to your door, and the expert little dairy-maids milk their quiet kine before your eyes. We respectfully dedicate this hint to Mr. Frank Leslie, and the champions of pure cream in our large cities.

An hour's ride brought us into a cool atmosphere; half an hour more, and we were in the belt of cloud which surrounded the mountain; and our appetites being now pretty well sharpened, we sat down on a grassy bank, and made a hearty breakfast from our well-filled basket. We did not linger over it, however, for the mist of the clouds was gathering on our clothes like heavy dew, and the air was chill.

As we advanced, the herbage became scant; and when we reached an elevation of four thousand feet above the city of Orotava, a few ferns and hardy bushes of the thorn

family were the only representatives of vegetable life. The woods of juniper and fir, to which the observant Humboldt makes reference, as situated above the regions of ferns, must have entirely disappeared in the course of the past half century, for we did not see a single specimen of either, although we ascended by the same route.

For a couple of miles below the plain of Retama, the road lay over a steeply-inclined bed, or stream, of basaltic lava, hemmed in by large masses of detached rocks. This bed seems to have cooled suddenly, yet without the extensive cracking which generally ensues when large masses of lava are suddenly cooled. It resembles a river frozen, while the ripple is still upon its surface. Following this bed, we entered a pass which breaks the irregular chain of mountain, which encircles the plain, called *Llano del Retama*, on which the peak stands. This plain is an uneven surface of fragmentary pumice, so light and dust-like that our horses sank in it ankle deep. Boulders of obsidian and basalt are scattered over its surface, some of which measure forty feet in circumference.

If Jupiter had been a patron of fire-arms, we might suppose his Vulcans of Etna had been here forging shot for his paixhans. The plain takes its name from the *retama*—*Spartium nubigenum*—which grows in thick tufts on its surface, attaining an average height of six feet. It is the only shrub that grows on these high plains, and affords food and protection to the wild goats and rabbits, which are the sole occupants of these silent domains.

We entered the plain at noon, and though it is near 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, and we were fanned by a constant breeze, the heat was exceedingly oppressive,

owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, and the intense reflection from the white pumice beneath our feet. Two hours of constant jogging were employed in crossing to the base of the volcanic cone, although the distance is under four miles; and when, on rising to an elevated portion of the plain, called *Monton de Trigo*, we found shelter from the pelting heat, we sat down exhausted, and almost blind from the continued glare. The doctor's bottle of fragrant liquid—I will not venture to give it a name, for I am very ignorant in such matters—was applied to my lips, and the effect produced was instantaneous exhilaration. It was a stray drop of *aqua vitæ* from the fountain of youth. The cool shade gradually restored my bedazzled vision, and I joined my friend in a slice of cold beef, and bread and cheese. While enjoying, after dinner, the shade and cold breeze among the rocks, and looking out on the burning plain that we had crossed, the bold imagery of Isaiah, representing the fullness of Christ, rose in our mind: "He shall be a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, rivers of waters in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

We pursued our upward journey, and in half an hour passed the *Estancia de los Ingleses*, or Englishman's rest—so called because the tourists of the Peak, who have generally been Englishmen, make this their camping-place at night. Here we dismounted, and dragging our horses with us, continued upward until we reached the small plain, or steppe, in the mountain, called *Alta Vista*.

On mounting this plain, we found ourselves within a few feet of a rough stone hut, covered with tarpaulin and pieces of sail-cloth. Near by stood a man taking a photograph.

He raised his head suddenly as we approached, for we had entered the field of his camera. We stood a moment in surprise at finding an artist and a house in such a place, but our guide, stepping up, explained by whispering, "Señor Smeet."

Stand with us, reader, and take a look at him, while he adjusts his apparatus, for it is the veritable Professor Smyth himself, Astronomer Royal of Scotland, and one of the master minds of the age. His woollen hat is slouched and weather-worn; his loose coat is soiled and sun-burnt; from one of the pockets dangles a piece of coarse rope, and from another the handle of a hammer protrudes. His coarse shoes are void of polish, his clothes are all in keeping, and hang about him as if they had been put on with a pitchfork. He is above medium height, of brawny frame, and apparently about forty years of age. In his person, he reminds us of a plain farmer, or a stone mason. But take a step nearer, reader; look at his thought-marked Celtic face, his intellectual brow, his speaking eye, the indescribable dignity of his mien, and you will realize that you are in the presence of a prince in the world of mind. We presented our letter of introduction, which he instantly read, and gave us a hearty Scotch welcome to his *highland* home. Mrs. Smyth, hearing of our arrival, came from the tent, and met us with a cordial greeting; and we very gladly accepted her invitation to return to tea, and spend the night with them. The professor, with his wife and four attendants, has been here a month or more, and intends remaining till after the equinox. The elevation and clear atmosphere of the Peak of Teneriffe afford unusual advantages in making astronomical observations; and among

other interesting results of his heroic undertaking, the professor will settle affirmatively the vexed question of the emission of heat from the moon.

We left our attendants and horses on this plain, and taking a fresh guide, and accompanied by a young gentleman from Orotava, a nephew of Consul Goodall, we commenced, in good earnest, to scale the Malpays, as these heights are called, in order to see the sun set from the summit. Traces of road were no longer visible; we ascended, springing from one block of lava to another, and at no small risk of breaking legs or necks. After running, jumping, and climbing, for an hour and a quarter, we reached another small steppe or plain, called the *Rambleta*, on which stands the Piton, or cone of pumice and lava, which constitutes the crown of the Peak. We stopped here to rest, and then turned aside to look into those solfataras, or vapor-emitting crevices, which are called by the natives *Narices del Pico* —Nostrils of the Peak. We had no thermometer by which to measure the heat of the aqueous vapor which escapes from them, but, according to reliable tourists, it varies from 109° to 127° Fahr. Judging by the hand, we should have set it down at 150° at least. Two theories are offered in solution of this phenomenon: the first, that the sea communicates with the internal fires of the mountain, producing a steam which thus escapes: the second, that the snows which, in winter, settle among the caverns and deep crevices of the Malpays, produce internal reservoirs of water, which water, percolating the porous lavas, reaches heated surfaces, where it evaporates, and the vapors escape through these crevices. The former of these theories comports well with the grand scale on which nature has produced her

works in this region, but the latter is, perhaps, the more probable. The want of uniformity in the temperature of the vapors, suggests to our mind an objection to both. An analysis of the vapors themselves may suggest a third, and less objectionable theory. The ascent of the Piton was exceedingly fatiguing; our feet sank in the light pumice ankle deep; the rare atmosphere was very cold, and irritating to throat and lungs; but, encouraged by the proximity of the summit, we pressed on, and reached the wall of porphyritic lava which forms the brim of the crater. We were exhausted and almost breathless, but the doctor had strength enough in reserve to jump to the highest stone in the wall, and give a cheer for "Old Virginia."

The crater is an elliptical basin of about 100 feet in depth, 300 in length, and 200 breadth. Its surface is pumice, decomposed, and reduced to the consistency of putty by the action of the sulphurous acid gases which escape from the numerous crevices which mark the bottom and sides. Here, also, there are crevices emitting humid vapors, which show a temperature varying from 160° to 170° Fahr., forty degrees above the vapors of the "Nostrils." This would indicate that, although further from the centre of the mountain, they proceed more directly from the place of heat. From the sides of the solfataras we obtained some fine specimens of native crystalline sulphur, formed on a base of pumice highly charged with sulphuric acid. The doctor descended to the bottom, but finding the surface hot and damp, returned without delay, bringing with him some beautiful crystals of sulphur. The sun sank very slowly, and fearing to be overtaken by night, we hastened our bird's-eye sketch of the plan of the mountain, and turned

our steps downward. Five of the neighboring islands were visible; but the ocean, more than 12,000 feet below us, except in the line of the sun's departure, was obscured by the gathering darkness. The direction of the wind here, which was from the southwest, being the reverse of that of the prevailing winds below, affords proof of the general correctness of the theory of the trade-winds which Commander Maury has so amply and beautifully elaborated. Having carried their burden of freshness and life to the climes of the sun, they are here returning on rarefied wings to "the store-houses of the north," to come again, in "the circuit of the winds," on their mission of mercy.

Our journal of that day contains no soliloquy, no attempt to describe the scenery of those heights sublime, nor the unutterable emotions which swelled within our hearts. Our minds were overwhelmed with the idea of Omnipotence, and the spreading thought was too big for utterance. In those heights of eternal solitude, the soul is conscious of the presence of the Infinite, and all its emotions tend to be absorbed in wonder; but if the realized truth, "God manifest in the flesh," be a controlling principle among its powers, its wonder is raised to rapture, and with Addison it may exclaim,

> "Transported with the view I'm lost
> In wonder, LOVE and *praise*."

I venerate the high mountains, for they are marked by the footsteps of Jehovah, and have heard the voice of the Almighty. I *love* them, because they have witnessed the exaltation of my Saviour. I delight to scale their cloud-crested heights, and stand on their silent summits in their

unveiled sunshine. I like to lose myself in that sense of immensity which unbounded prospect inspires; but, like the beholders of the Transfiguration, I am bewildered by the view sublime, and God, setting limits to my utterance, sayeth, "Tell the vision to no man."

On our way down, we turned aside to look into the natural ice-house of the Peak. It is a deep cavern, into which the snows, which here fall abundantly in winter, are swept by the winds, and owing to the fact that it has but one opening, and that near the arch, or roof, and comparatively small, the cool air of winter remains undisturbed; and being well protected from the sun's heat by the non-conducting lavas which surround its mouth, its snows remain through the summer. In the spring, an active trade is done in transporting this snow to the ice-houses of the coast.

On arriving at Alta Vista, the professor was preparing tea over a spirit-lamp. The cloth was spread on boxes of astronomical apparatus. Mrs. Smyth did the honors of the table, and in a manner which showed that Scotch good-breeding is superior to circumstances. Conversation on scientific and other subjects followed the refreshing meal, in which the lady showed herself a thoroughly read and an original personage, yet unostentatious and ingenuous as a child. We ask pardon of the professor for thinking that she is the more clever of the two. Truly they are noble representatives of the land of Scott, and Stewart, and Chalmers—a land which for a century has led, and for more than a century will lead, the philosophy of the world, despite the jealousy of France and the sneers of Germany.

The mate and carpenter of his yacht were with him, and

we are indebted to these noble tars, who would insist on our taking their snug bed, for a night of unexpected comfort. The time of the sun's appearance at this point 9,400 feet above the sea, was 5 h. 19 m. 50 sec.; by observation on board the U. S. S. Jamestown, in the harbor of Santa Cruz, the appearance of the sun's upper limb was near thirteen minutes later. The same difference of time, inversely, might doubtless be observed at sunset, making the day on the Peak twenty-five or six minutes longer than on the plane of the ocean. We spent an hour with the professor gathering specimens of various lavas, and then took up our journey of descent. Returning over the second of the two routes by which the Peak is accessible, we crossed the broken ridge which encircles the plain of Retama, through the pass of *Canada del Cedro*, where we stopped to take breakfast, and made a hasty sketch of the Malpays and Piton.

With this sketch and our bird's-eye outline view before us, we beg to offer, with becoming modesty, our ideas of the plan of the Peak of Teneriffe. It seems to be composed of three distinct mountains, the lavas of which are distinct in character, and in point of age. The mountain, until we reach the plain of Retama, we suppose to have been the first and most extensive volcano. The plain of Retama rests in its crater, and the broken chain of hills, over twenty miles in circumference, are the walls of this crater. The gaps, or passes, in this range, show where its later eruptions overflowed, and the inclination of the lava stream, over which we ascended, shows that it could not have originated from a higher point. To the eruptions of this volcano, we refer the modern surface to the north, east, and

south of the Orotavas, of which we have spoken in our last chapter, excepting the comparatively limited formations traceable to lateral and more modern eruptions. On the western side of the plain of the Retama stands the mountain of the Malpays, thrown up, as its exposed matter would indicate, at a period long subsequent to the last overflows of the great crater on whose plain it stands. The plain of *La Rambleta* and the Piton, occupy the crater of this volcano; the upper crest of the Malpays marks the height of its rim or walls. Its eruptions, doubtless, contributed to fill up the old crater, and to form the plain of the Retama. Being near the western wall of the first crater, its eruptions buried and overflowed that wall, so that on this side the mountain presents an inclined plane, uniform in its angle of inclination, from the summit of the Malpays, or wall of the second crater, to a point many miles below the summit. The Piton stands on, but does not cover, the plain of this second crater. It seems to be the production of the final throe of the volcanic force, and the eruptions from it are comparatively insignificant. To it may be attributed the pumice and boulders which cover the plain of the Retama.

The Peak of Teneriffe has attained its maximum height, and such is the superincumbent weight on the ancient focus, that its future eruptions, should it have any, will be low and lateral. The last eruption, which occurred in 1798, was lateral.

It was interesting to note, as we descended, how one zone of vegetation succeeded another, yet blending harmoniously. Above, we left the green Retama in undisputed possession of the arid plains; an interval of barrenness oc-

curs, and the ferns and hardy grasses begin to appear. The arborescent heaths, the fruit trees and flora of our own uplands succeed, followed by the grape, the fig, the orange, till at length we reach the zone of palms and bananas, where most of the plants of tropical Africa and America may be produced. Flocks of wild canary birds enlivened our tedious journey with their sweet music. They are brown on the back, and of a greenish yellow on the breast and wings. The pale and deep yellow of their caged relatives is the result of domestication.

We reached Orotava at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, fatigued and sun-blistered. A journey of twenty miles up hill is not an easy task, but to descend is still more difficult. Let none undertake this journey who is affected by any disease of the lungs, for the exercise is too severe a trial to these organs; and in an atmosphere such as that of the Peak, so rare that at a thousand feet below the summit water boils at 190° Fahr., serious hemorrhages are likely to occur. At the same elevation, the thermometer is often as low as 50° in the month of August.

Taking fresh horses in the morning, we trotted briskly through the clean streets of the pleasant little town of Orotava, on our way to Santa Cruz. It was Sunday, and for every reason we should have preferred to "rest" on that day, but our leave of absence was drawing to a close, and we had no choice.

The road was enlivened by peasants, who, in holiday attire, were passing from one hamlet to another, singing as they went, and saluting all passers with cheerful "good day." We reported ourselves "on board" at 3 o'clock, having been absent four days, and performed a journey

whose incidents are still bright, and which memory will ever delight to retrace.

A few evenings after, we saw the Peak from the sea, sixty miles distant, robed in the gorgeous drapery of sunset, calm and majestic in its conscious strength, a silent watcher of the tide of generations.

MADEIRA.

MADEIRA.

CHAPTER I.

MADEIRA.

Land—Close Calculation—The Island as seen in the Distance—Nearer and more Enchanting View—Loo Rock, Brazen Head and Pontinha—Distinguished Visitors—The Anchorage—Going Ashore—The Landing—Beggars—American Consulate—Panoramic View of Funchal and its Surroundings—Convents—Burying-grounds, etc.

THROUGH the night of the 7th July, 1855, we made "easy sail," and the dawn of Sunday, 8th, revealed the island of Madeira enveloped in a blue mist and capped with clouds. We were in the precise spot predicted for us by our accomplished master, Lieutenant H., on the previous evening, giving us a beautiful example of the exactness of mathematical science, as applied to navigation, and of the accuracy and attention characteristic of the naval officer on duty.

We made the land at the western extremity of the island, and were soon carried under its lee, where we found a favorable and pleasant breeze, which wafted us along our course for Funchal at a rate which gave ample opportunity for studying the varied shore without weariness.

As the day advanced, the wind under the land became light and variable, so we kept more seaward; the Desertas rose full upon our view; and the lovely island, with its barren neighbors, stood clearly defined against the orange-tinted blue of these summer skies.

As seen from the southwest, at a distance of ten or twelve miles, Madeira presents a wild and beautiful picture. Its shores are bold and cliff-like, marked by dark caverns, and gorges depressed to the level of the sea to make way for the mountain torrents. Its valleys are deep and narrow; its plains and hills but the variations of the mountain sides; and its mountains, abrupt and high, generally end in cones, or spire-like summits. These mountains form a chain which runs longitudinally through the island, or in an easterly and westerly direction, rising from the western extremity towards the eastern, until the centre of the island is passed. To the east of the centre the peaks obtain their maximum height, and are lost in the clouds of heaven.

At this distance, the island seems floating on the bosom of the ocean, its foundations dark, its chasms and gorges marked by lines of black; its slopes and lower mountain sides present a hundred shades of blue and green, beautifully blended by the hazy distance; while its higher summits, piercing above the clouds, represent the magic isles of the Arabian Nights floating in mid-heaven. The effect upon the minds and feelings of those who for long weeks have been gazing on the unrelieved wastes of boundless ocean is the most charming imaginable, exciting in happy union, ideas of the beautiful and sublime, and in noble natures calling forth emotions of gratitude for the beauties of the visible creation. After such an incarceration as we

had suffered in our wooden prison, in boundless solitude, the barren keys of East Florida, which we left four weeks before, would have been welcome to our eyes; but now that not only land was visible, but land arrayed in the sublimest forms of loveliness, our hearts beat with a full, pure joy, such as imagination alone had never revealed.

At 3 o'clock, being off the town of Funchal, we tacked and stood in for the roadstead. Loo Rock, Pontinha, and Brazen Head, natural landmarks to the shore, seemed to rise out of the water as we approached; the confused masses of buildings gradually assumed individuality, and rose from lilliputian proportions; trees, hedge-rows and terraces grew distinct; the sun, so constant in his shining in these latitudes, shone with the softened light of evening; the scene grew brighter as we neared; and to mingle life, that essential element of beauty, with the scene, a fleet of tiny boats was dancing over the waves to meet us.

The health-boat, bearing the Portuguese ensign and officers in uniform, was soon alongside; *pratique* was granted us; and, as the health officer left, a squadron of brightly painted and curiously shaped shore-boats surrounded us. We rolled on to the anchorage amidst the chattering of a hundred tongues in unmelodious Portuguese, hailing us occasionally through the ports to bid us welcome in broken English, or asking for washing! A few of the more genteel in appearance were admitted on board, whom we found to be the representatives of various interests in Funchal. They appeared in earnest in commending their houses, but did so in a quietness of tone and manner entirely new to American ears, and quite prepossessing. These, as we afterwards found, were mostly representatives of English shops

or hotels. Robert Bayman, Esq., accompanied by Nuño de Cevallo, Esq., favorably known representatives of the American consulate, boarded us while still at a distance from the anchorage, bidding us a hearty welcome, and pressing the generous hospitalities of that most worthy establishment. The boatswain's call, "Bring ship to anchor," was promptly responded to; and, after the usual manœuvering, the heavy iron fell into thirty fathoms of water with a rush like the falling of an avalanche.

Who that stood on the deck of the Jamestown that delightful evening, when quiet had been restored, can ever forget the emotions of the hour, or how we wished that the sun might delay his going down? The island of gardens was before us, clothed in its summer dress; the aroma of a thousand flowers greeted us from the shore—

> "Sweet as Sabean odors from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the blest."

Funchal and its surrounding villas looked cheerful in the departing light; the sound of church bells reached us from the shore, with their associations of home and things sacred; the atmosphere was cool and invigorating; and forgetting our temporary exile, we felt that being in such an hour is bliss. That night the tea-table smiled with fresh fruits of two zones, and cheerful converse round the social board occupied the remaining hours of the sacred day.

Morning came, balmy and bright—such mornings as only Madeira can have—and those who were not detained by duty hastened to the shore.

First impressions of places, as of persons, though perhaps not generally truthful, are certainly lasting; so it is rather

unfortunate for our remembrances of Madeira that on our first landing we were beset by the beggars and penny-catchers of the town, who that morning seem to have held a mass-meeting on the beach in honor of our arrival. These beggars represent both sexes and all ages, various degrees of *fledgedness* (fluttering rags suggest the word), various shades of complexion in skin, and great variety in diseased conditions. They belong to the *genus* Naples—*species* Portugal—having all the pertinacity of the Neapolitan, but void of his resentment and ingratitude.

There being neither pier, dock, nor cove, in the vicinity of Funchal, the landing is made on the open beach, and frequently at the expense of wet feet. When the weather is calm, a ship's boat may be stranded without much risk; but if there is much sea, it is safer to take one of the native surf-boats, which may be obtained for a trifle, and are skillfully managed. Going with the momentum of the wave, they run high on the beach; then you must jump quick and run, or the succeeding roller will reprove tardy steps. My companion, Lieutenant H., and myself made our first landing from the ship's boat, giving the spectators a specimen of American jumping—nothing extra, however—and were received by the beggars with open arms—and such arms—*horresco referens!* To get rid of these was our first essay; and, after many attempts, and the use of many arguments and stratagems, we at length succeeded.

Harsh tones and threats did not move them, severe looks and gestures did not awe them, entreaties but encouraged them, the distribution of a few pieces of silver to the women and the more needy-looking only made the others more sanguine and pressing. The children in arms cried in re-

sponse to private pinches; the little girls and boys pulled our coats; the mothers smiled and mouthed alternately; the maimed came loathsomely near; while, in the background, the horse-hirers and guides grew loud and eloquent in their demand for patronage; and it was not till we entered the walls of the consulate that we found shelter from the terrible storm.

After paying our respects to that most worthy of American representatives abroad, J. Howard March, Esq., we went forth to see and stroll *ad libitum*. The attentive beggars were in waiting at the gate, and continued to follow us for half an hour or more; but as we walked fast, the crutched, old and lazy gradually dropped off, until we found ourselves followed by boys and girls only: these we dispersed with a few kind words and an active volley of pebbles.

Strolling without a *cicerone*, and as fancy may lead, may not be the more profitable way in which to see strange places, but it is certainly the more comfortable, has the advantage of leading out of the beaten paths of lion-hunters, and often reveals a page in the unwritten annals of the indigent and obscure.

The streets and lanes of Funchal, and many of its roads for miles into the country, are paved with round smooth stones of compact basalt, gathered from the shingly beach. These make walking very tiresome to the unpractised, but contribute to the cleanliness of the place and the advantage of the horse-hirers. Most persons would prefer paying twenty-five cents an hour for a good horse and attendant, to walking; but he who walks enjoys the greater liberty, and in the end will be better acquainted with the places

visited; but if an American—for we are proverbially poor walkers—he will pay for the advantage in blistered feet.

Soon we were a thousand feet above the level of the town; and an hour's walk further, with many rests, for the road was very steep, gave us an elevation whence we had a bird's-eye view of the town and surroundings, with the ships in the offing, forming altogether a landscape of surpassing loveliness. Sit with us, reader, on these emerald and fragrant heights, while we describe a few objects in the scenery before us.

Funchal, the capital of the Madeira group, is located on a southern exposure, facing the sea, which washes its foundations. It has the highest mountain of the island as a back-ground, on the foot of which it stands, having high ranges of hills to the east and west, which protect it from the winds of three quarters, and give it an air of nestled comfort and security. It is divided by several canals, or excavated river beds, now dry, but which in the rainy season—winter—convey impetuous torrents to the ocean below.

Sometimes these floods produce fearful destruction, owing to their volume and the momentum which they obtain from the great inclination of their channels. They come rolling from the mountains, after an unusually heavy rain, with a roar that may be heard while the mighty wave is still some miles distant; yet, so terrible is the speed with which it comes, rushing over the solid masonry set up to inclose it, that the panic-stricken inhabitants who dwell upon its banks are often overtaken in their flight and swept away before its resistless force. In the year 1803, several large buildings of the lower part of the city, in the vicinity of Ribeiro

de João Gomes, were carried out to sea in their entirety; and one was seen, by the light in its windows, to float for several hours on the troubled waters of the bay.

There seems to have been some attempt at system in the first plan of the place, as the streets have an inclination for the cardinal points, but the engineer was not very skillful, or, which is more likely, the interests of the ground-holders were too often consulted. The plan was probably made by João Gonçalves Zarco, who, as a reward for discovering the island, was appointed governor of the greater part of it, with Funchal for his capital. It derives its name from the quantity of wild fennel growing in the vicinity at the time of the discovery, called in the Portuguese *funcho*.

The buildings are not generally of a style. In the older residences of any dignity the Moorish imitation is manifest, while in those of later date, especially in the suburban villas, here called *Quintas*, the English taste prevails, and rules also in the disposition of "the grounds." The streets are narrow and the houses high and substantial, being built of stone and covered with Dutch tiles. To one accustomed to the light and airy styles of southern architecture in America, these massive fronts and small windows look gloomy and prison-like, yet they are comfortable. Even the poor of the city live in large houses, but these are generally badly ventilated.

At this height, we have the city as full in view as the chess player has his men; and the most prominent objects visible are those which a resident will tell you—thank fortune there are no guide-books here—are the most important in reality.

Of these, the cathedral, situated in the heart of the town, is the most imposing in dimensions.

It is a large cruciform building, of several styles—Gothic, perhaps, predominating—weather-beaten and patched outside, dark and imperfectly ventilated within. Roman Catholic churches are generally badly lighted; the darkness is doubtless symbolic, but the significance of the symbol is not generally understood, except by Protestants, who have *a private interpretation* quite satisfactory.

The grand altar of the cathedral is a gorgeous, rather than tasteful, specimen of gilding and carving, into which are worked the usual expressive symbols of the Romish religion. Along its grand aisle are several smaller altars and family chapels, or stalls, comfortably set up.

It has associated interest, apart from its aspect, as a place of worship; it is a vast sepulchre, underneath whose stone floors and walls many thousands sleep in hope, under the shadow of the cross and the spell of the significant words "*requiescat in pace.*" My informant, one of the canons, told me that the dead in and under the cathedral were more numerous than the living of the town: hence over twenty thousand.

The convent of *Santa Clara*, from its elevated position, is a striking figure in the scene. It is of the Franciscan order, the oldest of that order in the island, and was founded by Zarco, the discoverer, whose ashes it contains.

It is better known to sentimental visitors and navy officers (who generally abound in sentiment!) as the temporary prison of the beautiful and fascinating nun, *Maria Clementina.*

Once during our stay in Madeira we had the pleasure of

seeing this interesting lady. It was on a public festive occasion, when she appeared in public, as she has often done in the few years past, dressed in the habiliments of private life and in the company of her relatives. She is now far advanced in "the sear and yellow leaf," and we could discover but few of the traces of that beauty which captivated so many in her earlier days, among whom, rumor says, she counts a worthy and accomplished chaplain of the American navy—"but hereby hangs a tale." The convents of *Senhora das Merces* and *Encarnacão*, one of the Franciscan order and the other of the Capuchin, are buildings as humble in pretension and appearance as we trust the inmates are in heart and life.

Acting on the assumption that "might makes right," the crown of Portugal has taken possession of the property of these institutions, and measures for the abolition of nunneries in the island. The object may be a good one, but certainly the means are ignoble. For several years none have been permitted to take the veil, so that when the present generation of nuns shall have passed away, and it is evening time with them now, there will be an end of convents in Madeira.

The much-admired feather-flowers, and fancy needle-work of Madeira, produced by these nuns for the benefit of the church and poor, show that they are industrious, and that, notwithstanding their long seclusion from the world, they have not lost their sense of the beautiful, nor their sympathy with suffering humanity. And do they not also indicate the presence of these powers and sentiments which, in commerce with the world, would have contributed to its refinement and moral elevation; but as they have lived, do not their

lives resemble these soft and beautiful creations of their skillful fingers, beautiful to the imagination, but in reality dead, and without fragrance?

The dome-like roof of the English Episcopal Chapel rises from the midst of a garden of flowering shrubbery, in a retired part of the city. The building is a square, substantial and tasteful edifice on the exterior, but more like a theatre than a place of devotion. The interior is so arranged as to form a hexagon, having galleries on four sides, but as the floors of these are horizontal, rather than inclined, none but those occupying the front rows can witness the performance of service. The grounds within its high inclosure are carefully attended, and in their eternal bloom make ample return for the labor bestowed. The paths around the building are paved with a small round pebble, into which smooth white stones have been worked, forming appropriate figures, which might be called mosaic in pavement. This was a favorite resort with some of our officers on a Sunday afternoon; and delightful was it indeed, to worship with its serious congregation, and after service to linger for an hour around the sacred place, enjoying communion with God in nature without, and in the richer manifestations of his grace within. The chaplain, Mr. Brown, is a finished gentleman, a practical, elegant, and spiritual preacher; evangelical in his doctrines, as he is practical and sincere in the duties of his office. The chapel was built by consent of the government of Portugal—this granted only through fear of offending the English crown, and embarrassed with foolish conditions. The unchurch-like appearance of the building is one of them, and the prohibition of a bell another. These conditions, with others, were prompted, *doubtless*, by "a care for the soul's

of the faithful" on the part of the crown. It could not permit the ringing of a Protestant bell in a *Catholic* city; that would disturb the minds of *the Christians*, and perhaps their faith, by leading to the question of "one church."

The same care for their morals, and the same love invested in soap and spelling-books would be commendable. The English burying-ground is near by, and is worthy of a visit and a thought. Here lie the dust and hopes of hundreds who came to these healthful shores to prolong life, but came too late. The mementoes of them here raised appeal to our sympathies, for a majority of the sleepers were females, these mostly cut off in the early bloom of womanhood, and most of them by that slow tormentor and destroyer, consumption. The yard is handsomely laid out, and ornamented with evergreens, telling in symbolic language of that immortality, whose hopes cheered the departing hours of the now untroubled sleepers.

There is a violation of good taste here, however, that one is surprised to meet in an English burying-ground. Many of the graves, in lieu of a flower-bed, tablet, or other form of monumental structure, are covered over with lime and stone composite, representing the size and shape of the coffin beneath. The sensation of walking among coffins is irresistible, and the emotion felt, one of horror rather than becoming solemnity. The grave-yard, like the chapel, was granted to the English on conditions. One was that it should be placed beyond the walls of the city; and another, that a corporal's guard should attend each burial to keep order; these to be feed at the expense of the mourners.

These embarrassments have been overcome. The city has expanded itself so as to embrace the yard, and for many

years the corporal and his guard have been overlooked. It was located by Consul Nash, in 1772, and since that time, through the brotherly kindness of the English residents, many Americans, and other Protestants, not British subjects, have been buried within its walls. Previous to that time, Protestants dying here were carried out to sea and buried in the ocean off Brazen Head. The Portuguese burying-ground has a spacious and beautiful location on a hill overlooking the sea, opposite Loo Rock. Its neat front entrance opens opposite the *Asilo do mendicidade* and presents quite an imposing aspect. The ground is divided into large squares, and these are subdivided into grave plots, each marked by a stone which contains its number. But this is too systematic, and where the plots are occupied reminds one too forcibly of a potato-patch. Trained along its walls, roses, geraniums, and heliotropes, grow luxuriantly; the borders are set in box and other appropriate edgings, and altogether it looks more like a well-kept garden than a city of the dead. A little chapel in the centre heightens the illusion, for it resembles a gardener's lodge rather than a temple of religion; and as you are about to leave, after your walk and musings, the sexton-gardener quietly obtrudes himself, presenting a beautiful *bouquet*, and a gentle hint for a small fee. You accept both, and depart.

But enough for one *coup d'œil*. Descend with us, reader, from these heights; the inner man calls for something more substantial than flowers and delightful scenery; break a lance again with the beggars; sit down with us to a light dinner at *Juliette's* good second-rate hotel, and drink with us, sons of temperance, a glass of pure and harmless Madeira; and,

after health to loved absent ones, drink to the memory of him who discovered this lovely isle,

> " Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
> And the voice of the nightingale never is mute.
> Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
> And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers."

CHAPTER II.

MADEIRA—CONTINUED.

History—Population—Procession of Miguelites—A Day's Ride—Modes of Travelling—Horses and Burroqueros—An Impertinent Question—Suburbs—Lavadas—Irrigation—Wheat Fields—Freemason Horses—Mount Church—Little Curral—Palheiro, etc.

To the wine-dealers and wine-drinkers of the world, the name Madeira has been familiar for ages. By many of our countrymen it is heard with associations the most sacred, for there many a beloved consumptive has prolonged a precious life, or closed, amidst its soft and balmy airs, a season of suffering. This is our reason for introducing a sketch of its history.

Madeira is the principal island in the group of that name, the others being the Desertas, uninhabited, and Porto Santo, a small island containing a population of less than two thousand. It is supposed, from a reference which Pliny makes to certain islands which he designates by the names Purple Island and Mauritanian Island, which, he says, are "over against the Autotoles" (the western coast of Morocco), "and were discovered by Juba," that this island was known to the ancients. The geography of Pliny is not as definite as might be desired, yet this is, perhaps, one of the islands referred to; and to one who has seen Madeira from a distance of twenty-five miles, the adjective "purple," as applied to it by Juba, the discoverer, is peculiarly appropriate. This, associated with the direction

of their location, as given by Pliny, gives a coloring of probability to the supposed identity. In the absence, however, of well-authenticated accounts of the ancient discovery, their classic history must stand side and side, in the region of doubt, with the charming romance of their discovery, invented by one Alcaforado, and published in Paris near two hundred years ago. This we may refer to in the next chapter.

Early in the fifteenth century, when Portugal was waking up to that enterprise in navigation and discovery which for a while gave her preëminence among the nations of Europe, and which constitutes her strongest claim to national distinction, her learned and energetic prince, Henry IV., fitted out several expeditions for the purpose of exploring the *terra incognita* of the African coast beyond Bojador. One of these expeditions was (in 1419) placed in command of João Gonçalves Zarco, who, in attempting to double Cape Bojador, was driven out to sea before a violent storm. Through part of a day and a long night, he ran before the furious gale, and in the morning found himself nearing an unknown island, under whose lee he found shelter, and which, in honor of his deliverance, he named Porto Santo. He returned to Portugal to inform his prince of the discovery, and on returning to plant a colony the following year, was enticed from his course, when near the island, by a fixed bank of clouds on the western horizon. Supposing these to be held there by the attraction of high lands, he shaped his course for them, and despite the threats and entreaties of the crew, who looked with superstitious dread on the dark mass, pressed on until he discovered a magnificent island, which, because it was covered with wood,

he called Madeira. The island was soon colonized by emigrants from Portugal. To these were added captives taken in the wars of the mother country with the Moors, which were kept by the colonists in a condition of slavery. Slaves were brought also from the neighboring coast of Africa, and in 1552 the slave population numbered 2,700.

The discoverer was rewarded with an extensive domain in the island, and the command of military governor over the larger portion of it. He founded a hospital and other public charities in Funchal, and left to posterity a name embalmed in good deeds. The population rapidly increased, The vales and hill-sides were found to be as productive in grain and farinaceous roots, as they had been in the native flora; labor was productive and plenty, and unambitious contentment smiled on cot and cottage.

In 1566, the quiet of the islanders was disturbed by the approach of three French privateers, who landed their crews in the bay of Praza Formosa, and sweeping down the slight resistance offered by a few soldiers and citizens in arms, proceeded to Funchal, and sacked it. The inhabitants, flying in every direction, left their houses and property exposed, and the invaders, loading themselves with money, jewels, and other valuables, returned to their ships without destroying property, or personally maltreating the inhabitants. A vessel was dispatched to Lisbon from the opposite side of the island, but long before assistance could arrive, the piratical privateers had sailed for other shores. This was among the first troubles of the island, and laid the foundation of those coast-defences, which, if properly manned, are impregnable.

In 1580, Portugal and its dependencies fell under the

dominion of Spain, but in 1640, under Dom João IV., the yoke was shaken off. During the long jealousy and wars between England and France in the beginning of the present century, the British twice possessed themselves of Madeira, first in 1801, and again in 1807. Their possession, however, was merely nominal, and they justified themselves by saying that *France* had so little respect for neutral powers, that she would certainly possess herself of so convenient a *rendezvous*, if England did not anticipate her. This kind of logic is very English.

In 1828, when Dom Miguel usurped the throne of Portugal, Madeira came willingly under his rule. His liberal policy won the confidence of the islanders, and his ejectment, in 1834, was an occasion of sorrow to most of them.

Leaning over the wall of the American consulate, which looks into the public square, we witnessed, two summers ago, a procession in honor of Dom Miguel. It was composed of men, women and children from the country, who came dancing and singing through the streets to the music of the *machête*. We followed, with a rabble of boys and donkey-drivers, supported by a staff of attentive beggars, and in the course of a long walk, picked up the sentiment of the occasion. The party were dressed in the native costume of the island, which is now worn by the country people only. With the men, this consists of small blue funnel-shaped caps, about four inches in diameter, and is worn on the crown of the head, white shirts festooned about the waist, vests of some bright-colored woollen, knee-breeches, supported at the waist by gay scarfs, and goat-skin boots, which are low enough on the leg to leave

several inches of the calf visible. The women were dressed in short petticoats of red or other bright-colored material, close-fitting calico bodies, with short sleeves, bright parti-colored neck-ties over beads and trinkets, with boots and caps like the men. The short petticoats and well-filled bootlegs gave the lasses of the party quite a saucy appearance, and reminded us of some unfeminine-looking bloomers that we had seen nearer home. Both men and women were abundantly bedecked with flowers, and carried branches, wreaths, and *palmettes* in their hands, and as they sang, swayed them to and fro with enthusiasm.

Such parties, we learned from our half-dozen volunteer interpreters, are not uncommon; and, though they are generally so small as not to excite the jealousy of the government officials, the sympathy of the lower classes, with their liberal sentiments, is deep and extensive. Excuse this episode in our history, which we close by saying that the present (1857) population of the island is about 100,000. Three months ago, before the cholera made its fearful ravages, we might have added twelve or fifteen thousand more.

Mount Church, or the church of our Lady of the Mountain—*Nossa Senhora de Monte*—and the Little Curral, are places of great attraction to visitors. The Curral, with its rugged sides and deep basin, the wildly irregular depositions of its volcanic strata, and the thousand forms of vegetable beauty which find luxuriant life adown its braes, attracts the student of nature, while Mount Church appeals to our love of the supernatural in its ghostly legends; and if it does too severely try our faith, compensates for the draft on our credulity by the attractive scenery of its

vicinage. It is situated on the side of the mountain which forms the back-ground of Funchal, about two and a half miles from the city, and two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

On a bright morning in July, our fleet surgeon and myself stepped ashore from the surf-boat, intent on a day's ride. We landed near that huge pillar of stone and mortar, which some ingenious Yankee built for the purpose of unloading vessels in the bay, in rough weather. The *modus operandi* was by means of cables, secured at one end to the top of the pillar, and at the other to the masts of the vessel, over which, in crates or boxes, the cargo was to be drawn ashore. The scheme, however, had one fault—a fault common to many Yankee inventions, namely—it wouldn't work.

Here, engaging a couple of good-looking horses and clever-looking attendants, we mounted, and soon found ourselves breathing the morning exhalations of the dewy mountains. The modes of conveyance in Madeira are three. First, slung from a pole, which is carried by men, in a palanquin, or a hammock. The palanquin is a chair much resembling a child's cradle, suspended from a pole by strong wire. It is much used by ladies and invalids as a conveyance about town, but for long journeys the hammock is preferable, and lighter. The second mode is in a carriage, set on sledge-runners, and drawn by oxen. As the roads of the island are generally too steep for wheel-vehicles this is the only kind of carriage, and this was not introduced until about ten years ago. Captain Bulkely, of the British army, enjoys the honor of its invention. It is extensively patronized by plethoric gentlemen, and dowager ladies, but is emphatically "a slow coach." The horses of the island are good, well-formed, and sure-

footed, and with an attendant may be hired at the rate of two dollars a day.

Our *burroqueros*—literally, donkey-drivers—as those who accompany, or hire out horses are called, followed close to our horses' tails, and kept up without evident effort. They are an enduring class; can follow a horse over the mountains, scale cliffs, or descend ledges to gather specimens for senhor, and then dance till midnight. Between them and their horses there is perfect understanding: certain jerks of the tail regulate the speed of the animal, nor can he be induced to travel on quietly if his master is far behind.

The road from Funchal to the church rises, on the average, to an angle of 15° with the horizon, but in some places it rises to 30°. Here we found the riding unpleasant, and were often compelled to the unhorsemanlike resort of holding to the mane with both hands. In scaling one of the steeps, with my head close to the horse's ears, and my heels sticking up, rather ungracefully, behind, my companion wanted to know if that was a specimen of the fine horsemanship for which Methodist circuit-riders are celebrated. I replied that our thoughts were quite coincident, for I was just then thinking of a steep road, by which I used to cross the Pine Mountains, on the old Pike circuit in Georgia; but that being, at that time, inspired with nobler purposes than at present, I could better afford to hold up my head. For the sake of the corps itinerant he hoped it was so, for such displays of one's person as I was then making were not calculated to inspire the brethren with reverence for their preacher.

Our road was bounded on both sides by high walls, over which hung geraniums, heliotropes, and fuschias, pumpkins,

granadillas—may-pops of the south—and other vines in great luxuriance. The mountain-sides are terraced, and divided into small plots by substantial walls. Almost every garden has its cot of stone, thatched with straw or grass, and in it the usual blessing of the poor man, a quiverful of children. Every inch of these plots was occupied by some useful vegetable or flower; sweet potatoes, several varieties of pulse, and sugar-cane being the staple articles; and near the water courses the yam of Madeira, *arum colocasia* or *arum esculentum*, spread its broad leaves of shiny green. It was now the heat of midsummer, yet the ground was matted over with vegetation, and the little cots were scarcely visible through their surroundings of banana and orange. A short ride brought us to the *Lavada*—the artery which contains the life-blood of the plains below. Introducing here some observations subsequently made on this system of watering, I shall answer some questions proposed by my friend President Thomas, of Emory, and others, regarding irrigation.

The Lavada is a stream of spring water, caught as it leaps down the mountain, at a point several miles from Funchal. It is conducted around the breast of the mountain in a trough of solid masonry, which has just inclination enough to keep the water in motion, dividing on its way into veins, which themselves divide, and sub-divide, and ramify, in their downward course, until every little field and patch, in a surface of many miles, is supplied with its little life-giver; so that, could the irrigation system about the city be presented on paper, it would represent a net-work, over the face of the country, of astonishing complexity and beauty. There are no floodgates, or other mechanical contrivance to shut off

the water at the junction of the various branches, other than a few stones backed by a spadeful of soil, or a sod of grass. A Yankee would have something more "handy." For this water a rent is paid by the ground-holders, which, in any part of our country, would be considered a large price for the land itself; and when sale is made, a separate deed, securing the privilege of water, when paid for, is transmitted with the title to the real estate. Some of the most important lawsuits that have troubled the courts of the island have been in regard to water-privileges. To the more productive of these fields water is given as often as twice in the week, and, as near as we could judge, without actual measurement, in quantities equal to an inch deep over the producing surface. The time for watering is the evening. The stone gutter which conveys the water discharges it at the highest point of the plot, and thence it is conducted by the hoe, not immediately to the roots of the plants, but between the rows.

The soil of Madeira is a tufa—*i. e.* decomposed volcanic cinders and other igneous matter—and is of many shades; of red and grey mainly, in proportion to the quantity of oxydized iron which it contains. Substrata of a modern clay are frequently met with, resulting from the decomposition of the red tufa. This is naturally a thirsty soil, and when we add to this the fact, that but little rain falls between April and September, it will be seen how indispensable this system is for the production of food for this excessive population, and how the art of man has supplied the deficiencies of nature, and commanded stones to be made bread. There are other parts of the island in which irrigation is carried on extensively, even where there are no streams. Stone reser-

voirs are built, which are filled in the winter, or rainy season, and distributed, as we have described above, in the summer. In looking down upon these fertile terraces, visions of untold acres of sassafras and broom-sedge wastes, in our own beloved State, floated before us; wastes, which but a little outlay of genius and capital, in turning neighboring streams or springs over them, would convert into fruitful fields. That would be a pin-hook business, replies one. Well, be it so, Friend Cottonbales. We have yet to learn that "a little farm well tilled, gives a big crib well filled."

Mount Church is still before us. Another thousand feet is scaled amid the barking of dogs, and the chatter of children, who lean over the walls to beg from us as we pass. We are in another zone of vegetation, the banana and the orange are giving place to the pear, the apple, and the plum, and other familiar growths. Here we rested for a while, and walked through the beautiful grounds of the widow of the ex-governor. Her quinta, like most of the suburban villas, is of one story, and in a style which reminded us of the better class of houses in the southern States, but because of the thickness of the stone walls this is more cool in summer, and warmer in winter, than ours. Here we are in the midst of wheat-patches now ripe, which will yield 25 or 30 bushels to the acre on an average. We observed a little variety in the wheat of the several districts through which we passed, but most of it resembles that quality which we call Madeira. If I mistake not, this term is applied in Georgia to several varieties of red wheat. The beard of the *Madeira wheat* is so long that I have often mistaken it for barley at a short distance; the grain is large and long, yielding much bran, and a sweet but dark flour. As we ascend,

the fields are larger, cots smaller, and people poorer in appearance. The fig-bearing cactus (prickly pear), is here cultivated for its fruit, which forms a large portion of the food of the peasantry; and the blackberry—native of all climates—covers ditch and wall.

At a little hovel on the road-side, our horses came to an unbidden halt, and threw back their ears with a "no go" expression. We paused for a reply, when the burroqueros coming up, gave us a clue to the movement, by asking for wine: "vinho, senhor!" and as they spoke, a little dirty-faced tapster appeared at the door, with bottle and glass in hand. It was impossible to refuse so well-sustained an appeal, so we *treated*. The lads drank healths to us gracefully, and turned off the sour stuff at a gulp; then without waiting for spur or chirp, our horses moved on. Reader, if you are a freemason, you may be able to understand how the master thus communicates with his horse, though out of sight.

The church is large, and presents to the road a gable-end, surmounted by two square towers, in which hang several bells. It is devoid of architectural beauty, as it should be, for in the midst of scenery so grand, St. Peter's would attract no attention. Leagues of terraced hill-sides spread their carpets of shaded green in every direction below us; beautiful country seats marked the landscape with tasteful life; here and there the thatch and smoke of humble cots rose above the dense shrubbery that would bury them; Funchal, populous and noisy, seemed slumbering in the distance, secure, like Jerusalem, amid its hilly bulwarks; and to the east, the west, and the south, the silent expanse of Atlantic spreads its eternal blue. After feasting eye and

soul on the richness of a landscape so full of varied beauty, how tame appeared the tawdry tinsel of the church, and its little altar, not excepting the large lamp of solid silver suspended in the aisle.

The church was built in honor of the saintly patroness of the mountains, who, it is said, has bestowed many favors on the inhabitants. It is related that, on an occasion when the famine-stricken inhabitants were awaiting the arrival of a cargo of grain from Lisbon, many of the faithful obeyed a call to prayer, to intercede with Our Lady, and that while they prayed, it was discovered that the clothes of her image were wet with saltwater, and that next morning the vessel was in the harbor. The phenomenon of the wet clothes was explained by *one* of the sailors of the ship, who said that while they were becalmed, the previous night, a female figure rose out of the water, and drew them into port. A wag proposed "to prove it all a trick," by showing that the priest had a look-out on some favorable height, and that the call to prayer was made after the sail was seen approaching—that the priest wet the clothes of the statue, etc.; but this wag was doubtless one of those wicked persons who prefer reason without faith, to faith without sense. The image of Our Lady occupies a prominent place near the altar; and about her person are stuck rings and breast-pins, the thank-offerings of returned sailors, or the gifts of strangers to propitiate the original. For the lady herself we have a most respectful regard, but beg leave to express the opinion that her wooden representative here is a tawdry, insignificant doll!

Crossing the hand of the sexton, and throwing some coppers to the beggars, we remounted and were soon on the

edge of the Curral, and among misting clouds. Then we commenced the steep descent, with our guides hanging on to the horses' tails, to assist in strengthening the holding back, and at length, quite fatigued, we reached the bottom. Here we rested on a bank covered with wild fern, heath, and broom, and stranger wild flowers, and contemplating the mighty works around us, were lost in silent adoration of the power who by the agency of fire called this island from "the vasty deep," and clove its mightiest mountains asunder. "Who toucheth the mountains and they smoke." A little stream, murmuring through the almost dry bed of the river, called our attention to another of the mighty of his servants, and we saw where the winter torrents of unnumbered centuries had worn through stratum after stratum of solid basaltic rock.

Ascending the eastern side, we found ourselves among short-leafed pines, and other growths common to our own high lands. Here capital has not yet been invested in irrigating the lands, and the crops are such as can be made by the winter rains—wheat, barley, and Irish potatoes. The wheat here is just in bloom, and at least ten days later than that we passed a thousand feet below. We made a circuit in our descent so as to pass by the Palheiro, the country seat of the former Count Carvalhal. The grounds are laid out in the English park style, ornamented with fine trees of native growth; and altogether, it is the most desirable country residence on the island. We found our way down over narrow roads, through wheat, and cactus, and fig, and cane, and potato patches, small cottages, and beggar children, and reached Funchal in the evening, in time

to enjoy a sumptuous dinner with our most worthy consul.

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

CHAPTER III.

MADEIRA—CONTINUED.

Evening Walks—Camera de Lobos—The New Road—The Prazas—Cost of Living—Cabinet Workmen and Turners—Lazaretto—Vespers—Government of Madeira, etc.

NOTWITHSTANDING the steep hills and paved streets of Funchal, there are many pleasant walks to be found in its vicinity.

The little village of fishermen's huts, called Camera de Lobos—Wolf's Den—is three miles distant, and the road that leads to it is one of the best in the island. For a part of the way it trends along the edge of a high cliff, which rises perpendicularly from the Atlantic more than two hundred feet; then over a comparatively level country, among wheat, and sugar-cane patches, and fig-embowered cots, until it reaches the inclination toward the elevated valley in which the church and village stand.

The wolf-dens, from which, in the early settlements of the island, the village took its name, are still here, but having been remodelled by the spade and pick, and faced with rough stone, are now the dwelling-places of men. A knowledge of this fact explained the astonishing voracity of the beggars of this district: the conclusion was irresistible, that the present denizens of these hill-side caves—the *genus homo*—inherited from the extinct race, *lupus*, not only his dwellings, but also the insatiable hunger, and untiring

energy in the pursuit of food, characteristic of the wolf. Two old specimens, who might have been partners connubial, dogged our steps in that neighborhood through a whole summer's afternoon, with

> "That long slow gallop, which can tire
> The hound's deep hate, the huntsman's fire;"

and as we turned for Funchal, about sunset, the fear that they were about to lose the long-pursued prey, brought from them an irresistible howl of petition. When we dismissed them with a few coppers, they growled out something which we supposed to be thanks.

"What do they say, Manuel?" said I, turning to my ragged little guide, who spoke some English.

"The old man say yo be good boy."

"And what does the female say?"

"He say the change not worth so much blessing, when he walk so much to get him."

On the New Road, as the road between Camera de Lobos and Funchal is called, the American may walk feeling that he has a right there, for it was, in part, constructed by American benevolence; and as this has been a subject of some animadversion, we would say a word here in justification of the parties concerned.

Seasons of famine, owing to protracted droughts, have occasionally fallen upon this fruitful island, the last of which, of much severity, was in 1847. In Portugal, England, and America, contributions were made by charitable persons for the relief of the sufferers; corn was purchased and sent out, and, with other breadstuffs, was placed in the hands of a committee of gentlemen in Funchal, of whom our con-

sul, J. Howard March, Esq., was one. Many of the applicants for bread were able-bodied adults, and to keep such from contracting habits of indolence during the famine, it was determined by the committee that a small amount of daily labor should be demanded for daily bread. It was thought that by appropriating this labor to the formation of a good road in this part of the island, a double purpose could be accomplished: that by making a good road between Funchal and a densely populated district, a permanent benefit would be bestowed on the poor of that district; and at the same time such a road would form a pleasant *promenade* for visitors to the island, most of whom are from the countries which contributed. The American or English visitor to Madeira, as he enjoys a breezy walk on this beautiful and gravelled way, finds sufficient reason to approve of this application of the labor which his benevolence supported, and the heavily-laden peasant, as he trudges along under his burden of fruit and vegetables to supply the demands of the African cruiser, or as he returns at night, foot-sore and weary after a long day of toil, blesses the unknown givers of that charity, which not only fed him and his little ones in time of want, but also opened for him a comfortable way to his mountain home. We think it likely, that if the over-tasked and under-fed donkeys of the island could be called upon for their opinion—and judging from their looks, they have opinions on all subjects—of this appropriation, indirect, of public charities, they would send up a simultaneous *bray* which would silence all croaking. A Yankee suggests that the American contributors ought not to complain, "because the islands will be ours in less than twenty years."

Another walk, to which we were partial, is from the *Praza da Reinha* up to the *Praza Constituicão*, and thence through the narrow streets, lined with work-shops and stores, to the *Praza Academica*, in the eastern suburbs. These Prazas are the public squares and *promenades* of the place, planted in shade trees, and provided with seats, and here the beauty and fashion of the city may be seen taking the air in the cool of the evening, and on festive occasions. In making this tour, we generally included the meat and fish, and the vegetable markets, and in the beautiful fruit, or some new variety of fish, we always found something to engage and interest. Notwithstanding the heavy excise and market dues imposed on almost every article offered for sale here, marketing is very low, as compared with the Atlantic markets of America. Servant hire and house-rent are less by one-half, in the same comparison; and to the question, often proposed by invalids and others desiring to visit Madeira, as to the expense of living, we would reply, that living is at least one-third less in or about Funchal than in any of our southern cities. Families who live here at the rate of fifteen hundred a year, may live there, in the same style and comfort, at a thousand. The difference in the case of a single individual would not be so great.

We frequently entered the cabinet shops on this walk to witness the operations in carving, veneering, and mosaic work in wood, in which the islanders excel. The work is done mostly in the *til* and *vinhatico*, native woods of much beauty, and for neatness and durability, is superior to the work of America or England. This is owing to the fact, that in Madeira artisans follow but one branch of a trade or art, and therefore attain to great proficiency and expert-

ness, and besides, labor is cheap. The trade here is, at present, for the greater part, confined to centre tables, work-boxes, card-cases, and the *bijou* forms of cabinet work.

We were attracted by the singular and primitive structure of the turner's apparatus. The lathe, consisting of the usual mandrel and posset, is elevated but a few inches from the ground; the operator works before it, resting on one knee, turning with one hand, and directing the chisel with the other, assisting with one foot. The rotary motion is given by propelling a tightly-strung bow back and forth across the mandrel, around which the string has one turn. Great speed may be obtained in this way, and that under complete control; and there is advantage also in the two motions, to and from the operator, in humoring cross-grained wood. In most of the mechanic arts the natives are expert and tasteful, but in other departments of labor, physical or mental, especially those involving the inventive genius, so much may not be said of them.

This walk may be extended pleasantly to the *Lazaretto*, a hospital for the treatment of elephantiasis among the poor, a disease of frequent occurrence, and here said to be incurable, as it is not known that a single cure has been effected in the island.

Returning from one of these evening strolls, we once passed the little chapel of the convent *Encarnacão*, just as the sunset bell rang for vespers. We entered the twilight apartment with a few who were waiting to pay their evening devotions at its dimly-lighted altar, and heard the vesper hymn as it floated through the curtained grating, and filled the chapel with *sotto voce* strains, soft as the breathing

of an Æolian harp. The sweet music, the solemnity of the hour, the earnest devotion of the worshippers, the fact that we were in a place dedicated to the service of our common Lord and Saviour, inspired us with devotion, and for a moment forgetting our prejudices, we felt that it was good to be there. It occurred to us to ask, why are not Protestant churches, especially in our cities, open at this hour, consecrated to prayer by the practice of the churches in all ages, for the benefit of the stranger and the passer-by? Is it yet sufficient objection that such a practice is pursued by the Church of Rome? It is to be feared, that with a majority of Protestant Christendom it is so. We once heard a Methodist minister of high position in the church, talk nonsense for an hour and a half, attempting to prove that there was no analogy between class-meetings and Roman confessionals, proceeding, the while, on the assumption, *that if any such analogy existed, it would be a sufficient objection to the class!* By such reasoning we would deprive ourselves of the creeds, the Lord's prayer, and indeed of the New Testament itself. But the Protestant Church is fast recovering from the extremes inseparable from a thorough reformation, and will soon occupy that *via media*, between a dry, unattractive Puritanism, and that system of forms where spirituality is swallowed up in the excess of symbolism, and in which her crown shall flourish.

While we are among the people of Madeira, let us turn a glance to their system of government.

Until 1841, the Madeira Islands sustained the relations of a colony to Portugal, but in that year were raised into the dignity of a province, and are now treated as an integral

part of the kingdom. The province is divided into eight districts, called *concelhos*, in each of which there is a municipal chamber, composed of nine members, who are elected biennially, and a council chamber of the same number, who are selected from amongst the highest tax-payers of the concelho. The council chamber estimates and limits the expenses of the concelho, and in concert with the municipal chamber, levies taxes and contracts loans to meet the municipal expenses. The governor, with a cabinet of four members (all of whom are appointed by the crown), has a qualified supervision of the acts of the municipal chambers, and can remit taxes in individual cases. He is also the interpreter of doubtful contracts, and the supervisor of election returns.

The general Junta of the province is composed of thirteen members, who are elected by the municipal chambers, and serve two years. To it the governor is in some degree amenable for his official acts, yet he has the power to dissolve this body, and if his act of dissolution is approved by the home government, a new election of members takes place, and a new Junta is formed. The general Junta meets annually, estimates the expenses of the province, assesses a tax to meet that expense, and determines what proportion of said tax shall be met by the various concelhos. The province of Madeira is represented in the Cortes of Portugal by four members, chosen by electors, who are elected by the voters. The property qualification of the voter is the possession of an annual income of $100, independent of his personal labors; and small as this may seem, it excludes a majority of the adult male population. The elections are held at the parish churches, under the inspection of priests,

by whom voters must be recognized before the vote can be enrolled.

The present judicial system came into vogue in 1841, and law is now administered by a jury and four judges. The lowest of these, called *juiz de paz*, is the legal arbiter of small differences, whose duty it is to keep parties from going to law, if possible, and to decide finally in cases where six dollars or less are involved.

The *juiz eleito*—judge elect—tries cases of trespass by cattle, in fields or vineyards, and charges of offence against municipal regulations.

The *juiz ordinario*—corresponding with our justice of peace—takes cognizance of suits in which $30 or less are involved, and hears charges of offence against the public peace. The *juiz de dereito*—judge of law—possesses powers similar to those of our superior court judges. Criminal cases are tried by a jury of nine or twelve, who are judges of the fact only, and the verdict must have the support of two-thirds of the panel. Where the sentence of the judge is death or banishment, appeal may be taken to the supreme tribunal at Lisbon.

The revenue of the Madeiras is derived from a duty imposed on all imports, except a few articles of breadstuff; and on wine and other exports; and an excise on all meats and fish offered for sale, and on most of the agricultural productions. On meats, this excise is three per cent. *ad valorem*, on fish six, and on grains and other produce ten per cent. The annual revenue of this little province, whose population is under 105,000, is $210,000; and when we add to this the taxes for *concelho* and provincial purposes, it will appear that the dwellers on this beau-

tiful island pay dearly for that *blessing* called government.

The intelligent and travelled American is not a filibuster. He believes that his form of government is the best in the world, *for Americans;* but among other people, he often sees the want of that intelligence and appreciation of civil relations, without which our degree of personal and civil liberty would be an evil. Hence he does not fall out with every form of government that he stumbles on, in his tour of the world, because it is un-American. But, however conservative and philosophical he may be, he cannot alight upon a land and population like this, without feeling a strong desire to infuse a little of the American spirit among them, and, at least, to knock off the fetters of a state-imposed religion. Yet, with all their burdens, the people look contented and cheerful—can we say as much of our own masses? The peasantry, especially, are a light-hearted and gala-day population, of simple habits, and unambitious aims. Their ignorance of politics is their bliss, and, like one born without eyes, they can form but a faint conception of the value of light. In studying such a phase of humanity, we conclude with Pope, that

> "Order is heaven's first law; and this confest,
> Some are, and must be, *free-er* than the rest,
> More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
> That such are happier, shocks all common sense."

To the sources of revenue mentioned above, should be added the monopolies of soap and tobacco; the former of which, in 1854, brought the government over $25,000.

No wonder the people are dirty when cleanliness is so heavily taxed. The Orchil weed, a cryptogamous plant, much used in dyeing, was formerly gathered and exported in large quantities from the Madeira and Cape Verd Islands. The government monopolized the exportation.

CHAPTER IV.

MADEIRA—CONTINUED.

A Day's Ride—Grand Curral—The Vine and the Wine of Madeira—Geology of the Curral and Island Generally—Trouble in the Dinner Basket—A Soliloquy.

The *Curral das Freiras*—Fold of the Nuns—commonly called the Grand Curral, is the great curiosity and attraction of Madeira, so we determined to see it before taking our final departure.

Early in the morning of a July day, and while the dew still sparkled in diamonds on the grass and hedge-rows, Dr. C., Lieutenant A., and myself, engaged three good horses, with their attendants, and a lusty fellow to carry a basket of provisions, and took up our road through fragrant lanes, and gardens of banana and coffee-trees, for the distant mountains. Our route lay through the parish of San Antonio, one of the prettiest, most populous and productive districts of the island, and which, in the wine-producing days of the Madeiras, furnished the best wine.

Tell us something of the wine, says one. Ah! reader, if you have a *penchant* toward good wine, let us offer you our sympathy, for the days of "old Madeira" are ended; the years of the sweet Malmsey, and the luscious Sercial, and the Bûal, and Tinta, and Verdêlho, and Palhête, and Surdo, and Negrinho, natives of these hills, are numbered.

The island, which once produced, for foreign markets, fifteen thousand pipes of wine (the harvest of 1809) is now known no more among wine-producing countries.

This is the fifth year (1857) in which no wine has been produced. For three years the vine-dresser waited in anxious hope, but the blight continued to grow worse, and at length the much loved and long cherished vine was cut down to make room for the more homely growths of corn and sugar-cane. This disease manifests itself in the spring, in the crumpled appearance of the leaf, and the withering of the young fruit. Scientific men suppose that the vine, having been so long the only crop cultivated in the wine districts, has at length exhausted those properties of soil which gave it fruitfulness, and that these properties can only be restored by a process which may require ages for its development. Those chemical agents known to abound in grape-producing soils, have been applied here without perceptible effect, and now the vine which of yore produced bunches as abundant as leaves, has disappeared from the hill-sides and vales, and is found only in gardens, cherished by the sanguine owner in hopes of better days, or preserved by that sentiment which says,

"Woodman, spare that tree."

The above theory of the blight may be correct; but our observation, in parts of the island where the vine is in a comparatively new soil, suggests an objection, for here we witnessed the same diseased condition of the plant, and as fully developed, as in those soils where, from being too long the unvaried crop, it is supposed to have exhausted certain essential elements. The wine now in the island is in the

hands of a few wealthy merchants, and is held at a price which is daily increasing. Is it not a little remarkable that Madeira wine is as abundant in the American market as ever, and that it can be bought at any country store in the interior at a price which is *lower* than the present first cost in Madeira! If you doubt the genuineness of the article examine the—label!

The varieties of the vine cultivated in Madeira were not indigenous; they were imported from Cyprus in the early settlement of the island, and the failure of the present generation contributes, with observation of kindred effects in other plants, to confirm our belief in an opinion which is not generally entertained by naturalists, but which has, nevertheless, long existed, viz., that exotic plants will eventually "run out."

For three miles or more, the country through which we passed is so thickly populated that it forms a continuous village of cots. The clatter of our horse's hoofs on the stone pavement brought the women and children to the walls or hedges of their little gardens, but we rode too fast to afford them much opportunity of begging: in two instances, however, we slackened our pace. One was where a pale, afflicted mother leaned over the low wall of her garden, holding in her arms a deformed and sickly infant, silently appealing for charity by pointing, with an expression of heartfelt distress, to her little babe. The other was the appeal of an old blind man, who was led to his wicket gate by a little girl on crutches, and almost helpless. To such appeals the American officer is seldom deaf. He is a stranger to the language of the appellant, but true sorrow has a universal language, and seldom fails to make itself

heard in unhardened hearts. He gives, and prayers and blessings follow him on his journey.

The wheat harvest is here gathering in, and in a manner new to us, and peculiar to the island. It is not cut by cradle or reaper, but pulled up by the roots, stalk after stalk, bound in small bundles, and stacked in the field. They make clean work of their harvesting. No Ruth may glean handfuls, or even stray ears, in these fields, for stern poverty, and inexorable tax-collectors, drive the poor tenant to glean every ear and gather every straw.

At a distance of about four miles from Funchal, we passed through a fine grove of native woods—the *til*, which yields a valuable timber resembling our black walnut, but more compact, the scientific name of which is very appropriate (*laurens fœtens*), for it emits the meanest of odors; and large trees of the Madeira nut, with us called the English walnut.

When five miles of our journey were accomplished—and be it remembered, that five miles where one is continually ascending or descending steep hills, are equal to twice the number in our country—we found ourselves traversing mountains too steep for cultivation, but whose gorse and heath-covered surface afforded fine pasturage to flocks of goats.

As we advanced, our road dwindled into a narrow path, and in turning the sharp angles on the cliffy mountain side, we often found ourselves on excavated shelves, overlooking vales several hundred feet deep. In advancing over such dizzy passes, we followed the example and advice of the doctor, who suggested that in such places it was more easy to keep necks whole than to mend them after they were

broken, and having, withal, more confidence in our own legs than in those of our horses, we preferred to walk. At midday the guides told us that we were at the usual stopping-place for the horses; we proceeded a short distance around the side of the mountain, on foot, and there a scene of overwhelming grandeur burst into view.

The position we occupied was an elevation of four thousand feet above the level of the sea, which now reflected the rays of an almost vertical sun, and glistened in the distance like an ocean of molten gold.

Silence eternal reigns among these hills; stray goats are the only animals which pursue the scant herbage of these heights, and the falcon and hawk are the undisturbed possessors of the craggy summits.

The atmosphere was light and cool, and finding a point which gave us full view of the depths and heights sublime, we sat down under the shadow of a great rock to wonder and enjoyment. We were three thousand feet above the lowest depth of the Curral, and two thousand feet below the peaks which towered overhead.

The Curral, which is called the central crater of the island, is an irregular circular basin, whose base stands at about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and whose walls rise around it to the height of five thousand feet. These walls are the noblest mountains of the island—the *Pico Grande*, the jagged crested *Torrhinas*, and *Pico Ruivo*, whose majestic head peers above the clouds.

When the beholder recovers his conscious individuality among the vast proportions around him, and transports of admiration give place to thoughtful inquiry, the first conclusion will likely be, that he is beholding, in the Curral,

the crater of an extinct volcano; then imagination takes up the easy task of filling the vast excavation with fire, and the atmosphere above it with smoke, and lightning, and thunder; and he beholds the lava, in streams of fire, rolling in resistless masses to the vales below. A study of the inclination and relative position of the clearly-defined strata of its walls, together with an analysis of their matter, which is often trachytic and basaltic conglomerate, cemented by the tufas, will dissipate this impression, and reveal the more astounding fact, that the materials which compose these mountains were originally thrown from some volcanic focus now unknown, and deposited on the bed of the ocean; that subsequently this matter was raised to its present height by some mighty geological convulsion, and riven into these vast crevices and gorges by the expansion of confined steam and gases.

That the Curral is a crater of elevation, is perhaps the more plausible of the two theories which propose to account for its immediate origin. The materials which compose the surface, were certainly not deposited according to their specific gravity, an effect which naturally follows when dissevered matter falls through water of any considerable depth, and this occurs as an objection to its subaqueous formation. This order of deposition is a general characteristic of craters of elevation, and the only mark which the Curral lacks in proof of its elevation. And did not the philosophical hypothesis of Mr. B. V. Harcourt meet the objection, it would still be more easy to accept this theory of its origin than to suppose it to be of *subaërial* formation, when the testimony of the rocks, which compose its conglomerate beds, is to the abundant presence of water in their formation; and espe-

cially when, from the summit of Pico Ruivo to the plane of the ocean, there are no evidences of volcanic eruptions subsequent to the upheaval of the island.

After considerable observation among the volcanic islands of the Atlantic, we venture to suggest that the irregularly deposited surface of the Curral, and that too for a considerable depth, may be accounted for by the mechanical effects of rains, torrents, winds, and melting snows, in bringing down matter from the surrounding walls to compose this fragmentary stratum; and that beneath it may be found traces, at least, of those beds of matter, deposited according to its specific gravity, which characterize craters of elevation. Of the period and *locus* of the forces, Mr. Harcourt says that "all the volcanic beds of which Madeira is composed, with those in the Mediterranean and other parts of the world, appear to have been upheaved from the bed of the sea, at the miocene period of the tertiary epoch," by a force "in or below the trachytic formation."

We were indulging in speculations like these, when some one announced from the dinner-basket that the caterer had forgotten to provide bread. "What, no bread, after riding half a day on an empty stomach?" "No bread, and we at an elevation of four thousand feet in a hungry atmosphere!" It sounded like the knell of doom; dreams and philosophizing fled before it, for they require good dinners, either in possession or prospect—the sky darkened—the Grand Curral became a chaos of chance-made chasms, and cliffs of unmeaning contour—grandeur, beauty—nonsense! nothing is grand or beautiful to a hungry man, who has no dinner in prospect. The doctor offered us some excellent puns, but puns are poor substitutes for buns, and our case was becoming des-

perate, when one of some *sans culottes* boys, who had joined our party with the hope of getting something to eat, suggested that bread could be obtained in the village below. Ah, blest, unfledged bumpkin, I could embrace thee if thou wert cleaner! One of the boys was dispatched without many words; the thermometer rose in the emotional department at once; the doctor's jokes, good in themselves, borrowed crispness from the anticipated pones, and we talked the hour away until the messenger returned with a load of bread in his dirty shirt, which was, notwithstanding the contact, fresh and sweet, and enough for all hands.

The village and church of *Libramento* stand on an inclined plane two thousand feet below us, and look like a child's toy village in a mimic garden, and its banana and sugar-cane patches add variety and beauty to the scenery of the Curral. We spent the hours of the afternoon in delightful and soul-elevating contemplations, and when the shadows of the tall peaks began to lengthen across the vales, turned our faces for Funchal.

It was our intention to return by the *Jardim*, the country seat of the late Consul Veitch, in whose well-appointed garden the tea-plant flourishes in great variety, but the day was too far spent.

I dropped behind the party to take the last lingering look, which impresses the object of our thoughts more deeply on the memory than a thousand casual glances, and told to the passing breeze, in feeble language, the emotion stirring within us. Farewell, thou wondrous child of nature, creation of omnipotence, hand-writing of the Infinite! I have enjoyed for an hour the silent worship of thine uplifted hands, and the fragrant incense of thine altars ascend-

ing to the Eternal! I have walked thy venerable hills as the child of yesterday, and thou hast smiled upon me; my voice rang in the crags, and thou didst answer me; I have rested an hour by life's way-side and mused with thee; I have asked the secret of thy birth, and the number of thy years, but thou wast silent. Yet thou hast been my teacher, and the lesson, which is my frailty, shall never be forgotten. And when I have slept the sleep of many generations, and stranger feet from afar shall tread thy heath and valleys, and wonder and worship as I have done, thou wilt teach them in thine own pure language the lesson thou hast taught me—may they learn it well! But still through ages and uncounted cycles thou thyself shalt stand, as thou hast stood, swept by the winds and bathed in the clouds of heaven, till He who called thee from the deep to praise him shall despoil thee of thy beauty, and thy grand creations crumble into dust!

"Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice!
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
In such a temple as we now behold,
Rear'd for thy presence; therefore I am bound
To worship, here and everywhere."

CHAPTER V.

MADEIRA—CONTINUED.

Climate—Winds and Rains—A Resort for Consumptive Invalids—Testimony of Eminent Men—Classes of Invalids—Church and Schools.

It is due the reader that we should make some note on a climate, the fame of whose salubrity is proverbial, and to which so many sufferers have looked, and are now looking, with hope, as to a dernier ressort, when means nearer home have been exhausted without effect.

Madeira is in full possession of those natural causes which give insular climates the advantage over continental in equability of temperature; and, besides, in the time of year in which the wet and dry seasons occur, in the regularity of its land and sea breezes, the conformation of its surface, the character of its soils, and perhaps in other causes yet undefined, possesses advantages peculiarly its own. The average temperature of Funchal through the year is 66° Fahrenheit; and the average variation between the minimum of winter and the maximum of summer not more than 12° Fahr., and in most years not more than 11°. The coldest weather occurs in February, and the warmest, between the middle of August and the middle of September, at which season visitors and invalids go into the mountains, where the airs are balmy and invigorating. From observations made during our several visits to the island, we noticed that the greatest daily variation was 3°—

that, between 4 A.M. and 2 P.M., and in the roadstead at half a mile from the shore. It is shown also by tables composed by competent and reliable meteorologists, that this variation has seldom exceeded 4°, and that seasons occur in which the thermometer stands for days together without moving a degree. To us, poor children of the Atlantic States, with the most variable climate in the world, and where this annual variation is often seen in an hour, such facts as these are almost incredible, but serve well in arraying the countries which possess them before our minds in eternal summer and beauty. Yet the God of nature has so adapted man's nature to outward conditions, that we are perhaps not more sensible to a variation of twelve degrees, than is the Madeiran to a change of four.

The rains, as stated in Chapter II., fall in the spring and autumn, and are comparatively light in quantity, averaging about thirty inches per annum, which is but two-thirds of what falls on the greater part of England, and scarcely half of what sometimes falls in many of the southern States.

Madeira is situated on the outer edge of that zone of the Atlantic ocean which is swept by the northeast trades, and the prevailing winds on the sea, in its vicinity, are from that quarter: but immediately on its shores local causes operate to produce various currents, and on the island itself, the breezes are so broken by peaks and ravines, that the true course of the wind is unascertainable.

On the south side, however, and especially in the vicinity of Funchal, the land-breeze by night and the sea-breeze by day, follow each other with remarkable regularity. The harmattan winds, which are so unfavorably known on the African coast, by the white man and the emigrant, are

often felt here—called *L'Esté*, from the course in which they come—and strange to say, are considered salubrious. The consumptive breathes freer, and the wan are revived by them. They are characterized by the same haze, and contain the same impalpable powder which we observe in them further south. Their continuance here is from four to eight days, occurring at irregular intervals, and followed by rain.

For more than a century, this island has been the retreat of consumptive invalids from the north of Europe, and America, but especially from England. The salubrity of the climate, attributed to the uniformity of its temperature, and the softness of its transitions, have been the great attractions; yet many have gone there but to find a grave among strangers, and others to return to their native skies unimproved, weary of life, and hopeless of relief.

To the question which has been asked so often with hollow voice, accompanied by that sanguine look and *spirituel* expression which beam from the consumptive eye, "would you advise me to go there?" we can answer but in general terms, and that in the language of others; for we possess but little knowledge of the physiological effects of climate.

The following opinions of the climate of Madeira, in this aspect, are from men of science and experience extensive on this subject.

Wm. Gourley, M. D. F. R. C. P., etc., who, during a residence of eighteen years in the island, seems to have made the effects of its climate on phthisical patients a special object of study, says: "Madeira, from its uniformity of temperature and purity of atmosphere, is the favorite

retreat of consumptive patients. Here the unhappy sufferers cheat the winter of their own climate, and gain that cessation of suffering which such a situation is fitted to produce.

"It would be well if the physicians of such patients were to recommend a change of temperature in the first stages of the malady," etc.

Dr. Heineken, an English physician and surgeon of reputation, who also resided in the island, says: "I shall take for granted that my medical brethren will only advise those who are likely to benefit by climate, to quit their native shores; and with this proviso, I do not hesitate to say, that Madeira holds out advantages that are not to be met with combined in any other quarter of the globe." Robert White, Esq., London, says: "A lengthened sojourn in pursuit of health among the most favored localities of the south of Europe, enables the writer to add his testimony to the decided superiority of the climate of Madeira over all those he has visited."

We have personal friends now living in snug *quintas* in the vicinity of Funchal, and, in a good degree, enjoying life, who left their homes after having been given up by the faculty. With them the disease is not removed, but arrested; and they are purchasing life at the price of continuous exile; for they dare not return to the loved, but unkind airs of their native hills. We would not, however, unduly excite the hopes of the too sanguine sufferers, for many have visited these shores in a condition more hopeful than that of those referred to above, but without finding any arrest of development, or relief from pain.

Climate, we are inclined to think, should not be regarded

as remedial in its effects, even under the greatest advantages, but rather as palliative. A too dry, or a damp, or a variable atmosphere, aggravates consumption; a softly dry, equable climate will be *a favorable circumstance* in its treatment.

In the Madeiras and Floridas, the popular resorts for the consumptives of both hemispheres, and also in the Canaries and Havana, we have been conversant with three classes of patients, of whom we may speak, as classes, without committing ourselves to *advice.*

First: Those upon whom the waster was taking hold, but who, by a timely departure from an irritating climate, a strict *regimen*, and moderate but skillful medical attention, have eluded the firmer grasp, and are now in full prospect of perfect restoration. The second class includes those who, like our Madeira friends, waited until the disease became deeply seated in the system before seeking the effects of southern gales, to whom recovery is impossible, but who, by strict attention to diet, dress, and exercise, and perhaps the use of palliative agents, are keeping the destroyer in a quiescent state, and may prolong life to a good old age.

The third class are those who left their homes in a state at once helpless and hopeless; for whom nothing could be hoped but that in a more sunny land they might find a passage to the grave, softened to the noiseless tread; that the remaining days might be freer from pain, and the expiring breath come softer and lighter. To say nothing of the folly and wickedness of deceiving the poor sufferers by offering a new ground of hope, when friend and physician see that the most serious consequences are inevitable, we

much question the propriety of removal as a means of comfort to the sick one. Could one of this class be transferred to a more balmy clime without the fatigue of travel, and surrounded by all the comforts of home, life *might* be prolonged a few hours, and the last breathings might be softer; but when we consider the effects of travelling, the pain of parting with friends, and the discomforts of a new home, on nerves and feelings, alas! too sensitive, we are led to question if the final hour has not been hastened, and the troubled spirit burdened with an additional sorrow. To such, offer the hopes of religion, rather than those of health. Talk to them of the green fields beyond the flood, of the sunlight and deathless bloom that reign forever over the plains of bliss; of the beauty of the city of God, and the hale breezes which bathe the eternal hills; and teach them to hope for the life which shall not die, through the merits of a Saviour's passion. Let them die at home, where the prayers of friends shall contribute to sustain them in the trying hour, and tears of affection consecrate the final resting-place of the beloved. But, as "Hope springs eternal in the *hectic* breast," the sufferer in the last stages of consumption who may read these pages, will dwell with fond desire on the general climate of Madeira, and imagine, that for him to breathe its soft airs, would be life and health.

In passing through the streets of Funchal, in the evening, one may occasionally meet a stout, good-natured looking old gentleman, sheltered under a large three-cornered cocked hat, dressed in a long black gown, and generally supported by three or four closely shaven gentlemen, dressed in black gowns like himself, but wearing on their heads

small square caps. As he moves quietly along he receives the salutations of the passer, and occasionally a peasant crosses the street to kiss the ring on the little finger of his left hand.

This, reader, is the venerable bishop of the diocese of Funchal—the spiritual head of *the* Christian Church in these islands; and these gentlemen, though ungraceful in appearance, and neither intellectual nor spiritual in physiognomy, are his worthy staff and ghostly advisers. The devotees falling on their knees, and lifting their caps while they kiss the sacred seal of his ring, are some of the more zealous of his flock, seeking the good man's blessing. The bishop, as represented to us by his friends, is "a most worthy man, a good judge of wine, an excellent hand at cards, a jolly companion, and *very benevolent!*" As he preaches but seldom —leaving that to the lower clergy—we could learn but little of his character in this respect; indeed, it is hardly to be expected that *a bishop* should condescend to the common place of preaching, and when it is done it is received as a gracious condescension.

The church in Madeira has not kept pace in external rank and importance with the political advancement of the island, but has rather taken a step backward. Formerly, this group constituted an arch-episcopal see; now it is but a bishopric, under one bishop. It numbers one hundred presbyter priests, one deacon, and a number of *clericos in minoribus*, or students who have received orders, and has, in connection with the cathedral at Funchal, a dean, an arch-deacon, three canonical dignitaries, and twelve canons.

Madeira and Porto Santo constitute fifty parishes, which are divided into *circulos*, according to the number of fami-

lies, and in each *circulo* there is a priest, and a vestry composed of two or four laymen, according to the population. The vestry, with the priest as chairman, has command of the charities contributed, the care of the church property, etc. That smacks of "lay representation," and sounds a little republican! All the ecclesiastical preferments of importance are made by the crown, and from it the clergy receive their support.

The standard of literary attainment among the priests of Portugal, and its dependencies, is quite low; the requirements for the priesthood being Latin, dogmatic theology, morals, and vocal music.

There is, perhaps, no sect in America whose clergy are not superior to them in general and scriptural intelligence; and, so far as we have seen, and we have seen closely, the same comparison holds good when extended over Europe. Where can we find anything to justify the popular belief, that, as a body, the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church are more learned than the clergy of the Protestant (catholic) Church? Perhaps it may be found in the superstitious veneration of the masses for a dead language. There is a theological school in Funchal, supported by its endowment and an annual contribution from the crown. It averages about twelve scholars—these mostly from the lower classes; but in common with the priests of Madeira generally, they are quite moral. The morals of the people also reflects some credit on the church. The highest number of serious offences known to occur in one year was 153, three of which were murders.

The Protestant Church is represented here by the English chaplaincy, to which we have before referred, and a

society of Presbyterians, whose house of worship is open in the winter months only. There is also a high church chapel, which departed from the chaplaincy on some trifling pretext, and is now giving to its enemies an example of that spirit of division which is the curse of Protestantism.

There are in Madeira twenty public schools in which the rudiments are taught; and one, supported by the mother country, which has a professorship of Latin, logic, and the higher mathematics; also one of *natural right* (?) and poetry, and one of commerce and history. The grammar department of this school is well attended; most of the other rooms are scholarless.

There is a medical school in Funchal, which supports two professors, and is patronized by females, who are allowed to graduate, and afterward to practise in obstetrics. But the crowning institution of learning is the English Collegiate Seminary, under the direction of Rev. A. J. D. D'Orsey, formerly of the Edinburgh University, a finished gentleman and scholar. The American officers in port attended his examination two summers ago, and professed themselves highly pleased with the thorough and varied scholarship of the pupils. There is also a good grammar school, under the direction of a Mr. Williams, a naturalized American, which is extensively patronized by the citizens of Funchal. Notwithstanding the seeming abundance of schools, the natives are shockingly ignorant; and the masses must continue to be so, for the spirit and practice of the church, which here "rules over all," is opposed to the general dissemination of learning. Here, as elsewhere, light for the select few, and darkness for the *vulgus profanum*, is the questionable policy of the Church of Rome.

CHAPTER VI.

MADEIRA—CONCLUDED.

A Pedestrian Tour—Sancta Cruz—Machico—The Romantic Discoverers—Toiling Upward—Remembrances of Childhood—A Country Dance—Story of our Host—Start for San Antonio de Sierra—Baron San Pedro—A Morning Walk—Prince Adalbert of Prussia—Adieu to Madeira.

HAVING obtained a three days' leave of absence from our worthy commodore, and completed our *viaticum*, Dr. S. R. S. and myself engaged two stout oarsmen and a boat, to take us from Funchal to the town of Sancta Cruz, fourteen miles to the eastward. Our little boat passed through the heavy surf breaking on the beach, without giving us even a sprinkle, and then tossing our oars, and spreading our tiny sail to the strong breeze, our little ten feet by four, with its freight of life, fled over the waves like a sportive sea-bird.

In an hour we were off Brazen Head, in whose deep and dark waters many a faithful Protestant, "of whom the world was not worthy," sleeps, entombed among weeds and coral, awaiting the "resurrection of the just." What can the world think, in these and after times, of the Christianity of those who, while professing to be the true church of Christ, denied a burial-place, and the rites of sepulture, to the humble and unoffending child of another faith? These are insults to our common humanity, such as men may not forget, but in the forgiveness of which, Protestantism will present superlative claims to the possession of that religion whose chief characteristic is love.

Half an hour more, and we were under the lee of the surf-resounding cliffs, receiving the shrill welcome of sea-gulls and boatswain birds; and by noon were landed on the pebble-covered beach.

We dismissed our pilots with a dollar each, and an extra pistareen for wine, which usage makes a part of the bargain; and proceeding leisurely through the deserted streets, found our way to the snug little hotel which overlooks the town. After partaking of a luncheon, *à la mode Anglaise*—bread and cheese and beer, to which, by way of celebrating the great alliance, my companion added a little French brandy, and ordering dinner to be ready by dusk, we started for the hills which overlook Machico, and the eastern extremity of the island.

At a short distance from the town we passed a picturesque piece of ruins, the remains of a convent whose front wall, standing almost entire, gives evidence of the strength and beauty of the former edifice. For an hour or more we toiled up the serpentine road, among fields and gardens, where the peasantry were gathering in the last of the wheat harvest, and gaining an eminence overlooking the valley of Machico, sat down, amid heath and bramble bushes, to admire the scattered village and its sentinel church, and to talk over the romantic story connected with the discovery of the island and the settlement here.

Supposing that our readers have some of the genius of romance, we will give them but the outlines of this pretty tale, leaving it to themselves to fill up the interstices of the plot and to furnish the embellishments.

In a work entitled "Relation Historique de la Découverte de l'Isle de Madéra," Paris, 1671, the author, Alca-

forada, claims, that the island was first discovered by a pair of runaway lovers in the year 1346.

Robert Machim, an Englishman of plebeian origin, fell in love with one Anne D'Arfet, a lady of rank, was imprisoned by her father for his presumption, escaped after long confinement, found his Anne married to a grand knight, and living in a castle near Bristol. While the gallant husband was absent in the wars of his country, Robert found access to his lady-love, and persuaded her to elope with him to France; they attempted to cross the channel in a small boat—were driven out to sea by a violent gale—were carried before it for ten or twelve days—found themselves on the shores of an unknown island—put into the little bay before us—lived and loved a few days in this sentiment-inspiring valley, and died. It is said of Anne, that, woman-like, she repented of her choice, and died of a broken heart; and of Robert, that he died shortly after, either through grief for his Anne, or for the want of something to eat. Both evils were pressing upon him; but here the history is rather obscure.

The boatmen, after erecting a cross over the graves of Anne and Robert, were carried out to sea by a strong wind, and driven to the coast of Morocco, where they were taken and sold as slaves. When the Portuguese settled this island, the grave of Machim was discovered, and the cross over it contained the request, that, if ever the place should be discovered by Christians, they would build a church on the site of the graves. The little church before us stands on that identical spot (?), and the remains of the cross are preserved in the altar as sacred relics.

With a good deal of incredulity, we arraigned the his-

torian and the *dramatis personæ* before us, and satisfied ourselves that if the authentications of the story were not enough to build history on, they had at least proved themselves a good foundation for a church. With this conclusion, we picked up our walking-sticks, and started afresh for the summit of the mountain before us. Machico—called after Machim—is a village of some five hundred in population, for the greater part fishermen.

How like the journey of life was our ascent to that distant summit. As we advanced in the tortuous pathway, new hills were continually looming into view, often steep and rugged, and each succeeding one more trying than the former to the strength of our steps and the courage of our hearts. But victory over one opposition stimulates the flagging energies in conflict with the next; and thus we toiled on, surmounting ridge after ridge, until the highest was gained. Then looking back on our journey, the steepest and highest hills that we had scaled looked small, and lesser ones, that had severely tried knee and lung, had disappeared in the vales below.

Shall it not be thus in life's rugged journey? And when from a higher, purer, serener atmosphere, we look down upon a world that we have overcome, will not the mountains that once appeared impassable seem small, and others which sorely tried the strength of our infant steps, sink into the level of the plain, far off in the vale of life?

Before we reached the height from which the ocean can be seen on both sides of the island, the doctor's strength failed him; so I pressed on alone for half a mile further, and ascending a knoll on the roadside, found myself in command of a landscape of inexpressible grandeur. I was

on the edge of an extensive plateau, and in the neighborhood of fields and hedge-rows; the plain sloping away to the north was marked by the church of San Antonio, and a few white cottages in the distance; while beyond, *Pico da Noia* reared its head, and further still, the broken outline of coast and the slumbering Atlantic. To the northeast the peaks of *Clerigo* and *Castanho* showed the jagged outlines of their summits against the sky; to the north of east, the island of Porto Santo lay like a cloud on the horizon, and on the southeast, the barren Desertas stood, like giant-guardians of the coast. At this moment, the sun, which was fast descending, shone through an opening in the fleecy clouds which rested on the western sky, and spread a halo of light and beauty over island and ocean. The scene was overwhelming in loveliness; the varied beauty of fields and downs, the silent grandeur of the distant ocean, the majestic mountains towering above the clouds, all blending in harmonious oneness, conspired to bewilder the soul in blissful, inexpressible emotions.

"I think, therefore I am," is the evidence of individual existence, as given by one of the fathers of modern philosophy: *I feel*, therefore *I am*, was the sentiment of this hour. The feeling was conscious existence.

From the distant and grand, I turned to the beautiful and near. The modest heath-blossom, the wild fuschia and the fox-glove bloomed around my grassy seat; and the golden furze blossom, the hare-bell, and the fern, companions of my infancy, reminded me of those days of innocence when I was a stranger to the world, and the sorrows of riper childhood. Long years of varied life have passed over me, and in many climes I have been a stranger and a

wanderer, since I thus reclined amid these flowers, and made them the hearers of my griefs and hopes; but they spoke to me now in the same pure language, and memory recognized their voices, as the ear awakens to long-forgotten strains; my heart went back into the consciousness of childhood, and I was a mother-loving boy again. I kissed them, and they answered me with purer, sweeter lip; and I blessed them as the playmates of those life-morning hours which can never return. Then in the enjoyment which these remembrances had softened, as the slanting rays of the sun mellowed the beauty of the landscape around me, I knelt on the green turf, and thanked God for the beautiful creations with which he has blessed the ruins of our fallen world, and for the appreciation of that beauty which he has planted in my own humble bosom. It was an hour of spiritual and emotional enjoyment, that will live in memory forever.

I found my companion seated on the bank of a mountain-stream, enthusiastic in his admiration of the landscape, and surrounded by a flock of timid goats, who had approached, seemingly to question our intrusion on their high domain.

Our descent was rapid, but more tiresome than the climbing; night overtook us just as we entered the town, and the bright light and comfortable dinner awaiting us in the little parlor of the hotel, seemed to bid us welcome.

While sitting in the portico enjoying our segars after dinner, and in converse with our host and lady, our party was increased by the village schoolmaster, and a young lady who spoke very pretty broken English.

They treated us to sweet music from the *machête*, and

a few pretty, though to us unintelligible, songs; after which we were invited to a long room containing a pianoforte of very *unpiano* sound, but from which our hostess, proving herself quite an *artiste*, drew forth some lively music. Our visitors proposed a dance, and jumping into each other's arms, whirled around the room, *à la* June-bug, peg-top, or anything else that spins at a rate fearful to giddy heads. After a round or two, the young lady intimated her willingness to dance with the doctor, but, having no acquaintance with the Terpsichore of Madeira, my friend declined, pleading weariness. Two English songs were then sung, "Long Ago" and "Old Virginny," in the latter of which my friend joined, in a fine *alto* voice, and being himself a Virginian, with a *gusto* that did credit to his patriotism, and won the applause of the assembly.

Finding that their guests did not enjoy the ball-room, our hosts conducted us to the parlor, where, among a few English books, we discovered a Bible of the American Bible Society. This led to some questions as to the faith of our entertainers, and, to our pleasure and surprise, we found them Protestants and Methodists.

Mr. Gonsalves then entertained us with the story of his Protestant life, which was in substance as follows. Twenty-five years ago, the hostility to Protestantism in Madeira was very violent, so much so, that it was not safe for a native to profess any inclination or favor toward it. Many of the inhabitants, who in contact with Protestants conceived a liking for their faith, emigrated to the West Indies and the United States, for the purpose of seeking a wider range of freedom in things spiritual and temporal. Mr. G. was

among those who emigrated to the States. In Pennsylvania he fell in with a company of Methodists, who gave him temporal and spiritual assistance, and among whom he became a freeman in Christ Jesus, and a citizen of the republic. Failing in business, and disappointed in his expectations of selling his estate in Madeira, which included this hotel and surroundings, he was compelled to return to the island; but he and his excellent lady brought with them all the ardor of their first love for Methodism and the government of their adopted country. It has astonished me often, on meeting with returned emigrants, and other adopted citizens of America living abroad, that they remain enthusiastically devoted to their adopted institutions. We can meet any day with native Americans living abroad, who admire the social and civil customs of the countries in which they live, and, so far as they can, adopt them, expressing a preference for them over those of their own country; but with the foreigner who has once imbibed the spirit of our social and political system, America remains enshrined in his heart forever, the ideal of perfection.

We enjoyed a delightful *class-meeting* that evening, and when we parted on the morrow, kinder and warmer wishes were expressed than those which generally pass between travellers and hosts. Great Shepherd protect these scattered ones!

The morning of our second day's journey was fine, and pleasantly overcast with light clouds. Refreshed with sound sleep in good beds, and reinforced by an excellent breakfast, we engaged a boy-guide, and set our faces for *San Antonio da Serra* and the town of St. Ann's, on the opposite side of the island, and twenty-five miles distant.

We soon reached a height commanding a fine view of the town, and turned to take a farewell look. Santa Cruz—often called Sancta Cruz—is one of the oldest towns of the island, containing a population of fishermen, small farmers, and a few of the middle class citizens, numbering in all some fifteen hundred. There are but few objects of interest in its vicinity, if we except the fossil beds of Caniçal, which we did not visit, to our great disappointment, owing to the report of cholera in that part of the island. We saw here, for the first time, a fine and venerable specimen of the date-bearing palm, enough in itself to repay the visit of the naturalist.

Our route now lay through a broken, mountainous, and thickly populated country, of small fields, and small cots embowered in fruit-trees. Never before was such striking evidence of the generosity of soil and climate. Here the pear, which in the low lands of the thirty-second degree of latitude in our country is an insipid and undeveloped fruit, attained the highest perfection, growing among plantains and pine-apples. The fruits of the temperate and tropical zones were vying with each other in the abundance of fruitfulness and beauty, children of the same soil and sun.

Here our guide, supposing us to be bewildered as to location, and entirely at his mercy, came to a strike for higher wages. He demanded twice the amount for which he first engaged, besides sundry glasses of wine. Finding that expostulation was vain, we made an application of walking-stick to that region of the cranium where justice and veneration are supposed to dwell, which had a wonderful and instantaneous effect on the gentleman's ideas. In a moment he became reconciled to his bargain, and took up his line of march in dogged silence.

The term *Serra* is applied by Portuguese and Spaniards to ridges and table lands. The plain or flattened ridge of *San Antonio da Serra* we reached about noon, and proceeded across it in the direction of the church of San Antonio, and the country seat of our consul. This church was built by the liberality of Mr. March, for the benefit of the poor of this parish, actuated by the worthy motive of trying to make *good* Catholics of those who cannot be made Protestants. This is an agricultural district, and one of the few spots on the island where the plough can be used; but even here the spade and mattock are the favorite instruments. The Madeirans till their ground thoroughly, digging to a depth of eighteen inches, and pulverizing well. This will, in part, account for their abundant harvests.

Being now near the residence of Mr. March, where a warm welcome and a good dinner awaited us, we dismissed our guide with the promised fee and a word of advice as to his treatment of American travellers hereafter. He accepted both gratefully, and turned homeward with a cheerful step. At Mr. March's we found the Baron San Pedro, his lady, and their charming and accomplished daughters, making a visit to our consul. My *compagnon de voyage* was soon engaged in a petit flirtation with the ladies, and so pleased with the pretty language, and prettier figure, and beautiful manners of one of the party, that my hopes of getting to St. Ann's that night were fast dying away. After dinner, however, the party left, and we too were preparing to take up our journey, when Mr. M. informed us that he had just received a note from our commodore announcing his intention to sail on the morrow, as the cholera had made its appearance in Funchal. We therefore contented ourselves to

remain with our friend for the night, purposing to start for Funchal a few hours before day on the following morning.

We spent the evening in walking through the beautiful grounds, and studying the varied flora and shrubbery. Sitting in a spacious bower surrounded by a hedge, or wall, of box, ten feet high, and impervious to light, Mr. M. remarked: "This is the place where Dr. Kelly, a retired surgeon of the British army, used to preach Protestantism to the natives." Dr. K. made many converts in this parish, some of whom still remain. He was driven from the island, with the loss of a valuable library, and other personal effects, destroyed by an infuriated mob, but for which his government saw that he was compensated by the government of Madeira. Our host, who must be known in private life to be fully appreciated, is a model American gentleman, rendered the evening perfectly delightful, and in the full tide of social enjoyment, we forgot that we were in the palace of a bachelor. The doctor was less communicative than usual, for his thoughts were with the sylph-like little creature who was borne that evening far over the mountains, but who, before leaving, kindled a fire in his heart that may smolder many a year.

At four next morning we were roused from dreamless sleep by the notes of a clarionet discoursing "Hail Columbia;" the sound was shrill to the ear then, but it makes sweet music to the memory now. The stars were shining brightly, and the air was quite cool, but we buttoned up our coats and resolutely commenced to ascend the high range which divided us from our breakfast. As we advanced the darkness was fast changing into the grey of morning; little birds started from the broom and gorse as we passed,

chirping their salutation to the rising day; and all nature seemed waking into a new life. On attaining an elevation of three thousand feet, the atmosphere was sensibly more rare than that to which we had been accustomed, and as our guide, notwithstanding his load of breakfast materials, travelled quite fast, our breathing was attended with unpleasant sensations.

On gaining the summit of a very steep hill we rested awhile to breathe and watch the rising sun, whose upper limb was now visible above the cumuli of white clouds which obscured the true horizon. The few clouds that floated above us reflected his rays in brightest roseate; while beneath us a field of cloud, covering much of the island, and stretching far over the ocean, responded to Aurora's blushes in a thousand shades of red and gold. The peaks of the Desertas, and far off Porto Santo, peered above this plain, like dark rocks above a foam-covered ocean, while here and there openings in it revealed the deep Atlantic, reflecting from its blue bosom the red hues of morning in warmest purple; requiring but little effort of imagination to fancy it a sea of molten amethyst. Advancing upward we met sleepy-looking boys driving flocks of goats to some neighboring village to be milked; and we were overtaken by Mr. March, who followed on horseback, just as we were opening the finest view of the island. We were forty-five hundred feet above the sea, with Pico Ruivo, the crown of Madeira, on our right, rearing its head fifteen hundred feet above us. Between us and the Peak was a deep ravine, running off to the north, which contains the bed of Ribero Frio, now dry, but in the rainy season, and when the snows are melting in the spring, it is a large and impetuous river. St. Ann's, and

Fayal, were distinctly visible, with much of the northern shore, so that, notwithstanding our precipitate return, we were not entirely disappointed in our desire to see those places.

These heights are covered with short grass and green thick moss, affording good pasturage to sheep and goats. They reminded us of the sheep-commons of England and Wales; and in treading the soft carpet, bedecked with tiny wild-flowers, scenes long forgotten were brilliantly revived. As we neared the *Poizo*, we passed several hardy-looking women, dressed in coarse linsey-woolseys, gathering fagots; and as, to my ear, the Portuguese sounds much like Irish, I imagined for a moment that I was again among the heath-gatherers of the south of Ireland. But the Moorish, and, sometimes, traces of the Ethiopian, in the features of the peasantry, served to remind us that this is not the home of the indomitable Celt. We breakfasted heartily at the Poizo, on the ample basketful provided by Mr. M.; and as we sat down to the well-furnished table, we thought that the scene before us was not the least interesting of the morning. A walk of six miles up steep hills is a wonderful appetizer. The house—the *Poizo*—was built as a house of refuge, and answers the purpose of a little Saint Bernard to those who may be overtaken by the heavy snows which fall on these mountains in winter.

Fresh and invigorated, we started again, and in less than an hour reached the height overlooking Funchal. The beautiful Jamestown was still riding at anchor, but by her crossed yards we could perceive that she was preparing for sea; and, like an impatient racer, eager for the word which should loose her reins. At half a mile above Mount Church we

engaged a hand-sledge, drawn by three stout boys, and went down to the city at the rate of twenty cents, and eight minutes to the mile.

We found the city in commotion. Bells were ringing to call the faithful to prayer for deliverance from the cholera; and bugles were sounding to muster the troops to receive his highness Prince Adalbert of Prussia, who arrived that morning in the harbor. We reported ourselves to the commodore at the consulate, who expressed his intention of sailing immediately after calling on the prince. We saw that it was our last day in Madeira, so we hastened to make farewell calls on our many friends—our clear-headed, metaphysical Scotch friend, Mr. Yates, of the English hotel, John Mason, of the book-store, the ready and obliging friend of the American officer; friends Nuno and Mr. Carter of the consulate; Robert Ryan, Esq., our vice-consul, and his amiable and accomplished lady; Rev. A. J. D'Orsey, and his lovely family; and at last, though not least, our beloved consul, J. Howard March, friends whose kindness contributed to the enjoyment of our sojourn among them, and whose names shall live in memory for ever.

Our departure was deferred until the morrow, as Prince Adalbert expressed a wish to visit our ship. In the morning he came. The officers in full undress, and the marines in full dress, were drawn up to receive him, and he was much pleased with the reception. He inspected the ship closely, and expressed much delight in the beauty and order of her appointments.

The prince is a plain, substantial-looking man; large and stout, and about forty years of age. He is admiral in chief of the Prussian navy, and our officers who know him say

that he is a good sailor and a polished gentleman. We were much pleased with his manners and observations.

At three o'clock we were under weigh, and at night-fall saw Madeira for the last time. Owing to the fact that we here spent some of the happiest moments of a weary cruise, we left the lovely island, the emerald bosom-gem of the Atlantic, with a degree of sadness. The plague that was then making its appearance did not last long, but it swept away more than twelve thousand of its dense population; and it serves to remind us, that in our fallen world there is no paradise. Blest Island! may the clustering vine yet clothe thy hills with beauty, and of its fatness make thy children glad, and thy valleys, teeming with corn, bless thy poor with bread! Be thy skies as clear, and the airs that bathe thy mountains and shores as pure and balmy as when they breathed on us! Above all, may the teachings of a higher and more spiritual Christianity bless thy people with surer hope and holier comforts, and lead them to a purer worship of the Eternal Father!

"Shades of evening close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile;
Morn, alas! will not restore us,
Yonder dim and distant isle.
Through the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
As a voice from those who love us,
Kindly saying, Fare ye well!"

THE END.

"To the list of John Milton and other 'blind men eloquent,' must be added the name of WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN."—*London Athenæum.*

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