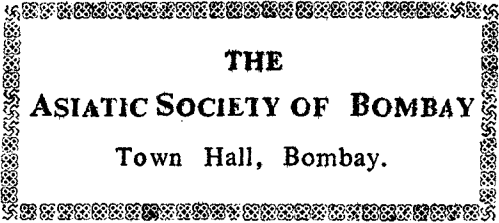




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# STORIES

OF

## STRANGE LANDS;

*B 1957*

AND

FRAGMENTS FROM THE NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.

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**97770**

*XX-f-10*

BY MRS. R. LEE,

(FORMERLY MRS. T. EDWARD BOWDICH.)



LONDON:

EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

M. DCCC. XXXV.

**1835**

*570*



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DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO

HER MAJESTY

**THE QUEEN**

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.



TO

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

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MADAM,

I FEEL very gratefully the condescending kindness which has permitted me to *dedicate the following pages to your Majesty.* The protection of literature and of female writers is an object worthy of a British Queen; but the conviction of this only makes me the more fearful, that <sup>3</sup> my volume may not be found deserving of the exalted patronage it has received.

Allow me, Madam, in the language of an old writer, to “turn my pen into prayer,” and to express a fervent hope, that your

DEDICATION.

**Majesty may long continue, both by the encouragement of virtuous endeavours, and by the influence of a holy example, to be a blessing to those over whom a gracious Providence has decreed you to reign.**

**I am, for ever,**

**Your Majesty's**

**Dutiful and grateful Subject,**

**SARAH LEE.**

12, Burton Street, Burton Crescent,  
June, 1835.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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IN the year 1825, Mr. Ackermann, the proprietor of the "Forget Me Not," and the person who originated the annual publications in England, applied to me to furnish him with a story for his forthcoming volume.

I was then scarcely settled in England, after many years of absence, and was deeply occupied in editing a work by my late husband, that his last labours might be known to the world, and that no effort on my part should be wanting that could do honour to his memory, or benefit our children. Besides these obstacles, I had all my life been occupied by facts, and felt, that anything I could produce would be sadly misplaced in a work of fiction.

I therefore refused, pleading want of time, want of talent, and want of inclination. The first reason Mr. Ackermann combated, by asking for only a few pages; the second, by requesting me merely to relate any one of the traditions I had happened to meet with in the strange land which I had just left; the third was of course set aside, by his making my contribution a personal favour to himself; and by representing that the novelty of an African story would throw a profitable interest over the new "Forget Me Not." The excellence of Mr. Ackermann's character, the pains he had taken for my welfare, though a total stranger to him till my return, would have made it ungrateful in me to persist in my refusal, and the history of *Adumissa* was in due time forwarded to the editor. I was exceedingly gratified, when, on coming for a second story, Mr. Ackermann assured me that he owed the sale of many more copies to my narrative; and I then gave him *Amba*, which met with even greater success. A third year Mr. Ackermann made *Inna* a matter of profit, so that, considering the claims upon me, I had no *right* to cease;

and thus, entirely without a wish, and without any previous intention, I became an established writer for the "Forget Me Not."

These stories for the oldest of our Annuals would have led to many others, had inclination allowed me to pursue this style of writing, but I rejected every offer till Mr. Thomas Pringle, the editor of the "Friendship's Offering," solicited my services. My great esteem and admiration for this talented and good man, who has since closed a life of active benevolence and noble effort, by the peaceful death of a Christian, overcame all my objections. At his entreaty, I likewise wrote for the Hon. Mrs. Norton; and all these contributions, with some additions, form the greater part of the present volume.

Why they have been thus collected and republished on my own account, still remains to be told. Many fruitless enquiries have been made for them, as the first are out of print; and many questions have been asked, and explanations demanded, by those

who have read them ; and to satisfy all, I have gathered them together, and added such notes and remarks as would tend to their elucidation.

It is impossible to shake off the habits of early years, and my matter-of-fact studies and reflections have remained with me, in spite of all endeavours to cast them aside ; therefore, every story is founded on truth ; every description of scenery, manners, and customs, has been taken from the life : as much of the language of the actors has been preserved as is consistent with civilized ears, and the Fragments have not been in the slightest degree embellished. In these, and in the Notes, my great difficulties have been to repress an exuberance of observation and circumstances, in the fear that I might become trifling, and to avoid an egotism which would be tiresome. The number of I's that I have scratched out, the sentences that have been turned and twisted, to avoid this provoking monosyllable, almost surpass belief ; for it is very natural to wish to impress on the reader, that we have been the witnesses or actors in unusual scenes, in order to stamp them with veracity ; and while they

are vividly before us, as we write them, we are apt to forget that we ourselves are not as interesting as they are.

The following pages close with the sketches belonging to my first voyage to Africa; and having been encouraged beyond my best hopes, I again launch my little bark into the broad ocean, myself at the helm; and venture to look forward to a return to port, with a cargo in exchange.

S. L.



# STORIES OF STRANGE LANDS.

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## STORY I.

### ADUMISSA.

“THAT was Adumissa’s house,” said my servant one day, when he attended me in a walk through the town of Igwa. “And who was Adumissa?” I asked. “What, missy, you no hear of Adumissa, who pass all woman handsome that black man ever saw? White man think her handsome; men die for her—they like her too much (¹).”

I could get nothing more from Dombey than panegyrics like the preceding; but my curiosity having been excited, I made several inquiries, both of mulatto women and Europeans, and collected the following little history.

The parents of Adumissa were extremely wealthy; and instead of betrothing their daughter in the cradle, which is usual in that part of Africa, they caused it to be understood that *their* only child aspired to the highest matrimonial connexion which should offer itself, after

she had attained the age of fourteen. Uncontrolled and unrestrained, therefore, the little Adumissa passed the greater part of her youth in the forests which surrounded the country-house. The numerous slaves belonging to her father Samba, all worshipped her—not only because it was the best way to win the heart of their chief, but the personal beauty, the extraordinary sweetness of disposition, and the originality of character, which developed themselves at a very early period, attracted the good will of all who saw Adumissa.

Samba was a kind master, and allowed his slaves many hours of rest, or labour for their own profit; and they never esteemed themselves so happy as when contributing to the comfort or amusement of his daughter. One would take his javelin or his gun, and encounter the fearful panther, on whose skin she was to recline her graceful limbs; another would point his arrows at the soaring eagle<sup>(2)</sup>, and weave his plumage into fans to refresh her, as she reposed under the branches of the banian; a third would strip the coral-tree<sup>(3)</sup> of its seeds, to adorn her with scarlet necklaces; a fourth would surprise the humming-bird<sup>(4)</sup>, that it might deck her hair. Sometimes, forming a litter of palm-leaves, they would mount her on their shoulders, and bear her through the forest, loading her as they went with the spoils of the guava<sup>(5)</sup>, the date, the custard-apple<sup>(6)</sup>, and the *erasma*-trees<sup>(7)</sup>; and, tearing down handfuls of jessamine<sup>(8)</sup>, would cover her litter; and, singing to her praise as they darted along, would return her to her mother, hidden in the fragrant drapery.



Sometimes the little queen would order her tiny palanquin, which was lined with the richest crimson silk; her bearers wore blue-striped *pagnes* <sup>(9)</sup>, or cloths fringed with cowries; two small elephant-tusks <sup>(10)</sup>, converted into horns, announced her approach; her state-stool <sup>(11)</sup> and her fans followed, each carried by a handsome youth; her nurse walked in front of the palanquin, bearing a casket <sup>(12)</sup> of jewels on her head. Adumissa—her neck covered with the most costly chains and necklaces, her arms laden with golden snakes, every finger bearing a ring of curious fashion, her slender ankles displaying various kinds of golden devices; and her head adorned with golden butterflies,—reclined upon a cushion stuffed with silk-cotton <sup>(13)</sup>, and held a European parasol <sup>(14)</sup> in her hand, while a chorus of well-dressed slaves, at intervals shouting out her name, closed the procession; and thus attended, she would parade through the streets of Igwa, and delight in the gaze of the multitude. But this love of superiority, this taste for finery, was not of long duration. It would seem that the wildness of her native forests had imparted a hardihood and courage possessed by few girls of her country; and, having had no associates of her own sex and age, she had been accustomed to trust to her own resources for amusement, and to think and act for herself.

Adumissa gradually relinquished her town excursions, and delighted more in the sports of her dependents. She was always present at the chase of the wild boar, and would even throw the javelin with her own hand.

She would twist her *pagne* tightly round her shoulders, throw off her cumbersome ornaments, and pursue the spotted deer with a speed almost equal to its own. Nor was she less conspicuous for tenderness and humanity: the doves, the partridges, the guinea-fowls, which were fed by her hand, had all been tamed by herself; the crown-bird, and the Numidian crane, would stretch their long necks at her approach, and the little love-birds of Whydah would nestle in her bosom. A tame antelope trotted after her with its fairy legs, when she visited the plantations, and her couch was guarded by an English dog (<sup>15</sup>). She watched by the pillow of the sick, soothed the agonies of the dying, and encouraged industry and merit of every kind.

At last the period arrived when Adunissa's father thought it time to marry her to some suitable aspirer. He knew her too well to admit the addresses of the old or the wicked, however wealthy they might be; and several youths of powerful families proposed, for her to make a selection of him who pleased her best. She was brought to the town to reside; her hair was combed smooth into the form of a cone at the top of her head, and richly ornamented; her ears bore pendants of foreign workmanship; her eyebrows were forced into a narrower arch; her eyes, naturally languishing, were rendered still more so by a line traced at the corner of each, with a stylus dipped in powdered lead; her white teeth were made dazzling with the wood of the *soola*-tree; a little ivory block was dipped into liquid chalk, and gently placed under the corner of each eye;

so as to form a delicate pattern upon the cheek ; her feet were protected by sandals of the richest colours ; her whole skin was polished by the perfumed *shea-tolu*, and her *pagnes* were always of the most costly Chinese silks (<sup>16</sup>).

But the restraint of the town first disgusted Adumissa, and with this disgust came a dislike to all her suitors. " Shall I," said she to her father, " become the wife of one I love not, know not ? The poorest slaves on your estates are alone subjected to this indignity, and such trammels but ill accord with the free and high-born Adumissa." For the first time, however, she excited her father's disapprobation ; for the nephew of a neighbouring king had been secretly favoured by him, and he had hoped that his daughter would have selected this Amoisee, as well for his rank (<sup>17</sup>), as for his personal accomplishments. But, dissembling his mortification, and knowing the temper of Adumissa, he told her that she should have time to make her choice, but that at no very distant period he expected her to fix on one of the youths who sought her hand.

Delighted at having deferred the evil she so much dreaded, Adumissa begged permission to return for a time to the country, where she resumed her former mode of living, with more ardour than ever, and she greatly hoped that she had got rid of her troublesome lovers. They all persevered, however ; and when her father insisted on having her determination, she said that she could make no choice, for she did not like one more than another.

Samba, of course, selected his favourite, and Amoisee was received as his intended son-in-law. Adumissa, however, constantly contrived excuses for delaying her marriage; and Amoisee, who had become deeply enamoured, as often tried to hasten it. He was about this time called away by his uncle, to conduct the army against a neighbouring nation; and when he returned, laden with the spoils of victory, he laid them at the feet of Adumissa, hoping that his fame and courage would make an impression on her heart, and induce her to accept him immediately. But she was apparently declining in health; her finely rounded limbs now displayed the sharpest angles; her eyelids were never raised above the full black eyes beneath them; no merry laugh discovered her even and polished teeth; her step was slow; she reclined upon her cushions, apparently without noticing any thing around her; and she refused to eat, or take the least exercise. Amoisee and her father vainly tried every expedient to rouse her. The father's entreaties alone would sometimes call forth a languid smile, fleeting as the petals of the cistus. Amoisee ransacked the European warehouses for luxuries of clothing and ornaments, and the whole forest was brought into contribution for her table; but she would neither accept the one nor taste the other. Amoisee watched by her as long as she permitted him; and when she drove him from her presence, he would remain whole hours at her door, to catch the sound of her voice or her footstep.

All this, however, was only an expedient on the part

of Adumissa to gain time, preparatory to a grander scheme which she had in view. Old Adoo, the chief-priest, had always been an intimate at her father's house, and had loved Adumissa from her childhood. The offerings which she brought to him were always placed before those of others—not so much for their splendour, as for the value the old man himself set upon them. She had continued to reside at the country-house, in the neighbourhood of which was the fetish-man's dwelling, and one evening, having purchased a number of the most costly European articles, and put a piece of gold, dug from the pits of Ahanta, into a small silk bag, she secretly repaired to Adoo—her presents carried by a young female slave, who knew not whither she was going. They proceeded along the thick forest, now and then starting the hyæna, which fled from the torch which Adumissa bore in her hand—her young attendant trembling more at the apprehension of the evil spirits which are supposed to infest these shades, than at the wild beasts which lurked near the path. At length they reached the fetish-house, which was a small, low building, by the side of a stream sacred to the deity. Few were admitted within, and none but the priest himself knew the riches which were secreted in the roof, and under the ground of the principal room where the incantations were performed. Adumissa knocked at the door; and upon Adoo's inquiry of "Who is there?" she exclaimed, "Oh, father! help your unhappy child!" The old man quickly opened

the door; but, on seeing the slave, he said, "Enter, daughter, but leave your attendant without."

Adumissa took the packet from the head of the girl, and desiring her to wait outside with the torch, entered the house and closed the door. The poor child, however, whose fear of ghosts had been instilled into her mind from the earliest age, no sooner found herself alone, than she imagined that she should soon be assailed by the spirits of the deceased, who are supposed to wander round the fetish-house; and, finding her situation insupportable, fled back to her home<sup>(18)</sup>.

Meanwhile, Adumissa communicated her request to the priest, vowing that nothing should induce her to listen to the addresses of any man; and that she would destroy herself if she was forced into a marriage with Amoisee, or any other. In proof of her sincerity she adduced her emaciated and dejected appearance, and finished by assuring Adoo, that she was not going to bribe him to comply with what she wished, but she was desirous of manifesting her gratitude for the kindness he had shewn her from her birth, for all the "good fetish he had made for her<sup>(19)</sup>, and had therefore brought him a little present, only entreating that he would extend his favours, by making her father believe that the fetish had commanded her not to marry, until she did so with her own consent and desire; and to add, that if he should persist in disobeying this mandate, sudden death would be the consequence to one or more members of the family. The old priest replied,

that this was a subject to which he could return no answer till he had consulted the fetish; and taking up the presents, he retired into the next room.

Adoo had received bribes also from Samba and Amoisee to induce him to favour *their* views, and he wished to consider which would be the most advantageous part to take. But when he saw the splendour of Adumissa's presents, and placed his affection in the balance, he no longer hesitated; and returning to her, he told her that the fetish had consented to her request, and that she might depart with his blessing. She accordingly called her slave, but receiving no answer, concluded she was gone, and fearlessly bent her steps homeward, congratulating herself upon her success with so much intentness, that she did not perceive she had wandered from the path, till she found herself at the spring which afforded water to all the inhabitants of the forest. The moon was shining in the bright blue sky above, its full and brilliant image reflected in the stream, and occasionally hidden by the gentle waving of the mimosas which grew round its banks. The stillness of the scene and the freshness of the night tempted Adumissa to remain, unconscious of the danger that lurked near her; for a huge panther had followed her steps, and as soon as she stopped, sprung upon her<sup>(20)</sup>. Adumissa uttered a piercing cry, and closed her eyes to the dreadful death which apparently awaited her—when, swift as an arrow, a man darted from the thicket with a musket in his hand, and with one blow of the but-end felled the monster to the

ground, and before it could recover, drew a small sword and plunged it into its heart. His next care was the being he had rescued, who stood trembling at his side.—“Adumissa!”——“Amoisee!”——“What can have brought you hither?” was the mutual question. Adumissa hung down her head.

“But are you wounded?” resumed Amoisee; “lean on me, love—let me bear you home.”

“Fear not,” replied Adumissa, “my thick *pagne* was loosely twisted round me, and the panther caught his claws in that, without penetrating to the skin; see, it is still between his feet.”

“But tell me how you happened to be here?” “Ah! Adumissa, this is a favourite retreat of mine; I climb yonder banda-tree, and lament over my hopeless passion; my sleepless nights are spent either there, or in wandering through the forest; and as I do not wish to hasten a death which will come but too soon, if you persist in your indifference, I arm myself against the beasts which repair every night to the spring to drink. I saw your approach, without recognising you, and, descending from the tree to warn you of your danger, had reached the ground as the creature sprung upon you—little thinking that my own life was saved when I rescued you; for believe me, Adumissa, I could not have survived you.”

Adumissa replied not; but, saying that she felt agitated from the fright, returned in silence to her home. On seeing her father, she briefly stated what had happened; then retiring to her bed, she closed the door



upon all her attendants, and left Amoisee in the hope, that the service he had just rendered her would advance his views.

The next morning Adumissa desired that Amoisee should be led to her presence; when, excluding every one else, she begged him to hear her patiently, and thus addressed him:—“ The service which you rendered me last night has raised in me sentiments of gratitude which I never expected to feel; and, prompted by them, I am going to explain myself to you with a candour which I should never have used under other circumstances; and I hope to put you for ever out of suspense, as the only good I can offer you. I have tried to love you, Amoisee. You are handsome, and brave as the lion of our forests, yet gentle and affectionate as the spaniel which now crouches at my feet; you are the heir to a powerful kingdom, and wealthy enough to gratify my most extravagant desires: and yet, with all these good qualities, I shrink from a marriage with you, with a disgust and horror that I cannot overcome. But it is not for you, individually, that I feel this; my disgust is to marriage altogether. I have been an only child; I have been the principal person in my family; every one has obeyed me; and, free and happy, I have never known what it was to submit. If I were to marry, I should become as nothing; I should lose my rank and my freedom, and be mingled with the multitude. Do not interrupt me. I know you would say, that as your queen I should rule over your subjects; that your love for me would prevent my being treated with

indignity; and that, protected by you, I never could be degraded. But neither you nor I can alter the customs of our country. Look at my mother; she also was an only child, and brought my father great wealth. What has she been ever since she married? Confounded amid a number of other wives; exposed to their jealousies and intrigues, and not retaining a shadow of influence. And yet I am not better than she is. People say I am handsome; but beauty will soon pass away, and then, the only thing which distinguished me in your eyes being gone, I should sink into a condition very much resembling that of a slave. This, then, is my firm resolve—I never will marry any one; and if compulsion be used, I will put an end to my life. Follow then my advice, dear Amoisee, for I love you as if you were my brother; leave me, and do not return till you can think of me with indifference. There are many handsomer and better girls than I am; go and seek them in other countries. None but the wayward Adumissa could refuse the noble Amoisee.” She ceased, and a pause of some length ensued. Amoisee’s eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he scarcely seemed to breathe. At length he suddenly rose, flashed a lightning glance at Adumissa, and rapidly uttered—“Yes! I will leave you for ever: but I will not die unrevenged!” Then, throwing his *pagne* over his shoulder, he burst open the door and disappeared.

Adumissa’s heart seemed relieved of its oppression; never had she looked so beautiful as on that day. She decked herself in white, and wore no ornament but the

pale yellow flowers of the *dummodo* (<sup>21</sup>). She was sitting in the evening by her father's side, relating one of the many traditionary tales of her country, when she was interrupted by the cry of "I die! I die! my blood be upon Adumissa's head!—my family will revenge me!" (<sup>22</sup>) immediately followed by the report of a pistol. Recognising Amoisee's voice, both Adumissa and her father stood horror-struck; but the wild cries of the slaves bearing in the bleeding body roused them to action. An English surgeon was immediately sent for; but Amoisee's aim had been too sure, and he had expired instantaneously. The intelligence soon spread to his family, and the whole country was in commotion. Adumissa's father hoped, by making a splendid funeral, and taking all the expense upon himself, that Amoisee's family might be appeased. But he was mistaken; and they sullenly attended at the ceremony, and awaited its completion, without making any observation. Adumissa shut herself up in her house, and durst not make her appearance, for fear of exciting disturbance. After all was over, and Samba was brooding over the troubles which seemed to threaten him, a drum, struck at intervals, was heard gradually advancing. He rose to ascertain its meaning, and Amoisee's uncle presented himself at the door, followed by the *pynins* or elders of his kingdom, each bearing his staff of office, but clothed in the deepest mourning. "We are come, Samba," said the old king, "to settle our affair with you. You know that blood demands blood, even if a slave be killed; but Amoisee was nephew to a king, and we must have gold

also. Our first requisition is one hundred ounces <sup>(23)</sup>; and our second, any young man of your family who will die for you. We shall then see if my nephew's angry spirit, which now roams unrevenged, will be appeased. I give you two moons to consider, or rather to obey." The party then left the house, and Samba remained in consternation. If this were all, thought he, I could meet it; but I see that my ruin is intended, my family will be murdered, and I shall be stripped of my possessions. "No," said Adumissa, entering, "I have heard all, and my ornaments are worth five times the sum demanded: take them, my father, for mine is the fault." She then left the room, and returned with *manillas*, weighing the hundred ounces, and putting them into her father's hands, added, "The most difficult part remains to be performed, and that, alas! must be your care. Where shall we find any one to die for us!" This, however, was not so difficult as they imagined; for a youth, destitute of parents, and indebted for his life to his relative Adumissa, offered himself as a willing sacrifice, provided he was buried with extraordinary pomp, and plenty of gold was put into his grave <sup>(24)</sup>. Samba joyfully accepted the conditions, keeping even the offer a secret from Adumissa, who had never been outside the house since the death of Amoisee.

At the appointed day, the deputation arrived from the old king, and Samba delivered the youth and the gold, with all that was necessary for his obsequies; but at the same time he had little doubt that he should be liable to much more extortion. No immediate personal

application, however, was made; but several relations of the family had been found murdered, and a few of the slaves had disappeared in a mysterious manner. At last, the son of the old nurse was stolen away, and the poor woman rushed into Adumissa's room, wringing her hands, and displaying the most extravagant signs of grief. "They have taken my boy," cried she, "my own boy, the light of my eyes, the spirit of my soul, the supporter of my aged limbs!" "Who—what has taken your boy?" exclaimed Adumissa. "Who but Amoisee's uncle?" returned the old woman: "not contented with killing Arqua."—"Arqua!" interrupted Adumissa. "Yes, your Arqua; the boy whose life you saved when he fell into the water; your cousin Arqua. They not only took him, but they seized your father's gold, murdered five more of your relations, and forced away the slaves; but now they have taken my boy too; and they say that the king is coming to rob your father of his gold and plantations, and then we shall all be ruined." Adumissa heard no more, though the poor creature continued to vociferate their miseries; but exclaiming, "My poor Arqua!" she fell senseless on the ground.

When she recovered, she found herself supported by her father; and raising her eyes to him, she tried to read the truth in his countenance. She there saw nothing but care; and, again closing her eyelids, requested to be laid on her couch. She remained an hour without moving; and then, starting up, she took her father's hand, and said, "You and your property,

at least, shall be saved. I see nothing but my death will appease the manes of poor Amoisee; and I deserve to lose my life for having so long disobeyed you."

Samba would not hear his daughter's resolution a second time, and forbade her to think of it; but she was determined, and quietly made her preparations. She had a number of slaves at her command, and despatched them to various parts of the country, to summon all who were related to her, either on her father's or her mother's side; she desired them to repair on a certain day to Igwa, to witness her death, and sent each a small present, in order to pay their expences. She then publicly announced her intention in the market-place, and requested any of Amoisee's family who might be present to assist her in assembling his relations. She desired Adoo, the fetish-man, to send a sacred messenger to request the attendance of Amoisee's uncle on the appointed day, accompanied by his *pynins*. Poor Samba seemed stupified with grief, and took no part in the scene that was going forward.

Adumissa's mother and female relatives were distracted with the idea of losing her, but they were not insensible to the glory which would attach to their name from her heroic conduct. Immense quantities of provisions were collected to feed the expected multitude; bands of music were provided; dresses of various kinds were made; small huts of palm-leaves were erected for the nearest of kin to sleep under<sup>(25)</sup>; muskets and powder were purchased to a large amount; pieces of silk were fixed into palanquins, and umbrellas were extended

over them for those who were to be carried in the procession.

At last, the fatal day arrived. Early in the morning the people assembled at Samba's town-house. Three hundred men, armed with muskets, the muzzles pointed towards the ground, were stationed without. The slaves, all dressed in dark blue<sup>(26)</sup>, formed the inner circle; the younger relations were covered with white chalk, and stood close to the door<sup>(27)</sup>. Amoisee's uncle, his *pynins*, and a select number of male and female connexions, were in the principal room, in silent expectation. A pistol, handsomely inlaid, an ornamented powder-horn, and three golden bullets, were all placed on a table covered with a cloth worked with gold and silver. At length, the flutes from within breathed a slow and melancholy air, and Adumissa, surrounded by female companions, entered the room, splendidly attired. The poor mother had been conveyed into the country; but Samba was led in by two of his brothers, apparently attentive to, but little conscious of the passing scene. Adumissa advanced with a firm, dignified step to the table where the pistol lay, and taking it up, called Amoisee's uncle to her, and said, "You must load this." He obeyed her. Then fixing her eyes on him, she resumed:—"You here behold me, a willing victim to the spirit of Amoisee. I caused his death, and it is fit that I should expiate my crime: but, before I leave you, swear by the sacred fetich, and by the great Yancoompun<sup>(28)</sup>, that you will never injure my father, my mother, their family, their slaves, or their property

of any kind, but that you will be satisfied with my death, and return to your former amity with them." "I swear all this," said the old king, "by the fetish, and the mighty Yancoompun." At that moment, opening her *pagne*, Adumissa pointed the pistol to her heart—fired—and fell dead into the arms of her attendants. A slight groan followed; but it was not from Adumissa; it was from her poor father, who happily for him, had expired with grief almost at the same moment as his daughter<sup>(29)</sup>.

Adumissa's death was immediately announced by a discharge of musquetry. The slaves rushed out, screaming and tearing their hair and cloths. The bodies were each put into a chair, and remained three days; all the people being permitted to see them. At the end of that time, they were each laid upon a bier, covered with rich cloth, and paraded in grand procession once through every part of the town; they were then consigned to the earth, under the floor of the room where they had died<sup>(30)</sup>. The funeral revelry was kept up for six weeks; at the end of which time, Samba's next brother succeeded to the property; and, distributing small sums to those who had been present, he dismissed the crowd. Amoisee's uncle made a fresh bond of friendship with Adumissa's family, and all things returned to their quiet state. At each anniversary of the event, three weeks are devoted to its celebration, and Adumissa will never cease to be quoted by her countrymen as the model of every thing that is lovely and heroic<sup>(31)</sup>.



## NOTES TO ADUMISSA.

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(<sup>1</sup>) ADUMISSA was, what is generally called on the western coast of Africa, a red-skinned woman; that is, her complexion was of a rich and warm brown, and which certainly renders more distinct the play of feature, and the emotions passing within, than the jet-black skin. I have been assured by Europeans, that they never saw a finer form, nor a sweeter countenance, than that of Adumissa. Her coldness to, and rejection of, all her suitors, were proverbial; and the whole story is well known throughout Fanfee and the neighbouring nations.

(<sup>2</sup>) The eagles of this country are chiefly black and white; but, occasionally, the black and brown eagles, common to the interior of the country, wander to the coast. Of the plumage of these, which is much esteemed, fans and head-dresses, &c. are made.

(<sup>3</sup>) This beautiful tree, the *Erythrina corallodendrum* (?) so common to this part of the coast, affords a favourite ornament, either by its semi-transparent scarlet blossoms, exceeding in colour every thing I ever beheld, or by its pale scarlet seeds; which are strung into necklaces. It is one of the few trees of the tropics which entirely sheds its leaves,

and they return only when the blossoms have fallen; the branches are white and silvery, but knotted and irregular.

(<sup>4</sup>) Naturalists declare that there are no humming birds in the Old World, and in my first journey to Africa I was not aware of this. Still, however, with better knowledge now, I am not inclined to change the appellation, because nothing else will convey an idea of the size of the birds with which the people deck their heads; and, moreover, I have some suspicion, that humming-birds *are* to be found on the western coast of Africa. How the natives prepare them I know not; but, after extracting the inside of the bird, the whole is well dried before it is worn.

(<sup>5</sup>) The guavas of Africa are yellow, or, more technically speaking, are the white guavas (*Psidium piriferum*): their rind is thick, and of a pale bright yellow; the pulp within is red, and full of little seeds. The taste much resembles that of strawberries; and as the height of luxury to an Englishman, in a tropical climate, is to find some resemblance to the productions of his own country, guavas are eaten with milk, when this even greater luxury is to be had in Fantee. The tree is large; the wood is close grained, and used for furniture; and it grows abundantly in the forests. During one of the frequent visits I paid to the governor's garden, five miles through the bush (or forest), Mr. Bowdich's uncle (the governor), with whom I went, was detained beyond his expectation, and it became imprudent to return in the sun; we were extremely thirsty, and had nothing with us to drink, and the water of the river close by looked yellow and putrid; but, on making our complaints aloud, some of our attendants darted into the forest,

and in a quarter of an hour came back with guavas enough for the whole colony. It is from these white guavas that the much esteemed jelly is made.

(<sup>6</sup>) The custard-apple is the *Annona reticulata* of botanists. The fruit looks like a dark brown apple; but when it is ripe, its consistence is that of cream, and it is only to be eaten with a spoon; it is slightly bitter at the first mouthful, but might easily pass for a rich English custard.

(<sup>7</sup>) This is a fruit wholly unknown in Europe, and grows on a very tall tree; it is remarkably astringent, though of peculiarly fine flavour, and in appearance resembles a large medlar. Another of the unknown fruits is called the Miraculous Berry by the colonists, from its possessing the peculiar property of giving a sweet flavour to every thing which is eaten, for many hours after the berry itself has been taken.

(<sup>8</sup>) Nothing can exceed the beauty of the jessamine; it hangs from the summits of the highest trees till it sweeps on the ground; large clusters of pure white blossoms yield the most exquisite fragrance, and perfume the air for miles around. As the people return from their labour, they often cover themselves with it, tearing it down in large handfuls.

(<sup>9</sup>) These pagnes are more frequently called cloths, and are literally formed of a piece of cloth or silk, longer than it is wide. They are worn by the women, rolled tight round the waist, and descend to the ancles; the higher classes add a smaller one, which they call a top-cloth, and with which they cover the neck and shoulders when they go out. The men wear only the larger cloth, either wrapped tightly

round their bodies and legs, or over the whole person, in the manner of the Roman toga. Much ingenuity is shewn in ornamenting these cloths. The governor's gold-takers (servants of great responsibility, who examine all the gold-dust brought by the natives for the purchase of European commodities), once came to see me, with a fringe of cowries as a decoration; it was extremely heavy, but very costly, and, besides, had the additional charm (to them) of making a rattling noise as they walked.

(<sup>10</sup>) The elephants' tusks, used instead of bugles, come chiefly from Ashantee; and a wild sort of melody is produced upon them by skilful players. Each of these melodies has, however, its own peculiar expression; and the horns of each chief of the interior are supposed to breathe a sentiment of defiance, or self-consequence, by which it is known who approaches, and by which their followers are distinguished in the field.

(<sup>11</sup>) These state stools are carved out of a solid piece of soft white wood, called Sessa. No other tool is used in forming them than a knife, and a large bell underneath the middle of the seat is a favourite addition.

(<sup>12</sup>) This is a constant custom among the higher classes, and the jewels, or rather gold ornaments, form no inconsiderable portion of family property; they descend from mother to daughter; and one woman, on state occasions, will frequently wear many hundred pounds' worth of gold about her person. A very pretty Mustee girl (of the palest shade of colour) came to see me the morning after her marriage, and had on a very fine linen shirt (a covering adopted by all

above the black shade), and over that two cloths, one of which had cost sixty pounds. Her fair hair was combed in the form of a cone to the top of her head, and profusely ornamented with golden butterflies and devices; her shirt was fastened in front with four brooches, and a large golden button at the collar and each wrist; manillas encircled her arms half-way up to the elbow, and the most splendid chains were hung across her shoulders; every finger was covered with rings as far as the first joint; her cloth was girt round her hips, and on this girdle hung golden lions and other ornaments; her ankles were also laden, and every toe was decorated like her fingers. The two slaves who followed her into the room were also richly dressed, and each had a bandeau of English guineas round their heads, fastened together with pieces of gold wire. The workmanship of many of these ornaments is exquisite, and they sometimes represent musical instruments, bells, stools, &c., and many are imitated from European patterns.

(<sup>13</sup>) These cushions are made of leather, and come from the interior; they are sometimes curiously wrought and carved, and are stuffed with that beautiful substance called silk cotton, the produce of the *Bombax gossypium*. The staple of it is too short for weaving, and it is therefore only applied to this purpose, and the making of tinder.

(<sup>14</sup>) It is a great piece of finery in a Fantee woman to walk about with an European parasol over her head, and I could never forbear smiling when I met these jetty ladies, shading their complexions as carefully from the sun as if they had been the fairest of blondes.

(<sup>15</sup>) These antelopes are no bigger than rabbits, and are generally of a mouse colour; their proportions are more fairy-like than can be imagined, even from the tobacco-stoppers made of their feet, and brought to this country. They are extremely difficult to domesticate, and, I believe, have never yet reached England alive. Captain Fisher, of the Navy, an officer much loved and respected on the Gold Coast, and now unfortunately no more, told me, that by giving up all the goats' milk intended for his table, he had succeeded in taking two as far as the English Channel. They there died, not without suspicion on his part that they had eaten some cork from the cabin floor, for the weather was fine and warm, and they had not had any previous illness. Only people of rank and power can keep an European dog in Fantee, so much are these animals esteemed for the table. A wretched little native breed, with long ears, sits in rings in the market-places, and is bought for soup, at the rate of half an ackie (half-a-crown). Of course, the fat, portly dogs of English masters, are greatly preferred; and it is not possible for a white man to retain them for more than a month. Mr. Hope Smith, when a junior officer, and stationed at an out-port, tried very hard to keep his favourite, but he received very handsome offers of gold, or native produce, every time the sovereign of the country wanted to make a feast. Of course, he as often refused; but, at last, the poor beast mysteriously disappeared; and it was ascertained, afterwards, that he formed the principal dish at a grand entertainment given by the neighbouring chief.

(<sup>16</sup>) All the decorations here mentioned are in strict keeping with the fashion of the country; the negro women emulate the Mulatto mode of dressing the hair, and, by dint of

pulling, combing, and greasing, they make it tolerably smooth. The European ear-rings are often valued by way of variety; and I once gave the highest pleasure to a native woman, by presenting her with a pair of Mosaic workmanship; they represented the "Forget me not," in every stage, from the bud to the dying petals; and she repeated my explanation of them, with evident pride at being the sole possessor of such a treasure. The blackening of the eyelids is borrowed from the Moorish women, who always keep a little bodkin-like case full of powdered lead, or antimony, near them. The soolah tooth-picks come chiefly from Accra, further in the Bight of Benin, and cause a slightly bitter taste; the rich women are scarcely ever without one, which they keep behind the ear, and they sit on a stool, by the hour together, rubbing their teeth, and watching the children play, or directing their slaves in domestic operations. The coquetish little white patterns under the eye, are by no means displeasing in effect, and are produced by dipping the blocks into liquid chalk, and applying them when wet to the skin. The shea tolu, or vegetable butter, comes from a very large tree, first made known to Europeans by the enterprising Mungo Park, who brought a branch of it from Africa in his hat. It bears different names in the various parts of Africa in which it exists; but, in Fantee, as the butter alone is met with, it is called Ashantee grease. It is wholly distinct from the tallow tree, and is a new species of Bassia, which, in honour to him who found it, ought to be called Bassia Parkii. It extends over a large portion of the continent, from Jaloff and Houssa to the latitude of the Gaboon, and, perhaps, even further. It is an excellent article of food when quite fresh, and enters into almost all the dishes of the natives. If potted with salt, it becomes rancid,

but will otherwise keep its flavour for a long time. It is one of the finest cosmetics possible, and, without some such aid, the skins of the negroes, constantly exposed to the sun, would crack and peel off in white scales. White people are always obliged to purchase it for their servants, as, when they omit doing so, such incessant recourse is had to the palm oil intended for the lamps, that, for the sake of their olfactory nerves, they are forced to procure some at any price. When up the river Gaboon, I went to see the tree, which was rather a difficult task for an European woman to accomplish, as the nearest grew in the thickest part of the forest. Preceded by two of the natives, armed with hatchets to cut away a path, two more to frighten the reptiles, and scouts to ascertain the presence of wild beasts, and who made ten times more noise and fuss than was necessary, I was carried through the bush to the spot. Unfortunately the tree was not in flower, and the chief advantage I derived from my excursion was the having actually seen the "fat tree." A servant from Booroom, to the north of Ashantee, told me, that her people bruise the nut, boil it in water till the oil rises to the top, and then skim this off, and put it into calabashes to cool and harden. The celebrated French chemist, M. Chevreuil, analyzed it for me, and found it admirably adapted for the manufacture of soap; and from its being inodorous, it would be valuable for the finer sorts. It is highly capable of taking a perfume, as the beauties of Fantee always succeed in giving it the odour they desire.

(17) The line of succession in these countries passes to the sister's son. Where the morals of females are so lax, as in these barbarous nations, it is argued that no one can feel certain of having one of his own race to succeed him, unless



it be the son of a sister, in whom there must be a portion of the blood of the family.

(<sup>18</sup>) One of the superstitions of Fantee is, that slaves and very poor people, being unable to enter heaven on their own account, wander for ever round the fetish-houses, or religious temples, in a state of happy ease, free from all care or labour.

(<sup>19</sup>) The priests are supposed to have the power of working charms, for or against any one whom they please, which are called good or bad fetish, and no threat can be more feared than that of calling down the latter on the head of an offender.

(<sup>20</sup>) The natives of Africa say, that no panther or lion will attack a human being in motion. I was once walking through a part of one of the great forests by moonlight, with a female companion, and the commandant of ———. The former was, from being just arrived in the country, very apprehensive of encountering wild beasts, but habit, and perhaps nature, had rendered me fearless. Resigning her, therefore, to the care of our protector, I walked behind them, and every now and then rustled the leaves as we passed, to add to her fright, and in order to laugh at her groundless timidity. It appears she was much more in the right than myself, but we walked on till we came to a spring, where we stood some time; the monkies, however, soon drove us away by their chattering, and throwing pieces of the trees at us. An enormous panther was caught in a trap close by, so immediately after, and the prints of his paws were so freshly marked upon my footsteps in the sand, that there is little

doubt he was stealthily following us at a short distance, as we proceeded through the bush. We could never determine what had saved us, unless he had already had a good supper, or had been frightened at the scarlet coat and long white feather of the commandant, as it fluttered in the moon's rays.

(<sup>21</sup>) *Hibiscus trionum*. All the tribe of *Malvaceæ* are exquisitely beautiful in this part of Africa, and with these and other flowers, the women, when at home, frequently deck their hair. A beautiful little black girl who came from a great distance in the interior waited on me, and was always dressed in a blue and white checked cloth, which came no further than just below her knees, that her well-formed legs might be seen, and shaving her head (which is a constant custom among the lower classes,) all but one small tuft on the side, she used to stick one of the scarlet flowers of the *Poinciana pulcherrima*, or Barbadoes pride, in it; and thus formed a sort of livery for herself and another attendant about the same age, who delighted in copying the pretty Beech.

(<sup>22</sup>) This is the most solemn oath that can be taken; and many suicides are committed on the head of an enemy when revenge is sought. The person thus addressed is then looked on as the murderer of the self-devoted criminal, and not only the law, but the relations, pursue the survivor, with the utmost severity and rancour.

(<sup>23</sup>) The average value of an ounce of gold is about four pounds sterling. The poorer classes believe, that to die with or for a great person, secures their entrance into

heaven; and many have been known to die voluntarily, in order to be admitted into that paradise from which their poverty and inferior station have banished them.

(<sup>24</sup>) There is also a belief, that all the wealth buried with the dead accompanies them to the next world, and that the soul is blessed according to the value of the property it takes with it.

(<sup>25</sup>) The nearest relations of a deceased person never sleep inside a house for six weeks after the event.

(<sup>26</sup>) This is the usual mourning colour, but the higher ranks, and royal personages, wear white cloths, painted with black designs; the dye for which is formed of fowls' blood, and the bark of a tree, of which I have forgotten the name. They spread this cloth on the ground, and, beginning at the top with a feather, they retreat on hands and knees as they fill up the space with the pattern.

(<sup>27</sup>) Nothing can exceed the strange effect of this mode of testifying grief; the whole person looks positively livid, and the whites of the enormous eyes, and the large white teeth, are horribly ghastly.

(<sup>28</sup>) Yancoompun is the appellation of the one true God. I was, while walking on the ramparts of a fortress one evening, surprised by a brilliant meteor which shot across the sky, and appeared to be lost in the sea. "What is that?" I exclaimed, to the black centinel close to me. The man bowed his head, and replied, "Yancoompun."

(<sup>29</sup>) I have had the description of this scene from my uncle, who had been admitted to the solemn ceremony.

(<sup>30</sup>) The ground floors of native houses are all made of earth, and contain the bodies of the family. The cellar of the house in which I lived for many months at Igwa, was the burial-ground of a numerous race; and such a circumstance attaches the people to every spot that has been once inhabited. It is also the custom to expose all dead bodies for three days before interment, dressed as handsomely as the circumstances of the survivors will allow. At one period, when small-pox and typhus fever raged in the town, a number of deaths took place daily, and as my house stood higher than the rest, I could never look from my window without seeing several corpses lying across the doors to keep them cool. The treatment of the poor people seized with small-pox is barbarous in the extreme; a temporary hut is erected in the bush, and the patient taken to it by some one who has had the disorder, and left day and night with nothing but a little boiled corn and water, by way of medicine or provision. The sick person is visited once a day only, by any one who will perform the office, and the visitor throws off his cloth long before he reaches the hut. On his return, he plunges into a large panful of water, put outside, and after thus purifying himself, seeks and resumes his cloth, and goes home; but the sufferer is not unfrequently devoured by beasts of prey.

(<sup>31</sup>) I have seen many of these anniversaries, both on Adumissa's account and that of others; and nothing can be more stunning or distressing than their noise, except,





indeed, that made at the funeral itself. My ears were generally saluted at sunrise by a discharge of muskets, loaded almost to bursting, in every quarter of the town. About ten o'clock the procession usually started from the house of the deceased, the body in its own basket or palanquin, the chalked creatures in theirs, and slaves and servants bearing a great portion of the family wealth; sacred beads, cloths twisted into various shapes, rock and wrought gold, &c. &c., the bearers being painted in all the grotesque fashions which could be devised, and with all sorts of colours. All yelled at the top of their voices, danced and fired in parties; all screamed to the sound of the most barbarous instruments, even the beating of flat sticks, rattles, and brass pans; and, by night, some were so tired, and others so intoxicated with the rum and fermented palm wine, which are plentifully distributed, that unable to stand, they laid down, kicked and roared. I used to dread giving permission to any of my servants to assist at these ceremonies, for they were generally unable to speak, or even move, for a week after one day's exercise of this kind. The victims, generally bulls or cows, decked with flowers and finery, accompanied by the priests, and the slaughterers with large knives, formed a part of the parade, and being killed in the evening; were then dealt out to the hungry mob. Where the English forts stood, thank God! these victims were confined to quadrupeds, with very few exceptions; but, in the interior, hundreds of men and women are butchered on these occasions. Many, however, were the attempts even of the natives on the coast, to preserve this ancient custom, and nothing but the exceeding energy and firmness of Mr. Hope Smith (Mr. Bowdich's uncle), succeeded in wholly putting a stop to this horrible practice under the walls of our fortresses. I had been in

the country only three weeks, and was then residing in the fort of Annamaboo; I heard a most unusual noise, and running to the ramparts which overlooked the town, in order to ascertain the cause, immediately under me I saw some people dragging the headless trunk of a female, which they were going to throw into the sea; her head had been cut off at the grave of her master, and buried with him. Horror-struck, I flew to Mr. Hope Smith, to relate the circumstance, and he instantly summoned the authorities of the town, threatening to fire the heavy cannons of the fort, and level every building with the ground, if they immolated any more victims. He thus frightened them into compliance, and a few such decided actions as these, for they well knew that Pynin Smith, as they called him, never threatened in vain, effectually put a stop to these monstrous rites during his government. The end of a funeral procession is the most picturesque part of it, the women bear leaves of palm-trees in their hands, and the slaughterers, clashing their knives together in exact time, dance to some distance before them; they then return, and again are driven away by the blows of the palm leaves. The utmost dismay and indignation is felt through a whole district, if a suitable funeral is not made for a distinguished person. A black man, who died in the act of selling slaves at some distance down the coast, was brought back to his family at Igwa to be buried. They, either afraid of making the illicit occupation in which he had lost his life too conspicuous, or disappointed in the wealth he left behind him, interred him very privately; but in a few days the discontent of the multitude, and the superstitious horrors invented by the priests, forced the friends to dig him up, and pay proper respect to his remains. I had not a servant that would venture a dozen yards from the door after



dark, for fear of meeting the indignant ghost of Big John; and as I was quietly reading one night, the whole party rushed into my room, begging me to give them refuge from the apparition, which they protested they had seen on the castle steps, and which was now bestriding a four-and-twenty pounder on the neighbouring bastion!

## STORY II.

### AMBA, THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

As Coomba was one evening sitting on a low stool before her door, in the town of Addina, watching the gambols of her son, a wretched and emaciated female entered the path which led from the bush or forest. She was scarcely able to carry her own weight, much less that of a little girl, aged two years, who was tied to her back by a piece of ragged silk. The only clothing of this unhappy object was a small strip of dirty, tattered cotton, girt round her loins, and which scarcely reached her knees: her flesh was torn by the thorns in her path; her feet were swollen with fatigue; her skin, stretched over her projecting bones, was parched and cracked into large white flakes from the heat of the sun; her hair was dusty and brown, her eyes were sunk in their sockets, her cheeks were hollow, her knees touched each other at every step, and she was frequently obliged to pause and take breath, leaning on the rude staff with which she tried to support herself<sup>(1)</sup>. Coomba beheld her with pity, and the little Tarbara crept with fear to his mother's knees. The poor woman at last stood opposite to Coomba's house: she was evidently in a famished state, and her child also bore the appear-

ance of want; but from its being in a much better condition than its mother, the latter had probably deprived herself of nourishment to prolong the life of her offspring. She stopped, and looked at Coomba with a wistful eye. There was an appearance of resignation in her deportment; not a sound escaped her lips; but she turned from the robust form of the sturdy Tarbara to the delicate limbs of her own child, and a big tear moistened her burning eyelids: a dizziness then seemed to seize her, for she suddenly raised her hand, exclaiming "Oh my head!" and sunk upon the ground. Coomba flew to her relief, and extricating the child, put it on Tarbara's mat, and carried, or rather dragged, the sufferer into her hut, where she laid her upon a cushion, and, raising her, tried to force some nourishment into her mouth; but it was too late: the poor creature mournfully shook her head, and again sunk back. While Coomba was thus engaged, Tarbara, her son, who had at first regarded the little stranger as an intruder, gradually approached, and tried to play with her. The infant was not at first averse to his caresses, but his kindness was of too rough a nature to be endured long with pleasure, and the little thing cried as she shrunk from his rude embrace. At this sound the dying mother opened her eyes, and Coomba fetched her child; she then made a last effort, and directed Coomba to untie a piece of dirty cloth which was round her knee, and which contained a rich golden manilla, or bracelet<sup>(2)</sup>. She then put it, with her child, into the hands of her ~~hostess~~, and clasping her own as if to entreat kindness

for her infant, faintly uttered the name of "Akimpon," and expired.

By this time some of the female slaves of Coomba returned from the plantations, where they had been working, and, giving the child to one of them, she desired the others to assist in wrapping up the body in a clean but coarse cloth. They all however stood looking at each other, and the woman intrusted with the child seemed afraid to touch it. Coomba reiterated her commands: this produced a general muttering and sulkiness; and, at last, when their mistress insisted upon an explanation, they all burst out at once, and it was with difficulty she gathered from them, that they had seen this poor object for two days wandering in the forest, and they were sure that she was a witch; that they had of course refused her assistance, and, in fact, had fled from her whenever she came near them; and as to touching her, "they should not do it, not they: how did the mistress know but that the wicked spirit would pass into them?" (3) Coomba tried threats, entreaties, and bribes, but all in vain; at last she sent for a fetishman, or priest, and ordering palm-wine to be set before him, and making a display of weighing gold-dust, she soon persuaded him to guarantee all who touched the body from the evil spirit; for as to convincing them the poor woman was not a witch, she knew that to be a vain attempt; and, indeed, when Coomba herself reflected on the sudden and extraordinary appearance of the stranger, she began to doubt if it were not something supernatural. She was not, however, less kind to the little

girl, whom she named Amba, from her having arrived on a Saturday (<sup>4</sup>). The mother was buried under a large mimosa, not very far from the town; no custom (or feasting) graced her funeral; the moans and tears of her orphan formed her only lament; and people soon ceased to talk of her, except when occasionally passing her grave, at which time they would huddle together and whisper her history; and not one would have ventured alone near the spot after sunset (<sup>5</sup>).

Coomba soon found that the prejudice of her neighbours and slaves against the offspring of a witch was inveterate, and therefore sent her little charge to a relation at Assema, paying a small sum monthly for her maintenance.

During an interval of ten years but little occurred: Tarbara approached manhood, and, retaining his beauty of person, was graceful and dignified in his deportment. His mother had no other heir, and consequently his alliance was sought by the fathers of those girls who were marriageable. Nor was he less a favourite among the other sex, and many a large, languishing black eye had beamed with kindness upon him; many a string of beads had been added to the neck and arms; many a golden snake had been stuck in the hair; and many a charm had been worked to attract the youthful Tarbara. He flirted and romped with them all in their turns; but to manage the plantations, to distinguish himself as a marksman, a hunter, and a swimmer, seemed to be his only passion. He was a model of agility and swiftness; perfect in all manly exercises; and no less remarkable

for his oratory, considerate kindness to his dependents, and respect towards his superiors. He was too young to be admitted to the council of elders, but he would assemble the lads of his own age under a large banyan; and many a grave *pynin* (<sup>6</sup>), when passing by the group, rested his hands and chin upon his staff, and with pleasure contemplated the promising talent of the youthful leader. Let it not be supposed, however, that Tarbara was perfect. No: he was rash, impetuous, and fool-hardy; he loved danger for the sake of danger; he would provoke the buffalo and the panther, till a miracle seemed the only thing which could save him; and he was a most egregious fop. When in the town, his hair was cut, or shaved, into the most fanciful patterns; (<sup>7</sup>) his *pagnes*, or cloths, were of the richest texture; he never suffered any thing but silk to encircle his loins; (<sup>8</sup>) his sandals were studded with silver; his perfumes were all from Europe; and it was even whispered, that on occasions when he wished to be particularly bewitching, he besprinkled his skin with gold-dust (<sup>9</sup>).

When Tarbara arrived at the age of eighteen, the relation who had reared Amba died, and Coomba was obliged to send for her *protégée* to her own house. She hired a five-handed canoe, and giving the men proper instructions, and adding an aged female slave to the party, she despatched them for Amba, at the same time supplying the slave with the means of contributing to the funeral rites. In a few weeks the canoe returned, and the cries of the children of Addina announced the arrival of a stranger, as they flocked to the beach to

criticise and behold her. But Amba was almost hidden in the large cloths which were thrown over her head, and which descended to her feet. She carried a small casket of ornaments under her arm, and silently followed the slave who had escorted her, and who bore on her head a bundle of cloths, which formed the garments of Amba. When they reached Coomba's door, the crowd could venture no further; though many a curly black head was seen peeping in, to catch a glimpse of the tall figure which had glided so quietly along the streets. Coomba put out her hand, and Amba fell on her knees and burst into tears. She was before her benefactress, but that benefactress was a stranger. She had loved the good woman who had taken care of her, and in losing her, she had lost all that was dear to her in the world. She was of a pensive and perhaps reserved disposition; the stigma of being allied to a witch had pursued her even to Assema, and consequently she had formed no intimacies with girls of her own age. The young men had indeed followed her for her personal attractions, but she had rejected all their addresses, and seemed an isolated being, not unhappy, because she was of a contented, enduring temper; but an innate pride and dignity had led her to retire from observation and seek solitary amusements. To attend on her kind hostess, to watch over the sick, to support the aged, to amuse the infant of a wearied mother, to protect the ill-treated slave, to prepare food in the most exquisite manner, to embroider cloths, to weave, to make mats and baskets, to carve calabashes, to string beads in

beautiful patterns, and to net, were her chief occupations. She adored the great Yancoompun; but proscribed as the daughter of a witch from the mysteries of the fetish, her reverence of the latter was only imbibed from seeing its existence in others. Accustomed to adversity, she could bear scorn with humility, was patient under reproof, and compassionate to every suffering being around her. She had always been taught to look upon Coomba as her protectress, but she was yet to learn if she could regard her with affection. When Coomba, therefore, kindly desired her to rise, and laid her hand upon her head with a blessing, the heart of the poor girl felt a thrill of joy, and quickly throwing her cloth from her head and shoulders, she discovered the animated form of one of the most exquisite models of African beauty, such as had rarely, if ever, been seen by the natives of the western coasts, and which proved her to be of distant origin. Her complexion was of a deep brown, or the darker shade of mulatto, but warm and clear; her hair was silken, and twisted into a large braid at the back of her head; her forehead rose perpendicularly from her nose, and formed a straight line with that feature; her eyebrows were narrow and arched, and slightly projected over large, full, black eyes, encircled by long silken eyelashes: softness was their predominant expression, but the lines of the eyelids betrayed a disposition to mirth, and a sudden flash would now and then assert their right to resent indignity. Her cheeks were round and full, and a lovely dimple lurked in the left side; her lips were not thick, and



parted over a perfect set of small, even, white teeth. Her figure was composed with the most delicate symmetry: her hands and feet were small; her leg well turned; her wide chest and falling shoulders, and her small waist, gave her an elegance of appearance which attracted observation, even when her peculiarly beautiful face was hidden under the cloth, in which she generally enveloped herself when out of the house. Coomba beheld her with astonishment, and only recovered herself when she saw the poor girl abashed by her gaze. She then desired her to take refreshment, showed her where she was to sleep, and asked numerous questions concerning her lost friend. She sent her early to bed, and then informed herself of all that the slave who went to Assema had been able to collect concerning her character. When the budget was exhausted, she exclaimed, "I am glad she is such a good girl, for she is very beautiful, and I fear my Tarbara will like her too much. She is not one of us, and whence she came we may never know; but it is a pity that the people of Addina fancied her mother to be a witch."

Tarbara was absent among his plantations, and following the chase with ardour; and when he was apprized of Amba's arrival, observed, that he certainly should not hasten home on her account: "I care not," said he; "the daughter of a witch is nothing to me. I shall return when I choose, and when I have killed the wild boar which grinned at me yesterday through the bush." He accordingly remained till he had accomplished the latter purpose; and in the mean time, Amba, by her

cares, her gentleness, her expertness in domestic duties, had so completely won the heart of Coomba, that the old woman almost hoped Tarbara would attach himself to her charge, and for her sake be induced to abandon the perilous sports in which he so much delighted. His return was announced by a troop of men with hunting-spears in their hands, singing the praises of their chief, and the courage he had displayed in killing the huge animal, which was carried by two men, being slung on a pole which they placed upon their shoulders<sup>(11)</sup>. Having deposited their burden in safety, they retired to the apartment of the slaves to refresh themselves, and Tarbara entered his mother's house. Seating himself upon a cushion, he asked for some palm-wine<sup>(12)</sup>, and Amba was summoned to bring it. She obeyed the order, and came into the room bearing a beautifully carved calabash. She was still clothed in dark blue, the mourning for her friend; her cloth was long, but in walking partially opened, and displayed her delicate ankles: she wore no ornaments, except a bunch of the light blue feathers of the African jay, stuck amidst her hair. She advanced with timidity; and, to Tarbara's great astonishment, the witch's daughter was the most beautiful being he had ever beheld: he mechanically took the calabash, and followed her with his eyes as she retired to the next room; then turning to Coomba, hastily exclaimed, "Adja!<sup>(13)</sup> She is more beautiful than a gazelle!" Coomba smiled at the instant change in his manner, and at his suddenly finding out that, as he had been hunting all day, he must go

and bathe, and change his dress. After some little time he returned in his gayest attire; and gently touching the hand of Amba, who was at work by his mother's side, welcomed her to his house, and hoped they should be better acquainted. Amba made no reply, but fixed upon him her full dark eyes, beaming with gratitude; and that single glance made more impression upon Tarbara's heart in one moment, than all the efforts of the Addina beauties for years.

Without being aware of it, Tarbara's every thought was now connected with Amba: he rarely went to his possessions in the country; his javelin became rusty, his arrows were neglected, the flint fell out of his musket; but he was still attentive to the decoration of his person: his sanko<sup>(14)</sup> and flute were frequently heard, in melancholy tones, during the moonlight evenings; and he now became the gentle and domestic Tarbara, thinking all noise and mirth a nuisance, all women, save one, rude and forward, awkward and coarse: his male companions were too boisterous; in short, he enjoyed nothing which Amba did not share, found nothing good which was not prepared by her, approved of nothing which had not previously received her smile. He one day offered her a personal caress, but she repulsed him with so much dignity and spirit, that he never ventured to offend her again. "Would she were my slave!" he cried: "I would then make her mine." And why did he not seek her as a wife, and secure her to himself by the sacred customs of his native land? Alas! she was the daughter of a witch; and could Tarbara, the prince of the country,

who was connected with kings and cabboceers (<sup>15</sup>), could he seek such a woman? Impossible! Arguing thus, he resolved to return to the forests, and in the pursuit of his former occupations to lose all love for Amba. "It is my own fault," said he, "and my laziness has been the principal cause of all this folly." For a day or two, therefore, he redoubled his activity, busied himself with his land and his slaves, and thought he was cured. By the end of the fifth day, however, he became a little tired of his resumed pursuits; and as he was listlessly lying on a large cushion, a man came past playing Amba's favourite air upon the sanko, and all Tarbara's resolution vanished: he loathed his sports; every body and every thing was wrong; and he almost cursed the hour when Amba came into the country, or wished that she had died with her mother. Then shuddering at his injustice, he would determine upon claiming her as a bride. It was not long before the latter feeling prevailed, and he opened the treaty by sending Coomba (as the only representative of Amba's mother) a handsome present. The present was accepted, and the succeeding gift, to Amba herself, was graciously received, betokening her willing acceptance of Tarbara as a husband. Coomba undertook to provide the bridal cloths, and the guests were bidden to the feast at the end of a fortnight. In the evening of the appointed day the banquet commenced, the fetishman pronounced the nuptial benediction, and towards the middle of the night the females, who had feasted separately, led the splendidly attired Amba to her own apartment, amid shouts and rejoicings.

The next day all who had been present went to pay their compliments, and in a few days Amba began to return the visits. Her cloth was of golden tissue, and her ankles, arms, and neck, were adorned with massy gold ornaments, which had been in Coomba's family for several generations. Among other bracelets, she wore her own manilla; a broad golden fillet encircled her head: Coomba attended her, and she was followed by several female slaves, richly dressed (<sup>16</sup>). The presence of her mother-in-law restrained all observations; but no sooner had the party quitted each house, than the several inhabitants vented their spleen against poor Amba—a feeling which was now more than ever excited by the beauty and magnificence of her appearance, and the disappointment experienced by many at her being not only the wife of Tarbara, but the first wife, and consequently for ever entitled to the supreme rank in his household.

Two or three weeks had been spent in the above manner, till one evening, fatigued by the round of visits she had been paying, Amba was reclining on a mat at her husband's feet, when a man with a tall cane in his hand, to show that he was a messenger (<sup>17</sup>), entered the house with breathless haste, and cried "War! war! The hyænas are out in search of their prey, and the defenceless deer will be devourèd, and their pastures trampled upon. (<sup>18</sup>)" He then stated, that the Ashantee army had begun its march, intending to destroy the kingdom of Inkran, and that he had been sent by the people of that country to summon all who had posses-

sions there. This was the native place of Coomba, and in it she retained considerable property. Tarbara knew that his presence would be wanting for its defence, and, starting up with an indignant exclamation against the enemy, summoned his followers. In a few minutes all were in motion; some were sent to the English merchants to purchase arms and ammunition; others flew to the neighbouring plantations, to call away as many as could be spared from the necessary labour; and Tarbara himself, preceded by a drum, went through the town to assemble his friends round his standard. With such active preparations, a detachment of the little army soon proceeded to Accra, the capital of Inkran, in canoes; and in the last of all, surrounded by the flower of Addina, sat Tarbara, stifling his filial and conjugal affection, in the pride he felt as the leader of such a band. Amba had wept, and entreated permission to follow her husband. She urged that she was young; and capable of enduring fatigue, and that she could be useful to the wounded, or, at least, no harm could arise to her if she remained at the capital while Tarbara marched towards the interior. Tarbara, however, was deaf to all her prayers; for he durst not expose her to the perils which awaited, in his apprehension, even those who lived in Accra; and yet fearing to yield to her influence, he took a hasty leave of both mother and wife; and assuring the latter that the death-pang inflicted by his enemies could not be worse than separation from her, he darted towards the beach, and leaped into the canoe, where his companions awaited him. The

bamboo sail was soon spread, Tarbara's yellow silk flag floated in the air, and the fragile bark gallantly put out to sea, amid the shouts of those left behind, and the incantations of the priests for its safety.

Week after week passed away, and the arrival of the troops was confirmed by messengers; but months rolled on, and no news came from Tarbara, after he had reached the enemy; and during this period the European governor, who had been much struck with Amba's beauty when paying her bridal visits, solicited her love, pretending that Tarbara was dead. Many were the surmises on this occasion; always an object of envy and malice, Amba could not escape the ill-natured remarks and idle tales insinuated against her fidelity, but in reality the governor's proposals were rejected with the utmost indignation. At last the tidings arrived, that the Accra army had given battle to the Ashantees, that most of them had been cut off, and especially the Addina detachment, as it had been led on by its youthful chief to the hottest part of the engagement. The enemy had marched to the neighbourhood of Accra, but, fearful of the European guns belonging to the different fortresses, had then retreated, devastating the whole country round them, carrying away all the people as slaves, or victims for sacrifice, and sweeping off every thing which was portable<sup>(19)</sup>. Tarbara was said to have fallen by the blow of one of the heavy swords of the Ashantees; his head was supposed to have been cut off, that his skull might ornament the royal palace<sup>(20)</sup>, and his body left to be devoured by vultures and wild beasts. Great was

the consternation at Addina on the receipt of these tidings, but to none did they convey such anguish as to Coomba and Amba. The old woman would sit for hours with her arms folded, ejaculating, "*Ma woo! ma woo!*"<sup>(21)</sup> while her daughter-in-law never uttered a complaint, but lay upon a mat, entirely covered with a cloth, in that quiescent state which hopeless grief generally causes in a naturally vigorous mind. One general custom was held in honour of the dead, to which Coomba and Amba sent their contributions of gunpowder and provisions, but which they did not themselves attend. After six weeks the ceremony was concluded by a dance of women, waving palm-branches in the air, and the town resumed its tranquillity. Then it was that the stigma of the witch's daughter was revived, and the death of Tarbara and his companions was ascribed to his having married a woman of such wicked descent. Secret plots were at length laid to get rid of her, and soon reached the ears of the person against whom they were directed. Coomba was also made acquainted with these cabals by a slave, in gratitude for some kindness on the part of Amba, and alarmed, she sought the protection of the governor, who eagerly replied, that he could only protect Amba by taking her into the fortress, and as earnest of his good intentions, begged to send her a present of coral. Coomba returned; and when Amba saw the present, and heard all that had passed, she exclaimed, "Oh, mother! why did you seek the protection of that bad man? His words, his presents, all say, that my safety is to be purchased at the expense of my fidelity



to Tarbara: but let your people kill me—it is all the same to Amba now; only let her belong always to Tarbara.”

Several who had been supposed dead had returned singly to their homes, having escaped from slaughter or captivity after the battle, and all confirmed the above account relative to Tarbara. One evening, however, a man arrived, almost worn out with fatigue, and knocked at Coomba's door. It was one of Tarbara's own people; and when refreshment and kindness had enabled him to speak clearly, he said, it was true that his master had been knocked down by the handle of a sword, but his body had never been found. He himself had escaped from the hands of the Ashantees, and well knew that his master was not among them, and he also knew that they had made great search after Tarbara's body, as his exertions on the day of battle had excited peculiar hatred, and they wished to make a public spectacle of his remains; but their search had proved fruitless, as he himself had been called upon to examine the different bodies, in order to recognise the corpse of his chief. Amba eagerly listened to this recital, and wearied the man with conjectures as to what had become of the body, and the only probable result was, that the wild beasts had dragged it away. “And yet,” said Amba, “it is strange that they should select his body only from a heap of slain.” The next morning she spoke to Coomba in the following manner: “Something tells me that Tarbara is not dead, and I will go and find him:

nay, do not tell me that I cannot do it; at all events, let me try. If I stay here, I am exposed to the governor's importunities; I am pointed at with scorn; and such schemes are plotted against my life as must ultimately destroy me; and you yourself said the other day, that I must leave the country or perish. If I go back to Assema, there is no one to take care of me: let me then go to Accra and do some good, for I can there hear more about Tarbara. If he is really dead, I can go where you please, or can die too; but if I find him we shall come back together." Coomba for awhile was deaf to her arguments, but at last gave her consent, instructed her how to proceed at Accra, supplied her with provisions and money, and sent her in a canoe, with a relation who was going to that place. Amba arrived there without accident; and immediately on landing went to the house belonging to her mother-in-law, where she heard the same story as before, but to which was added every possible reason and entreaty to dissuade her from seeking her husband. In the first place, they said, he could not have remained so long in the forest; and even if he had not been devoured by the wild beasts, but (which seemed probable) had been taken to a distant croom (or village) by some cabboccer, in the hope of getting ransom for him, or of selling him to the first slave-merchant who came by—even then it would not be possible for her to escape the parties of Ashantees who were still lurking about for the sake of plunder. Nothing, however, shook Amba from her purpose; and

having succeeded in persuading one solitary boy to accompany her as a guide, she set off one morning before sunrise.

Amba's companion carried a small bundle of provisions and cloths, and they first proceeded through fine savannahs, watered by clear streams<sup>(22)</sup>; then striking into the forest, they made the best of their way to a neighbouring croom. She there remained one night, professing that she was on her way to her relations, who lived in a distant town. At this place she parted with her guide, and hired another of the same age. She continued this method each day, and proceeded a considerable distance towards the spot where the battle had been fought; but as she one day reposed during the heat under the shade of some bamboos, the boy who attended her awoke her, by saying that he was sure he heard the gong-gongs<sup>(23)</sup> of the Ashantees; and, seized with terror, instantly darted away, leaving her to carry her own burden and to find her path herself. Alarmed at the approach of these sounds, Amba also moved from the spot where she had been lying; and thus losing her path she became entangled in the mazes of the forest, without the power of extricating herself. This time, however, she escaped the Ashantees, and therefore was at first insensible to the danger of her situation; but as night fell without any signs of a croom, she became alive to its horrors. Faint and heart-sick, she lay down at the foot of a tree, determining to renew her search for assistance as soon as daylight returned. When she fled from the enemy she had left her cloths

and provisions, and she had only found two small plantains<sup>(24)</sup> in the course of the day. Exhausted, she fell asleep, but was soon awoke by something which rushed past her with a dreadful cry. It was perhaps a wild boar, perhaps a hyæna, perhaps a panther, at any rate it was an animal, and her alarm was sufficient to prevent further repose. She dared not try to light a fire by means of friction, and so frighten the intruder away, because the flames would have discovered her to the soldiers from whom she had so lately fled. She therefore watched in great agitation till morning, when she pursued her way with difficulty. A tree covered with guavas allayed her hunger, and a stream quenched her thirst; she bathed and was refreshed, and walked on with some alacrity towards huts which she saw at a considerable distance. She did indeed reach these habitations, but they presented not the vestige of a living being; some had been thrown down, others stood with their doors open; broken vessels and cooking utensils lay scattered on the ground, intermingled with fragments of warlike weapons and human bones<sup>(25)</sup> that were whitening in the sunbeams which darted through this break in the forest, and which, gilding the tops of the trees, only served to render their bases more gloomy, and to add obscurity to the long vistas which presented themselves between their trunks. Here Amba found a few bananas, plantains, pine-apples<sup>(26)</sup>, and guavas; and lighting a fire in one of the securest huts, and varying her meal with ground-nuts<sup>(27)</sup> and the tops of the bamboo, she determined to rest there till the next

day, to recruit her strength. On the following morning she proceeded, her steps guided by the bones that were strewed about, and in a scene of desolation which but too plainly showed that this had been the seat of war and alarm. The inhabitants of some places had fled; those who remained in their crooms had been either butchered or led away as slaves; and the vultures and wild beasts having quickly despoiled the bones of their flesh, they looked as if they had lain there for years. Amba went on, however, still hoping for some fortunate chance to lead her out of the forest, but each night trembling lest the ghosts who owned the bones should pursue her with their maledictions.

Overcome with fatigue, and unable to distinguish even a deserted habitation, the poor wanderer heard with awe the whistling of the breeze, which, to an experienced ear, foretold the approach of a tornado<sup>(28)</sup>. A low hollow murmur moaned through the forest, and was succeeded by a death-like stillness; not a breath of air was to be felt, and the bombax and the baobab<sup>(29)</sup>, lords of the vegetable world, seemed to stand in their proud strength, awaiting the blast of heaven, like the giants of old, who breathed defiance to the lightnings of the mighty Jupiter. This awful tranquillity was at length broken by a deep groan, which increased in strength and became more frequent as it approached Amba. Scarcely knowing whither she fled, she reached the buttress of a bombax<sup>(30)</sup>, projecting like a low wall several yards beyond the parent stem, and, running along the narrow ridge, she twisted her hands into the para-

sitical plant which encircled its massy trunk<sup>(81)</sup>, and gradually mounted till she reached one of the lower branches, where, taking off her scarf, she tied herself fast to it, that the rockings caused by the storm might not precipitate her to the ground. She had scarcely done this, when a huge lion came to the spot she had just quitted, continuing his howlings, rolling his large fierce eyes, and lashing his sides with his tail. He solemnly paced on, making the whole forest echo with his cries. The monkeys were heard jumping through the boughs, that they might nestle close to each other in groups, one of them occasionally setting up a shrill piercing scream, as he was in danger of falling from the pressure of his companions, who were anxious to get into his place. A faint cry, like that of an agonised human being, proceeded from the sloth, which was answered by the loud laugh of the hyæna, as if in mockery of distress<sup>(82)</sup>. But the storm began, and all voices were drowned in the sweeping whirlwind, which seemed to shake every tree from its roots; many of the lower ones fell. But as the blast increased, a mighty crash was heard, which seemed to involve the forest in ruins. A huge baobab, which had defied the storm for centuries, at last gave way before its fierce enemy, and fell prostrate, bringing with it every tree which grew in its vicinity, and crushing all the living beings which had sought refuge in its branches. As if satisfied with the deed, the whirlwind ceased, and was succeeded by a lengthened roll of thunder, like a shout of triumph. Large drops of rain followed, and heaven and earth

seemed as if joined by one broad sheet of water. The lightning alone illumined the darkness, and striking a tree not far from Amba, split it to its base, and set the forest in a blaze, which was stifled by the torrents that poured upon it. The thunder which followed seemed to shake the earth even to its centre, as it rose to the shock with a convulsive heave. At length the storm died away, and the sun flashed his bright beams through the massy foliage, the drooping branches raised their heads, the birds trimmed their feathers, and, from the smallest insect to the huge elephant, all nature seemed to awake as if from a stupor. Drenched with the rain and stiff from terror, even poor Amba felt the vivifying rays, and drying her garments in the sun, descended from her leafy shelter: though languid and exhausted, she pursued her way towards the place where the sunshine seemed the brightest, thinking there to find a path to some human habitation. In a short time, however, her hope was crushed by the winding of a horn, which filled every nook of the forest with its melodious sounds.

To those who were accustomed to such music, it said, "No one dares trouble me."<sup>(33)</sup> It was the horn of Amanquea, one of the Ashantee captains, calling together his soldiers, who had been dispersed through the forest by the storm. To Amba it seemed like something unearthly, it was so sweet, so sudden, though the echoes prolonged it till its sounds seemed to float in the atmosphere. Almost bewildered, Amba advanced, unconscious of her danger, till she reached an open space, in the middle of which was a lofty doom-tree<sup>(34)</sup>. Under-

neath it sat Amanquea, surrounded by his soldiers. He was easily distinguished by his eagle plumes and many-coloured vest; his soldiers wore pointed black leathern caps, fringed with the same; a small piece of cloth encircled their loins; and their black belts were ornamented with red cockle-shells<sup>(35)</sup>. Some were busily employed rubbing their muskets, or examining their arrows and ammunition, and others were cooking maize for the breakfast of their master. Amba had no time to escape, for some of the stragglers caught a glimpse of her, and presently the cry of *Minna nako? biseá bok!* (What do I see now? a woman, ho!) ran along the several parties; the arms were abandoned, and many started for the chase. Amba fled she knew not whither; terror gave her speed and strength: many a turn did she make among the trees, many a fallen tree did she clamber, many a low palm did she vault over, many a clump of thorny mimosas did she dash through, leaving part of her cloth behind. At length she stood on the brink of a precipice, that overhung a deep ravine; the bare sharp rocks jutted out from between the foliage, a torrent foamed below, now swollen with the rain and furiously rushing along its rugged bed. Pressed on all sides, the unhappy Amba saw no possibility of escape; already her pursuers darted from under the trees, shouting as they thought themselves sure of their victim. She looked down the precipice; a peaceful death at least there awaited her: any thing was better than falling into the hands of the Ashantees. Turning round therefore, she gave them a look of defiance, and crying



aloud *Minnawoo! Minnawoo!* (I die! I die!) plunged headlong down the abyss. The soldiers proceeded as far as they dared down a sloping part of the precipice, but not a trace of Amba's body was to be seen, and they returned to their station, concluding that the torrent had rolled it away.

In the Braffoo country, which borders Fantee (<sup>36</sup>), and close to Mankasin, is an immense dell, inclosed on all sides by perpendicular rocks and high mountains. From their clefts, vegetation starts out in its most luxuriant forms, and covering the sides of the precipices, and rising from the bottom, renders it impossible to judge of the extent of the ravine. No entrance is perceived; no one visits it unless blindfolded; its exact situation is known only to the principal fetishmen of the country; no one mentions it without awe; and notwithstanding the curiosity excited by the mystery attached to it, few are desirous of approaching its vicinity. It is inhabited by aged fetishmen, who are supposed to be immortal, and in it is situated the great oracle of the country. The advice of this oracle is sought only on occasions of great emergency, and then the fetishmen deputed to visit it stand upon the brink of the dell, and beat a long roll upon their deep-sounding drums, which signal is answered from below. They wait about an hour, and two fetishmen appear, clothed in white, preceded by the softest flutes playing a solemn air. They hear the wishes of the deputation, and then carefully blindfold those who desire to visit the oracle in person. Guides, who have till then secreted themselves among the trees, start up,

take the offerings, and conduct the mission through a winding path, which descends along the side of the ravine; the boughs of the trees are held apart to give room to the passengers, and the flutes play until the whole party stops at a given signal. The strangers are then made to crawl a short distance on their hands and knees, and, on being permitted to rise, the bandages are taken from their eyes, and a scene of beauty, which well keeps up the illusion of enchantment, bursts upon them. Every thing that is ferocious, every thing that is venomous, has been extirpated from this extraordinary place, and every thing that is beautiful and gentle seems to have taken refuge there. The broad leaves of the bananas are placed by the side of the sharp-cut delicate mimosas, and they mingle their scarlet and yellow blossoms together. The loveliest flowers hang in clusters from the trees, and perfume the air. The lofty palms tower above the rest, waving their feathery branches, and standing like sentinels to give notice of the coming breeze. The sweetest notes proceed from the few songsters of the tropics, and the branches are illumined by the splendid plumage of the rest of the feathered tribes. The little humming-birds, especially, glitter among them like so many precious stones, and dart from the flower-bells with a rapidity which renders it impossible to distinguish their forms, as if the flowers were carrying on a tiny warfare, and shooting at each other with gems hidden in their fragrant bosoms. The brilliant lizards, with their golden hues, now gliding along the banks, and now chasing each other with incredible speed, add to

the dazzling brightness of the valley. At night, when these splendid inhabitants are taking their repose, the fireflies supply their place, and emulate the brilliant beams of the sun with their dancing rays (<sup>37</sup>). A small bamboo temple, constructed with fairy lightness, and delicately carved, rises in the middle of the dell. Over it grow three fan-palms, which spread their leaves in the air, as if in exultation at shading the deity. Some large coral-trees, with their eternal blossoms, now of the deepest crimson, and now of the brightest scarlet, encircle the building, and sweet-smelling flowers are either planted around, or spontaneously climb up the slender pillars which support the roof. None but the head priest, who delivers the oracles, and a select few who attend upon him, dare penetrate to the interior of this building, though all are called to assist in the ceremony of annually washing the sacred vessels in the streamlet which flows past the door. After the questions are put, a low hollow groan is heard, which is succeeded by screams and cries; and after a pause of about a minute, the priest gives the answers in a low, broken voice, to his assistants; these convey them to the strangers without the temple, who, after depositing the offerings, take their departure, are again blindfolded, and guided up to the spot whence they descended.

The whole valley is interspersed with neat bamboo houses, each surrounded by a small plantation, which affords food to the inhabitants. It was in one of these that Amba, awaking from a long stupor, found herself reclining on large cushions, and a man, whose wrinkles

and grey beard bespoke him at the utmost verge of human life, was sitting beside her: he gently felt her hand, and smilingly exclaimed to some one on the opposite side, "She recovers!" Amba followed the direction of his eyes, and fixed her own on her beloved Tarbara. It could not be reality. No, no! thought Amba, I am no longer living; I am with the spirits of the blessed. But when she felt the pressure of her husband's arm as he raised her head from the pillow, when she heard him speak to her in the most endearing accents, she again raised her eyelids in full consciousness of the reality. She would have spoken, but the old man interfered, and said, "You are safe; you are with your husband and friends: if you talk, you will kill yourself: when you are strong, you shall hear all. Now take some nourishment, and if he will promise to be silent, Tarbara shall remain with you. I now go to rest in the next room, and if I hear the smallest word, I shall separate you." Amba nodded obedience, and fixing her eyes on the dear form of which she again feared to lose sight, quietly awaited returning health and strength. Once indeed the injunction was disobeyed, by Tarbara's inquiring for his mother; but, on Amba's saying she was well, he raised his finger to his lips, and she resumed her tranquillity. In a few days her submission was rewarded by the power of sitting up, and permission to hear an explanation of all she saw around her. Tarbara told her that he had indeed been stunned by the handle of a sword and left for dead upon the field; that the battle had taken place not far from the dell in which they

were; and when the retreating horns and voices of the enemy announced their departure from the spot, the priests of the valley, under cover of the night, visited the scene of death. They found life still remaining in himself and a few others, whom they carried to their homes, where they had been watched and tended ever since. Tarbara added, that he had been wounded in several places; but, thanks to these humane men, he was now perfectly cured, and should have proceeded homeward, had it been safe for him to venture from his hiding-place. "But how did I come hither, Tarbara?" inquired Amba. "That you can best tell," he replied. "All I know is, that some of the priests were wandering in a very distant part of the dell, and heard a faint cry of *Minnawoo! Minnawoo!* Presently something came falling through the trees, and at length lodged upon a projection of the rock, which was covered with herbage. <sup>(38)</sup> To their great astonishment it was the body of a woman, who must have been precipitated from a great height, and who could only have been saved by the trees having broken her fall. A few minutes afterwards I met these fathers, bearing the insensible form of my own Amba, and they and I have watched by you, till you have been restored to animation. Various have been my conjectures as to your being so far from Addina." Amba then eagerly interrupted him by her own narrative, and the description of her sufferings caused many a painful feeling in the heart of her husband, who, when she concluded, exclaimed, "While the fathers looked at you, they frequently said—She is not a Fantee, nor an

Ashantee, but comes from a long way off, even from beyond the great water (<sup>39</sup>)—and now, Amba, you prove it, for no Addina woman would have done for her husband what you have done for me, and while you live, I will never, never have any other wife."

Amba was soon able to walk; and when thus recovered, the priest in whose house she lived, one day showed her the manilla which had been taken from her when her wounds were dressed. "Where did you get this, my child?" said he. "It was my father's," she replied. "And who was your father?" Alas! I know not: but the people of Addina," returned she, with tears in her eyes, "always called me the daughter of a witch. Coomba and Tarbara alone disbelieved it." She then related her history, and when she said that her mother had expired in the act of uttering the name of Akimpon, the old man suddenly rose, exclaiming, "Mighty Yancoompun, it is as I suspected!" and extending his arms over the affrighted Amba's head, solemnly invoked the blessing of the Great Deity upon her. "Akimpon," added he, "was my brother, and this manilla belonged to our father. Akimpon was the mightiest general of the Ashantees: he made your mother a captive when fighting in a far-distant country; and, struck with her extraordinary beauty, carried her off from her relations, who were kings. He loved her more than all his other wives, and she followed him every where. In one of his expeditions on the king's business, he was accompanied by your mother, yourself, and a small party of men. A larger party of Fantees waylaid and made them pri-

soners. Your mother, it seems, escaped; your father perished in defending himself; and his followers were taken to the coast and sold as slaves, except one or two, who found their way back to Áshantee. I was then in the valley of Mankasin, and therefore ceded my property to my sister's son, who now sits on the stool of your father, and emulates his greatness."

Nothing was now wanting to complete Amba's and Tarbara's happiness, except a sight of their good old mother. The stigma of the witch was removed, and Amba's birth proved to be even superior to that of her husband. After a time spent in the happiest tranquillity in the house of her uncle, and among the other priests of Mankasin, it was deemed safe for the little party of rescued warriors to return home. Every thing was ready for departure, when the old fetishman came to Amba, saying, "It is not fit that the daughter of Akimpon should go portionless to her husband; take this, then, my child, for yourself (putting gold into her hands), and give this to Coomba for me, for taking so much care of you. I have provided you with guides, and some of them shall accompany you to Addina, to bear public witness to your high birth, and refute the idle slanders which have caused you so much unhappiness. Go, my child, and may the Great Spirit for ever guard you!" The old man then dashed the back of his hand across his eyes, and suddenly left the weeping Amba. The treasure was carefully packed, and the troop left the valley with the usual forms; and as they wound up the

sides of the rock, a fetish hymn, sung in full chorus, invoking all presiding deities in their favour, was wafted to them by the breeze. Amba and Tarbara arrived at Accra, where they embarked for Addina, having first despatched a messenger to announce their safety to Coomba. They were received with universal acclamations. Old Coomba believed herself young again: not a finger durst point at Amba, not a voice whisper a single word against her; and the witch's daughter became the pride and blessing of Addina.



## NOTES TO AMBA, THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

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The foregoing story was written for the purpose of exemplifying the barbarous feeling which exists in great force against supposed witches, in all the parts of Africa which I have visited. It would seem to be a prejudice which nothing but the highest state of civilization can overcome in any country.

(<sup>1</sup>) This description is taken from a living original, which appeared before my residence in the town of Cape Coast; and the only difference is, that it was a boy who thus presented himself, and, with his wretched arms crossed over his breast, implored succour. A famine was then reigning throughout the land, in consequence of an incursion of the Ashantees, who had destroyed all the crops of the districts around, and caused the death of hundreds from starvation. In vain did the Governor, twice in each week, cause a plentiful distribution of corn to be made to the hungry multitude, and which, at his own expense, he had sent for, by sea, to a considerable distance. Still did the poor creatures daily sink under the diseases caused by the first weeks of scarcity, and the unhappy boy to whom I here allude, had, with his mother, come from a distant village, in the hope of finding support from the white man, whose charitable donations were talked of throughout the country. The mother was too far

gone for relief, but the boy recovered, and returned to his own residence.

(<sup>2</sup>) The natives of the western coast always carry their gold fastened round their knees; and frequently, on loosening a strip of dirty rag from this part of their persons, several ounces of gold will roll out, either in dust, lumps, or ornaments. The people of Mandingoe, and the neighbourhood of the river Gambia, always bring it to market in the latter form, for they believe, that if Englishmen could get possession of gold dust, they would sow it in the ground of their own country, and want no more from them. A great value is set on rock gold, by the inhabitants of those countries in which this metal is found only in the form of dust; and the great men will frequently, on state occasions, so load their wrists with these lumps, that they are obliged to support the limb on the head of a boy. The largest piece I ever saw, and which was very pure, weighed fourteen ounces.

(<sup>3</sup>) The stigma of witchcraft is never obliterated in these countries, and the most cruel torments await the person so accused. But too frequently the feeble and wretched are objects of this belief, from the impression that the workings of the spirit wear out the constitution. Nor does it exactly belong to us to quarrel with them for the superstition, when it has been so lately extirpated from our own land, and when we find that it existed equally among Jews and Gentiles in all ages. It was my lot to witness two instances of popular fury on this subject, and, in some measure, to be the means of saving the unhappy individuals. The first was the wife of a soldier in the pay of the English, who, as she accidentally passed before a door where two children were

sitting, asked them to give her some of the food they happened to be then eating; they refused, and she incautiously exclaimed, "Then I'll make bad fetish for you." (Vide note to Story I.) It was a period of universal sickness, and both the children died during the next fortnight. The parents remembered the threat, and seized the woman: the noisy rage of some, the lamentations of others, the screams of the poor victim, attracted my notice,—for the whole scene passed under my window. The husband stood aloof, as if stupified with grief; and did not dare to move, lest he too should be torn in pieces. The woman was receiving every brutal insult and torment short of immediate death, that could be devised; for, not contented with common beating, they kicked her, they tore her with their nails, and half a dozen of the torturers, taking each other round the waist, rushed all at once upon her, in order to try and smash her between them and the wall of a house; her head actually made an indentation in the plaster: but it was impossible to remain an inactive spectator of such barbarities, and Mr. Bowdich immediately sent a note to his uncle, requesting his interference. The Governor was gone to his garden, but the officer of the guard did all he could, by placing a file of soldiers round the woman till his Excellency's pleasure could be known. She could then only be insulted by words, of which there was a plentiful portion. But, on the return of Mr. Hope Smith, she was placed in the castle, and finally sent out of the country; for no protection could have saved her, had she remained in her own. She bore an excellent character, as a servant in the Castle. The other instance was even more dreadful; a scarcity of provisions had for some time prevailed, for this often happens to a certain degree, owing to the indolence of the people, which wholly prevents them from taking any measures against

the accidental destruction of their crops, an unusually dry season, &c. On consulting the priests as to what was to be done, the authorities of the town were directed to seek in the bush for the witch who had caused their troubles, under the form of a tall, thin, red-skinned woman, with a child at her back. There were many such to be seen; the victim was soon found, and brought into the town. I was alone in my house, with the exception of a black boy, (for all the rest had gone to the fun, as they thought it,) and, seeing the unfortunate creature dragged past my windows, and the barbarians tearing her hair from her head, heaping dirt on her, and she making no resistance, I asked him what they were going to do with her. He told me so confused a story, that I could not comprehend it; but the faint cries of the poor infant rang in my ears, and made me very uneasy. After vainly worrying myself for about a quarter of an hour, the mystery was explained: the dance and yell of the executioners, and the clashing of their knives, announced the return of the party, and they passed me with their cloths girt tightly round them, their pointed caps on their heads, and making the most frantic gestures: one of them bore the poor creature, bound hand and foot, and gagged, slung across his shoulder, like a sheep; and they proceeded to a hill close by, where the priests awaited them, to assist in the slaughter. The governor was again absent, for they would not have dared thus openly to carry on their purpose, had he been within reach, and I therefore sent a note to his secretary. In two minutes, almost all the officers, and many of the soldiers in the castle, rushed out, armed with the first weapon they could find, and proceeded to her rescue. They arrived just in time, and conveyed her within the walls of the fort, where, having secured her child, I saw them both lodged in comfort. By

the next morning they were many miles off, in a place of safety, having been conveyed in the governor's canoe.

(<sup>4</sup>) The people of these countries always bear the name of the day of the week on which they were born, and by which they are called, with the addition of some family name. Only three of these now occur to me : Cudjo, for a male, born on a Monday; Wednesday gives the title of Quamina to every man; and Saturday that of Amba to every female.

(<sup>5</sup>) There was a large and beautiful mimosa tree near the town of Igwa, where a woman, supposed to have been a witch, was buried, and which was never willingly passed by the natives after dark. I once desired a servant to give me a branch of it, but he refused, assuring me, if he were to do so, he should be seriously injured by the spirit of the witch.

(<sup>6</sup>) A pynin is a Fantee word, signifying a wise man, old or young, and is applied even to a young white man, if he should have raised himself in the native opinion by his talents. The Fantees bestow nick-names of their own invention on all Europeans, and never, when talking among themselves, make use of any others. They take their stand on the beach, when a stranger lands, and at the first glance bestow an appellation, which evinces remarkable shrewdness, and which is seldom changed. Mr. Hope Smith, long before he was governor, was called Pynin; Mr. Bowdich, who was extremely neat and careful in his toilet, was immediately styled Shantee Mensa (or Captain) alluding to a remarkable dandy officer from Ashantee; and one young man, who walked with a peculiar strut, his chin elevated, and his thumbs stuck

straight out, was called "Wonumpee," or "Who does not like me." The intrepid Mr. Hutchison, who fought at the head of his own people in the last engagement with the Ashantees, was styled Gwabin, or Panther. On this occasion he fell in consequence of severe wounds, and his followers disputed with the enemy for his body, actually fighting over it, and he entreating to be put to death rather than fall into the hands of the Ashantees. Fortunately, he was rescued, and recovered from his wounds. He afterwards returned to Britain, and died of a bilious fever at Leith, to the great regret of a large circle of friends.

(7) This custom of shaving the hair in patterns is equally adopted by females, and they will sit for hours under the razor, until their heads resemble a Turkey carpet dyed black. My arrival at Anamaboo inspired the young ladies in the fort with a new fashion, and for some time I could not imagine why the pincushion on my dressing-table was daily stripped. My own attendants were taxed; but they all swore by the fetish, they were innocent of the misdemeanour. At last, I one day saw a smart girl, with her woolly locks twisted into small knots all over her head; and as each knot was fastened with a pin, it was very evident to what use mine had been appropriated.

(8) The males of all classes wear a bandage round their loins, under their cloths; and the higher classes always have it made of strips of silk.

(9) This was practised by an Ashantee fop of the highest order, who, having rubbed himself well with grease, would sally forth, on gala days, besprinkled all over with gold dust,







which glittered in the sun, and produced a most extraordinary effect.

(<sup>10</sup>) A faithful portrait is here given of some of the captives from the more eastern part of the interior of the continent, and who have been sold to the king of Ashantee. He has, all together, 3333 wives; which number is always kept up, from a superstitious feeling that some calamity would happen were he ever to be without these four threes. They live in a village appropriated to them, close to the capital; but are allowed to walk out in portions, preceded by the the principal eunuch, and attended by men armed with elephants' tails, with which they severely flog all who venture to look at them. The women greatly delight in going across the market-place when full of people, where the confusion they cause is indescribable.

(<sup>11</sup>) It is a very picturesque sight to see the hunters return from the chase; they decorate themselves with green boughs, and, slinging their spoils on a pole borne by two men, chaunt the whole history of their adventures. The flesh of wild boars, in this country, is extremely hard and insipid, for the heat will not allow of its hanging long enough to acquire tenderness or flavour.

(<sup>12</sup>) This palm wine, when first drawn from the tree, is sparkling and sweet; but in two hours it turns sour, and being placed in the sun, it ferments, and by night becomes an ardent spirit. When fresh it is used as yeast, for making a bread of excellent flavour, but which will not keep many hours.

(<sup>13</sup>) The English of this is, "Spirit of my father;" and it

is a frequent adjuration when any sudden emotion rises in the mind. The calling upon deceased ancestors is a very common practice; and I have frequently heard children swear by their grandmother's grandmother, to the truth of their story.

(<sup>14</sup>) A sanko is a small oblong box (sometimes highly ornamented), covered at the top with a piece of deer skin; a long stick is fastened to one end, and a short one to the other; to the latter the strings are attached all together; they then pass over a bridge placed in the middle of the skin, and the gamut is formed by tying these strings in various notches of the long stick. The runners of a tree form the strings, and the whole is not a bad substitute for a guitar. The chords are tuned by contracting or stretching, and are played upon by the first finger and thumb of each hand. The sound is not unpleasing, unless a porcupine's tail be introduced, which produces a whizzing noise; and if the player does not (which is often the case), accompany himself by a clucking of the tongue. They are fond of marking the measure of their tunes by all sorts of rude sounds, and are much more sensible to time than tune. The little things unable to walk, and tied behind their mothers' backs, clap their hands together, and nod their heads with the utmost precision. In Mandingoe, a great deal of what they call music, consists but of two tones and a half, varied with every possible accent.

(<sup>15</sup>) Governors of towns.

(<sup>16</sup>) All the details here given are strictly taken from the marriage of a young female, which took place while I was at Cape Coast.

(<sup>17</sup>) A cane is the badge of office for messengers, and all travelling on business for another; and so sacred is the person held who bears it, that even the slave-takers rarely seize on one so armed. Such a seizure would be considered as a sufficient reason for going to war. The king of Ashantee himself carries a cane, when he walks about the city of Coomassie.

(<sup>18</sup>) Almost all news or intelligence is conveyed in this figurative style; and some of the commonest things are expressed in the broadest hyperbole. At Accra, instead of wishing Good night, they say, "Sleep till the lighting of the world;" and when they mean to convey an idea of one person trying to impose on another, they say, "He turned the back of his head into his mouth."

(<sup>19</sup>) The devastation which takes place after an invasion of the Ashantees, is not to be described. Rapine, murder, and plunder, are the usual attendants on warfare; but, in a Christian land, some one is generally found to bury the dead. Here, on the contrary, the bodies, maimed in every possible way,—some with their heads off, others with their legs or arms broken,—are left for the eagles, vultures, and wild beasts to devour; and a heap of slain may always be traced from far, by the flight of the two former towards the spot. The prisoners are either sold as slaves, or kept to "water the grave" of some great person, when they are tortured all day, and executed to his honour at night.

(<sup>20</sup>) Part of the palace at Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, is ornamented with human skulls; those of the principal

enemies are placed on the royal drums, while others of less note are piled in heaps at the corners of the verandahs.

(<sup>21</sup>) Oh dear! Oh dear! When they are unhappy, the Fantees sit on a low stool, their hands crossed, their eyes fixed on the ground, rocking themselves backwards and forwards, and exclaiming Ma woo! by the hour together, and in a tone that cannot fail to excite commiseration.

(<sup>22</sup>) This sort of scenery is to be found near Accra, which is considered as the healthiest spot on the western coast of Africa; the shores of Cape Coast, Anamaboo, Tantom, &c. &c., are covered with thick forests, which reach almost to the water's edge.

(<sup>23</sup>) A musical, or rather a noisy instrument, used in time of war; it is made like a funnel, with one flat side, and being of metal, produces a ringing sound. I first heard it at a distance, when it was almost agreeable; it gradually advanced, and in a few minutes the little square before my residence was filled with soldiers, dressed in black leathern caps and belts, and short blue and white cloths. They formed in rank before me, and then again striking their gong-gongs, rushed forward to the market-place, leaving behind them their chief, in all his gorgeous apparel. He was as much struck with the appearance of a white woman, as I was with his; and while I made a sketch of him, he was busy contemplating me, and making observations to his companions.

(<sup>24</sup>) This fruit is a species of banana, (*Musa sapientum*); but neither so sweet or so yellow in colour. It is also larger,

and, when roasted, is a delicious substitute for bread; it grows wild in the forests.

(<sup>25</sup>) It would seem that the hyænas and other beasts of prey are here too well fed to gnaw bones, for these remains are generally left in a perfect state, and the power of the sun makes them of a dazzling whiteness.

(<sup>26</sup>) The wild pineapples of the forest are generally red, and only fit for cooking; but the slightest cultivation, even watering, makes them of delicious flavour. My uncle had some in his garden, which had been originally brought from St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verde Islands; they were of enormous size, of a bright gold colour, and each was a heavy burden for one man to carry to any distance. They perfumed the whole house, and were eaten with a spoon. The wild sort fetches, in the market of Cape Coast, about the value of a penny, and, when made into tarts, with the juice of the prickly pear (the *Cactus opuntia*), formed a dish that could scarcely be equalled out of the tropics.

(<sup>27</sup>) The *Arachis hypogæa*, a trailing plant, the pod of which contains two small nuts, of delicious flavour, especially when roasted. The peculiarity of this plant is, that the pods shoot into the ground in order to attain maturity.

(<sup>28</sup>) These tornadoes can be seen travelling up the coast from an immense distance, presenting an enormous mass of thick black clouds, which hang so low as to appear to touch the tops of the trees, and to threaten destruction wherever they burst. Their near approach is announced by a wind, which is frequently so violent as to make it impos-

sible to hear another person speak in the same room. The hurricane tears up one tree, knocks down another, and seems to commit havoc in every shape, till a deluge of huge drops of rain, uniting heaven and earth in one broad sheet of water, appears to calm its rage. The ground apparently rocks under the feet, and whether it were really so, or that the concussion caused the motion, I have seen my working materials roll off the table from its effect. Being one night awakened by one of these tornadoes, which blew open the shutters of five windows at once, I called to a black woman sleeping in the next room to shut them; but as she was too frightened to move, I rose to perform the office for myself. It was a vain attempt, for four of the five were gone, and all that could be done was, to remove every thing likely to be injured as far from the windows as possible; for, in that country, there is no glass, and, when the shutters or jealousies are removed, we have no shelter from the weather. The lightning made every thing visible, and the sight was so magnificent, that, wet through as I was, I stopped at the last window to contemplate the raging storm; but a moment elapsed, and a tremendous crash saluted my ear as if close by; the next flash shewed me a lath and plaster house levelled with the ground. The screaming of the inhabitants was dreadful; but not a single being could I persuade to go to their assistance, and it would not have been prudent in me to venture; however, the next morning proved that there was much more alarm than injury. These tornadoes arrive about a month before the rainy season commences, and remain for the same period after it ceases. A navigator who understands this coast, often profits by them, and stands out to-sea when they begin, in order to get well off the land, and they are even more serviceable further to the south. The vessel in which

I first returned to England, was, for some weeks on and off the line, waiting for the south-east trades, and the sole progress she made was during these storms; the rest of the time all was calm, the sails flapped about, she rolled from side to side like a log, but no sooner was the first faint whistle of the tempest heard, than the hands were turned up, and the poor fellows stood at their posts under a rain that seemed as if it would plough up the deck. The bales of slops were weekly diminished, for there was scarcely a watch in which a complete drenching did not take place, and the men could with difficulty get a sufficient number of changes to keep them in health.

(<sup>29</sup>) The baobab, or *Adansonia digitata*, covers a broad belt across the continent of Africa, extending from Senegal, the Gambia, &c., and reaching as far as Abyssinia. It is supposed by botanists to attain a greater age than any other of the vegetable kingdom, but its wood is fibrous and soft, and unfit even for burning. Its fruit is oval and covered with a rind which resembles dark green velvet; so that poor Captain Clapperton used to compare it to purses, and call it the money tree. Within the rind is a buff-coloured, farinaceous pulp, and seeds; the former of an acid, but agreeable flavour, used in cooking, and from which it probably derives its native appellation of monkey-bread. The tree is extremely rude and irregular in its growth, its bark is of a whitish hue, and as it loses all its leaves before the rains set in, it seems to toss up its long bare arms above every thing else, like a mad giant. It frequently measures seventy-six feet in circumference; and one which I saw lying on the ground at St. Mary's, on the banks of the river Gambia, gave shelter

to a number of cattle, who found ample protection in the huge knots of its trunk.

(<sup>30</sup>) These buttresses of the bombax, or silk cotton, descend from very far, even twenty feet, up the tree, and after they reach the ground, continue about a foot high to wind along, and form low walls, the tops of which are covered with a thick, short vegetation. The tree itself frequently attains the height of one hundred and thirty-nine feet.

(<sup>31</sup>) The luxuriance of the parasitical and climbing plants of these virgin forests, can only be fully comprehended by those who have seen them. Sometimes the whole of an enormous trunk will be covered to a great height with the most brilliant convolvuli, which stealing unperceived through the branches, reach the summit, and again shooting forth their gay blossoms in the sun, seem to mock their less aspiring brethren. Scarlet, orange, and pink flowers, will cover the lower boughs, and hang in festoons from one tree to another. Often the climbers will become larger than the support to which they cling, and constantly form chains which look big enough to fetter the Atlantic. Then the runners, or slender fibres, dropping from the twigs, take root below, and, vegetating in their turns, form the whole of these mighty forests into a maze of network.

(<sup>32</sup>) The laugh of the hyæna greatly resembles that of a maniac, and has a startling effect as it steals through the still night, even under our windows, which it approaches in search of food. The power of imitation given to these animals is very extraordinary, for they not only cry like the



quadruped whom they wish to lure within their reach, but they even seem to utter human sounds. The commandant of a fortress on the western coast of Africa assured me, that for several evenings he had been disturbed at his dinner hour by the laughing and screaming of the native women, who passed under the walls in search of water. He sent his serjeant to them, who desired that they would take some other path, and they promised to obey. The next evening, however, the noise was heard again, which highly irritated the commandant, and he desired the serjeant to lie in ambush on the third evening, and rushing suddenly out on them, with a few soldiers, secure the women, and bring them to him in the fortress. The men took their station as ordered, the laughing recommenced, and out they sallied, when to their great astonishment, they only saw three hyænas standing in the path which had been frequented by the women, and so well counterfeiting their voices, that they could not have been detected but by sight. These hyænas are not very formidable, and will, at any time, rather fly from, than attack a human being.

(<sup>33</sup>) In the notes to Adumissa, I have already mentioned these horns, the sounds of which are recognized by men, women, and children. Those of the king of Ashantee are supposed to say, "I pass (i. e. surpass) all kings in the world."

(<sup>34</sup>) This, like many other valuable trees of the African tropics, is wholly unknown to botanists; it is not the doom-tree of north-eastern Africa, (which I believe to be a palm;) and its wood is so hard, that it turns the edge of all instruments used in cutting it. In such a space as this, did the excellent Sir Charles M'Carthy, and his only two surviving

officers find themselves, after having lost all their comrades, either by death or desertion. It was thus that, when endeavouring to escape, they found themselves suddenly in sight of the enemy. "It is all over with us," exclaimed the one to the other, and at that moment a ball pierced Sir Charles's heart, and one of the kindest and most zealous of men fell dead into the arms of his companions. They carried him as well as they could, and laid him under the large tree, and, while thus engaged, the head of one was severed from his shoulders; the other received a ball in his thigh, and was felled to the ground by the handle of one of the heavy Ashantee swords. He, after a while, recovered, and beheld the headless bodies of Sir Charles and Ensign W—, and found that he was reserved for a formal sacrifice at Coomassia. The wound in his thigh eventually saved him, for seeing him unable to march with the main body of the Ashantee army, they left him with a detachment, which kept considerably in the rear, and where he was treated with the greatest barbarity. In order to extract the ball, a cataplasm of the strongest pepper was applied to the open wound, but it worked itself out on the other side; he was utterly deprived of clothing, because they thought he would not in that state try to escape; and, unable to stand, he was bound to a stake, in an upright posture, and forced to pound corn with a heavy wooden pestle: he was allowed only a few spoonfuls of snail soup in the twenty-four hours; and at night he was laid on a mat, and made to rest his head on a box which contained Sir Charles's, dried and smoked to preserve it. One day a paper was sent to him to interpret, which had been found in Sir Charles's pocket, and it was a curious coincidence, that it should be the very note he had himself written to his chief, the day before the battle, entreating him not to advance,

and representing, with all his better reason and experience, the imprudence of such a proceeding. Of course, he did not tell the Ashantee captain the contents of this epistle. After several weeks of horrible suffering, the poor prisoner was released, by the Dutch Governor-General generously paying a ransom for him, and on condition that he never took arms again as an enemy of the Ashantees. He returned to England, and, after a short sojourn there, he went out to Sierra Leone, broken in health and spirits, but unchanged in the noble qualities which so eminently distinguished him; and these, perhaps, ought to reconcile us to his death three months afterwards, in the prime of his powerful intellect, and at an age when early promise had been amply fulfilled. No one is now left who was engaged in that fatal campaign, and but one survives who was concerned in the more fortunate mission to Ashantee.

(<sup>35</sup>) These cockle-shells are brought from the southwestern coasts.

(<sup>36</sup>) The account here given of the priests of Mankasin, is according to the native tradition.

(<sup>37</sup>) I do not know whether the fire-flies of Africa are the *Fulgora lanternaria* of India, but there are many insects which emit this phosphoric light, and whole plains are illuminated with moving sparks of flame. It is difficult for the inhabitant of a temperate zone to imagine the countless myriads of the tropics. When at Bathurst, we could not hear ourselves speak in our verandahs, from the noise of the grasshoppers, in a piece of waste land close by, who began their

chirping at sunset, and continued half the night through; while the ground seemed actually to move with them.

(<sup>38</sup>) This circumstance has been objected to, as impossible; but the thickness of the foliage, composed of the slender branches of the mimosas, and the close masses of herbage which cover the projections of rocks, verify my heroine's escape.

(<sup>39</sup>) The Niger, or Quolla, so called by the natives of the western coast, to distinguish it from other rivers.

### STORY III.

#### THE BOOROOM SLAVE.

THE village of Melli, in the country of Booroom, stood close to an immense forest; and almost within the forest was the dwelling of Amanqua, the chief. At the back were plantations of various kinds; maize, rice, yams, tobacco, &c. (1) On the one side were poultry-yards and pens for sheep and cattle; and these, as well as the plantations, were fenced round with high bamboo stakes, to prevent the approach of panthers, lions, and other wild beasts: on the other side was the forest. The residence itself was an assemblage of white buildings, thatched with palm-leaves, ranged round a square court. The hall of audience fronted the street; the chief's own sleeping-room stood opposite; the rest of the quadrangle was occupied by the apartments of the women, children, and slaves, mingled with offices for cooking, store-rooms, and the like.

None but Amanqua, his favourite wife, and his visitors, were permitted to enter through the great hall, but there were three other means of ingress and egress: one led into the plantations, and was always fastened, to prevent depredation; a second opened upon the village, and through this came the provisions. With them came

all the gossips of the place, who, under pretence of bartering goods, curing disorders, shaving children's heads, and procuring charms, retailed all the scandal they could pick up, or, in the dearth of realities, invented all the falsehoods which they thought might amuse the wives of Amanqua, or wheedle them out of a few beads, a little snuff, a looking-glass, or a share of the delicacies destined only for the table of the chief. The third door opened into the forest, and through this was conveyed the refuse thrown to the hyænas and vultures. It was a forbidden pass to the women and children; but there the slaves stole out with their own secret little boards, to sell them in the market-place; there they assembled at night, to indulge in the noisy and mirthful sports denied them within the quadrangle; and many a peal of laughter, ringing through the forest, finished the narrative of the light-hearted negro, enjoying only the present, and careless of the morrow.

The interdiction placed on the above door only made the children more desirous of profiting by it, and they slipped through it at every opportunity, to practise their gambols in the forest, or to listen to the marvellous tales related by their father's followers. Two of these children were distinguished above the rest, by their personal beauty, and the affection of Amanqua. They were the only offspring of his darling wife Zabirma, who was sister to a neighbouring chief, herself superior in person and disposition to the generality of Booroom women. Kobara, the eldest, was sixteen, and, according to the line of succession in that country, was heir to his ma-

ternal uncle. Early impressed with the importance of his prospects, in comparison with the rest of his father's children, he was grave and thoughtful; but being kind and generous in his nature, instead of assuming any airs of consequence, his principal aim was to afford assistance and protection to his youthful companions; and he only used his influence with his father to obtain indulgence for others, or forgiveness for an offending culprit. His sister, Inna, resembled him in the sweetness of her disposition, but was a complete contrast in manner and habits. While he formed his brethren and friends into a little army, and commanded it with becoming dignity, or called his little council around him to settle the affairs of his tiny state, Inna would be laughing and romping with her companions, clambering over the stakes, in order to race through the plantations, or riding on the shoulders of a slave through the village. Not a hut was there at which she was not known; not a child in the neighbourhood who had not gamboled with her; not a sport was there at which she was not an adept: mirth and gladness danced in her eyes, archness lurked in the dimples of her cheek, and, more graceful than the antelope which bounded past her door, she alike disarmed both gravity and reproof. One thing alone seemed to tame this laughter-loving spirit. Sickness she knew not from personal experience, but the sight of it in others transformed this wild gazelle into a gentle, soothing being, unwearied with long watching, meekly bearing the petulance of suffering; whose light, airy step was unheard by the patient, and



whose activity was solely directed to the contrivance of means for affording relief. ( ) Her father, her mother, even the slaves of the household, had benefited by her gentle cares; but when her dear Kobara was stretched on the bed of sickness, no hand but hers placed his cushions, no fingers but hers bathed his burning temples with lime-juice (3); motionless she watched his slumbers, and the moment of his waking was the moment of her alacrity.

“It will never do, Inna; you must not leave us,” said Kobara, one day, raising his languid head from his pillow.

“Leave you—Kobara, what mean you?” exclaimed Inna.

“Know you not, Inna, that old Amoo, the cabboccer of Moisin, seeks you in marriage?”

Kobara's information was correct. The fame of Inna's beauty, and the knowledge that Amanqua was too rich to exact a large sum for his daughter, and generous enough to make her handsome presents, had attracted many suitors, most of whom retreated before the wealthy and powerful Amoo, who, notwithstanding the burden of years and infirmities, sought this youthful prize, and by his offers and consequence had tempted Amanqua at least to deliberate. This was the first intimation of it to Inna, who for an instant stared with astonishment; but the person and decrepitude of her lover started into her imagination, so much alive to the ridiculous, and instantly hobbling up to Kobara's side with a perfect imitation of Amoo's walk and gestures,



she threw herself upon the mat near his cushions, and burst into an excessive fit of laughter. In spite of his better reason, Inna's mirth was contagious, and her brother joined in the laugh for a few moments; but reflection restored him to seriousness, and commanding composure on her part, he told her, that, independent of his unwillingness to lose her, he could not bear that she should be given to Amoo, who was so aged, that in all probability he could not live long, and it was very likely that she might be one of those selected to accompany him to the next world, and be put to death on his grave<sup>(4)</sup>: "but," added he, to these representations, which did not fail to make a strong impression upon Inna, "if my father will betroth you to my friend Miensa, who is heir to the stool (throne) of Berrakoo, we shall retain you near us, and you may be as happy as your mother, for he loves you." The giddy Inna assented to this proposal, and sought her father, whom she brought to Kobara's side to settle her fate; while she took that opportunity of seeking her favourites within the quadrangle, from whom she had absented herself during her brother's illness.

Kobara prevailed upon his father to act according to his wishes; and, to prevent all further trouble from the old chief, Miensa was summoned, and Inna formally consawed (betrothed) to him, he giving Amanqua four ounces of gold, and leaving the rest of the marriage-fee to be paid when Inna should be thought old enough to leave her home. Amoo's deputation was dismissed, and, on the recovery of Kobara, all things resumed

their former position, even to the continuance of Inna's sports, her late seclusion giving double zest to the enjoyment of freedom. The forest was again the scene of her wild pranks, and frequent trophies of her prowess did she bring home; such as a basketful of guavas gathered by herself from the top of a lofty tree, a deer caught in the snare she herself had contrived, or a serpent, the neck of which was pierced by her own javelin. One day, when she had wandered far from her followers, she perceived Miensa returning from a hunting excursion, and hiding herself in the thick branches of a tree, as he passed underneath she suddenly let fall upon his head a large plantain-leaf, which flapped in his eyes and arrested his progress; and, judging from the rustling noise that some monkey had blinded him, he put an arrow to his bow, and aimed it in the direction of Inna's hiding-place. "Stop! Miensa, stop! It is I! it is Inna!" exclaimed the wily girl, suddenly dropping from the bough. Astonishment and alarm silenced her intended husband for an instant, when he uttered, in an angry tone, "You here, Inna! and alone too! What can have induced you to wander thus far?" "I came out to play, as I often do," was the reply; "and have run away from the boys, who, I dare say, are now looking for me in the bush." "Will you never be tamed, Inna?" said Miensa: "I shall join your father's and brother's authority to mine, to put a stop to these tricks. You must be mad to expose yourself to the danger of the slave-catchers, who are incessantly prowling about; and I command you never again to venture

beyond the walls of the quadrangle without a proper escort." The word *command* did not accord with the free and daring temper of Inna; "This," thought she, "is the good of being betrothed!" and as she silently walked home by the side of Miensa, she resolved, in her own mind, not to heed what he had said: however, when Amanqua and Kobara laid their restrictions upon her, she was forced to obey, and till the novelty wore off she strung beads<sup>(5)</sup>, sewed Kobara's charms in silk cases<sup>(6)</sup>, and danced and sung so close by her mother's side, that all suspicion vanished, and she was no longer watched. Happy for her would it have been, had she then subdued the love of wandering; but by degrees she passed beyond the limits of the quadrangle, and that alone too, as she dared not take any of the slaves with her, for fear of bringing punishment upon them if found out. One evening, about sunset, as she strolled along, she heard the birds singing their last song before they settled for the night; and the three which always perch on the same bough, and fly off again as they utter their melody of *Too Hoo!*<sup>(7)</sup> in three descending notes, attracted her attention. "Now," thought she, "if I creep softly I may be able to see these birds:" and she glided gently through the bushes, till she suddenly found herself seized by two men, who fastened a piece of stick across her mouth, to prevent the screams which she loudly uttered, and tied her ankles and wrists together; then slinging her across their shoulders, they bore her swiftly through the forest. The hanging down of her head, the tightness of the ligatures, the speed with

which she was carried, the tearing of her flesh by the boughs against which she was rudely brushed, added to fright and horror, soon rendered her insensible, and she did not resume her consciousness, till a violent gushing of blood from her nose relieved her head, and she opened her eyes to see herself surrounded by a hundred other victims, alike bound hand and foot, and crowded together in a wretched shed, in readiness to start the next day for the coast, to be sold to the slave-shippers. A little dirty water was given her to drink; she was washed; her bonds were loosened, and she was then submitted to the inspection of the master of the kaffle. "Why, Zimbo," exclaimed he, "your last is your best prize: we must take care of this girl; for by my father's ghost (turning her round) she will fetch two hundred dollars. Let her have something to eat directly—What, you won't eat!" he added, as Inna turned away her head, determining to die rather than be carried into slavery: "I think we shall make you," he continued, and applied a seven-thonged whip smartly to her shoulders. She writhed with pain, but persisted in her refusal, when a voice in her own language exclaimed from among the crowd, "If you do not take it willingly the food will be crammed with violence into your mouth, and you will be tortured till you swallow it." Inna looked round, and almost started with joy at perceiving that she had a companion whom she knew; for in the girl who had spoken, she beheld a playmate from her own village, though a burst of tears showed that she commiserated her fate as much as she felt her own.

Her comrade told her, while she now quietly took the proffered nourishment, that she herself had been snatched away some days before, as she was carrying a bundle of cloths to the pond to wash, and finished by lamenting the sufferings of her mother when thus deprived of her. These words recalled to Inna all she too had left: Zabirma, Amanqua, Miensa, and above all, her beloved Kobara, rushed into her memory; and hiding her face in her hands, and groaning aloud, her anguish was heightened by her present situation being the consequence of her disobedience and imprudence: then suddenly starting up, and standing before her master, with a look of dignity, she told him who she was, and that if he would take her back he should receive a magnificent ransom; or if he would only allow her to communicate with her friends, she would shortly put him in possession of so much gold for her release, that it would be worth his while to stay where he was till the matter could be negotiated. The man answered with a mocking shout, "No, no! I have already had a great deal of gold for taking you away, and I shall make much more than you can give, if you get safe to Acoo; so be quiet and obey, or you will feel this," striking her again with his whip, "and this too;" showing her a heavy iron chain to fasten round her leg. But we must leave her with the slave-herd or kaffle, stripped of her beautiful cloth and ornaments, and clothed in the coarsest materials, despairingly lying beside the Booroom girl, till all the scouts came in with their prey, and it was deemed safe to advance.

It was morning before Inna was missed, for she had no settled place to sleep in, taking her rest either by her mother's or some favourite companion's side, as suited the fancy of the moment; but when Kobara found that she did not bring his breakfast of *foofoo* (°) as usual, he inquired if illness had prevented her appearance. Every room was searched, and great was the consternation at not finding her; no one dared to utter the fact to Kobara, till a woman, with frantic gestures, rushed in from the village, carrying an anklet of coral (°), recognized as having been worn by Inna the preceding day, and which her son had picked up in the forest. All was confusion, screaming, and yelling; Amanqua and Zabirma were stupified, but Kobara and Miensa, seizing their javelins, swiftly proceeded to search through the forest for their lost innocent. Unavailing were their efforts: her own light step had made no impression on the ground; and as the boy who picked up the anklet could not return to the spot, no traces could be perceived. Of one thing alone they felt secure—that as there were no marks of blood, or of a body having been dragged through the grass, it was not likely that the thief had been a greater brute than man, and they divined the truth. Inquiries were made, without gaining any tidings even of a kaffle in the neighbourhood, so well did the slave-takers arrange their measures. Several in the village, who were aware of the circumstance, and would willingly have helped to release Inna, dared not interfere, lest they should betray their own dealings with the kidnappers.

“Kobara,” said Miensa, “do you think old Amoo has had anything to do with Inna’s disappearance? Perhaps,” continued he, “she may now be in his possession.” “Very likely,” returned Kobara; the idea rousing him from the deep grief in which he had indulged ever since the loss of his sister. “Come, Miensa, let us consult my father.” Amanqua had already suspected that this might be the case, and proposed that Kobara should go, as if on a visit to Amoo, in his way to his uncle’s, and taking with him two or three clever and trusty slaves, he should, through their means, while he amused the chief of Moisin, find out if Inna had been seen there. This once ascertained in the affirmative, Miensa, who was to wait at some little distance with a small band of followers, should immediately advance, and, if necessary, regain her by force. These plans were carried into execution; but Amoo, who was expecting some effort on the part of Amanqua, was prepared for all, and no tidings of Inna could be gained at his court. He had indeed been privy to the stealing of Miensa’s bride; for, mortified and disappointed at the refusal of his offers, he had secretly vowed revenge. He dared not attack Amanqua openly, for he was more powerful than himself; and, determined that no one should possess this beautiful girl if he did not, he bribed the slave-takers to seize and carry her off. Her own imprudence speedily presented them with a favourable opportunity; and we must now follow her, leaving her father and mother languishing through their numbered days in lamentations for their lost dar-

ling, and Kobara and Miensa overwhelmed with a grief which time alone could alleviate.

At dawn all was in motion throughout the kaffle, preparing for departure, but every thing was conducted in silence to avoid discovery; and if some wretched victims sent forth a groan or an exclamation, they were struck with the tremendous whip of the master. Inna, herself not being able to judge of her distance from home, and hoping that her friends might be in search of her, uttered a piercing cry as the assistants proceeded to tie her to a girl of more robust form than herself, for which she was instantly felled to the earth. Fortunately for her, the companion to whom she was linked was Beeah, the Booroom girl, who was supposed to be capable of aiding the slighter limbs of Inna, and who, in this instance, as well as others, contributed to her preservation. She was gentle and patient, and wisely counselled her friend to be submissive; for the proud and thoughtless Inna answered each stroke of the whip by a scowl of defiance, and thus brought double punishment on herself. The kaffle had assembled several miles from Melli, in the heart of one of the great forests, where had formerly stood a village, the ruined habitations of which were now so completely surrounded by thick and high underwood, and runners from the trees, that it was hidden from the eyes of all passengers. The only entrance was stopped up after each coming in or going out by branches of trees, which were cut down and so artfully disposed as to look like the brushwood itself. This being removed, the slaves were driven out,



linked two and two, and a thick cord running along the whole file, so as to connect them all in one line. The males were followed by the females, one or two of whom were mothers, torn from their husbands and families, and bearing one of their offspring to share their misery and bondage. This shadow of consolation, however, was denied to one of the sufferers; for when she dropped from fatigue, the poor infant was rudely snatched from her and hurled upon the ground. Happily, life was extinguished by the blow; but the wretched mother, who screamed in agony, with her eyes averted, was goaded on till her whole nature seemed to sink into apathy, and she passed along, alike indifferent to the commiseration of her companions and the lashes of her torturer. Much of this insensibility seemed to pervade the greater number, and it forms a part of the negro character under great suffering. Without it many of the captives could not survive to reach their market, nor could they endure the cruelties practised on them when in bondage to their own countrymen (10).

The victims passed on, through the most magnificent vegetation, through fine savannahs, over noble rivers, across well-covered plantations; they traversed populous cities and wretched villages; they saw strange faces and strange animals; their flesh was mangled by thorns, their feet swollen by fatigue; their unwashed skins were cracked by the sun, and peeled off in large scales; their hair was rusty, their cheeks were hollow, their eyes inflamed, their lips parched, their limbs wasted and cut by their manacles: no matter what

were their sufferings, on they went. Food and drink were given in scanty portions, and only at night. A murmur was punished with blows; attempt to escape was prevented by heavy irons; refusal to go on was followed by the pricking of the spear. Some sunk under it, and when, from their appearance, it was deemed impossible to take them further, they were unbound, and the kaffle passed forward, leaving them to perish alone in the wilds, without a drop of water to allay their thirst, or strength to escape the fierce animals who seized them, while living, as their prey <sup>(11)</sup>. Our heroine, convinced of the necessity of obedience, and young and active, suffered less than could have been expected; but, when she reached the end of her journey, none could have recognized her as the pride of Melli, so little trace was there of her beauty or sprightliness. The kindness of her nature alone seemed to survive the wreck of her attractions, for frequently she and Beeah relieved the mothers of the children, which they bore in their arms, to avoid a repetition of the before-mentioned horrors; and seldom did they lie down to rest without some good office exercised upon greater sufferers than themselves. As far as their situation could allow them to feel, the objects of their kindness were grateful, and the whole kaffle loved the two Booroom girls.

One morning the party emerged from a thick forest, and a range of high blue hills suddenly burst on their view. "Look," said the master to Inna; "pass those, and you will see the great water, which will take you

to white man's country." Inna turned away her head, and quietly breathed a defiance. "Beeah," she softly whispered to her companion, "I never will go upon the water; I will die first." Beeah shook her head with an incredulous smile, and Inna was silent. They passed through the defiles of these mountains, traversed sandy plains, which scorched their feet as they walked over them, and ascending an eminence, beheld the sea. A cry of astonishment escaped the lips of all. The port for which they were destined lay at the foot of the hill, and the town was an assemblage of huts, thatched mud-houses for the higher classes, and a few built of white stone, with flat roofs and verandahs, for the European merchants; beyond was the sea, and on it a large vessel and numerous small craft were riding at anchor. A heavy surf beat on the shore, and canoes alone could be employed in transporting the merchandize backward and forward<sup>(12)</sup>. Inna gazed intently on the scene, and not without a sensation of horror, as she listened to the stories now told by some of the slaves who, in a state of freedom, had previously visited the coast. They were suffered to repose one night after their arrival, but the next morning they were completely unbound and washed; their skins were impregnated with perfumed vegetable butter, or oil; their heads shaved, leaving a tuft of hair for the fixing of ornaments; and good kanky<sup>(13)</sup>, foofoo, and pure water allowed for their meals; their legs were rubbed, to reduce them to their natural size; and when, after some days, they were thought to be sufficiently recovered from their journey, they were dressed for the

market. Inna had her own ornaments and cloth restored to her; some coloured feathers were stuck in her hair; and she was put, with her friend Beeah, foremost in a lot selected for youth and beauty, and for which an unusually high price was to be demanded. They were then marched into a large space in the middle of the town, and examined under a shed by those who came to purchase. "Why," said some of the brokers to the European trader, on seeing Inna, "here is one worth them all; she will fetch a good price, supposing she should live through the voyage, and would sell well to wait on a master or a mistress." All were anxious to purchase her, and her master raising her price accordingly, made so much money, that he even spoke kindly to Inna, as she parted from him, to go to her new possessor, and offered to inform her friends of her destiny, provided he could do so without endangering himself; but Inna scorned to reply, her heart swelling with indignation and agony, yet throbbing with the purposes which then occupied her thoughts. Beeah was purchased by the same trader, and both were led to the house he occupied, as it was intended that they should be treated in a superior manner. Inna spoke more than one language<sup>(14)</sup>, and, from her father's slaves, had acquired one or two common on the coast; she could therefore comprehend the conversation between the two men, who were placed as guards at the door of the room where she and Beeah were locked in. "When do you think the slaves will be shipped?" said one. "Not for these three days," returned the other; "for it takes some time to pack them."

“I cannot understand,” rejoined the first speaker, “how the ship can hold so many; have you been on board to see?” “Yes,” was the reply; “and a curious sight it is, and I could not help thinking I should be very sorry to make one among them: the floor is full,—and so there are some bits of wood, which stick out from the sides of the hold, like straight branches of trees, and all the fresh comers will be made to sit on these, like a parcel of monkeys or birds, and the ship will be quite lined with them.”<sup>(15)</sup>—“Do you hear that, Beeah?” said Inna; “will you submit to that?” for she too understood what had been said. “How can we escape it?” she returned. “Why, by running away,” was the answer. “But how?” “Look at the room in which we are; it is only made of bamboo-stakes, covered with palm-leaves. I picked up a knife yesterday, which I have secreted in my cloth; with that I can cut a hole in the stakes, and by pulling down enough of the palm-leaves to admit of our creeping through, we may be beyond pursuit before morning. Those who watch us sleep at the door, and the nights are so dark that nothing is stirring in the village, and we may be far away before they begin to seek us.” Beeah hesitated, but, as Inna did not purpose making the attempt before the next night, when she thought all would be in repose, before the labours of shipping were begun, she made use of her eloquence to persuade Beeah to accompany her, and the timid girl at length consented.

The captives appeared so contented, and were so little suspected, from their age and sex, of any intention of

making their escape, that their limbs were not bound at night, nor was it thought necessary to place at their door more than a boy, who soon fell fast asleep. When all was hushed, and the whole village silent, Inna began her work, and without much difficulty severed the stakes, making thereby a hole big enough to admit her body, and then proceeded to drag down or separate the leaves. "Inna, said Beeah, trembling in every limb, "I hear some one coming." It was their master. In an instant the two girls appeared to be in a profound sleep, wrapped up in their cloths; and the man retired, fastening the door after him. On passing to his bedroom by the outside of the house, he had heard the rustling of the leaves as Inna pulled them; but when he entered, and saw the slaves in a tranquil slumber, he thought that a rat had occasioned the noise, and he laid himself upon his couch in perfect security.

When all was again quiet, Beeah exclaimed, "Inna, I beseech you not to go: if retaken, they will cut off your head, or beat you to death." "You fool," returned Inna, "do you think they can come again directly to look at us?—this is just the moment; but if you are afraid, you had better stay behind, for you will only incumber me. But think of your mother." "Ah! I will come," said Beeah. Inna then made a packet of the supper which had been left for them, and snatching up her feathers and ornaments, which she thought might hereafter purchase food, she proceeded to the aperture, and when half through, felt herself pulled back; but it was only Beeah, who now declared she would rather submit to

her fate than be caught in the attempt to escape. "Well, then, stay for a coward," replied Inna; "but may the great fetish keep you, and guard you across the big water! Do not tell any thing about me, but say you were asleep when I ran away, if they question you in the morning." As she finished these words she disappeared through the opening, and cautiously and softly treading the sandy path, she, as she fancied, took the way to the forest. She wandered on for a considerable distance, till it became so dark, that she was totally unable to see where she stepped. The low hollow murmurings of the ocean gradually stole upon her ear, accompanied by a shrill whistling sound; she became alarmed, and stopped. The blast increased, and the waves roared; she again went forward, unconsciously approaching the shore, and a sudden flash of lightning showed her that she was close to the element she most feared. Appalled, she remained motionless, when the sound of voices and footsteps told the approach of her supposed pursuers: breathless, she sunk upon one knee,—her head thrown back with intense listening,—her hands clasped, and raised for aid to the great Being, of whom, alas! she had but an imperfect notion. The sea, the tempest, every horror vanished before the idea of again falling into the hands of those from whom she had escaped; but the dreaded sounds subsided; and, drenched by the rain and stiff with terror, Inna rose, and with difficulty skirted along the beach, till, by the lightning gleams, she discovered some rocks at a distance, and it occurred to her that, in some cavity there, she might lie in security

till the great ship was gone away, and she was no longer sought after. Thither she accordingly bent her steps, found the shelter she required, and hid herself in a secure retreat, still grasping the little packet which was to afford her sustenance.

When the door of the hut was opened in the morning, Beeah feigned sleep, and missing Inna, the boy who had entered flew to call his master. Questions were asked, the door examined; Beeah pretended to stare with astonishment at the one, and the other afforded no evidence of Inna's escape. (<sup>16</sup>) As they proceeded, however, to examine the apartment, they saw the aperture, and her flight was explained. Beeah was threatened, but as she persisted in her ignorance, her hands and feet were merely tied together, to prevent her from following her friend's example, and the trader who had sold them was summoned. He was as much astonished as the rest; scouts were sent out in all directions from the village to the various parts of the forest; the vessel was delayed a whole day, and yet no news of Inna. The insufficiency of her guard, the final visit of her master, causing additional security, both favoured Inna's flight; the darkness of the night and the tempest had kept many within their huts, who would otherwise have been straggling about; the torrents of rain had washed her footmarks from the sand, and, not supposing that she would venture to approach the sea, of which she had so much dread, no one thought of seeking her in that track. The mistaking her path was thus a strong circumstance in her favour, and securely she lay in her



wavewashed cave for two days, when she saw the moving house unfurl her wings, as she supposed, and majestically glide across the broad Atlantic, bearing with her hundreds of heart-broken creatures, crammed together till disease thinned their numbers; and the wretched survivors reaching their market in too enfeebled and emaciated condition to be sensible to their miserable destiny. Much squabbling had taken place between the master of the vessel, or, in other words, the European slave-trader, and the first possessor of Inna; as the latter refused to refund the money paid for her, she having escaped after she had been taken out of his hands; but another valuable slave at length settled the difference: the European departed, the African staid to rest and carouse with his friends, and Inna was left to proceed unmolested.

She continued her way along the shore, only making occasional incursions into the forest to procure fruit and water, and frequently suffering dreadfully from hunger and thirst. In one or two instances she met with wandering parties of the natives, but hid herself from them among the trees; and once or twice a few stragglers appearing on the beach, she laid herself flat on the ground behind a sand-heap, and thus escaped unnoticed. She slept chiefly by day, but the damp breezes from the sea, to which she was unaccustomed, united to fatigue and privation, brought on fever and ague, and frequently she sat herself down to die: but when the fit left her, though weak, she again crawled forth, till by degrees she gained the mouth of a considerable river. Here she

paused, unknowing what to do: to cross it was impossible; she could with difficulty see the opposite bank, and the water came from the right, far, far as she could see. She had no alternative, therefore, but to turn also to the right, and continue along the bank. This soon involved her in forest, and frequently she lost sight of the flood which guided her steps; and incurred fresh dangers from the number of wild beasts which prowled backward and forward in the vicinity of the river, as they were alternately impelled to seek the cool breezes by day, and their prey by night. She adopted the usual method of getting up into the trees, and after many days, passed in difficulties and escapes, she reached the precincts of a village, where she remained concealed till night-time; she then sought some of the open plantations, where she secured a supply of ears of maize and water-melons (<sup>17</sup>), with which she proceeded, till, within a quarter of a league of the village, she again reached the flood. Poor Inna, who thought, because Melli was surrounded by forest, her way home must lie through the same sort of scenery, almost despaired; but observing, at the same time, that the river went through these interminable shades, she determined to get into a canoe, which was drawn up close to the bank. She dared not seek assistance from her fellow-beings, for fear of being again taken and sold as a slave; and the stillness of the water no longer presenting the angry and fearful features of the ocean, but resembling her Booroom streams, tempted her to try its surface. The chief difficulty was how to guide her canoe; but of what is not

human nature capable, when hoping to reach all that is dear? Upon a small river, near Melli, Inna and Kobara had frequently been in a canoe, which had been guided by one of their father's slaves, who came from the coast. She therefore took hold of a paddle, and as well as she could, from recollection, tried to make use of it. She launched her little bark, but kept close by the side of the land; and, getting accustomed to the effort, the next morning was far from the village. Fortunately for her, she had not courage to push out into the middle of the river, where the current would have borne her back; but at the side she could use her paddle, and the comparative rest recruited her frame, almost worn out by her long sufferings. She feared to stay on the water during the day, from the risk of meeting other travellers; therefore, drawing the canoe to the shore, and hiding that and herself in the thick foliage of the banks, she did not proceed till the evening, when she resumed her new mode of conveyance.

As she continued her way after sunset, she was startled by the appearance of one of the monsters of the flood, which seemed to be pursuing her, and slowly raised its head close to the side of the canoe; its enormous round eyes seemed to roll with satisfaction at the prey which its huge jaws appeared about to swallow; its mishapen and broad head seemed to belong to a still more unwieldy form, which, when she suddenly started up in the canoe with terror, plunged down to the bottom, but rose again ahead of her, as if to await its victim.<sup>(18)</sup> Inna had just strength enough left to turn her canoe

towards the shore and paddle thither, when she fled to a little distance, and secured herself among the branches of a tree: from this retreat, however, she was soon pelted by the monkeys, who broke off short pieces of wood and threw at her, chattering and squeaking with indignation at her invasion of their dominions. She knew them too well to attempt to dispute their authority, and the unhappy girl again sought her canoe, when she saw a huge scaly form lying beside it, apparently asleep; presently, however, it crept into the long grass, and as it hid itself uttered a cry like that of a child. "It is very like a lizard," thought Inna; "it cannot do me any harm:" but on advancing she saw its long jaws filled with sharp teeth extended to deprive her, at least, of a limb, and she as suddenly retreated, when the animal took a leap into the water and disappeared. <sup>(19)</sup> Night at last came on: even the hippopotami and crocodiles were at rest, and the poor persecuted Inna again took her way along the river, where the current became less rapid; the banks were closed in with large high trees, and the jungle assumed the appearance of long slender branches. Sleep overcame the weary wanderer, and in the morning she found her canoe resting against a fallen tree in a creek of the river, up which she had been unconsciously proceeding. Neither crocodiles nor other monsters here assailed her, and as she ate the remainder of her provisions, she felt herself invigorated sufficiently to look around.

Nothing could exceed the lovely tranquillity of the scene. The narrow-leaved mangrove grew far in the

water, and the younger shoots, with their dark shining foliage, started from the bed of the creek, like beautiful myrtles. From the higher stems hung long scarlet berries, from which dropped the embryo of a new tree, shooting forth its seminal leaves, before it left its parent trunk to fix its independent growth. <sup>(20)</sup> The white and withered branches which hung below were covered with small oysters of the richest flavour, the broken shells of which, glittering in the light, repeatedly gave a pearly lustre to the twig which supported them <sup>(21)</sup>; as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but forest, which, at a distance, between the trees, looked like a subterraneous cavern supported by columns, it was so dark and still. The redwood and ebony towered above the rest, some way from the banks; and here and there a fairy wreath of parasitical plants waved gaily in the gentle breeze of approaching morning, and added to the lightness and delicacy of the sharp forms of the mimosas which bent beneath their clusters of scarlet or yellow flowers, and perfumed the atmosphere. The stream itself was clear, and fishes of the most brilliant colours were seen sporting below. But the sun rose, and awoke every thing to life and motion; myriads of insects stretched out their little wings, and displayed their jewelled sides; the monkeys raised their heads from under their arms, shook themselves, and chased each other from branch to branch; the white pelicans solemnly stalked down to the water's edge, to steal their morning's repast; the grey cranes, with their yellow

legs, hovered over the spot with the same intention; the parrots, fluttering their variegated plumage, and fixing themselves on the loftiest summits, screamed with delight. All nature appeared to evince by its joy the goodness of God, and even the most insignificant of his creatures seemed to thank him for adding another day to their existence. The way-worn and desolate Inna was not insensible to the charms of this earthly paradise; she thought how much better it was than being a slave in white man's country, although neither Kobara nor Zabirma was present. She became desirous of landing, and, disengaging her canoe from the tree, proceeded up the creek. She had not gone far when she heard voices, speaking in an unknown tongue, gradually advancing; and, at the next winding of the creek, she saw a boat making fast towards her, pulled by black men, but containing Europeans. She sickened at the sight, turned the head of her canoe, and tried to escape; but, unused to the complicated navigation of the mangroves, she became entangled among them, and as she still tried to urge on her canoe, it upset, and she was plunged beneath the water.

On recovering her senses, Inna found herself in the boat, and her canoe fastened to the stern. She was assailed on all sides by questions, none of which could she answer, for she was as much a stranger to the language of these negroes as to that of the white men. They tried to make her understand by signs what they wished to know, but the affrighted Inna was too un-

happy to attempt to comprehend them. The white men asked the rowers if she belonged to the village up the creek, but they disclaimed all knowledge of her, and her countenance was totally different from the national features of the neighbouring countries. They roughly shook her, to rouse her and make her speak; then mentioning the names of several places, implied their desire of knowing whence she came: but all these names were strange to her, and she shook her head. Giving up the endeavour, they briskly resumed their way to the ship, which lay up the river, a little beyond the creek, and took Inna with them. For the first time the poor girl gave herself up to despair; her sufferings had subdued her spirit, and, hopeless, she now calmly resigned herself to her fate. One of the white men seemed to be superior to the rest, and his face expressed benevolence. On him Inna repeatedly fixed her eyes, and felt a slight degree of pleasure, when, on his arrival at the vessel, he desired she should accompany him. He led her gently to a raised part of the deck, where sat an English female, who welcomed the return of the party, and evidently inquired who Inna might be. The story told, she suggested that some of the people on board might be able to speak the language of the fugitive; and summoning her head-servant, she gave him orders to make the trial. He was from Kano, and for a moment a gleam of animation illumined Inna's sunken cheeks; for the frequent communication between that country and Melli rendered the tongue of each familiar to the other. To his questions of how she

got there, and who she was, she returned a narrative of all that had befallen her, and finished by throwing herself on her knees, and imploring that she might not be reduced to slavery, or taken to white man's country. As she spoke, the interpreter had evidently shown signs of considerable feeling, and his eyes were even filled with tears as he repeated Inna's story to his mistress; and when he concluded with her request, the lady desired him to say, that English people never made slaves, and that she herself would take care of Inna, and, if possible, help her back to her own country. On hearing this Inna started from her knees, and, taking the lady's hand, burst into tears, the first she had shed since her departure from Booroom. From that moment a new existence seemed to dawn upon her; she was fed, and laid upon a mattress to repose herself; she soon sunk into a profound slumber, which lasted several hours, and when she at length awoke, she saw the smiling face of the white woman hanging over her. Astonished, she arose; she believed herself enckanted; but the Kano-man reassured her, and refreshed and invigorated by her long rest, she eagerly gazed on the novel scene around her. She was environed by unknown forms and objects, and her eyes were never satiated with looking at them: incessantly she followed the Kano-man, to ask the use of every thing she beheld, and afforded infinite amusement to his master and mistress. Glass, and many other novelties, she supposed were to eat; but the dress of the white woman seemed to create more astonishment than any thing else: the cap on her head she thought grew



there, and when the lady pulled it off to dress her hair, Inna uttered a cry of surprise (<sup>22</sup>). Gloves she thought to be double skins, drawn on and off at pleasure, and expected every part of white people's skins to possess this happy contrivance. Divested of all fear, impressed with the animating hope of again reaching Booroom, she rapidly acquired the English language; she was told the name of every thing, made to pronounce it slowly and accurately, and before the expiration of a fortnight could utter several English phrases with a perfect comprehension of their meaning. We shall therefore cease to speak of her interpreter, as she so soon became independent of his assistance.

The lady and gentleman into whose hands Inna had fallen were residents at one of the English settlements, and the health of the former requiring a sea voyage, they had made an excursion, on board a trading vessel, while she took in her cargo, and were then to return to Igwa. They were delighted at meeting with our heroine, and determined to keep and instruct her, in the hope of making her a valuable attendant. They were enemies to all harshness, and the life of Inna would have been happy could she have forgotten her country and still dearer relatives. The anchor was weighed, and with the movement of the vessel returned a portion of Inna's alarm and horror: she knew she was not going to the land of white people, but still an indescribable terror assailed her. Sickness, however, soon overcame every other feeling, and she remained nearly insensible for several days. On reviving a little she crawled on deck,

and shuddered at beholding herself surrounded by water, without a glimpse of land; no persuasion could induce her to look over the side, and, when she arrived at Igwa, she rejoiced almost to happiness at being lifted out of the ship into a canoe. This joy was increased when a black man, wading through the surf, seated her on his shoulder, and carried her to the beach, after her mistress had been conveyed in the same manner. All the girls of Igwa ran along the sand to look at the white woman, and when they beheld her accompanied by a stranger, they set up a shout, and surrounded her with eager curiosity. Inna was soon established within the walls of a large fortress, and lodged in the rooms appropriated to her mistress and her husband, in the castle. Once every day she was suffered to go out and bathe, but the rest of her time was devoted to her mistress, learning to prepare food, to work at her needle, and a number of useful offices, which she performed with great dexterity and alacrity. She soon felt an attachment to the white woman sufficiently strong to prevent her from running away, but she never lost an opportunity of reminding her of her promise to aid her in returning to Melli. The beauty of Inna's form, and the expression of her countenance, now returned; her limbs again became polished and round, her movements graceful and elastic, her eyes sparkling, and her whole face lighted up with that mirthful smile which gladdened those with whom she associated. She went to purchase the provisions of the family in the market, where her gentle manners and personal beauty rendered her a welcome customer; and no one could make a better

bargain than Inna. The result of this exposure to public eyes was many a loving whisper from the youths of Igwa; but she appeared perfectly indifferent to their advances. She met one or two men who had known her at Melli, having been captured and brought down to the coast before her own seizure; they bore witness to the wealth and consequence of her father and brother, and she was then accosted by the first men in Igwa. They even applied to her mistress, who referred them to Inna herself; and her constant reply was, that she was consawed, and they knew the penalty to be paid on taking another man's wife (<sup>22</sup>). The reason of her refusal being thus published, she was freed from further persecutions, except the sly glances and squeezes of the fingers offered by the more incautious youths.

We have again to speak of Inna in the quality of a nurse; for, on looking at her mistress one day, she perceived a livid blue tint over her whole face. Alarmed, she begged permission to seek medical aid, and carefully listening to the instructions of the doctor, prepared her lady's bed. In that bed the patient remained six weeks: she was frequently delirious, and became so enfeebled that she could not raise her hand to her mouth. On Inna rested the whole responsibility; for her master was absent, and she was found worthy of the trust: she never erred in administering the prescribed remedies; her slumbers, taken on a mat by the side of the bed, ceased at the slightest movement of the sufferer. The keys of the gold and the store were committed to her care, and when she gave back the charge,

nothing was wanting (<sup>24</sup>). At length, her beloved lady gave signs of convalescence, and eagerly did Inna watch the increase of those symptoms. She constantly lifted her from her bed to her chair; invented delicacies to tempt her appetite; and was almost wild with joy when she saw her go out, for the first time, in a little carriage drawn by black men (<sup>25</sup>). After the comparative recovery of her lady, Inna said to her, "Missy, you no cry when you sick; black-woman cry—make noise—say, oh!—Why for you no cry?" "Because, Inna," answered her mistress, "I think the great and good God will take care of me, and I hope he will let me live to see my husband again." "Ah, look, lady! you want to see your husband—you no think I want to see my brother, my father, my mother;—can great God take me back to Booroom?" "Certainly, Inna, he can do what he pleases." "Oh then, Missy, teach me to pray to God, that I may ask him." This was an opportunity long wished for by the English lady, and she did not fail to embrace it. There must be some powerful motive to induce an unlettered being to admit truths which are not evident to the senses; and before a savage can be truly converted, we must make him sensible of the advantage of embracing a new faith. Religion must also assume a cheerful form; for negroes cannot be expected to leave their fetish, which permits them to dance and enjoy themselves, for the gloomy contemplation of everlasting torments and a deity always in anger. The first steps of conversion must be founded on facts; for negroes are also shrewd arguers, and not

very open to conviction: their ruling passions are not tempted by the Christian religion, and very slow and gentle must be the first advances, to do any real good. Inna's rude creed did indeed tell her, that there was a great and superior Spirit presiding over the whole creation; but the minor spirits, or fetishes, were so interwoven with every circumstance of common life, that this great power was almost lost in the frequent appeals to the less. Many were the questions she asked, and difficult was it to answer them; but by degrees the truth broke upon her, and she received it with enthusiasm. The first error which underwent a change was the belief that poor people were excluded from heaven, and stood no chance of entering it, unless it was in the suite of a great man, who took them in to wait upon him. Inna soon became sensible that heaven was open to all who deserved it; and the idea was so cheering, that she eagerly sought the means of obtaining such grace. The virtues of patience and forbearance had already been taught to this poor girl by her captivity and subsequent wanderings; the habit of obeying her mistress had taught her meekness; and the comparison she made between the capabilities of blacks and whites had taught her humility. Thus she had, almost unknowingly, imbibed the grand principles of the Christian religion. What, then, was wanting? That great feature which distinguishes it from all others—"To return good for evil." Revenge is a leading passion among all barbarians; can it be wondered at, then, that Inna had con-

stantly prayed to the fetish to punish the master of the slave kaffe, the man who had purchased her from him, &c. &c., and could with difficulty be persuaded that she ought to implore the Almighty to bless and forgive these her persecutors? She long remained obstinate on this point; but one day, instead of getting her mistress's bed ready, she staid to talk to her Booroom friends till long after the usual hour. Suddenly recollecting her neglect, she flew back to her mistress, yet weak with illness, and suffering from fatigue and thirst; for purposely she had not allowed any one to perform Inna's duties for her. Upon the latter inquiring if the other servants had been employed, the lady answered, "No; I look to you to do these things: the others have performed their tasks, and gone out to play: I had no right, because you staid away, to make them work in your place." The conscience-stricken Inna rapidly executed what was required, and in trembling silence assisted her mistress to bed, and then, throwing herself on her knees by her side, implored forgiveness. "How can you, Inna," returned the lady, "expect me to forgive you, when you do not forgive those who have done wrong to you?" The truth flashed upon the mind of the defaulter, and she retired to her mat to weep, till fatigue closed her eyes. Long before her mistress was stirring did she eagerly place herself close to her, and await the opening of her eyelids. The moment she awoke, Inna exclaimed, "Missy, I know all! if I do forgive wicked man, God no forgive me." This in-

portant point was thus far gained, and carefully did the lady watch for the recurrence of a feeling so interwoven with the nature of her *protégée* (<sup>25</sup>).

But the task of instructing Inna was soon terminated; for one day, passing the great hall of the castle, where audience was given by the governor to those who craved it, and where all public business was transacted, Inna heard the well-known sounds of her native language. Breathless, she listened, and a voice fell upon her ear which raised her emotion to agony. The next moment she sprang forward, dashed through the crowd that filled the hall, and sunk at the feet of Kobara. A young man darted from the opposite side, and helped Kobara to carry the senseless form to the air. It was Miensa. All their followers gathered round them and shouted at beholding the lost Inna; while the governor remained an astonished spectator of the unusual scene. Inna recovered to a consciousness of her happiness; and after returning the caresses of her brother and affianced husband, animated by the new feelings which had been awakened in her bosom, she flung herself on her knees, and thanked God for having at length heard her prayers; then, rising, she with earnest gestures told her friends that good white people had taken care of her, and taught her to call on God. Their question of how she got thither induced the governor to step forward and relate the manner in which she had been found; and Inna filled up the narrative with the leading circumstances of her escape, reserving the details for another opportunity. Suddenly recollecting her mistress, she

broke from Miensa, and flew to solicit permission to introduce her relatives to her. "Lady, lady!" she exclaimed, "Kobara found! Kobara come!—I go back to Booroom—your Inna happy—she thank God for all!" She then rapidly described the meeting, and having obtained the permission she sought, she triumphantly led back her brother and her husband to her benefactress. She was now interpreter in her turn; and the Melli party earnestly thanked the lady for her goodness to their poor wanderer, and requested permission to take her back to Booroom. No denial could be given; but the Englishwoman felt that the loss would not be easily repaired. No more work for Inna! She returned to the town with her companions; and listened to the causes of their arrival. They had taken advantage of the new communication with Ashantee, and prompted, partly by curiosity to see white men, and partly by a hope of opening a trade, they had joined a deputation from the king of Ashantee, little supposing that the most important result of their expedition would be the restoration of their lost treasure. Inna gave them a minute description of her adventures; and when she told her reasons for supposing that Amoo had been the instigator of her capture, the young men both started up, and were about to swear revenge—not upon him, because he was dead—but upon his surviving family; but Inna stopped them, exclaiming, "White woman had taught her to know God, and she would by-and-by teach them; and they must stop a little before they vowed revenge." The time for executing her evening



duties now returned, and she left Kobara and Miensa, promising to come next day and settle their future proceedings. She entered her mistress's door with the step of gladness, and was accosted by the sentence—"You come back, Inna! I thought you were too happy to recollect me." "You think me wicked girl, then, Missy?" "No, Inna; it was natural you should." "Ah! black man got better heart than that; Inna no forget you—can't leave you till she teach some more girl to do for you as she does." She then quietly performed her usual offices, and settled herself for the night, not to sleep, for she was too happy, but to form schemes of future enjoyment, and think of her parents, of whose welfare Kobara had assured her, on her recovery from fainting. The next day she again sought her brother, and discussed their affairs. Miensa now claimed her, and was impatient of delay; but both she and Kobara insisted that the marriage ought not to take place until she returned to her father and mother. The Englishwoman heard of the dispute, and settled it by saying that she considered Inna as her child, and she wished her to be married before she left Igwa. The gratitude which Kobara felt towards her made him readily acquiesce in her wishes, and that day week Inna was led home to the happy Miensa by the principal women of the country, the priest blessing her as she entered the door. A marriage-feast was given by her late master and mistress, even to the followers of the brother and bridegroom, and a portion bestowed upon the bride, of gold, cloths, and every article necessary to

keep up her knowledge of the useful arts which she had acquired. Preparations were made for departure; and Inna employed the interval in qualifying another girl to take her place by her mistress. The moment of separation arrived, and both mistress and servant were agitated. Inna's grief amounted to agony; but her mistress, raising her from her knees, besought her never to forget the most important of the precepts she had instilled, and to do her utmost to save her fellow-creatures, and teach them all she knew. Inna promised. Kobara and Miensa uttered many expressions of thanks, and then carried her away; commencing their journey on the spot. They purposely avoided the capital of Ashantee; for Inna was too beautiful not to attract notice, and their small party was not deemed sufficient protection to repel any endeavours that might be made to carry her off. After two months' travelling, the party reached Melli, and Inna threw herself into the arms of her father. But alloy must creep into all human enjoyment; and when Inna clasped her mother, she pressed a lifeless being to her heart. Poor Zabirma, weakened by her previous affliction, expired with joy at the sight of her lost child. No marriage-feast followed their arrival; but, when Inna had a little recovered from the shock, she made her recent wedding an excuse for preventing the sacrifice of more lives. Several girls had already been immolated to the manes of her mother; these were deemed sufficient for the moment; but on the anniversary, it was proposed to be doubly profuse of human blood. By that time, however, Inna had worked

a little reformation in her husband and brother; through their influence, the number of human victims was lessened, and the first step taken towards a total cessation of these dreadful sacrifices. Inna became a mother, and fervently and ably did she exert herself to rear her children in her own belief. In this she succeeded. The family was powerful, and flourished; therefore neither priests nor neighbours dared to interfere; and no human beings were murdered at the death of Inna and her descendants.

We must not close this little narration without mentioning that Kobara and Miensa demanded permission of the king of Ashantee for presents to pass through his country from them to the white woman, as a small tribute of gratitude. Orders were issued to the caboceers of the different towns to allow Kobara's followers to travel unmolested; and they safely deposited swords with gold handles, a set of gold ornaments of exquisite workmanship, a large piece of rock gold, cloths of the finest texture interwoven with silk, valuable monkey, panther, and boa skins, ivory, samples of their pottery, of working in leather, of their dyes, their carving, feathers, perfumed vegetable butter; in short, specimens of every art practised in Booroom, and every natural production found there, and in the neighbourhood.

## NOTES TO THE BOOROOM SLAVE.

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THE history of the Booroom Slave is taken from the narrative of a girl who came from that country, and waited upon me: from her lips were many of the details noted, and to them nothing has been added but what is in strict consonance with the scenes spoken of, and of their inhabitants.

(<sup>1</sup>) How this tobacco was introduced into the country does not appear, but it is cultivated in Booroom to some extent. Botanists all say it is impossible that it can be indigenous to Africa, as it exclusively belongs to the New World; and it has probably, therefore, been introduced by the Portuguese; relics of whom are to be found very far in the interior. Mr. Bowdich saw, in Coomassie, rich vessels of silver, such as are used in Catholic churches, with Portuguese inscriptions on them, and which there is little doubt had found their way from the coast by means of traders. The Portuguese nation, however, is well known at even greater distances from the sea than Booroom, and, in the division of the people of North-Western Africa into clans or families, it is admitted as if it belonged to the soil. Of these clanships there are twelve, which gives us reason to suppose that the nations who acknowledge this division must have formerly been united into one. Those called the Buffalo, Bush Cat, Panther, and Dog; (animals which they are forbidden to eat,) form the patriarchal

tribes, and probably applied to the primeval races, which lived by hunting. The Corn-stalk and Plantain mark an age when agriculture was introduced; the building of permanent residences is told by that of the Red Earth, which is used in almost all the houses in Ashantee; the Palm-oil clan, into which the Portuguese are admitted, conveys the idea of commerce; and it is scarcely possible to avoid seeing in the Servant division, a connexion with the curse of Ham.

(<sup>2</sup>) The black man or woman can never (generally speaking) be seen to greater advantage than in a sick room, where their patience and gentleness are exemplary, and their touch and step almost imperceptible. Their only defect, as nurses, is, that of going to sleep with too great facility, even while standing upright, and from which it is extremely difficult to rouse them.

(<sup>3</sup>) This is a far more refreshing and cooling application in fever than that of vinegar.

(<sup>4</sup>) The favorite wives of kings and great people are in these countries killed when their husbands die, that they may go to Heaven with them.

(<sup>5</sup>) The native women of rank are extremely clever in stringing beads of various kinds; those of the coast procure some of the smallest that are made, which they intermix with gold of the same size, and form them into bands, collars, bracelets, &c. The thread which they use is made from the leaves of the pine-apple, prepared as in the manner of flax, and which is so strong, that it will bear the weight of the metal beads. Their rude needlework is generally performed with this substance, but it is so harsh that it cuts any fine material.

(<sup>6</sup>) These charms are generally scraps of the Koran, procured by purchase from the Moors, and are much sought after by the Pagan nations of N.-Western Africa; they are mostly sewn up in rich silk coverings, and bound round the arms, hung round the neck, or made to cover a jacket without sleeves, which forms part of the military dress of a man of rank.

(<sup>7</sup>) I have been told that these birds are of a beautiful green, but it is extremely difficult to get a sight of them. Their notes are melancholy, and descend in perfect thirds; they nestle closely to each other, and, as soon as the first has sung, it flies away, and the two others follow in the same manner.

(<sup>8</sup>) Foofoo is millet grain, made into a paste and boiled till soft.

(<sup>9</sup>) This coral is purchased on the coast, and brought to the interior by the traders. It is highly prized every where, and a Fantee woman has been known to give 60*l.* for a string of that which, I believe, is called barrel coral.

(<sup>10</sup>) The apathy here spoken of has caused the notion that negroes are insensible to ill treatment, forgetting how much of the latter they must have endured before they could attain indifference. It is, I think, acknowledged, that they are less sensible to bodily pain than we are, or they could not survive the treatment they receive from their own people. Their skulls are certainly thicker than ours, and sustain the severest blows without injury; indeed it is with this part that they frequently fight, and I have seen black men butting at each other with the fury of two bulls.

(<sup>11</sup>) These accounts come from those who have marched in the slave kaffle, and even fall short of reality: my little Adua, from Booroom, was not quite so badly treated, for she was soon sold to the Ashantee King, from whom I received her. She told me, that having met some of her countrymen on her way, she had sent a message to her mother to beg her to forward a ransom; but, added the child, "she no care for me, for she never buy me again."

(<sup>12</sup>) This heavy surf is a formidable obstacle to landing in many parts of the western coast; no European boat can live in that at Cape Coast, and passengers and goods are consigned to canoes, which swim at the top of the foam. The canoe-men are constantly plying, and form a class distinct from all others. The instant they have received their freight they dart off with inconceivable rapidity, and sing or chaunt very much in the manner of the Catholic choristers. They have great delight in frightening all newly arrived persons, by making the most hideous possible grimaces at them. One of the few ladies who ever landed at Cape Coast burst into tears from fright; but when these men perceive that they create no alarm, they make signs to each other to be quiet, thereby proving that it was a preconcerted plan. They do not hesitate upsetting a person against whom they have any spite; but they take care that a ducking shall be the extent of the injury received. They right the canoe, place their victim in again, leap in themselves, and start once more with the most provoking composure. This, however, is a dangerous experiment when sharks are in the neighbourhood, though I never heard of any European being killed by one of these formidable monsters. As I stood one day at a window, looking on to the sea, I saw the dorsal fin of several of these crea-

tures, who were proceeding with the utmost rapidity to the spot where five men were swimming and sporting in the water. I immediately sent to warn them of the risk they ran, and four of them returned to the shore, but the fifth scorned all precaution, laughed at my messenger, and said I was too much frightened, because I was a white woman. I then despatched half a bottle of rum, in order to bribe him to come to the beach; but before he could be tempted, I saw the creature seize him, and drag him under the water which was instantaneously covered with blood: he rose again, and a canoe, which put off immediately, brought him to land, with the loss of one leg, the hip-bone having been fairly dragged from the socket: medical aid was instantly summoned, but he died in a few minutes.

(<sup>13</sup>) This is the bread of North-western Africa: it is made of maize, bruised between two stones, and boiled in plantain leaves.

(<sup>14</sup>) Many negroes will speak seven languages with equal facility; and indeed, this is necessary where kingdoms are small, and each has a separate tongue. None of these languages are copious, and negroes have a remarkable memory for words and forms; besides which, they have little other knowledge to destroy the force of these powers.

(<sup>15</sup>) A vessel in which I sailed had been a slaver, and fitted up in this way. Several of the perches remained in her at the time, and I was told by that active officer and kind person, Captain Hagan, that he had taken her, and found the slaves crammed into, and arranged round the hold as I have here described.







(16) The acting of a negro is admirable, and no torture or bribe will tempt him to lay aside a deceit in which he is determined to persevere. He watches every turn in the countenance of the person whom he is interested in deceiving, accommodates himself to every expression, and will even change the nature of a sentence in the middle of it, guided solely by a careful watching of the eye of him to whom he is speaking.

(17) The water-melons of Africa are much larger than those of the south of Europe; but, though cooling, they very much resemble the flavour of a spoiled cucumber. All the fruits I have mentioned are to be bought in the markets, at which places all other articles may be procured. There are no shops, and, consequently, every species of public trade must be carried on there. Each person sits under a square piece of cotton, stretched on a frame, and supported by a pole. The stock is spread on the mat extended on the ground, and consists of all eatables, including the large dried and smoked snails (inhabitants of the gigantic *Helix flammea*), gunpowder, leaden bars, brass rods, beads, cottons, cushions, stools, matting, knives, fire-arms, swords, native cloths, pieces of rich silk, &c. &c. See Plate III.

(18) There can be nothing more ugly or terrific than the head of a hippopotamus emerging from the water; and though it is harmless as to any intention of devouring human beings, it is best to get out of its way as quickly as possible, for one knock of its frightful head will upset a boat or canoe.

(19) In passing a salt-water creek with a large party, we were obliged to be ferried over ourselves, and to make our

horses swim after the canoe, while we held their bridles. It was, however, by no means safe to do this till several guns had been fired to frighten the huge crocodiles which infested this creek, into their holes. It was curious to see them start up from basking in the sun, and to hear them squeak as they plunged into their holes below the water's edge.

(<sup>20</sup>) The beauty of these mangroves surpasses all description; they abound in the mouths of creeks, and spring from under the water in such profusion, that the natives are obliged occasionally to destroy them, in order to form a passage for their canoes. They have sharp-pointed leaves, like those of the myrtle, in colour as well as shape, and between these hang long scarlet berries, like drop ear-rings of coral. These berries offer one of those beautiful provisions of nature which reward the naturalist for studying her works. Did the embryo plant drop into the water with all its seminal coverings, it would probably become rotten before it could free itself; it, therefore, while suspended from the parent tree, shoots forth its radical fibres and first leaves, and only disengages itself when able to fix in the soil which lies many fathoms below.

(<sup>21</sup>) The flavour of the tree-oysters is delicious; they are small, and cover the lower branches of the mangroves. Two or three of these branches form an ample luncheon, and in the river Gaboon we had a daily supply. The description of this creek is taken from the life, and refers to that which leads from the above-mentioned river to the native-town of Empoöngwa. The effect of the bare trunks of the trees, white from exposure to the air, makes the space which the eye commands on one side of this creek appear like a vast temple. They spring from a deep black morass, and up to a

certain height no vegetation is to be seen, no jungle grows in the morass, and there stand the straight trunks, receding from the view, like the columns of those Grecian edifices which held 30,000 persons. One of these large trees had fallen across the creek, but the inhabitants had taken no pains to remove it; accordingly, whoever passed, was obliged to clamber over it, while the boat went under.

(<sup>22</sup>) A black girl from Danish Accra, visited Annamaboo while I was there, and attracted my attention as she stood in the spur of the fortress, for she had bright red hair. Having summoned Mr. Hope Smith to look at this extraordinary sight, he suggested, as she earnestly gazed at us, that I should take off my cap. I did so, and never shall I forget the shriek she gave; she stood for a moment as if unable to move, and then darted away with the utmost rapidity. She quickly returned with a male companion, to whose equal astonishment I repeated the manoeuvre, as both of them had imagined that my cap grew on my head. The supposition that gloves were double skins, to be drawn on and off at pleasure, constantly assailed Mr. Bowdich on his journey to Ashantee.

(<sup>23</sup>) A fine, according to the wealth of the offender; and girls are constantly betrothed at their birth, in order that the unwary, when caressing them as children, may be accused of impropriety by the affianced husband, and made to pay for their unintentional freedom.

(<sup>24</sup>) In the settlements on the Western Coast, thieving from white men is encouraged, and even taught by fathers to their children. With an establishment of servants, the best way is to make one superintend the whole; he will perhaps

cheat his employer to a certain extent, but he takes good care that no one else shall. It requires some temper to deal with such impudent rogues, for they deny their offences with the most consummate effrontery. I once caught a boy taking a handful of lump-sugar from a canister. On my asking him what he was doing, he crammed it all into his mouth, stood before me with an innocent look, and stammered out that he had "done nothing." I made him open his mouth immediately, but every morsel had disappeared in the interval, and how he contrived to swallow such a quantity of hard lumps has always remained a mystery to me. I attached myself very much to a little boy who was first sent by his father to learn sense, as they call it, but which means the run of the house, and learning to be a servant under the others; if they behave well, they are generally taken into service, and allowed wages. This boy, Tando, had evinced good feeling by accompanying his master on a dangerous service, when all the other servants refused to go; and it was natural to suppose that there was good material to work upon. I taught him his duties, nursed him when he was ill, and saved him repeatedly from the floggings with which his father threatened him; but he became so drunken and insolent, that although I detested the punishment, and had made a resolution that no one belonging to me should ever feel it, I was obliged to send him, and another boy whom he had corrupted, to the Corporal, each to receive six lashes. A private message also sent to the Corporal, the purport of which was, not to hit hard, created considerable amusement among my countrymen at my expense; but, whether hard or soft, the chastisement availed nothing, for during the two first days of my seasoning fever, he stole property to the amount of twenty pounds, and



had the hardihood to appear in my presence, decked with some of the spoils. I was then obliged to give him up, well convinced that ages must elapse ere the system so long pursued by Europeans with these poor creatures can cease to influence their actions.

(<sup>25</sup>) The grass at Cape Coast is so rank, and the water not collected in tanks so unwholesome, and full of living matter, that horses do not long survive there. They generally expire in great agony, and, on being opened, their entrails have been completely perforated by worms. There is an obscure story of an English gentleman, who many years back, having been outlawed from his native country, came to settle on a hill in the neighbourhood of Cape Coast, where a tower which formed part of his residence still remains. He brought with him a pack of hounds, and several hunters, with a variety of attendants; but it is needless to say that in a few months all were swept off. It is said, that hay from Europe, and nitre put into the water before the horses drink, would ensure their lives, but the experiment has never been sufficiently tried. It is the less to be regretted, as there are no roads of any length near the settlement; one was made from Cape Coast to Elmina, a Dutch settlement, a distance of ten miles, to enable the Government establishments to visit each other at Christmas; but by the ensuing Christmas no traces of it were left. Mr. Hope Smith caused a broad road to be cut to the Governor's garden, five miles from the town, in which every tree was taken up by the roots, which alone secured its duration after the rains. It was along this road that the Europeans used to ride in little phaetons, made in London, and drawn by four black men; the Governor had six, by way of

distinction, dressed in uniform; and so far from disliking the task, they delighted in going as fast as they could, frequently performing the whole of the five miles in fifty minutes. My relationship to his Excellency having made me an important personage, they appeared to fly with "the great white woman," till I was alarmed for my neck; and the efforts of the others to keep up with them required the interference of their masters. On re-entering the town, they regularly commenced shouting, and, drawing the carriage up to the castle gate, they would end their labours with a loud laugh. The effect of a single tropical shower on these apparently clear places, is almost magical; and the above-mentioned road, so carefully kept, would one day not have a leaf on it, and the next morning would be entirely covered with green, provided it had rained in the night.

(<sup>26</sup>) Many have been the efforts, and great the zeal, expended on these poor people, and yet Christianity has made little or no progress in the Western part of Africa. Better success has attended the endeavours of Europeans behind the Cape of Good Hope, but there is little comparison to be made between the two countries; and we should vainly seek there for an explanation of the causes which operate against the Negroes. It is a subject which has always deeply interested me, and I cannot forbear to offer a few comments concerning it. We must first grant that these nations have all been, more or less, corrupted by that abominable traffic which was so long a disgrace to civilization. They have seen the worst of Europeans, and their natural proneness to imitation, added to the idea which has in all ages existed of the superiority of white men, has led them to adopt the manners



of the Slave-traders. It is a well-established fact, that one bad example will do far more harm than a good one will cause improvement; and, unfortunately, of these examples the very worst have been offered to the Western Negroes, I am sorry to say, even among those charged expressly with the task of enlightening them. I have heard them say, "Parson tell us black man more wicked, he no lub one anoder, and den Parson go home, beat his wife." Added to this strongly operating cause, there is much mistaken zeal in the well disposed, which leads them to expect too much at once. It is a task of great difficulty even to teach a Negro to read: he quickly copies every thing which requires manual dexterity, he rapidly seizes on the form of every thing he beholds, and sooner learns to write than to read; for the moment he meets with words of a metaphysical nature, he vainly tries to attach a meaning to them. Very excellent people have thought, when a Negro, by dint of application, has been enabled to read the Gospel fluently, they have given him an infallible means of conversion; but when we consider that the whole of his previous life has been spent in the gratification of sensual feelings, can it be wondered at that the mind must be prepared before any real impression can be made upon it? In consequence of the rapid mortality which took place at Cape Coast, and which was in after-years diminished by more temperate habits, and skilful medical officers, it was suggested that a coloured man should be educated in England for the chaplaincy. Accordingly, one named Quawquee, aged nineteen, was taken from among the canoe-men. In the first place, it was injudicious to choose him from the worst set of men in the community; and, in the next, he was too old; but he was sent to England, christened,

educated at Westminster, and, in a few years, ordained by the then Bishop of London. He returned to Cape Coast as the Rev. Philip Quawquee, and for some years performed the church service in his rooms at the Castle; he married a black woman, himself performing the Christian rites; his life was tolerably moral, and he was supposed to have no fear of death, and even to desire it, and he sent to England for a tombstone, properly inscribed with his name and profession. But the hour arrived which proves us all; and he sent for the old fetishwomen of Cape Coast, who smeared his doorposts with blood and eggs, practised every charm ever invented by African pagans, and he died in the midst of their yells and incantations; his greatest consolation being that, according to his request, he should be buried in the spur of the fortress, and every one would see "he had been parson Quawquee."

Worse than this was the conduct of two young men, who had been taken away while mere boys, and educated by that most respectable and well-intentioned sect called Quakers. When supposed to be fit for return, they came to the Gambia; it was during my residence there, so that I witnessed their proceedings: they were accompanied by no less than that zealous, pious, and indefatigable woman, Hannah Kilham, who some years afterwards perished in the cause of conversion, and also by a younger Quakeress, her brother, and an elderly person, who was to be left in the most healthy spot in the neighbourhood, to establish a colony. While Hannah Kilham was arranging all the plans, the younger lady devoted herself, with exemplary patience and fortitude, to the establishment of schools. They lost not a moment, and their views were reasonable, for they hoped, by teaching agricul-

ture and useful arts, to win the natives to conversion. The sequel, however, was lamentable: the chief of the colony died.—the brother of the excellent Anne, a remarkably fine young man, also fell a victim to the climate,—the two ladies returned alone to England,—one of the black men, even while they were in the country, slandered his benefactresses in the most disgusting manner, and became a professed drunkard; while the other gradually resumed the native religion and habits of all kinds.

Another obstacle to conversion has also come under my observation; and it is that of giving a gloomy character to a religion which is to bless mankind. A Wesleyan missionary, with whom I was well acquainted, and who was one of the best men I ever saw, had brought his followers into better order than the rest of their brethren; but their gloom and despondency was a melancholy contemplation; and the tears and groans which attended their worship either showed they were hypocrites, or that religion was no comfort to them. Could it then be expected to last among a lively, thoughtless people, who had been much happier before Christianity had been offered to them? Certainly not; and one by one they relapsed into their former condition. A question naturally arises from the contemplation of all the endeavours hitherto made,—for out of many there have been some well directed, more well intentioned, and others zealously followed,—Whether it be yet the time for the civilization of the Negro? We can scarcely think it, when we see the zealous and kind-hearted Sir Charles M'Carthy, the firm, the judicious, and high-principled Mr. Hope Smith, pass away without having effected any change; when we see yet another, gifted with youth, temperance, and judgment, full of the acquirements

of science and art, of cool courage, and inexhaustible resource in the hour of danger, well versed in the character and languages of the people, placing his most ardent wishes on, and sacrificing every other hope to, the amelioration of the African, carrying the spirit of the Cross into all his actions,—when we see him, too, called away at the moment of entering upon his self-imposed duties,—we are inclined to say the hour of God is *not* yet come for this benighted world!

## STORY IV.

### ELIZA CARTHAGO.

AT four o'clock one morning I stepped into a canoe, to go to Elmina, the Dutch head-quarters. The land-wind was blowing strongly, and, although only five degrees north of the equator, I was glad of all the shawls and great-coats I could find, to protect me from the chilling blast. Notwithstanding these coverings, I was quite benumbed, and landed, at seven, with the feelings which I should have had during a hard frost in England (<sup>1</sup>).

My visit was to the king of Elmina, a Dutch mulatto, of the name of Neazer. He had, during the slave-trade, been possessed of considerable property, which, added to his maternal connexions, gave him great power among the people of that place. He had also resisted every thing like oppression on the part of the Dutch, and, although ruined in fortune, he was invested with the royal dignity, in gratitude for his signal endeavours to prevent the exactions of General Daendels. I had to pass through the town, to reach his house; and the narrow streets were thronged with people going to and from the market, close to his door. It was like other African markets, except that there was a circle of dogs

for sale; a circumstance which I had not witnessed at Cape Coast.

I found his majesty surrounded by a few remnants of his former splendour, such as dim looking-glasses and tawdry sofas, and in an immense house, composed of dark passages and staircases, large halls, and a dirty black kitchen at the top. His attendants were royal in number, for most of his subjects were willing to wait on him for the sake of his good feeding. He received me very hospitably, and immediately set before me a splendid breakfast, presenting not only African but European delicacies. His garden supplied him with the former, and his wide acquaintance with the masters of trading vessels, who gladly purchased his influence with the natives, procured him the latter.

During our meal Mr. Neazer begged to introduce to me his sons, two of whom were just returned from an English school. "To be sure," he said, "they were terrible rascals, but then they were well educated, and polite enough to talk to an English lady." These "young boys," as he called them, were accordingly summoned, and, after a long interval, spent in decoration, I believe, they appeared; but, instead of the infants I expected to see, they were tall, stout men. In lieu of the promised polish, each strove to make the other laugh at every word uttered by their papa; yet to me they were most respectful; for they heard my remarks with deference, assented to every observation, and bowed at the conclusion of every sentence as gracefully as they were permitted to do by the many yards of

muslin which enveloped their throats, and by the scantiness of their best coats, which they had long outgrown. My risibility was so strongly excited, that I feared I might not always command my gravity, and rejoiced at the proposal for a walk, to see the garden and the garden-house.

The decay of his fortune had caused the decay of his country residence. Still Mr. Neazer loved to show it, and, finding that I could not oblige him more, I sat down on a chair nearly demolished by white ants (<sup>2</sup>), but felt exceedingly nervous at the reptiles which I saw lurking in every crevice. Lizards chased each other with rapidity up and down the walls; centipedes and scorpions were not far off; and it only required a serpent to peep out, to complete my apprehensions. I had passed two in my way, or rather they had rushed across my path; and I had not then learned to contemplate the possibility of their approach without a shudder (<sup>3</sup>). I tucked up my gown close round me, and *making ready* with my parasol, I sat like a statue, till my attention was arrested by Mr. Neazer's account of the destruction of a Dutch fortress up the river Ancobra. I now repeat it, as a curious exemplification of customs and manners, which will, I hope, through the endeavours of civilized Europe, one day cease to exist.

The fortress named Eliza Carthago was built about the year 1700, in a lonely situation, fifty miles from the mouth of the Ancobra, a river of Ahanta, and far from the reach of European assistance. This loneliness was not remedied by internal strength; for the utmost force



placed there consisted of a handful of soldiers, a drummer, and a serjeant. The governor had resided in it for many years, and had apparently conciliated the natives. It was in the neighbourhood of the gold-pits<sup>(4)</sup>; and during his trade, he had amassed a quantity of rock-gold, and was altogether so rich, from possessing the exclusive commerce of this part of the interior, that he at length excited the cupidity of his neighbours. They met in council, and vowed to aid each other till the white man was ruined, never taking into consideration that his wealth had been won by fair dealing with themselves; that they had been the willing instruments of his success; and that they had also been enriched by their mutual barter. "No; it was not right that a white man should come and take away their gold, and they never would rest satisfied till they had it all back again." It was necessary for them, however, to act cautiously, for they had no desire that the fort should be for ever abandoned, as it kept the trade open, and supplied them with European articles at a much easier rate than by going to Elmina for them.

Their first plan was to invent some pretext for quarrelling with the governor; and, accordingly, the next bargain that took place between them was accompanied by so much extortion on their parts, that the Dutchman could not comply with their demands. His continued resistance at length produced the wished-for dispute, or palaver<sup>(5)</sup>; and open hostility manifested itself on the side of the natives. His cattle disappeared, his plantations were destroyed, his trade was stopped, and he was



not allowed to purchase food in the market. His slaves contrived for a while to procure provisions, as if for themselves; but, their trick being discovered, they were forbidden to come into the town again for that purpose, under pain of death; and their master was reduced to live entirely on the salted stores of the fortress.

The governor now began to think more seriously of the quarrel than he had hitherto done, and dispatched a trusty messenger to head-quarters for assistance. He then summoned the chiefs of the town to the fortress to talk over the palaver. This only produced still greater irritation; and the next morning he found himself surrounded by the natives, who were well armed with muskets, bows, and arrows. He shut up the fort, loaded the few guns which he possessed, and, parleying with them from the ramparts, threatened to fire on them if they did not retire. They only answered him with shouts of defiance. Still the poor governor hesitated, because, this step once taken, the difficulty of ever coming to an amicable arrangement was increased. He lingered in the hope of assistance from Elmina; but, exasperated at the death of one of his soldiers, who was shot as he walked along the walls, he at length fired. Great destruction was occasioned; but his enemies were like hydras, the more he killed, the more their numbers seemed to increase; and day after day was spent in regular warfare. His soldiers were cut off by the skilful aim of these excellent marksmen; and, what was worse than all, his ammunition was fast decreasing. His cannon became useless; for in a short time he had not

a man left who could manage them, or a ball to load them with. As long as he possessed iron and leaden bars, and brass rods, all of which are articles of trade, he was enabled to fire on the people with muskets; but at length even these failed him, and he was reduced to some barrels of gunpowder. Every day he hoped for relief; every day he resorted to the bastion which overlooked the path to Elmina; but every day he was disappointed. Still every hour held out a hope; and he melted his rock-gold into bullets, and fired with these till he had no more. He was now entirely destitute of the means of defence; his stores were daily lessening, and want had already occasioned the desertion of his followers, who secretly stole from the fort and took refuge with the enemy. When the unhappy man mounted the walls with his telescope to look towards Elmina, his adversaries insulted him, and asked him when he expected news from the coast, and how many bullets he had left; and they showed him the pieces of gold which they had either picked up, or taken out of the bodies of those who had been killed by them. Finding that he still watched and hoped, they brought in sight his messenger, who had been intercepted and put in irons by the wretches, before he had proceeded many miles on his way to Elmina.

• This struck the ill-fated European with despair: every resource was gone; his only companions were a man, who had lived with him many years, and an orphan boy, who had each refused to quit him. With these he consulted, and seeing his destruction inevitable, he de-

terminated at least to be revenged on the villains who had bayed him to death. Assisted by the two servants, he placed all his gunpowder, which still amounted to a considerable quantity, in a small room underneath the hall of audience. He then passed the night in arranging his papers, making up the government accounts, willing away the property he had realised and sent home, and writing to a few friends. These despatches he carefully secured on the person of the man, who had orders to try to make his escape with them the next morning, and to convey them to head-quarters.

At daybreak the governor appeared on the walls of his fortress, and made signs to the people without, that he wished to speak with them. He gained a hearing, and then told them that he was now willing to give them whatever they asked, and to settle the palaver exactly as they wished; that, if the chiefs would come into the fort in about two hours to drink rum, they would find him ready to deliver up his property to any amount they pleased. This proposal was agreed to, the governor received his guests in the hall, and the people poured into the fortress. During the bustle which this occasioned, the faithful servant contrived to escape, and, creeping through the bushes, made the best of his way to Elmina. He had not proceeded far, however, when he heard a tremendous explosion; he turned round, and smoke, stones, and mangled human bodies were seen mingled together in the atmosphere. However prepared, the man involuntarily stopped to contemplate this awful catastrophe, and was only roused by the boy whom he

had left with his master. It appears that the governor affected to treat with the chiefs till he thought they were all assembled; he then reproached them with their perfidy and ingratitude, and exclaimed—"Now then, rascals, I will give you all I possess—all—all!" and stamped his foot with violence. This was the signal to the boy below, who instantly set fire to a covered train, sufficiently long to allow him to rush from the approaching mischief; and scarcely had he cleared the gates of the fortress, when all the chiefs perished with their victim, and many were killed who had assembled in the court.

The man and boy reached Elmina with the dreadful tale; and the ruin of the fortress, now an overgrown heap of stones, attests the truth of the story.

## NOTES TO ELIZA CARTHAGO.

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(<sup>1</sup>) ONE of the most dangerous circumstances attending these climates, is the violent transition from the heat of the day, to the chilling or even cold atmosphere of the nights; and inexperienced people, by incautious exposure, have frequently been seized with the country fever, from this cause alone. Those who are accustomed to the climate prepare for the change, and remain uninjured by it; and, with proper precaution, it is to be considered a blessing; for, by cooling the earth, and condensing the vapours, it diminishes the heat of the day, and braces the constitutions of the inhabitants. At Cape Coast there are four hours in which the heat is oppressive; for, from ten to twelve in the day, when the sea-breeze sets in, and from twelve to two at night, there is no wind at all. Those who rise before the sun, which is the most wholesome plan, take their siesta during the first-mentioned period, and, with common care, need never be half so much incommoded by the heat as in England, where the nights are as hot as the days, and the air so thick, that every breath seems to be inhaled through muslin.

(<sup>2</sup>) The history of the white ant, called, by the natives of Fantee, the Bugaboo, is well known; and none of the remarkable points of its economy are less marvellous in North-western Africa than elsewhere. It would be well if these

destructive insects confined themselves to their enormous nests, for if they once begin upon a house it is soon destroyed. A staircase of some size has been devoured in a fortnight, and the only remedy is to build with wood which they will not attack, such as the reed palm of Mandingoe, which is used for the beams and rafters of houses. The presence of the white ants is seldom to be detected, as they eat away only to within a wafer's thickness of the surface, and some ludicrous accidents have taken place with furniture in consequence, such as a party sitting on a large sofa, and all, without the slightest preparation, being thrown on the ground. On examination, the legs have been found completely hollowed out, and the ants proceeding to the framework. A trunk, which had stood some time in the room of an officer, and which was covered with leopard skins, on being moved, fell together, and it would seem that these insects merely avoid working in the light, for in this instance all the wood was gone. To paint the wood, and tip the legs of chairs and tables with some metal, are the only precautions which can be taken against them. But there is an incessant system of devouring going on in these countries, from the monsters of the forest to the minutest insect, and in which the whole tribe of ants plays a conspicuous part. One species of the latter exists in countless myriads, and nothing can be kept free from their presence; every thing eatable is infested by them, and not even a poor cockroach falls on his back but they devour him alive. The emigration of ants is in all countries very interesting, and of these I witnessed two curious instances. The first occurred in the middle of the night; when feeling an incessant tickling in my face, I immediately rose, and going to the lamp, ascertained that I was covered with minute black ants; after striking

and brushing myself, my mat, and my pillow, I dragged the latter to another corner of the room, and again composed myself to sleep; but in about half an hour the same thing was repeated, and I was completely driven from the apartment, by insects which were almost microscopic. They entered through the roof, dropped on the floor till it seemed to be alive with them, passed through it, served my neighbour below in the same manner, and in the morning had wholly disappeared. The second time, on looking, at sunrise, into the spur in which the soldiers barracks were situated, a red band presented itself which reached all round it, about a foot wide, and close to the buildings; its undulations shewed it to be a living mass, and to my astonishment I found it consisted of some large red ants on their travels; and whence they came no one knew: much caution was taken not to disturb them, for their bite causes great agony, and by the evening there was not a vestige of them remaining. The cockroaches, which are enormous in Africa, also cause great havoc, and abound every where, and before the approach of a storm are particularly troublesome. To battle with them as they flew against me, and send them spinning against the wall, has been a frequent occurrence, and when tired, I have lain down, covered my face with the sheet, and then felt them crawling over me. In the gun-brig which conveyed me from Sierra Leone to Cape Coast, the hospitable and attentive commander hung my cabin round with prize flags, and every fold was filled with these great brown cockroaches. To entreat the boys of the ship to catch them was a vain request, for they, knowing the hopelessness of such an attempt, contented themselves with assuring me that they would not hurt me. After passing two nights in a sitting posture, a great rat rushed across my feet, and made me prefer the company

of the cockroaches, in my berth. But before I could get reconciled to them, too near an approach on their parts gave fresh disgust, for on drinking lemonade in the dark, to relieve a sore throat, something struck against my mouth, and in the morning I discovered that I had been swallowing infusion of cockroaches. A great source of damage to our clothes was a small worm; and every month our stock was obliged to be shaken, and hung out to air. The necessity of this was evinced soon after my arrival, by a friend, who, on being ordered by the commanding officer to go into mourning for a Royal personage, boasted, with no small triumph, that he could appear in plain clothes, for he had had a black coat out from England. The next morning he accordingly entered our room, and was not a little indignant at the laughter which saluted him, for some of the destroyers had eaten a hole, the size of half a crown, in the middle of the back, and his grandeur was but momentary.

(\*) It is surprising to watch how rapidly familiarity diminishes all these antipathies. I never shall forget the cold chill which crept over me, on first seeing a huge lizard crawling on the wall of my bed-room; yet in time I not only was amused by the rapid movements of the large lizards, as they chased each other up and down the verandah where I sat, but even fed them daily. A snake close to me, I thought would be death, but at last I became so careless about them, that, although there was a nest of deadly snakes in a hole in the wall, which it was necessary to pass, in going the shortest way to the kitchen, I used to watch for a minute or two, and then dart past, when they drew their heads in; a dangerous experiment, for they are very fierce when they have young ones. A battle between a snake and a rat was a



curious sight, to which we were summoned by hearing, in the hall above the store-room, a hissing and squeaking, for which we could not account. On opening the store-room to ascertain the cause, a snake was to be seen rearing its beautiful, many-coloured neck and head, while a rat's black eyes were glistening with rage. They were in too great a fury to be disturbed by our approach, and flew at each other several times: at length the rat died in great agony, swelled up to a frightful size, and covered with foam; the snake was immediately destroyed by the servants.

On the whole, however, there does not appear to be as much annoyance from reptiles and venomous creatures in Africa as in India, where the houses (as is almost always the case,) are built with the store-rooms underneath, and the dwelling part above. To be sure, a poisonous snake came up our entrance-staircase, but it was soon despatched. It is a frequent thing to see them when walking or riding, and some are of enormous thickness, without alluding to the Boa. Centipedes are rather common, but their bite is, to most people, not worse than the sting of a wasp in Europe; the smallest have most venom, as experience told me; for one being concealed in my bed on my first arrival, its bite caused me considerable suffering, and in consequence of which every thing like bedding was discarded, as it is a famous harbour for them. The larger centipedes seldom come further than the ground-floor, where they are frequently of prodigious dimensions. On entering the government store-house, the officer who had the charge of it laid the key on a barrel; and, on going away, he put his hand out to take up the key, without paying much attention to what he was about, he laid hold of a centipede, which was even larger than the great key: however, by dashing away his hand, I was able to prevent

the injury he might otherwise have sustained. Small scorpions are often found, especially among books, and their bite is generally severe, though very rarely fatal: on a hill near Cape Coast Town, they exist of a gigantic size, and every stone that is turned aside discovers a nest of them. The tarantulas are dreaded more than anything else by the natives, (who are generally greater cowards than the Europeans), from the impression that every one has died who has been bitten by them, and a ludicrous proof of their fear occurred to me. It was my practice, when left alone, to lock myself up at night, and, at a given hour in the morning, unlock the doors, and summon the servants to prepare the apartments. On this occasion, finding that the sitting-room had not been touched, I hastily went to the door to call some one, and there stood five boys and men, the least foremost with a stick in his hand, as large as his arm, and in a threatening attitude. Some, to me unintelligible, answer was given to my inquiry, but it caused me to fear that a panther had leaped in at the open window during the night, and secreted itself under the sofa. On a repetition of the inquiry, they pointed to a hairy spider, which, as long as it remained motionless, they had not attacked, though, had it but stretched out one of its legs, stick-bearer and all would have run away. It was impossible to help laughing at them, and, taking a large book, I dropped it flat upon the insect, and of course it was instantaneously killed; on lifting the spider up by the leg to shew it to them, they implored me not to touch it, but I laid it on a shelf, intending to send it to the governor after breakfast, for he believed that tarantulas were never found in houses. In half an hour it was all gone except one leg, having been devoured by the before-mentioned tiny ants; but this leg was a sufficient voucher, and Mr. Tedlie, a medical officer, having afterwards found another in

his apartments, I preserved that, and it proved to be a new species, which is now lodged in the British Museum. The black people would not for weeks walk over the spot where the first was killed, although I washed it myself, in order to let them see that it was free from venom.

(<sup>4</sup>) It is in these gold pits, and those of Warsaw, that lump gold is found; but, whether they could be long worked, or what depth they may be, I know not. These natives pay a heavy tribute to the King of Ashantee, or they would not long enjoy their possessions. In what manner these pits are worked is still a secret to Europeans, who are carefully kept at a distance from them by the natives.

(<sup>5</sup>) This word, Palaver, seems to be of Portuguese origin, but is adopted throughout the western coast for every thing which demands discussion. A palaver among themselves is generally a ruinous proceeding to one party, and is often an excuse for entirely stripping a wealthy person of his riches; therefore the inhabitants do not let any one know the extent of their wealth, and all are very cautious in what they say respecting each other. A palaver was talking not far from where I lived, when the man against whom it was about to be decided, sprung out at the window, and set fire to the house, intending to burn his antagonists in its walls. They with difficulty saved themselves, but half the town was burnt down. The incendiary eventually destroyed himself, from fear of being reduced to poverty.

## STORY V.

### AGAY, THE SALT CARRIER.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

THE wide and rapid river of Africa called the Adirri<sup>(1)</sup> abounds with beautiful and fertile islands; and on one of these stood a small circular dwelling, formed of earth and stakes, and thatched with palm leaves. Two small canoes were moored near it; fishing nets and lines were hung on the trees to dry; the small space of ground which encircled it was well cultivated with yams, sweet potatoes, encrumas (), &c.; and large bamboos waved over the humble structure. The interior was divided into two apartments, separated by a bamboo screen, the smallest of which contained two comfortable beds of reeds and matting, hung round with bamboo curtains, one or two stools, and clumsy looking chests, and a Portuguese musket and powder-flask. The principal room was better furnished; the sides were decorated with carved and plain calabashes, light but well-made baskets, formed of the nerves of palm leaves, fans of grass or splendidly coloured feathers; and a beautiful bow of ebony, tipped with ivory, encircled by quivers of various shapes, curiously worked in coloured leather<sup>(3)</sup>, containing poisoned as well as other arrows, hung in

front of the door. On the floor were earthen vessels, either for cooking or keeping provisions; their shape was of the purest Etruscan, and some of them bore the most brilliant polish (<sup>4</sup>). The other household utensils, and the prapas (brushes of grass), were confined to one corner; several stools finely carved from the Sessa wood, and some cushions of coloured leather, were distributed round the room; and a large roll of matting, worked in the most elaborate patterns, shewed that this also was a sleeping apartment during the night. The inhabitants were old Cudjo Cooma, his wife Yahndi, and their son Agay. They lived by fishing, and collecting the salt which forms the principal commerce of this river, and which Agay, with many others, carried to Odentee, where the merchants of the interior purchase it for the inland markets. A tall tame pelican was their sole companion in this secluded spot, who went out in the canoe with Cudjo, and when he had satisfied his own appetite, willingly helped his master; and many a hardrass (a fish resembling a salmon,) had been seized by his beak, and after being well dried by Yahndi on the roof of the hut, and smoked over the fire, had been carried to the luxurious tables of the kings of Inta (<sup>5</sup>).

Cudjo, though old and grey-headed, was still capable of active employment; and his wife, though her principal avocations were to dry fish, pack salt, preserve vegetables for their sustenance during the rainy season, and cook the daily food, occasionally helped both in the canoe and in the plantations. They had lived there all their lives, and, though poor, were much respected. All

the superior comforts of their dwelling, however, they owed to their son Agay, who was of a sedate and thoughtful disposition, and who, although he was cheerful with and obliging to his companions, yet preferred coming home to his little island, and weaving, carving, cultivating the scanty domain around them, or making baskets, to the loud and noisy festivals of his comrade salt-carriers, which almost always ended in intoxication. The quiet happiness of this family, the sufficiency which surrounded them, though unaccompanied by luxury, might perhaps have excited the ill-will of their neighbours, for no people are more jealous than the western negroes of those who differ in manner from themselves: but Cudjo was a wise old man, and knew how to keep the fetishmen in good humour, and thereby secure their protection. A curious tree had sprung up on his island, the branches of which, as thick as a pipe, were every morning covered with liquid salt, which was soon converted by the sun into large transparent crystals. These crystals were carefully collected by Yahndi, and at the end of each week presented at the principal fetish temple. Their flavour was remarkably fine, and as on great feasts the offering was accompanied by dried fish, or any other delicacy which might pamper the appetites of the all powerful priests, the protection of Cudjo and his family was cheerfully accorded. The possession of this tree, however, was a secret, and the superiority of Cudjo's salt was imputed to some peculiar method of preparing it, and which of course he was never expected to betray. Had it been divulged, the tree would probably have

been rooted from the ground while the owners slept, and Cudjo deprived of his talisman (6).

Agay was young, resolute, and brave; and having occasionally received something like education from the fetish men, who hoped one day to attach him to their mysterious brotherhood, he was very superior to the other young men on the banks of the Adirri. During his intercourse with the inland merchants, his curiosity had been strongly awakened by their descriptions of the magnificence of their chieftains, and occasional sparks of ambition burst forth, which made the burden of salt upon his head somewhat irksome. During those periods of the year when the sun is generally obscured by the heavy tropical rains, or the thick fogs which succeed them, all labour being impossible, Agay would take advantage of the fine intervals which even in that season burst through the gloom, to roam through the forests with his bow and arrows, and rarely returned home without being laden with spoil. While pursuing his route through the mighty forests which cover so large a portion of this part of Africa, he one day perceived a hunting party at a distance. Wishing to avoid them, he gained the outskirts of the forest, but was arrested in his progress by the bellowings of a huge buffalo. He turned round and saw one of the hunters separated from the rest, who having irritated this beast, was pursued by it, and had taken refuge behind the enormous trunk of a baobab (*adansonia*). Escape, however, seemed hopeless; the animal kept so close to its enemy, that no sooner did he attempt to run from

the tree, than it instantly pushed at him, and as it paced round the tree, the poor fugitive had no alternative but to change sides with the buffalo (?). He had lost his arrows in his flight, his large knife had fallen from his belt, his comrades were too distant to hear the shrill whistle by which he attempted to call them to his assistance, and already was he fainting from fatigue; the big drops poured from every part of his body, his knees tottered under him, and he staggered against the tree for support. The animal darted round upon him, when a poisoned arrow from the bow of Agay pierced its broad chest. The sudden blow startled it, and it did not recover from its surprise till the poison had begun to circulate through its veins; a mist came over its eyes; it reeled and fell at the feet of its helpless victim, who viewed the sudden change with astonishment. Agay ran to render him further succour, and on seeing by his dress that he was a chieftain of some rank, lowered his cloth from his left shoulder, and modestly inquired if he could be of any service. The chieftain eagerly asked if he had been the marksman who shot the buffalo, and, on being answered in the affirmative, followed up his question by demanding his name, and requesting him to go with him to find his people. Returning together, Agay led him to that part of the forest where he had observed the others, and on his requesting leave to go home, the chief took from his knee a band of silk, which contained a portion of gold dust, and told Agay he should again hear from him on the morrow. Agay, however, respectfully bending to



the ground, said he did not want gold, and begged it might be distributed among the followers of the chief, to make a custom (feast), because their master had been saved. This unusual method of proceeding only served to increase the favourable impression already made upon the great man by the conduct of Agay; and, yielding to his entreaties, he snapped his fingers within those of his preserver, as a token of the greatest friendship, and suffered him to depart (°).

Agay returned to his parents, and after relating to them what had happened, pursued his usual occupations. The evening was stormy, and the breakers which dashed over the rocks in the bed of the river, beat heavily on their ears. The pelican, which had taken roost in one of the trees close by, was disturbed, and demanded admittance by tapping his large beak at the door. Agay rose to let him in, and Tando, the principal fetish man, stood before him. Astonishment at the presence of such a visitor did not prevent the inhabitants of the island from offering the warmest welcome, but poor Yahndi felt an indescribable sensation of fear when she beheld so unusual and so respected a guest. A cushion stuffed with silk-cotton was put on a stool for him by Agay, the little stores of snuff and tobacco were produced, and a jar of pitto (a liquor resembling beer, made from dried Indian corn,) was presented by way of refreshment. As Tando seated himself, he began as follows: "I am come to talk to you, my people, and tell you, that the person saved to-day by your brave son, is one of the greatest of the Ashantee caboceers, and is

desirous of taking his preserver to live with him. He sent for me to question me about him, and to make the proposal to you. I replied, that I feared you could not spare Agay, but he desired me to present you with this gold, and to tell you that not only shall your child be one of his own personal attendants, but he will do all the good he can for him." Cudjo shook his head—but Tando resumed, "Let me advise you to consent to this; if Agay pleases Appia, he will doubtless make him one of his captains. I used to hope that Yancoompun would send the fetish upon him (<sup>9</sup>) one day, because he has such a good head; but to be a follower of Appia's would be much better for him." These last words were almost equal to a command; but the father was still silent. Fearful of offending the fetishman, Agay took up the conversation, and begged that the decision might be deferred till the next morning; and Tando rose to take his leave. The storm, however, had increased, and he was afraid of crossing the swollen and angry river in his fragile canoe; he therefore slept part of the night on the mats of Agay, but the greater portion of the time was so well spent in convincing the parents of all the advantages of the new career proposed to Agay, that the next morning the latter left the island with him, and proceeded to the residence of Appia. Agay, however, it must be confessed, notwithstanding his grief at leaving the parents he loved so dearly, was the least averse of the whole party to the change, for it awakened that dormant ambition which had occasionally suggested to him that he was fit for something better than a salt carrier.

The proper arrangements were soon made: Agay was supplied with clothing, and lodged in the chieftain's own division of the house; a regular pay was assigned him as superintendant of some of the younger soldiers; and he was ordered to attend the person of the chief with his youthful guard. His excellent deportment, his unusual temperance, his quiet manner, and the amicable footing on which he lived with all those around him, not only increased the favour and attachment of his patron, but Appia's favourite daughter honoured him with particular notice. She often solicited his attendance when she went out in her crimson silk palanquin; and it began to be whispered that Adiasa loved the handsome young favourite, poor and dependent as he was, better than the rich old Danqua, to whom she had been consawed ( betrothed, when a sum of money is paid,) during her infancy, and who already had two or three hundred wives.

During his prosperity, Agay never forgot his parents, but visited them frequently, assisted them in their toils, and often bestowed on them some additional comfort. His young mistress also benefited by his visits to the island, for he would occasionally bring back with him a basket of the famous salt, a fan of his own weaving, a pair of love birds (a species of paroquet), or a nightingale, <sup>(10)</sup> and lay them at the feet of Adiasa. One day, however, he fell sick, and it was ascertained, that not only did the grateful mistress supply the invalid with delicacies cooked by her own hands, but that she had visited him, and soothed his sufferings by the tenderest inquiries. These circumstances were conveyed to Appia;

and when Agay arose from his sick bed, he found he had been superseded in his command by a much older man, who now formed the escort of his young chieftainess; that Appia no longer noticed him; that most of the followers treated him with neglect or contempt; that the sneers of the envious already held him up to scorn,—and, in short, that he was a disgraced man. Enfeebled by illness, he had not yet the power of demanding his dismissal, and returning to his father's; and the pleasure, which he scarcely owned to himself, of an occasional glance at Adiasa, still retained him in the dwelling of Appia.

As he recovered strength, he frequently wandered into the forest to invigorate himself by the cool night breeze; and during his solitary rambles his thoughts chiefly dwelt on the cause of his disgrace, and the means of being restored to favour. One clear night, when the moon sailed in full glory through the deep blue of a tropical sky, and made even the minutest objects visible, as, with folded arms and cloth wrapped tightly round him, he pondered on his fate, he involuntarily exclaimed, "And what can be the cause of this change in Appia? A deep hollow voice, which seemed to proceed from no earthly form, suddenly answered, "Adiasa!" The truth flashed upon Agay; but where was the speaker? "Who are you?" "Whence come you?" asked the young man, as he vainly searched the underwood around him. "Seek not to know," resumed the voice; "but quietly submit to your fate till your duty summons you from this place." Such warnings were often received on the eve of great

changes, and Agay knew too well the mystery of his religion to presume to search further for the speaker; therefore, hiding his adventure from every one, and quietly awaiting some change in his condition, he regained health and strength.<sup>(11)</sup>

One morning, at daybreak, he heard the noise of footsteps as he lay on his mat; and looking out, he saw the slaves of Appia conducting two men, bearing each a silver-headed cane in his hand, to the private chamber of Appia. In this they were concealed for two or three days, and then left the house with the same secrecy. All was gloom and silence; the slaves and attendants moved about with as little noise as possible; the children were punished if they attempted to play; the captains of Appia held conferences with him; the women assembled in parties, and chattered in low whispers. Agay was too prudent to inquire, but was neither surprised nor sorry when he received orders to attend his chief on a long journey. All was now bustle and preparation till they started. A small party preceded to clear the way; and when they came to a croom, formed themselves into a little phalanx, struck up their gong-gongs, rushed into the principal square, and demanded lodging and provision for their chief. Appia came next, sometimes seated in a sort of hammock, made of a pole and a large cloth, but more frequently walking; he bound a broad fillet round his head, he muffled himself up in his cloth, and rarely entered into conversation. He was surrounded by his captains, who wore plumes of eagle's feathers, and carried blunderbusses in their hands; but whose more

costly uniform of large boots, decorated vests, &c. was laid aside during the journey. A multitude of baggage-carriers, boys, women, and attendants, closed the suite; and as Agay had received no particular employment, he humbly took his station among these, though secretly resolving to emancipate himself at the first opportunity, from a condition nearly as bad as that of slavery. As he crossed the almost impenetrable forests, or traversed the open savannahs of this fertile country, one other thought tormented his mind—and this was Adiasa forced to become the wife of the odious Danqua; for he had learned from his companions that she had been secretly sent to him, the day previous to the general departure.

After several days' travelling, the party found the villages crowding fast upon them, and the plantations beginning, which announced their vicinity to Coomassie, where Appia placed himself and retinue in the empty dwelling of one of his friends. On the second night after their arrival, Agay, as he lay alone in a small outhouse, was accosted by his mysterious friend, who, wrapped in a dark blue cloth, glided close up to him before he was aware of his presence. Seating himself close to Agay, the visitor then in low tones explained the cause of the removal to Coomassie. Appia had been accused of embezzling the public money during his government, and having many enemies at the court jealous of his favour with the king, the accusers had been highly bribed to perjure themselves, and prove him guilty. "But," continued Agay's informer, "I know the whole to be false; and then, explaining to him all

the intricacies of the affair, he concluded by saying, "you are now aware of the whole truth, and fear not, Agay, to vindicate the slandered."

The next morning the male part of the retinue accompanied Appia to the palace, where he was to take his trial. They passed through a number of square or oblong courts, surrounded by arcades of bamboo, and having the cornices and buildings above richly decorated with the most beautiful patterns in high relief. The latticed windows were plated with gold and silver, and the lower apartments were concealed by curtains of bamboo cloth. When these were drawn up, silk beds, golden stools, and other articles of state and luxury were to be seen. The apartments of the guards were distinguished by arms, such as muskets, blunderbusses, immense swords, &c. (<sup>12</sup>), and the great drum, which sounds on all important occasions, and is ornamented with three human skulls, was placed in a conspicuous situation. The apartments of the women were highly decorated on the outside, and carefully closed from the gaze of the stranger. After passing several doors, which were unlocked for their admittance, the accused and his party were ushered into the presence of the king. He was a benevolent-looking man, and had left his ebony and gold chair to seat himself on a stool, an act of humility peculiar to himself, which he practised every fetish day (<sup>13</sup>). Odumata, one of the four great captains of the kingdom, was lying on cushions, and one of the ornamented sheep, presented by the king to those who please him in council, was couched beside him. The king's

sister (the only woman ever admitted into the council), and the queen of a powerful country, stood behind her brother. Apokoo, the treasurer, was ready with his gold weights and scales, the insignia of his office<sup>(14)</sup>. The deformed criers, with their monkey-skin caps on their heads, continually enjoined silence<sup>(15)</sup>. The three linguists (or interpreters), the principal officers of the state, stood on the right hand of his majesty; the Moorish secretaries were there to take notes of the transactions of the day<sup>(16)</sup>; and captains and caboceers were constantly arriving with their stools and retinues, and saluting the king with their left hand as they passed. The most splendid and varied umbrellas shaded the chiefs from the sun; boys with elephants tails spangled with gold, whisked away the insects; large fans were continually waving about to cool the air; and all was glitter, splendour, and bustle. At length silence was obtained, the accused was led into the middle of the circle, and his accusers, whom he did not know till they appeared, rushed suddenly before him. After they had been heard, Appia was desired to make his defence. Overwhelmed and astonished, his words were feeble and unimpressive; and judgment against him was loudly called for. Sentence was about to be pronounced, when a tall youth, in mean attire, pushed from the crowd behind, and, standing before the royal presence, exclaimed —“King! you have people to wash you, to feed you, to serve you; but you have no people to speak the truth to you, and to tell you when God does not like your palaver<sup>(17)</sup>.” —“Take him away! off with his head!”







was the outcry; and violent hands were already laid upon Agay, when the king stopped them, and, struck by the novelty of the circumstance, desired he might be heard.

For three hours did the almost inspired Agay harangue the assembly, with a force, clearness, and rapidity, which commanded attention. Put in possession of even the most secret parts of the intrigue by his visitor of the preceding night, he completely justified his master, and carried such conviction to the unbiassed part of his audience, that not only was Appia reinstated in his government, but received a dash (present) of gold and cloths, and drank palm wine with the king. The accusers were heavily ironed, and sentenced either to pay an enormous fine, or to lose their heads. "That boy," said the king, "who speaks so well, must stay with me,"—and immediately gave orders for his reception in the palace.

Appia made ample amends for his neglect of Agay, by the gratitude he evincèd, and the presents he made him before he left Coomassie. He was as sorry to leave him behind, as he had been formerly anxious to get rid of him; but Agay's prospects were now better than any that Appia could offer. He remained, however, for some time in ignorance of what his functions were to be; and although he was supplied with clothing, food, and gold, from the royal bounty, and lodged in the palace, he was comparatively neglected: he attended every general assembly, or public procession, but remained unnoticed among the crowd. All this was irk-

some, but being of a patient disposition, he suffered no sign of dissatisfaction to appear in his conduct. At length, as he was sitting at a solitary mess of yams and ground nuts, an Ocráh (<sup>18</sup>), (a confidential servant,) of the king summoned him to follow in silence to his majesty. Obeying the order, Agay passed through a low painted door in a screen of carved wood which concealed the apartments of the women. After winding through several dark passages, he suddenly reached a court, at the end of which was a room with small circular doors, and, as far as the light of the feeble torch permitted him to see, highly decorated both with architecture and gilding, and with charms. The Ocráh opened one of these doors, and desiring Agay to enter, shut it, and left him in the royal presence. The king was reclining on large cushions of leather and pillows of silk, with his short pipe fastened to a long reed resting on the floor; but, laying it aside at the approach of Agay, he desired him to seat himself on a mat close by, and then explained the cause of his summons. A palaver having arisen between two caboceers, in Coomassie, and the linguists being desirous of settling it contrary to the wishes of his majesty, the latter desired Agay to go secretly to the houses of each party, question them separately, and then come back and make his report.

Agay took his leave, and the Ocráh, who was waiting without, accompanied him, perhaps as a spy to see that he took no bribes. Agay listened attentively to the opposite statements, and questioned each individual to the best of his ability. He returned to the king, and

when he ended his statement by his own opinion of the affair, his majesty exclaimed with much earnestness, "Now I am sure you have a good head, for the man you favour I know to be in the right. I have watched over you a long time, Agay; but this tells me more than any thing that I may trust you." He then rose, and drawing back a curtain, led a young girl from the inner room, and said: "I bring you an old friend, to shew you that I mean to do you good." Agay raised his eyes—and the presence of the king was scarcely sufficient to restrain him from rushing to the arms of Adiasa. But there was yet another welcome face, and Tando the fetish man was by his side. "Now go home," said the king, "and talk with your friends, and to-morrow I will see what is to be done for you." The trio took their way to the apartments of Agay, where a long explanation followed. Adiasa informed him that on her way to her betrothed lord, she had been met by messengers, who were coming to say, that Danqua would rather pay the fine for refusing her, and lose his consaw money, than marry a girl whose father had a palaver with the king. This offer was joyfully accepted, and she had remained at home till Tando had, by the king's orders, conducted her to Coomassie. When Tando became the narrator, he avowed himself as the mysterious visitor of Agay, and the secret reporter to the king, of the talents and history of his protégé, which had doubtless contributed to confirm the favourable impression already excited. The next morning, Agay received a house, slaves, and gold, from his royal master,

and was appointed fourth linguist<sup>(19)</sup>; and Tando, having been empowered by the father, gave Adiasa to her lover, with all the ceremonies of the fetish.

Cudjo and Yahndi, who were now grown too old to work, were sent for to Coomassie, where they shared the good fortune of their son; and a fetish temple was built on the site of their former dwelling, where the old pelican long continued to hover about, and was considered as a sacred bird. Agay continued to advance by his splendid talents, and his firmness in the cause of truth, till he was raised to be the linguist for all foreign palavers, the highest office he could hold which was not hereditary<sup>(20)</sup>.

## NOTES TO AGAY, THE SALT CARRIER.

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(<sup>1</sup>) THE Adirri or Volta of the Portuguese, is one of the large rivers of the western coast of Africa, and has been visited by Colonel Starrenberg, of the Dutch service, as far from the mouth as sixty miles. The details concerning its scenery are taken from the account he himself gave me of his expedition.

(<sup>2</sup>) There are two sorts of yams cultivated in this part of Africa; the one which has a bluish tinge, and boils almost to a jelly, is not so good to the taste, but is reckoned so much more wholesome, that it is given to children. The other species is quite white, very close grained, and requires a great deal of cooking; it should be boiled slowly, and then roasted, when it makes an excellent substitute for bread. The first digging up of the yams is the cause of a great national fête in Ashantee, and takes place in the month of September. It is a regular Saturnalia, and the chieftains dance in public, ornamented with all the gold they can carry.

Sweet potatoes are the tubercles of a convolvulus, called convolvulus batatas; "Encruma" is the African name for the *Ochroma*, or Okroe of the West Indies, which grows here very abundantly. It enters into almost every dish,

thickens soups and stews, is chopped up with fish when dressed a second time, and plain boiled as a vegetable for the table.

(<sup>3</sup>) The natives of the whole of the western coasts work very beautifully with slender strips of coloured leather, prepared and dyed by themselves. Sheaths of daggers, quivers, sandals, cushions, &c. are thus ornamented with the most intricate patterns.

(<sup>4</sup>) The forms of pottery appear to me to be very much alike among primitive nations, though the exquisite Etruscan patterns, and gracefulness of the Ashantee vases, seem to tell of their descent from more important nations. They are generally of a dull red colour, but sometimes black, and both are susceptible of a very high polish.

(<sup>5</sup>) Pelicans are very easily domesticated, though, as pets, they are any thing but interesting. They are incorrigible thieves, and one that stalked about the market-place at Sierra Leone, used to thrust his long beak into every basket he could find, and come so quietly behind a purchaser loaded with bargains, that frequently the theft was not detected till the loser reached home. The islands of the Adirri abound with them, and in fact so do the banks of most rivers, where they assemble in troops, and keep a solemn silence. They stand a little way in the river, their eyes so immoveably fixed on the water, that they might be thought without life, did they not every now and then, without moving any part of them but their necks and heads, dart their beaks into the flood, and did not the increasing volume of their skinny pouch show that they had not fished in vain. They generally



fly away all together, and even then make no noise, except that caused by their wings.

(<sup>6</sup>) Colonel Starrenberg, and others, describe this tree as resembling a dwarf cedar, and the salt of remarkable purity and flavour. It is not a singular instance of such a secretion in vegetables, for Riley saw one of the same nature in the desert of Sahara, and in Chili there is a species of wild basil, from which the natives every morning strip off a thick incrustation of highly flavoured salt.

(<sup>7</sup>) An enraged buffalo is the most formidable of all antagonists, for nothing but death seems to calm his fury. A curious account was given to me by the natives on the borders of the Gaboon river, where they come in droves to the water's edge. They say, that if the foremost of a herd be attacked, all the rest will turn upon the enemy; if an individual in the middle be injured, those before will walk quietly on, but those behind will all try to avenge him; and if the last be wounded or killed, he is left by his companions, without their paying the least attention to the circumstance.

(<sup>8</sup>) This is the most friendly salutation of the Negro; they meet frequently without uttering more than "Ehi!" but the cracking of the joints as they twist their fingers together, is a sign of affection that cannot be mistaken. I could never walk out with my little Beeah, mentioned in the Notes to Story III., without hearing these snappings incessantly; if I turned my head, the little demure thing was looking on the ground, and the person who had saluted her had vanished; but no sooner did I resume my way, than the boys darted from behind the houses, again to flirt with my attendant.

(<sup>9</sup>) The coming of the fetish upon man or woman is attended by bodily torments, which make it difficult to suppose that they are self-imposed. A man, in the service of the governor of Cape Coast, &c. was seized with, or rather by the fetish, while I was there, and his fits used to come on with violent sneezings; he then would pursue his way to the rocks near the sea, and, dashing his head and limbs with horrible contorsions, remain till he was exhausted, and covered with blood. He then fell into a stupor, which lasted for some time; but, as he was perhaps twice a week thus rendered incapable of performing his duties, Mr. Hope Smith expostulated, reasoned, threatened, and bribed him, to rid himself of the fetish. He persisted in the impossibility of doing so, and, as a last resource, corporal punishment was inflicted: this, however, was equally unavailing; and, after some weeks, during which his fits of frenzy and bodily mortification became more frequent and distressing, he was inaugurated, and sank quietly into the order of priesthood. The inauguration, I have been told, is attended by oaths of a shocking nature, (which the initiated are not permitted to reveal,) and ceremonies of the most revolting kind. Two English gentlemen, living at Sierra Leone, expressed a wish to one of the priests, that they might be admitted to some of the orgies of the fetish; and, after bribing high, permission was given. Conditions were sworn to on their parts that they would never publish what they saw and heard, and they kept their promises for a long period. One unlucky evening, however, being elated with wine, they imparted to some friends the fact of their having witnessed the ceremonies of the fetish, and made slight allusions to what had passed: The next day both were poisoned: the one died after a few weeks suffering, but the other survived a few years, with impaired health, and great bodily torment.

(<sup>10</sup>) It is to be remarked, that several singing birds are to be heard near the Adirri, which is a singular fact in a tropical climate. Among these, according to Colonel Starrenberg, is one whose beautiful notes resemble those of the Polish nightingale.

(<sup>11</sup>) The transactions, mystery, and power of the Fetish bear a strong analogy to the history of the Inquisition. At all hours, and in all places, the natives of Western Africa are subject to its visits and interference, vengeance is never laid aside, though it may sleep for years; the most inviolable secrecy is observed by all its members, and, after intervals long enough to banish suspicion, the victims suddenly disappear. It were vain to ask what is become of them; all are afraid to own the truth, and a shrug of the shoulders, or shake of the head, invariably accompany the profession of ignorance. The priests know every thing, meddle in all affairs, share every piece of good fortune, rob their followers without scruple, and even prevent the extirpation of panthers, hyænas, &c. by making them sacred animals, and demanding a fine from every one who takes a part in destroying them; and, by means of communications with the fetishes of other countries, extend their influence far beyond the calculation of ordinary mortals.

(<sup>12</sup>) These swords are large and weighty, broad and round at the end, and are two-edged. In order to diminish the weight of metal, they are frequently perforated like a fish-trowel; and, generally speaking, those of the higher classes have golden handles. They are used with both hands, and cleave the skull in two, at one stroke.

(<sup>13</sup>) All people of importance have a *fetish-day*, which they feel obliged to distinguish by some peculiar and religious ceremony. The anniversary of birth is often chosen, when a white cloth is assumed. Mr. Bowdich, going to Ashantee, took with him some valuable damask table-cloths, which had been wedding-presents, and which excited so much admiration in the king and his court, that he was obliged to present them to the great men, as a new birth-day decoration.

(<sup>14</sup>) These gold weights are generally made in the shape of animals and leaves; and when they belong to royalty, are heavier than the standard weights of the country.

(<sup>15</sup>) The king's criers, who are present at all discussions, are deformed; they wear monkey or pangolin-skin caps, with the tails hanging behind; and so incessantly exclaim, "Hear him! pray be quiet," that they break the very silence it is their duty to enforce.

(<sup>16</sup>) It is only about twenty-seven years back, that any written records of the kingdom have been preserved, and these are kept in Arabic; the Ashantee not being a written language. The commencement of these records marks the introduction of the Moors into Ashantee; and, if we glance at a map of Africa, we shall be aware of the enormous extent of Moorish influence. It forms a broad parallel of latitude, and stretching from one side of the continent to the other, opposes additional obstacles to the progress of Christians. Already in possession of the commerce of the interior, interest, as well as religion, prompt them to keep us out; and,

aware of all that we have done in India, and imbued with a strong belief that we are one day to have the ascendancy, they are constantly on the alert to prevent any extension of our power; and the sole good they seem to have effected is, that no human sacrifices are made in the countries over which they have entire control. The officers of the mission to Ashantee were on the point of falling victims to their jealousy, and they were actually led out to execution; but the king, having received information of their manœuvres, sent his guards to their rescue. A friendly but mysterious voice warned Mr. Bowdich of their danger on the previous evening, and he immediately went to an adjoining room to inform his comrades; one was a Scotchman, and the other an Irishman, and he found them in very warm discussion. Interrupting them, however, he imparted the news he had received: for a moment they were silent, but the Irishman suddenly exclaimed, "I hope not; but what do you think that fellow H——n says? He declares, that all our Irish melodies are stolen from the Scotch." This national recurrence to their debate was followed by a rejoinder from his antagonist; and in neither did it proceed from a culpable indifference to their impending fate: it was the impulse of two fearless spirits, who esteemed self as nothing when compared to the honour of their respective countries; and Mr. Bowdich was obliged to use many entreaties before he could make them calm enough to consider the means of escaping the danger.

(17) These were the actual words by which Agay attracted the king's attention.

(18) The Ocrabs are supposed to know all the king's se-

crets; and are bound to perform his commands, whatever they may be; and to die when he does. In return for this, they are exempted from all care for their existence, and live in the Palace. They wear a large gold ornament, generally circular, but sometimes in the shape of a star or wings, round their necks, and few dare to resist the orders of one so decorated.

An Ocráh was sent to C ape Coast by the king, while I lived there; and, prompted by an anxiety which taught me to conciliate the Ashantees as much as I could in my power, I yielded to his proposal to dine with me. He insisted on it that Mr. Bowdich had desired him to do so; but I knew this to be untrue; and, uninfluenced by the falsehood, I appointed a day for the visit. The hour was to be three o'clock, and I was rather puzzled as to the choice of viands. At ten o'clock in the morning the gentleman arrived, with a retinue of at least fifty persons, some ragged and dirty, and among them the usual chamberlain, a piece of African state which is very absurd, for he bears a large bunch of rusty keys, for which his master has not a single lock. I was obliged to tell the Ocr ah that I could not have him all day, and he left me in no very good humour. At the proper hour he re-appeared with his train; but on my further informing him that I was not prepared for so many, he dismissed all but his intimate friend, to the hall below. The two then sat down to the table, and I helped them to fish, which they began to eat with their fingers; but, on observing the use I made of a knife and fork, they begged to be instructed how to handle their's. I could scarcely keep my countenance at their attempts, nor at their putting a piece slyly into their mouths with their fingers, when they thought themselves unseen; but when Ocr ahnameah had eaten half of his fish, he

begged permission to send the remainder to his wife. An uncooked fish and a bottle of porter settled this matter to his satisfaction, and we proceeded to a chicken-pie, but I had been unfortunate in my selection. The fetish had forbidden him to eat fowls, and he dared not touch them; he however devoured mutton and pastry by wholesale, and then returned to the fish; he drank wine and porter till he was nearly intoxicated, and I was very glad when he found himself so sleepy that he was obliged to retire. After this, it was difficult to keep him at a distance, and he thought himself entitled to come at all hours of the day. The good-for-nothing person returned to Ashantee, saying, he had received neither kindness nor presents, but my letters having informed Mr. Bowdich of the truth, and all his property being seized by the king, numerous proofs of hospitality and attention were found, and Ocranameah was disgraced, and stripped of every thing that he possessed.

He was a very unworthy specimen of Ashantee manners, for a better behaved person than Adoo Bradie, nephew to the king, never appeared. His great delight was a portrait of Mr. Bowdich, at which he would grin and nod, and to which he would chatter by the half-hour together. But, above all other things, my piano contributed to his happiness. It had been spoiled by neglect, during a long illness on my part, and I therefore suffered Adoo to thump it at pleasure. He brought all his friends to see and hear, but never suffered them to touch it; and no sooner had I given him leave to play than he flourished a chair before it, sat down, and amidst the vilest din that could be conceived, looked at the groupe of black faces for admiration. This goodnatured creature went on board captain Willis's frigate, then at anchor in the roads, and the men happening to have leave

to wash on that day, the rigging was covered with red and blue shirts, which Adoo thought were flags in honour of his arrival. He was accompanied to the Coast by a well-behaved captain, who came to us one day with a most sorrowful countenance, and stated, that the Governor had just presented the royal nephew with regimentals, like those of the officers, and he had nothing of the sort, which "put shame on his face too much." Fortunately, Mr. Bowdich had an old red coat, into which the captain squeezed himself; he then insisted on having a neckcloth, and this and a worn-out cocked hat were all we could muster. On his head was a broad black fillet, and over it he stuck the hat, the ends hung down the back of his coat, his legs were encircled by a cloth, so as to look like a petticoat, and he altogether made so ridiculous an appearance, that, as we had bargained that he should cross the great spur of the castle, we were not surprised that the inhabitants of the garrison rushed out to gaze, and pursue him with shouts of laughter, which the honest creature, in his conceit, mistook for applause. I must instance another example of native manners, in the person of Yokokroko, the king's ironer. He paid his first visit while I happened to be alone, but although he had never before seen a white woman, he evinced no symptoms of surprise, but lowering his cloth from his shoulder, and waving his left hand in the air (the Ashantee salutation), he drew himself up to his full height, and stood till I requested him to sit down. He seated himself as if he had been used to an arm-chair all his life, but presently rising again, he took from the hands of one of his servants a small sanko (which is now in the British Museum), and unwrapping the cloth which enveloped it, he laid it on the table before me, and commanded the remainder of his presents to be submitted



to my examination. He received my thanks with extreme dignity, took the refreshment I offered him without hesitation; and, after a visit of a quarter of an hour, he retired; and the sole remark which he had permitted himself to make was a question whether I was of royal birth, the golden studs in my shoes having given him that idea; for none but those of kingly descent can wear gold on their sandals in Ashantee. I may safely say, that in no European country have I ever seen a more elegant and self-possessed a person.

(<sup>19</sup>) These four linguists are the ministers of state; the king never speaks in public but to them, and they repeat his commands to the multitude, although the words have been heard when uttered by his majesty.

(<sup>20</sup>) When the king appointed Agay to attend a captain in an important embassy, the chief ventured to expostulate on having so young a person, "Go," said the monarch, "you are a fool, for that boy has a better head than any of you."

## STORY VI.

### SAMBA.

THE Commandant of one of the English settlements in Africa was sitting in his audience hall, watching the rapid decline of daylight, after the last brilliant rays of a tropical sun had gilded the broad flood before him. A dark speck all at once appeared upon the waters, and seemed to approach directly to the Government House. He presently found it was a canoe, containing two sitters, and he busied himself in conjecturing what could induce them to bend their course to his dwelling, rather than to the town, which was near, and the usual place of resort. Still the canoe continued in the same direction, and at length, touching the shore, a third figure started up, leaped over its side, dashed through the surf, and rushing past the sentinels, who vainly tried to detain him, darted up the steps of the veranda, and threw himself at the feet of the Commandant, in a supplicating attitude. He was a finely-formed young man, with so open and ingenuous a countenance, that the Commandant was instantly prepossessed in his favour; raising him, he desired him to stand up and tell him the reason of his intrusion; but seeing him overcome with fatigue and hunger, revived him with food and wine,

then placing him on a mat, listened to his story, which we here give in as close a translation as the two languages will permit, though perhaps with a little more perspicuity and connexion.

“They call me Samba, and I come from —, where my father has plenty of cattle, guns, powder, and gold; he is king of the town, and has people come a great way off to trade with him. He loves me very much, and tries to make me happy; so, when I wanted a wife, he told me to choose any one I liked, and he would ask for her of her father. There was one beautiful girl who loved me as much as I loved her, and we had often said we would belong to each other, and I swore by Allah (for Samba was a Mussulman) that she should be my head wife. Her father was gone a journey to trade, so we could not give him the presents for a wife directly, but we were so sure that he would like her to be mine that we promised; and my father liked her, and we were so happy, too happy. Our girls go out sometimes to gather Gooroo nuts<sup>(1)</sup>, and one day Zaina went with plenty more women: when night came, I heard some dreadful screams in the town, and thinking I knew the voice, I went to see what was the matter; it was Zaina's mother, who was running along almost mad; I stopped her, and after a long time, made her tell me why she cried; and then I thought I should get mad too. She said, that, thinking her daughter staid a long time, she got frightened, and when dark came, she went to look for her at all the houses where she supposed she might have stopped; she could hear nothing of her, till a little

girl came running into the town from the bush, and said that she had gone out also to get Gooroo nuts, and as they were putting them into a basket, some men came and took away all the girls, except herself, as she had lain down under the long grass, and had not been seen. They screamed and cried, but the wicked men beat them, and she had been so frightened that she did not dare to move till it was nearly dark, and then she had run all the way. I thought, if she had had sense she would have come before. Zaina's mother came to me to know what she could do, and my father gave me lights, and some of his men, and we went directly to where the child said the girls had been taken. For a little while we saw the grass beaten down where they had passed, but even this ceased, and we staid looking about all night without finding any body. I cried, I was sick, I could not eat, and you could see my bones, when my father thought I should die, and told me that, if I would take care and not be caught myself, I might go and try to find Zaina. I began my walk as soon as I could, taking with me some people of my father's, and we came a long way together. Then one, two, fell sick, another hurt his foot, another was eaten by a lion<sup>(?)</sup>, and all the rest were so frightened they would not go on any more; so I sent them back to tell my father that I was gone on alone to look for Zaina; I knew this would make him too unhappy, but I could not "turn my cheek" with them, and I walked on and on, often hiding myself in the day, or pretending, when I met any body, that more people were behind me, and that I was only going on to

the next town; I pretended to be very poor, although I had plenty of gold hidden in my clothes, so they did not stop me till I got close to this river; there were a great many people there who were white, but they were not English they said, and one of them met me, and looked at me very much; I passed him, and presently two black men took hold of me and said, we saw you going along the bush yesterday, and could not catch you, now we have you, and you must come. They tied my hands behind me; they put a handkerchief across my mouth; they took away my gold, and dragged me along, and when I would not go they beat me with a long whip with plenty of lashes, and this sometimes made the blood come; one of them made a stick very sharp, and pushed me forwards with the point. They led me to a house, and put iron upon my legs to prevent me from running away. The next morning they took me to the same white man I had seen, and after talking a great deal of what I did not know, the white man bought me as a slave; I wished to die, but still I thought if I tried to live I might run away. I saw this white man get into what they called a ship, and ride on the river till he was out of sight; I asked the people why he did not take me with him, and they answered, that was not the way those white people took their slaves, because they had to pass English people, who would make them set their slaves free. Oh! how I wished to run to the English people, but no! I was to be walked across the country, to a very big water, where the ship would come again after she had passed the English, and would there

take in her slaves, and carry them to work in another place. So one day they untied my legs, made me get up, gave me something to carry upon my head, and with two other slaves I began to walk. It was not good for me to stop one minute; for they only beat me, so I went on, and the other slaves and I talked. They told me all about the English, and said they were good, but they had not got much sense; for although they would not let anybody have slaves, there were plenty taken close to the towns where they lived without their knowing it. They had seen some girls come from a great way off and carried near the English town, where they were in holes under the ground, till they could be sent away to the big water. I thought, perhaps, Zaina was there, and I asked the slaves many questions, and they said one girl was more unhappy than the rest, and then I was sure it was Zaina. But I was going away, further and further from her, and I laid awake all night thinking how I should run back. Afterwards I told the slaves, that if they would help me, we three could get away from the two men. They agreed to do so, and when the men were going to sleep we pretended to fall asleep too, after we had been all tied together. We laid quiet for some time, when we bit the cords away which tied us, and then, fastening them together again, we seized upon the men, and tied them just as they had tied us. One of them cried out, but we knocked him on the head till he was quiet. We then threw away our burthens, and ran as fast as we could. After two days we lost each other, and I came on till I saw the water. I had,

at first, found something to eat in the bush, but for a long time I had nothing, and was hiding in a tree close to the water, when two men came and talked under it. They said that the yellow people (<sup>3</sup>) liked to buy slaves, and got plenty of gold by them, but that they were obliged to take care, because it made the white men very angry; so they had great big places under their houses, where they hid the slaves till they could put them into a ship and send them away. I thought these men good, so I dropped down from the tree, told them who I was, and said, if they would help me, my father would give them plenty of gold. They told me I must wait till the sun went away, and then they would take me over to a very good white man, who could help me better than they could; that now they must go and fish, and then they would give me something to eat. They came, but they had no fish or foofoo; but, when they told me it was time to go, I forgot I was hungry. They made me lie down in the canoe, and came over the river till we stopped at your house, and then they desired me to run quick, and ask you to be poor slave boy's friend." Here, resuming his suppliant posture, Samba continued, "and ah! if you will help me to see if Zaina is here, that will be as good as sending me to my father!"

The good Commandant assured our hero that he would do all he could, and committing him to the care of his servants, desired that he might have plenty of food, and a blanket provided for him to sleep upon in their room. The friendly voice and manner of the Commandant inspired poor Samba with such hopes of

assistance, that he cheerfully went to recruit himself, and, eventually, to sleep. But the rest of his new protector was broken by the story he had just heard. He knew that Samba was safe with him, but the thought that the natives should have escaped his vigilance, and have dealt in slaves, close to his very dwelling, made him too indignant to sleep, and he revolved in his mind the means of detection. Before gun-fire in the morning, he sent for one of his lieutenants, and, after consulting together, they agreed that by surprise alone could they hope to ascertain the truth. "Call the guard there, and I will be with you immediately," said the Commandant; and, ere the sun had risen, he and his lieutenant departed, to search through the hut or house of every native in the settlement. Samba was of the party, full of hope, and foremost in opening every door, peeping through every crevice, and climbing over every partition. The blacks and mulattos were, some of them, astonished at being thus roused from their slumbers; others regarded the party with sullen indifference. Nothing, however, was to be found which could give rise even to suspicion; and the baffled Commandant was returning from his fruitless visitation, when, on passing the angle of a wall on his own premises, a female, whom he recognized as belonging to one of the persons in the town, accosted him thus:—Oh, Gubbernor! Missy beat Yahndi, and Yahndi tell all. You no find slaves here, but take one boat, and go to ——," (pointing to a small village some little distance up the river,) "and you find all. Yahndi run away; for if Missy see her talk to



Gubbernor, she beat her too much." Accordingly, before the Commandant could ask her a single question, she darted away through a circuitous route to the town. No time was to be lost; so, swallowing a scanty breakfast, and summoning the rowers, they all, including Samba, stepped into the Commandant's boats, and, after proceeding some distance, landed at the place indicated by the woman, and which was entirely peopled by Africans. They here, also, searched the houses without finding any grounds for suspicion; but, on leaving the poorest and furthest in the village, they fancied they heard a stifled groan. They looked at each other for conviction, when Samba, stamping his foot violently, exclaimed, "Hark, do you not hear there is a hole underneath?" then throwing himself upon the ground, and placing his ear close to it, listened attentively; now and then uttering a brief exclamation as his hopes fluctuated. At length, springing up, he called out, "Samba is now sure he hears some talking down below." However, no traces of subterraneous dwellings existed; they hunted every where, and saw no signs of any entrance to such places. "Secure that man," said the Commandant, pointing to the owner of the hut, "and if he will not show us the way to these accursed nests, iron him!" The man was, for a while, resolutely silent; but when he saw preparations making to put in force the orders of the Commandant, he cried out, that he would show them the spot. Accordingly he led them a very short distance into the forest, immediately behind the village, where he pulled the bushes aside from the mouth of a hole, which was additionally se-

cured by a large fragment of rock. The Commandant placed part of his escort at the entrance, to prevent surprise; and, causing some torches to be lighted (which he had taken the precaution to bring with him), he and the rest, still preceded by Samba, descended some rude steps into narrow passages, through which they groped their way till they found themselves in a small room, where fifteen poor living souls were crammed, and sinking under this unwholesome confinement. The unhappy creatures were reduced almost to apathy, scarcely raising their eyes to look at their unusual visitors; and, struck at the sight, the Commandant paused. Not so Samba; calling Zaina by name, and seizing a torch from one of the soldiers, he examined the countenances belonging to the languid forms which laid stretched upon the ground. No Zaina appeared; at length he perceived an inner room, and, still calling her, he would have recommenced his examination of many others, had not a faint shriek met his ear. Faint as it was, his heart recognized it; and, springing over every obstacle, he found Zaina, but so feeble and emaciated that she could not even return the embrace of her beloved. "I have found her! I have found her!" he wildly exclaimed; and, clearing his way past every body, he bore her in his arms up the steps, into the open air, where daylight again convinced him it was Zaina; but oh, how changed!!!

The sequel is soon told; the slaves amounting to twenty, were liberated, and those who wished it, including nearly the whole number, were enabled to return to their respective countries. The few who remained

were employed by the Commandant. The infamous practices of the slave-traders being thus discovered, a check, at least, was placed upon their traffic; and, as several of the natives, apparently most respectable, were implicated, they most of them left their residences till time should have softened the affair. But never was it softened while the same conscientious and active Commandant ruled over them. Unceasingly did he watch them, and they were never again able to resume that revolting commerce within his jurisdiction.

Zaina's companions had already been shipped, and she would have shared their fate had she not been too ill to proceed; and weeks had she languished in those stifling caverns, suffering both in body and in mind on her own account, and her heart breaking at the contemplation of the distresses of others. The victims were crammed into the holes, to lay concealed till an opportunity offered of conveying them to the vessels waiting for the cargo, on the coast, towards the north. Zaina and Samba lived for a time with their benefactor, who tried to attach them to his household; but they too ardently desired to see their respective parents to accept any offer, however tempting, which would detain them, and they joined a party of gold traders, proceeding to their home, which they reached in safety, to gladden the hearts of fathers who were mourning for their lost children. They never forgot the humane Commandant, who had thus restored them to life and liberty; and the yearly presents they conveyed to him, by means of traders and travelling Marabouts (\*), proved that their gratitude was not evanescent.

## NOTES TO SAMBA.

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THE history of Samba is founded entirely on circumstances which occurred during my stay on the borders of the river Gambia, and the escape of this young man, his seeking refuge at the Government-house, and the finding of the subterranean deposits of slaves, are no fictions. The nation to which I allude, as evading the researches of the English, is that of the French, who, at that time at least, were not so hearty in the cause of abolition as my countrymen have been, but they took every precaution to conceal their share in slave-dealing, and the vessels passed and repassed the English colony, without having on board any signs of their errand. After purchase, the slaves were marched across the country to the coast, where, being out of the reach of English authority, the vessel touched for their embarkation. The Spaniards and Portuguese pursued this abominable traffic in a more open manner, for, so long as they were out of the reach of our batteries, they cared not who knew the reason of their being on these coasts. The natives on the borders of the sea make such large sums as slave-brokers, that they aid them as much as possible, and the betrayer of poor Sir Charles M'Carthy, Sam Brue, was the most notorious slave-dealer in Fantee. In the time of Mr. Hope Smith's government, he had been banished from Cape Coast, but, one evening, secretly returned to the town to celebrate the

obsequies of his mother. Many of the rites were performed in a house close behind that which I occupied till apartments in the garrison could be prepared for me, and on my observing, at dinner in the castle, that I had been kept awake all night by the noise of Sam Brue and his friends, the governor beckoned to him an officer from the other end of the table, whispered something in his ear, and in two minutes the guard was out to take Sam into custody. As the soldiers entered the door, Mr. Brue leaped out of a window, and once again escaped. When Sir Charles took possession of the Leeward settlements, this man availed himself of the conciliatory and indulgent system then pursued, and contrived so to infatuate the new governor, that he consulted him on various occasions. In vain did Mr. Hope Smith, his secretary, and others, endeavour to convince Sir Charles that the real character of the man was decidedly of the worst kind; the confidence was continued, and only ended when the wretch had, by his advice, and co-operation with the Ashantees, led his benefactor and officers to utter destruction.

(<sup>1</sup>) The Kola, Boossee, or Gooroo nuts, grow in a large pod, and when ripe are of a reddish colour; they are, more properly speaking, a bean, coming, I believe, from a tree, named by M. Palissot de Beauvois, in his "Flore d'Oware et Benin," *Sterculia acuminata*. The use of them extends far over the interior, and they are said to possess the power of imparting wholesomeness to stagnant water, and of allaying the pangs of hunger. In crossing the great desert of Sahara, they are particularly useful, and are then unceasingly chewed by the travellers. They have a bitter and astringent taste, and are purchased at the rate of twelve shillings for a basket holding about a bushel.

(<sup>2</sup>) It would seem that lions abound more in the forests of Mandingoe than they do in those of Fantee. Panthers and leopards are most numerous in the latter, and they constantly venture into the towns at night. Considering I was safe, and peeping through the loop-holes of a fortress, it was a great source of pleasure to me to look at them, as they romped through the streets of Annamaboo, during the fine moonlight nights. When I returned to Europe, after my first visit to Africa, I brought the skin of a large panther, which had killed seven people in one week; his last victim was a little girl, aged eleven years, the child of very respectable parents, who intended to send her to me for my own attendant, when she was old enough. The monster had regularly dragged off his human prey for several nights, and still the natives would not attempt to get rid of him, for the priests would not remit the usual fine for such occasions. At length he leaped through an open window, into the room where the poor little girl was sleeping by herself. Her screams alarmed the other inhabitants of the house, and the noise they made caused the animal to spring back again through the window. The child was partially scalped, two wounds in her throat looked as if they had been made with a knife, and a triangular piece of flesh was torn from her left shoulder; her father immediately put her into a canoe, and took her to Cape Coast for medical advice; none of the wounds were mortal, but the suppuration was so great, that she shortly died from exhaustion. The father set a trap for the murderer, and he was caught on the following night; the fetishman received his fine, the head was buried by him in a piece of white calico, and the rest of the skin came to me. When well fed they are not to be feared, and are very familiar. Our head surgeon had a house close to the forest,

for the sake of change, and during one night that he passed there, he heard a great noise in his verandah. He called to his servants to be quiet, as he thought it proceeded from them; but, as the noise continued, he angrily rose from his bed, took up a large stick, and opened the door softly, in order to surprise the boys with a few blows. To his infinite astonishment, two large panthers rushed by him, leaping and frolicking with all their might; and it scarcely need be said, that he closed the door more hastily than he had opened it, and felt most thankful that he had not quitted his chamber. A little presence of mind, however, has often saved life, and, as an instance, a woman at Annamaboo was walking near the forest, when a leopard sprang upon her side; she had a child at her back, and fear for him seemed to arm her with courage; she so quickly followed blow by blow on the eyes of the animal, that, blinded and dismayed, he let go his hold, and left her, only with some deep scratches. The child was not in the least hurt. Gennet cats are very numerous every where, and, climbing over the walls, they come quite close to the houses. On one occasion, as I sat at work in my own room, I heard a faint breathing close to me, turned my head to ascertain what it could be, and saw at my elbow a huge rat, apparently endeavouring to comprehend why I put my needle in and took it out again. I stole away very softly, and, summoning the Governor, a rat hunt was commenced, and nests of these animals were discovered in the chimney (for this residence had been constructed with fire-places and chimneys, on account of the cold and damp of the rainy season): and on their being rooted out with a stick, the servants, who were stationed at the corners, caught them as they ran rapidly round the room, in cloths, which they held open for them to rush into. Their necks were twisted in a moment,

and when all were taken, they were thrown into the garden, with the intention of burying them on the following morning; they amounted to at least fifty, young and old, but, by day-break, they had been devoured by the Gennet cats, the prints of whose paws were to be traced in all directions. A beautiful little quadruped, about the size of a domestic cat, was given to me by one of the natives of the interior. It was an animal wholly unknown to naturalists, but gentle and affectionate to the greatest degree. It would leap from great heights to get to me; cry after me, and could not bear to be alone. It always followed me to the mess-room where I dined, and waited patiently till its own piece of meat was given to it. A wild cat bit it across the back, and, in spite of warm baths and all the remedies that could be devised, it died. It was put into a jar of spirits, but as I could not watch it during Mr. Bowdich's illness, the black servants drank the rum; consequently, the maggots destroyed the flesh; and, by mistake, the skeleton was, to my great annoyance, thrown into the river.

(<sup>3</sup>) By the yellow people are meant Mulattos, who, generally speaking, are the worst of the inhabitants of the colonies. But one degree removed from a black man, they assume an immense portion of consequence and conceit, which renders them much more incapable of improvement than the black man would be. Their conduct to their slaves was always cruel; and after slavery was abolished among the English, they treated their apprentices equally ill, and frequently enticed them, under various pretences, to the French colonies, in order to sell them. The first change of colour is the offspring of a black and a white person, and is the Mulatto. On the coast of Africa, the child of a Mulatto and a white,



is called a Mustee; and the infant of a Mustee and a white, a Mustafee; after this the children are supposed to be white. The speckled people, of whom I saw a few instances, appear to owe their strange piebald appearance to disease, and are more frightful to look at than can well be imagined. In pronouncing judgment so severely on the Mulatto people, it is proper that I should mention the females of Cape Coast; who, from Mulattos to Mustafees, are mostly kind and well behaved; several of the Mustee women of rank were very superior in intellect and manner; and I can never think of several of them without gratitude. They were generous, thoughtful, and delicate in their attentions to me; they were excellent and tender mothers, and frequently evinced so much prudence, forbearance, and judgment, that I could not but respect them. One, who was the head woman of the country, nursed my child through its last illness, and while I was labouring under the same fever, and totally helpless, it was a consolation and happiness to me to know that she was so well taken care of. This good woman was quite distressed when I came away, and made me several presents; among these was the most precious Aggry bead in her possession; which she told me she had been hoarding up for me for months, and for which she had refused various sums of money. To give an idea of the value of this present, I must say what Aggry-beads are. They are perforated, vitrified substances, of various colours, sizes, and shapes, which, with gold, are found in the earth. The natives say they are directed to the spot by smokè, which issues from the ground; but this is, of course, a superstitious fancy. Some chance, however, has directed them to various spots, from which they and the accompanying gold have been dug. The mystery attending them has made them sacred, and converted them

into charms; so that they are purchased for twice, thrice, or even four times their weight in gold; and if one is broken in a scuffle, a slave, or two slaves, are forfeited, according to their value. The possessor of a string of Aggry beads is reckoned a rich man, and they are hung on the arms and necks on state occasions. It long puzzled our learned men to find out what they were; and, as Mr. Bowdich was the first person who called the attention of the curious to them, he was warmly interested in the attempt to ascertain their origin. Sir Joseph Banks thought they might be Phœnician; but, on going to Paris, we found, in the Bibliothèque du Roi, fac-similes of our Aggry-beads, which had been taken from some of the tombs at Thebes, by M. Caillaud, the French traveller. There could be no doubt then that the two sets had a common source, and it was this circumstance which induced Mr. Bowdich to investigate further the analogy between ancient manners and customs, and those of Ashantee, the higher classes of which have always been said to have come, a great many generations back, from a distant land. The conclusion which he made, in consequence, was, that these people descended either from the Egyptians or learned Ethiopians. After my last return from Africa, Mr. Phillips analysed some of the Aggry beads for me, and found that the colouring matters of several were manganese and cobalt; the two latter substances, it will be recollected, were rediscovered in Europe long since the Aggry beads have been dug up in Ashantee and Fantee.

(<sup>4</sup>) These Marabouts are Moorish priests, and are generally much respected by the inhabitants. Several of them interested me very much, and the trifling services I was able to render them were never forgotten; they possessed much

information, for they had almost all made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and described different countries and productions with great vivacity. One of them, a thin, active, muscular man, with large piercing black eyes, and an aquiline nose, by way of proving his gratitude, entered my room with an old hen under his arm. He looked perfectly happy when he set it at my feet, but his astonishment was almost ludicrous, when the hen, taking advantage of her liberty, flew over our heads. Another, who used to write for us, was a daily enquirer at the bed-side of Mr. Bowdich, during his fatal illness, and he could only look cheerful when I employed him to procure fruit or oil, for then he thought he was useful to us. When I last left Africa, he loaded me with all the Arabic manuscripts he could find, supposing they were the most precious gift he could bestow.

## STORY VII.

### THE LIFE OF A HERO.

“ I OUGHT to have christened that boy Alexander, instead of Philip, for he is a regular hero,” said a half-pay officer to his wife, as he watched the gambols of their youngest son.

“ He will break his neck with his heroism,” replied the lady.

“ No, no,” returned the husband; “ he was born to be a great man, I am convinced.”

This dialogue was carried on in the jessamine porch of a low, gothic-looking cottage, in the village of H——. Its thatched roof and white chimneys; the luxuriant roses and clematis which covered the green lattice-work over the walls; the ample garden, containing some noble trees; all bespoke an humble, yet peaceful degree of affluence. A navigable river wound its serpentine course in front, and beyond that was a large meadow, where traces of a battle fought between the Danes and the Saxons still existed. It was in this meadow that Philip was at play with his companions, and outstripping them in every boyish exercise. They tried to chase the horses which were grazing near them, but, while the rest were engaged in vain pursuit, Philip

jumped on the back of one going at full speed, and, twisting his hand in the mane, darted away like an Arab. Frequently, when his playfellows were hunting him as a stag, and he seemed hemmed in on all sides, had he suddenly plunged into the river, and, diving under the passing barges, risen again upon the opposite bank, to deride his pursuers, who had not dared to follow him. At this time he was twelve years of age, tall, and well-proportioned: his muscles, strengthened by constant exercise, enabled him to excel in riding, running, swimming, jumping, &c.: his steady, blue eye, occasionally shadowed by the curly locks of his chesnut hair, made him an excellent marksman; and the stroke of his broad fist was the terror of many an older and bigger boy than himself. He was dearly loved for his courage and good-nature by the whole neighbourhood; and he might be compared to a Newfoundland dog, possessing all the power for destruction, and a disposition that prompted only deeds of fun and mercy. One thing above all others seemed to rouse his anger: it was oppression in every shape; and he was the champion of the distressed. No surly farmer put the poor, solitary beast of a cottager into the pound, but Philip released it before morning. Complaint was useless; for so surely as it was made, so surely did the farmer find one of his own in the same situation. His education had been confined to the instructions of the clergyman of the parish; it had not been extensive, but it had been solid. His father, with the discipline of an old soldier, had early taught him and all his household to obey; and

his mother, although she frequently trembled for his life, and mourned over his torn and dripping clothes, dared not check him, and loved him too well to utter more than a gentle remonstrance when she feared for his safety.

Philip's first real sorrow was that of parting with his brother; and eagerly did he ask to accompany him. "You are not old enough," replied his father. "I have, from length of service, obtained a commission for John, and cannot hope to do the same for you: to purchase one, you know, is out of the question."

"I will serve as a volunteer," exclaimed Philip.

"And who is to support you as such, my son?" was the answer.

Philip said no more, but from that day became more thoughtful. His questions concerning the battle fought in his favourite meadow, the broken helmets and weapons dug up in it, all served but to heighten his desire for action, and he spent many hours of the next two years of his life in contriving to emancipate himself from his narrow sphere. At this time his father received a letter from an old friend, who wrote, "I find you have made a soldier of your eldest son: what say you to making a sailor of your youngest? Send him to me, and I will get him out as a midshipman." Philip had no great desire to be a sailor, but to enter his career was every thing; and the pang of parting with all he held dear was no sooner abated, than his whole soul expanded with the hope of realizing his father's prediction of becoming a hero. He arrived at his friend's house in

London; his outfit was got ready: but great was his consternation at finding that the buttons on his jacket were those of the East India Company, instead of the Royal Navy. He, however, bore his disappointment *like a hero*, and thus wrote to his father: "Although I cannot render myself famous by fighting the French, a life at sea must always demand courage and attention, and I trust I shall not be unworthy of your hopes, even in this situation." To the East Indies Philip went and returned; and the report made of his excellent conduct induced the Company to re-appoint him immediately. Barely had he time to fly to H——, to close the eyes of his gentle mother; but to have been present on this sad occasion was a source of consolation, and he said to his father, as he jumped on the coach which was to take him to town—"All is for the best, my dear sir. Had I been either in the army or navy, the melancholy happiness of receiving my mother's dying blessing might have been denied me, from the impossibility of quitting my post. Another eighteen months, and I shall again see you and my sister." His second voyage afforded him more opportunity of displaying his courage, for the fleet was attacked by a French squadron; and as each Indiaman at that time carried guns, to Philip's great delight, his vessel was called into the hottest part of the action, and his ready bravery and presence of mind distinguished him above all his companions. Beloved by the sailors, they obeyed his orders with alacrity; and, intrusted by his captain with a post of importance, he had an opportunity of displaying that energy which in

a trading vessel was seldom called forth. Foremost in the action, he was the first, when all was over, to fly down to the trembling female passengers, and assure them of their safety. His conduct was a step to rapid advancement; his father's eyes sparkled with triumph as he said to the clergyman—"I told you the boy was a hero;" and Philip sailed the next time as third officer. He continued in this station for a few years; but between every voyage paid a visit to his family. During one of these short sojourns at home, he chose to fall in love with a pretty, lively friend of his sister's. The dancing black eyes of the animated Bertha, to use his own terms, "soon answered his blue signals;" and seeing only success in the future, the light-hearted couple swore fidelity, till Philip's gains should enable them to confirm their vows at the altar.

Again he sailed, and again entered the Downs. He wrote to his father, that the moment his vessel was cleared he should be with him. His next letter bore a very different date, for it was written within the walls of Newgate. One morning, at break of day, before he had left his hammock, he was seized by officers of justice, who, seeing him so strong and powerful, heavily ironed him, and told him he was a prisoner on the charge of murder. The conduct of these men, however brutal at first, was soon altered by his calm and gentle submission to their orders. "It is useless," he said, "to assert my innocence to you, but I hope you will allow me to secure those things which will afford me some comfort in the dreary abode to which you are about to lead me."



They readily complied ; and after putting his seal on all his property, and packing up his Bible, money, and clothes, he quietly followed them to the carriage which conveyed them to London.

In going out to India, an inferior officer of the ship, named Caylis, had repeatedly behaved with great insolence to all around him, especially to Philip, whose superiority had excited his envy. One day, when provoked almost beyond bearing, Philip observed to him—“ For your public conduct there are plenty of punishments provided by the rules of the service ; but for your conduct to me, as an individual, if you persist, I shall take the punishment into my own hands ; therefore beware.” He walked away ; but the coward followed, and, hitting him a violent blow, tried to escape to the fore part of the vessel. Philip, however, was too quick for him, and, turning round, laid him sprawling on the deck. The whole transaction having been witnessed by the captain, he now interfered, and ordered the offender to be severely punished. He was awed into obedience ; the circumstance passed over, and was forgotten by all but the wretch Caylis, who vowed eternal revenge against Philip. In the course of the voyage home, a man was ordered into the shrouds for some misdemeanor ; he dared to come down before his time expired, and during Philip’s watch, who sternly ordered him back again. The culprit obeyed, and a few minutes after was heard to fall into the water, whence, although every effort was made to save him, he never rose again. On this did the malignant Caylis find his charge against Philip, and

declare, that he had pushed the man overboard for disobeying orders. As villains may always be found in every large community, bribes induced some of the sailors to bear out the assertion. Philip had no time to assemble his own witnesses, was examined, and committed. It was then that he wrote to his father an account of the whole transaction, and begged him to communicate it to his friends. For a moment the poor old man was overcome. "My boy, my hero, to die such a death!" he exclaimed, as he hid his face in his hands. "Impossible!" he resumed, as he started up to prepare for his journey. The news soon spread, and the whole county was set in commotion; men of the highest rank and wealth offered immense sums for his bail; no bail could be allowed for murder, and he stood his trial. Two hearts, above all others, longed to be with him in this hour of affliction—those of Bertha and his sister. Their fathers, however, forbade their presence, by saying, "A prison is no place for females, and if Philip were condemned, you could do no more." No prisoner ever went to the bar more numerously escorted; his father, with his erect and military air, seemed proudly to defy the accusers of his son. His godfather, the bishop of B——, followed, with his silver hair and benignant countenance; the respectable father of his betrothed, and a numerous assemblage of men of rank and consequence, attended him to court. Never did a prisoner appear as a capital offender who in his own person excited such interest. His manly figure, his fine elevated forehead, which seemed to be the seat of candour and

intelligence, the serene expression of his handsome features, betokened perfect innocence, and when he pronounced the words "Not Guilty," with a clear and steady voice, a murmur of assent ran through the crowd. His captain, and the greater part of the crew, most of whom had volunteered their testimony, the hesitation of some of the suborned witnesses, all confirmed the favourable impression, and after thorough investigation, the jury pronounced him innocent, without quitting their box. "Acquitted, most honourably acquitted," were the words of the judge. A shout of joy and applause filled the whole court. His father, whose proud bearing was but the mask of intense feeling, was carried insensible into the air, where, however, he soon revived; the bishop silently and fervently returned thanks to a higher tribunal, and Philip had neither words nor hands enough to return the salutations and congratulations which were showered upon him by friends and strangers. A dinner was given on the same day to celebrate the event, but which Philip left his friends to enjoy by themselves. Bertha and his sister had not been separated since the departure of their parents: communications were regularly made to them, but, notwithstanding their certainty that Philip would be acquitted, this awful day had been passed by them in speechless suspense. Every moment brought on the crisis—the period was past—his fate was decided—Oh! when should they know?—With violent efforts they assumed a patience which they felt not—hour after hour passed, and at length Mary ventured to whisper, "How soon may we

expect——” “Hark!” said Bertha. A faint noise was heard—it gradually increased—a chaise and four horses whirled up to the cottage-gate, and they were encircled in the arms of their beloved Philip.

This event gave him a feeling of disgust to his profession which he could not conquer, and, aided by the idea of its not being sufficiently lucrative to allow of his marriage in a reasonable time, he determined upon leaving the service. His brother was in India, attached to the — dragoons, with the rank of major, and as they were raising recruits for this regiment, he entered it as cornet. The time of departure arrived, and, at his father's request, he, in his farewell visit, appeared in his dragoon uniform. The good man thought he might be a hero after *his* fashion, when he saw him in the respected paraphernalia of his own profession, and Bertha, although she would not confess it, thought him handsomer than ever. The campaign in India was to fill his purse, and, with the hope of this being their last separation, she parted from him with more resignation than usual. Philip in due time announced his safe arrival, and, early called into action, from that period no letters were received from him. Age was fast creeping upon his excellent father; his constitution was evidently much broken; yet he still continued, with the aid of spectacles, to examine the daily papers for news of his children. The gazette soon announced the promotion of the elder to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and of the younger to that of lieutenant; frequently were they both spoken of in the most gratifying terms, and at length the bravery

of the dauntless Philip, who was described as recovering the colours of his regiment from the enemy, almost by a miracle, shot a ray of joy into his heart which was too strong for the enfeebled frame that enclosed it. The anecdote was told in the most glowing terms, the commanding-officer's praises were repeated, and as Mary concluded the paragraph which her father's emotion had prevented him from finishing, he sunk back into his chair, with clasped hands, and eyes raised to Heaven.

"Thank God!" he fervently exclaimed, "my boy is a hero!—I foretold it: and now, bless you all, my—" The last words faltered on his lips; a deep-drawn sigh escaped from his bosom—and it was his last.

The news of his death reached Philip at a time when he had no leisure for the indulgence of his private feelings. The siege of Seringapatam was begun; every energy was called into the combat; the — dragoons acted as dismounted cavalry: but, as Philip stood, with his men, up to his knees in an intrenchment filled with water, and the tropical sun flamed over his head, he darted a thought of regret back to his home, and uttered a short prayer for the survivors. The city fell, and became the spoil of the conquerors. Already did Philip think his wishes were accomplished; honour and fortune awaited him; and Bertha was to crown his happiness. But the chastening hand of Providence had ordered it otherwise. His exposure to the sun; his violent exertions; the smoke, heat, and dust of the siege; brought on an inflammation in his eyes, which at length ended

in blindness. Still he hoped that the calamity was only temporary. The skill of English practitioners he thought would restore him. He asked leave of absence, and it was granted. He received his share of the spoils, and returned home with a wounded brother officer, taking with him his favourite charger. They travelled through a wild country to reach the sea-coast, and frequently suffered from hunger. The inhabitants fled before them; and often had Philip given up his own meal to supply the appetite of his valued steed. On one of these occasions the rice he abandoned to it was poisoned, and the poor animal died in a few hours. Philip could scarcely feel grateful for his own escape, when he first heard the intelligence; but, continuing his route on another horse, he arrived at the port without further disaster, and finally landed in England. He staid in London for some time, trying the best operators and advisers: they at length told him that there was not the slightest hope; and sadly did he return to H——, without the power of beholding the dear forms which he had so often contemplated with delight. He had thought that Mary or Bertha might have met him in town, to afford him consolation under his heavy trial: -but Mary was married, and a mother; and Bertha's parents had forbidden her to see her lover. The agents in India intrusted with the division of the prize-money had taken advantage of his blindness, and given him glass for precious stones<sup>(?)</sup>; he was obliged to retire upon half-pay; and a comparatively trifling pension was granted for his loss of sight. He was no longer, then, a match for their

daughter, and they peremptorily ordered her to give him up.

“No!” exclaimed the heart-broken girl, “I may not marry him in disobedience to your commands; but he is the same Philip whom you once sanctioned as my affianced husband, and I never will give him up.”

Time rolled on. Philip was established, with a servant, in lodgings near his sister; and his stolen interviews with Bertha at her house, and the society of her children, were his sole comforts. Bertha's father died, and left thousands among his wife and sons; but to Bertha he bequeathed a paltry pittance, and the reversion of her mother's jointure, in case she married with her consent. Resigned as he was to his fate, his health suffered from his struggles, and the inaction of his life. The people, as he passed, leaning on the arm of a servant, would shake their heads and mourn over the alteration, thinking it a blessing that “his father had not lived to see what his hero was come to.” Could they have searched into his heart, they would have found him a greater hero than ever. His entire resignation to the will of God, his endeavours to extract happiness from every trifling occurrence, his cheerful conversation, were proofs of a strength that availed much more than bodily exertion. At length, after the lapse of years, Bertha's grandmother died and left her a small property; she wrung a consent from her mother; and she became the wife of Philip. Then, indeed, did a ray of happiness beam, for a few years, over his benighted existence. Her society, her devotion to his wishes, made him declare that he had

nothing on earth to desire; and when he felt that he must prepare for heaven, he proved that he was still a hero. Feeling that he must die, he uttered his last wishes with the most perfect calmness and composure; and, laying his head upon the shoulder of his wife, he resigned his magnanimous soul to its Creator.

Such was the career of the man "born to be a hero;" and so were his father's predictions fulfilled.—And let us learn, from this slight sketch, that there is more true heroism in cheerfully submitting to the privations imposed on us by an unerring Power, than in mounting the breach of a fortress, upon the dead bodies of our fellow-creatures.



## NOTES TO THE LIFE OF A HERO.

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(<sup>1</sup>) The *hero* of the following story married one of my first cousins, who is represented by Bertha. In my earliest childhood, the magnanimous bearing of our blind friend, under one of the heaviest of all afflictions, made a very strong impression; and his death, at an advanced age, left me at liberty to offer to the world an example from which an useful lesson may be learned. His excellent wife quickly followed him, and the peaceful close of these two lives shews us how the righteous believer is supported in the last and most awful of his trials.

(<sup>2</sup>) Several of the ornaments which were not false, had belonged to the Harem of Tippoo Sultan; they were uncut stones, and bad pearls, set in gold of various shapes.

## STORY VIII.

### LA MÈRE DES SOLDATS.

I HAD very often heard of the person who bears the above appellation, and yet, during years of residence in and frequent visits to Paris, it had so chanced that I had never seen her. However, I determined not to go again without making acquaintance with her, and, in October, 1829, I accomplished my purpose. I set off for Montmartre with a friend, who was to act as guide and master of the ceremonies, and, leaving our carriage at the *barrière*, we slowly proceeded up the hill.

It was one of those days so frequent in autumn, when gleams of sunshine break through heavy masses of clouds, and cast partial lights over the landscape. Paris and its environs appeared like a vast panorama, and we often turned round to contemplate the scene which we were leaving behind us. The gilded dome of the Invalides rose in the grey atmosphere with independent brightness; St. Geneviève and Nôtre Dame served as beacons to direct us to the spots which most interested us. The castle of Vincennes rose from the plain, and the dense black cloud above, threw over it a gloom which was well adapted to its history. One

broad solitary beam illumined the darkness, and shot across the fading tints of a beautiful and distant assemblage of trees. The light alone would have attracted our observation, but it was like a ray of glory over the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and the last loved being there deposited seemed to be hailing us as we stood. The fairest, the best, the pride and joy of all connected with her, had vanished from us in the perfection of youthful loveliness; and at this moment her heavenly countenance, her extraordinary talents and acquirements, her unwearied and universal benevolence, her resignation to her untimely fate, all rushed upon our recollection, and our hearts were too full to speak.

But the living soon awakened us from our reverie, and we silently gained the village. It had no beauty to induce us to linger in it; and, having heard that *La Mère* was often to be seen at the confessional in the church, we bent our steps thither. A poor decrepid female most officiously besprinkled us with holy water as we entered; but the object of our search was not there, and Monsieur D. left me to examine the interior of the building, while he tried to gain information concerning her residence. The church of Montmartre is not beautiful either in decoration or architecture, but it is interesting from its antiquity, and from a few old relics within, such as a font and two or three mutilated tombs; but its venerable appearance is destroyed by bad paintings and the dirty finery hung about the various altars round the sides of the building. Having procured some directions, my friend returned, and, proceeding through

two or three little dirty alleys, we reached a high wall, which so completely concealed the dwelling of *La Mère*, that, had it not been for a small door, we should not have guessed that there was any habitation behind it. There was neither bell nor knocker; tapping seemed in vain: we therefore shook this door with all our force, and our ears were then assailed by the loud outcries of some curs, who would have disputed our entrance. A dirty-looking female admitted us, and, when we asked for *La Mère Ste. Camille*, ushered us in through a low apartment without furniture, inhabited by fowls and ducks, into another of better dimensions. I had, it is true, seen enough of nuns and friars to destroy the romantic notions which we English Protestants often conceive of them; but all I had heard of this extraordinary being led me to expect a fairy rather than a dwarf, and, with feelings heightened by the circumstances of my walk, I had quitted the church with impressions far beyond their natural pitch. It was well for me that the entrance had somewhat checked these, or I might have started when *La Mère* first presented herself. It was not that the idea of her unearthly appearance was destroyed, but I in vain looked for her good deeds in her exterior. A little being stood before me not more than four feet and a half high. Her black gown was made with the wide sleeves and skirt always worn by nuns; her bib and head-cloth were white as snow; a large black veil was thrown over her head and shoulders; a rosary was attached to her girdle; and a large cross was suspended from her neck. A pair of huge feet, in

thick and coarse shoes, peeped from beneath her robe; her hands were small and shriveled; but her face——, I have reserved that till the last, despairing to convey an adequate notion of its expression. Her features were aquiline, and had been handsome; the loss of her teeth had brought her nose and chin, sharpened by age, too near together to preserve their original beauty, but her eyes were beyond the power of words to describe. Surrounded by wrinkles, they yet preserved all the fire of youth;—they were black, and seemed to penetrate into every secret feeling. They were occasionally raised to Heaven with fervour, but, when she was speaking of her adventures, they were in incessant motion. Her voice was not harsh, but loud as that of a Stentor, and contributed more than anything else to the idea of her being supernatural.

Accustomed to see a multitude of people, all of whom she cannot recollect, it is very easy to pass for an old acquaintance with *La Mère des Soldats*, and as such my friend introduced himself. As such did she receive him, and welcome us both to her dwelling. We sat down and conversed some little time, during which I had an opportunity of surveying the apartment. A large *pot-au-feu* stood among the wood-ashes in the ample chimney; a small bed at one corner, with yellowish white curtains, was destined to receive not only its owner, but a huge cat, which evidently preferred diurnal possession. A table, a few old chairs, a chest of drawers, a sort of secretaire, and a basket for each of the dogs, completed the furniture.

After talking over the number of her patients and some minor troubles which had lately befallen her, she asked us to inspect the chamber prepared by herself, for those workmen who are wounded in the quarries close by her residence. There was no occupant at the time I speak of, but the three beds which the chamber contained, were all ready to receive their patients at a moment's notice, and were models of neatness and cleanliness. The room was hung round with prints illustrating the lives of the saints, and, railed off from the rest was a small altar, dedicated to our Saviour, decorated with the usual accompaniments of tinsel, flowers, and candlesticks. *La Mère* placed chairs for us all to kneel upon, and said, "Whatever religion you may be of, you surely cannot refuse to join your voice with mine in thankfulness and supplication to the Saviour of mankind. All religions are the same which acknowledge the Almighty and his Son." Of course we complied with her request, and she commenced a prayer of her own composition. Her voice, however, frequently failed her, and Mons. D. offered to read the prayer for her. She put it into his hands, and gave herself up to the devotion of the moment. She repeated it after him with fervour, and, although the verses were not perfect, they were simple and affecting; and, on seeing her with her hands and eyes upraised, and her whole self entirely abstracted, as it were, from this earth, it was not possible either to refuse her credit for her sincerity, or in some measure to partake of her feelings. On rising, she laid her hand upon my arm,

and exclaimed, "Now you are truly my sister, and I hope you will never forget the prayers of *La Mère Ste. Camille*." We offered her money, but she pointed to a little box, and said, "Put it into that, for there I keep the treasures of others. I do not want it just now for my hospital, but there are many poor in this parish."

We returned to her own room, and then begged her to relate to us the history of her life; for I told her I had come all the way from England to hear it, and to see her. She readily complied with my wishes, but wandered occasionally from her subject. She frequently stopped to make reflections, and at times her enthusiasm rendered her almost incoherent; the following, however, is the substance of her narration.

Her real name is Maunoir, and she was born at Angers, where she lived with a wealthy mother. From the earliest age she devoted herself to charity, and, when the civil wars commenced, she visited the fields of battle to carry succour to the wounded, and comfort to the dying. With her basket of drugs and cordials, she braved the horrors of such a scene, spent hours in staunching wounds, and probably saving the lives of many, who would otherwise have perished from exhaustion. During these troubled times, sixty-four unhappy priests were shut up in the chapel of the castle at Angers, and were suffering tortures from thirst. This diminutive being scaled the walls, and by means of cords, lowered wine and water through the broken windows to the unfortunate sufferers. For this she was

thrown into prison, and even there, regardless of her own fate, she contrived to help her companions in misfortune. She was at length released by some counter-revolution, which changed the authorities. Her mother died, and her property having been all confiscated, Mademoiselle Maunoir went to Paris, in the hope of attaching herself to some religious community devoted to the relief of the sick, and, arriving at her aunt's, she was entreated to leave her vocations, and behave as became the heiress of a considerable property. This she positively refused to do, and she was consequently disinherited: before her aunt died, however, she made over her property to the institution which her niece had even then endeavoured to found.

Finding that to associate herself with any established order would be to confine her pious exertions, she pursued her own course, and particularly devoted herself to the care of sick or disgraced soldiers, and of those who were not sufficiently poor to go into an hospital, and yet not rich enough to pay for medical attendance. But the former have always been the chief objects of her care, from which she derives the title of "*La Mère des Soldats.*" She not only visits them in their hospitals, but in their prisons, whither she carries them bodily refreshment and the consolations of religion. For this, she is so well known to everybody, that she is admitted where no one else would be allowed to go, and, whenever an unhappy soldier is tried for any offence, she takes her station in the court, with her little bottle of *eau de mélisse* in her hand, with which



she revives the spirits of those who are condemned. The instant that the prisoner is taken out of court, away she trots at an incredible rate, with her wooden shoes, and great feet, to the palace. The sentinels, who know her, permit her to pass; the people in waiting admit her still further; and she glides into the royal presence almost unperceived. She does not always plead in vain, for, the military laws of France being extremely severe, every opportunity which affords an excuse for their mitigation is readily seized. Among the successful instances which she related to us, I shall select only two.

The first was that of a young man who had been forced into the army, and torn away from a young wife, to whom he had been married only a few months, and from a number of beloved friends and relations. The news of his mother's dangerous illness, and the immediate prospect of the birth of his child, reached him, and he sought and obtained leave of absence, in order to return to his family. His home was far in the south of France, and he had the happiness of finding his mother better; but, as he was about to depart, after a very few days' rest, his wife was taken ill, and, to leave her in safety, and embrace his new-born child, he delayed the moment of starting, in the hope of still reaching his regiment by the expiration of his furlough. To do this he was obliged to use extra-exertion; but, overcome by fatigue and anxiety, he was a week beyond the appointed time. He was seized as a deserter, tried, and condemned to be shot. When his

sentence was pronounced, the poor fellow fainted, but *La Mère* was close at hand; to pour her cordial down his throat, and to whisper a few words of hope in his ear. She proceeded, with her usual celerity, to the Thuilleries, and told her story to the kind-hearted Louis XVIII., who not only pardoned the culprit, but ordered his discharge. I saw the letter from the family to his benefactress, which expressed their unbounded gratitude; and she told me that they every year proved, by some trifling present, that her services were not forgotten.

The second instance was of more recent occurrence, and was that of a fine young man, who, after a series of irritating and insulting conduct from his superior officer, was at length struck by him. The soldier returned the blow, and felled his officer to the ground. He was arrested, and the court-martial sentenced him to be shot, in a few hours after condemnation. *La Mère* darted off to the Thuilleries with inconceivable rapidity, but unhappily the king, Charles X., was at St. Cloud. She instantly quitted the palace, and met the Duc de R——t in his cabriolet. He heard her story, and, telling her to get into his carriage, he drove her at full speed to St. Cloud, at the same time informing her that there was no hope for her *protégé*, for the youthful and benevolent Duc de Ch——s had already solicited his majesty twice, without success. Arrived at St. Cloud, *La Mère* met on the stairs the Duc de Ch——s, who told her that his majesty still continued inexorable, for it was an offence which was never pardoned. *La Mère*,

however, persisted, and so effectually worked upon the king's feelings, that he wavered. At that moment, the rolling of wheels and the trampling of horses were heard. They were leading the poor victim to the place of execution. Dropping on her knees, *La Mère* called religion to her aid, in so powerful a manner, that she obtained the royal grace. The Duc de Ch——s awaited the result of her visit, and when she shouted, "Pardon!" from the door of his majesty's apartment, he immediately dispatched a horse-soldier to stop the execution. He arrived just as the poor fellow had had the handkerchief bound round his head, and dropped on his knees to meet his fate. The joyous cries of his companions informed him that he was saved, and when they tore the bandage from his eyes, he was senseless. They carried him from the ground to the hospital, where he had a fever; "but," said his protectress, "we shall soon get him well again."

The good deeds of *La Mère Ste. Camille*, however, have not been confined to individual instances. When the Empress Josephine was on the throne of France, she sent for this enthusiastic being, and asked her what she should give her by way of present. *La Mère* only asked for a male and female lamb of the real Merinos breed. The empress complied, and interested herself very much about their well-doing. From these, and from a more numerous donation of the same kind from another quarter, *La Mère* has reared a large flock of the purest race. This has been her great resource at all times, and, when the plague raged at Barcelona, she pledged her flock, in order to pay the expences of two

religious sisters and five brethren, whom she sent to attend on the sick in the hospitals. She was desirous also of sending the same sort of assistance to the Greeks during their late struggle, but the government prohibited the departure of her little expedition.

I am sorry to add, that advantage is but too often taken of the enthusiasm and credulity of *La Mère*, and she has frequently been drawn into the snares of the artful, and become responsible for sums of money. Such a circumstance had just occurred when I saw her, and she was obliged to sell some of her "*pauvres bêtes*," as she called them, to answer a heavy demand. As she spoke, the remainder arrived from browsing on the hill, and a little ragged shepherdess conducted them to their fold behind the house: we saw them before we came away, and they evinced much joy at the sight of their mistress. They also licked our hands, and seemed so perfectly tame, that she had evidently spent much time among them, teaching them gentleness.

But the chief ambition of this extraordinary personage is to found a religious order, for the express purposes to which she has devoted her life. She wrote to the Pope on the subject, and obtained his holiness's full permission to establish herself as the superior of the order. She could not, however, accomplish her plan, without the assistance of the archbishop of Paris, and she also petitioned him, but he refused all aid, and, it is supposed from motives of policy, entirely prohibited her from forming the institution. She still persists, however, with the Pope's authority, to call herself *La Supérieure des Sœurs de Ste. Camille*, and two sisters

consider her as the legal directress of their labours in the same cause, to which she has so entirely sacrificed all her worldly interests.

Such is the history of this wonderful woman, who is still to be seen every day descending and reascending the hill of Montmartre, on her way to and from the military hospitals. A little basket hangs on her arm, and she is escorted by her two dogs. The soldiers bless her as she passes their *casernes*. “*Bon jour, ma mère!*” salutes her on all sides as she goes along; and many of the poorer class feel a superstitious reverence even for her name. I was in her presence nearly three hours, and my attention had been so strongly excited, and the interest I felt for her was so powerful, that I was glad to walk quietly back to the *barrière*. Her voice rung in my ears for days, and I felt quite annoyed when any one tried to lower the estimate I had made of her good qualities. They say that the wounded workmen whom she takes into her hospital, would have better medical advice in a public establishment; that, carried away by her enthusiasm, she is no respecter of times or persons, and intrudes herself till she becomes troublesome; and that she is led away by her feelings to a degree bordering on insanity. I am willing to grant all this, but her motives, her religious fervour, her active benevolence, are all pure and disinterested, I firmly believe; and, if they be tinged with superstition and enthusiasm, we must recollect her education as an excuse for the first, and, as for the latter, I will ask—what great purpose was ever effected without it?

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## STORY IX.

### JACQUELINE.

By the side of the road leading from Paris to the village of N——, stood a low square cottage, which served as a lodge to the chateau de L——. Unlike our English lodges, where neatness and taste pervade the inside and the out, the single room which composed it was floored with coarse red tiles, and the smoke of the fire had blackened the walls. The bed, according to the custom of the country, stood in one corner, and was remarkable for the white counterpane which covered it: the fringed white curtains across the window, and the wedding bunch of orange flowers under a glass case, formed a singular contrast to the littered state of the apartment: a large old cat, a crooked-legged old dog, prevented the poultry from coming over the threshold, and disputed possession of the floor and chairs, with remnants of vegetables, broken sticks, and a worn-out broom. On a glorious day in July, Madame la Pierre, the sole inhabitant of this little dwelling, was seen to issue frequently from her door, and, mounting a hillock on the side of the road, and shading her eyes with both hands, to look impatiently towards N——. At length, a red and white object was seen slowly approaching,

and Madame la Pierre, exclaiming, "There she is," hastily returned to the cottage, to make preparations for a guest. Two chairs and a table were placed under the trees, the latter was covered with a clean white cloth, and the spoons and plates were quickly arranged. Scarcely was all ready, when a very beautiful young woman greeted the bustling old portress, who, returning the salutation on both cheeks, said, "Here you are, then, Mademoiselle Jacqueline; you are late to-day, and I began to fear there was something the matter." "No, good mother," was the reply, "it was only the heat, which made my two leagues appear unusually long."

The health of Jacqueline's mother was enquired into; the cat and dog, the most important personages of Madame la Pierre's family, were caressed; and the two females were soon seated under the trees. Jacqueline drew from her basket a standing veal pie, and a bottle of vin ordinaire; and Madame la Pierre supplied bread from a loaf a yard long, water from a neighbouring well, and pease grown in her little wild garden. The principal events of their lives during the last three months were related; and Jacqueline, after looking at a small gold watch, suspended from a fine chain, of the same metal, round her neck, said she must now resume her journey; when the unusual sound of "Gate, gate," startled them both, and turning round, they saw a heavy-looking carriage, drawn by two long-tailed black horses, and driven by a fat old coachman, waiting for admittance.

"Heaven," cried Madame la Pierre, "here is Monsieur; what can he come in at this gate for? never, never



does he come this way; I cannot open the gate; help, help, Mademoiselle Jacqueline." The bustle of the old woman, the yelping of the dog, the screaming of the cocks and hens, and the creaking of the heavy iron gate, as it rolled back upon its rusty hinges, caused the owner of the equipage to look out. "*Bon jour*, Madame la Pierre," he said; "is that your daughter?" "No, Monsieur, it is Mademoiselle Jacqueline," was the luminous reply. Jacqueline dropped a little graceful curtsey,—Monsieur gazed, the carriage rolled on through the avenue, the gates were shut, with many an exclamation, by the portress; the remnants of the veal pie and wine were put into the cupboard; Jacqueline, refreshed, received a kiss of blessing on the forehead, from her hostess, and tying her little snowy quilled cap under her chin, and smoothing down her white linen apron, resumed her way to Paris.

The evening arrived, and Madame la Pierre was folding up her knitting, in order to go to bed before it was necessary to light a candle, when she saw something glide between the trees of the dark avenue. "Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the good woman, "there is a robber." Another look, and it was only Monsieur. "Do not be alarmed," said the Baron, "I am only come to tell you, that I mean to have this entrance made easier of access, for during this hot weather, the shade of the road makes up for the increase of distance, and I shall often come this way." Madame la Pierre assented to all that was suggested, and was in the act of making her last curtsey, when the Baron, as



if suddenly recollecting himself, asked, "Who was that young woman with you to-day?" With sundry interpolations, and inexplicable explanations, Madame la Pierre related that, soon after the building of the lodge, a young girl knocked at the door, and asked leave to sit down and rest herself; her father, who had been a notary, was dead; her mother, old and infirm, was supported entirely by herself; that she embroidered for the Paris shops, and, four times every year, walked from N—— to that city, to receive payment for her work; that she had been accustomed to rest there, and eat her dinner under the trees, and she hoped she might be still allowed the same accommodation. "So, Monsieur," added Madame la Pierre, "I have seen her regularly every three months; she brings her dinner in her basket; she remains in Paris one day, and the day after, she rests here again, on her way back to N——. She is a very good girl, Monsieur, and very steady, and is sure always to bring me something from Paris; the fichu I have now on my shoulders, she gave me last year, and I have worn it, Monsieur, you—" but Monsieur had no inclination to discuss the merits of the fichu, and stopping Madame la Pierre's tongue, by slipping a five-franc piece into her hand, wished her good evening, and resumed his walk.

All that had passed was related to Jacqueline on her return, with Madame la Pierre's own reflections on the subject; but Jacqueline, who was no coquette, thought it very natural that M. le Baron should wish to know who had been at the lodge, and that he should

make a present to his portress. She did not, however, think it quite so natural, that the Baron should open a little wooden gate at the end of the park, just as she was passing it on her road home, and that he should propose walking a little way with her. At first she was troubled to think what he could mean by such condescension; but when, after enquiring her age, which was eighteen, asking the address of her mother, and ascertaining various particulars concerning her position in life, he put a Napoleon into her hand for that mother, the simple-hearted creature thought that heaven had sent her a benefactor.

A week after this period, Jacqueline laid aside her work, and, calling in an old neighbour to sit with her mother, went to join the dancers in the village. When she returned, her mother observed she was later than usual. "Yes," replied Jacqueline, "I went with Auguste to see his mother." "You are always with Auguste, child," said the old woman, pettishly. "What is the matter with you, mother?" asked Jacqueline, taking her hand. "Matter!" was the answer; "why you ought to look for better things than a marriage with Auguste." What can have happened, thought Jacqueline; but, accustomed to the caprices of the invalid, she assisted her to bed, and then retiring to her own humble couch, fell asleep in a few minutes. At four o'clock the next morning she rose to her work, and, opening the casement, sat down beside it, to enjoy the freshness of the morning. Presently, a rustling noise in the low fence of the little garden, startled her; she turned her head, and Auguste

was by her side. "You were not very tired with dancing last night," said he, "if you can be up so early this morning." "Nor you," returned Jacqueline. "Ah! it was want of sleep drove me from my bed." "For what reason could you not sleep?" "Can you ask that question?" "Why not?" "Has not your mother told you, then?" "No, she was very cross, last night, and I supposed I had affronted her by going with you to your mother's." "Why, the Baron L—— came to the village yesterday evening, and called at your house." "Well, and what did he say, the good old man?" "Why he asked leave to—to—marry you, if I must say it." "To marry me!" said Jacqueline, in unfeigned astonishment, "who told you that?" "Why, old Susette was with your mother, and heard it all, and of course she could not go to sleep till she had told it through the whole village." "But it cannot be true, Auguste; how should such a great man want to marry a poor girl like me?" "Why not? he sees you are very pretty—and there I must agree with him—and you know he is not one of the great lords; he was once poor himself, but made a great deal of money by trade, with which he bought that fine chateau, and his title." "But what did my mother say, Auguste?" "She said she would talk to you, and cried for joy after he was gone," replied Auguste, sulkily.

It was, indeed, as Auguste had represented. Struck with the beauty of Jacqueline; fancying that he should secure gratitude, at least, by raising her from poverty to affluence; weary of the solitude in which he had placed

himself, by stepping from his own sphere; and hoping to attract society by means of an engaging young wife, the Baron had made proposals of marriage. The disgust of Jacqueline and the despair of Auguste, were at first violent; but the Baron was favoured by the mother; his presents were so bountiful, and he became so much more enamoured as the obstacles increased, that poor Jacqueline was torn by conflicting feelings. The mother wept, and entreated; represented that her remaining days might be spent in ease and comfort: she called her neighbours in to plead with her, and no argument was left untried, to induce Jacqueline to consent. At one time her companions represented to her all the pleasures which awaited her, with rank and wealth; at others they laughed at her for not eagerly accepting such brilliant offers. At length the seeds of vanity were awakened, and she wavered. The Baron bribed high; and a letter, one morning, from Auguste, hastened her determination. It was as follows: "I go, Jacqueline, and will no longer be an obstacle to your prosperity; every body scorns me for what they call my selfishness; even you hesitate, and M. le Curé tells me, that I oppose the decrees of heaven. The army is always a resource for those who fear not to die. Take care of my mother as well as yours,—and God bless you."

Had Auguste immediately followed his letter, to take a personal farewell, Jacqueline, overcome with grief, would have dropped her hand in his, and said—"Yours for ever!" but the hours rolled on, M. le Curé gave his opinion, the mother prayed and groaned, the Baron

came most opportunely in the evening, and, when Auguste stole back at night, to take one last look, the whole village was ringing with the acceptance of his rival.

We have now to follow Jacqueline, in a far different career to that in which (till she forgot Auguste,) she had so ably performed her duties. She became the Baroness L—, and one of her first cares was to settle her mother, with proper attendance, in the chateau. She also would have provided for an increase of comfort to the mother of Auguste, but the heart-broken old woman would not receive it from her hands. Madame la Pierre was not forgotten; and these arrangements completed, the beautiful bride went to Paris, where masters of all kinds were procured for her. Gifted with extreme aptitude, and sensible of her deficiencies, she applied with unremitting zeal, and soon became versed in the most fashionable accomplishments. She was introduced to the wealthy associates of her husband; and, intoxicated by the admiration she received, the past was entirely forgotten. At first her respect and gratitude towards her husband checked her from partaking in those amusements which he could not share; but dissipation falls like a blight upon the natural impulses of the heart, and she soon mingled with the throng which surrounded her, deaf to all but the adulation which was continually poured into her ear. Pleased at the facility with which she had gained her accomplishments, fascinated by the extreme grace which marked her whole demeanour, and proud of her brilliant appearance, the Baron at first encouraged her pleasures, and was perhaps partly to

blame for the avidity with which she followed them; but, as he soon became tired himself, he hoped she would prefer him to the world, and looked to her for the solace and comfort of his now declining years. He, however, soon discovered that she lived but for the scenes into which he had brought her; and he found, too late, that something besides mere accomplishment should be provided for in education. Mortified and disappointed, and as ill-judged in this as in many other things, he left her to her follies, and, secluding himself in his apartments, soon sunk into a state bordering on misanthropy.

Ten years passed in this manner; the mother was dead, the Baron was more confirmed than ever in his habits of seclusion, and Jacqueline, satiated with pleasure, was a prey to *ennui*. Had she then found a sensible and kind adviser, she might perhaps have been reclaimed. But her circle was destitute of such beings, and one of a totally different stamp was presented to her notice. Newly arrived from Italy, where he had been travelling, Alphonse appeared as a candidate for fashionable celebrity, and his personal attractions, his manners, and a reputation for gallantry, made him courted as an ornament to the salons of Paris.

Restless and dispirited, weary with every body and every thing, an air of languor had stolen over the features of Jacqueline, and though it robbed her of her brilliancy, many thought her more attractive than ever. "There goes the Baroness L—," said a friend to Alphonse; and relating her history, he added, "If you look at her, you will think her capable of deep and ardent feeling; you

will, however, be mistaken ; she lives but for pleasure, and is alike incapable of love or friendship."

To make the conquest of such a person, and awaken her from her apathy excited the vanity of Alphonse ; and reckless of the consequences, provided he obtained the *eclât*, he applied himself seriously to the attainment of his object. Strong in her indifference, she at first tolerated the attentions of her new votary ; his passion, which soon became as real as such a being is capable of feeling, then amused her ; the excitement which it caused was heaven to the *ennui* she had lately felt, and by degrees she fell into the snare.

A remnant of gratitude, not quite stifled by her past career,—a glimpse of better days, led her for some time to respect herself, and the ties which bound her to another ; but who can oppose a barrier to a devouring passion, whose mind is not fortified by great moral and religious truths ? The resistance of Jacqueline became weaker every day, and although she frequently tried to avoid Alphonse, he continually contrived to frustrate all her schemes. Fluctuating between her inclination and one remaining atom of virtue, she made one desperate effort to save herself. In reply to the earnest and reiterated entreaties of her lover to leave Paris with him, she replied, " I begin to think that it is my fate ; but to-morrow I will make one last trial. I shall go to mass, and there pray that I may know how to act. If I leave my missal upon the chair, presume not to follow me, for I shall then have determined to see you no more ; if I take it away, I shall not have been able to resist." The



morning arrived; Jacqueline attended mass in the church of St. S—, and not daring to look around her, placed her missal on the chair, and was about to leave the edifice with a tottering step. Before she reached the door, an old woman ran after her, crying, "Madame! Madame! here is your book;" and put it into her hands. "C'est mon sort donc!" exclaimed Jacqueline; the book fell from her hand—her sight failed her—an arm supported her to her carriage, and she returned no more to her home.

A few short months, and the dream was over. Alphonse, who had brought Jacqueline to London, received a letter from his father, offering him a diplomatic situation, provided he would leave the woman he had betrayed. The heartless wretch consented, and left his victim no further explanation than a copy of his father's letter. "Auguste, you are avenged!" was the sole exclamation of the unhappy Jacqueline, when she contemplated the destitution of her future life. Dreadful were her sufferings, and hardly earned was the pittance with which she supported herself: and yet Jacqueline was now more worthy of respect, than she had been since the days when she rested at the good Madame La Pierre's, for she bore her privations in meek repentance. She was, however, to be tried yet further; a low fever wasted her, and checked the exertions by which she procured her living. A day passed nearly without food, and endeavours to finish the allotted task were too much for her strength, and her landlady found her stretched on the floor, in a state of insensibility. The cries of the kind-hearted woman



alarmed the lodgers below, a foreigner flew to her assistance, and Jacqueline, opening her eyes, fixed them on the well-known features of Auguste. A fearful shriek burst from her lips, a violent fever ensued, and she for many days hovered between life and death. At last, her natural strength prevailed, and she was pronounced out of danger. Often as she recovered, did she ask who had ministered to her sufferings, but she was invariably answered, that she would know all in good time. She one day murmured, "I fancied I saw Auguste, but, thank God! it was only fancy." A sweet voice answered her in her native tongue, that she had indeed seen him; and a young lady, who made her appearance from behind the curtain, said, if she would be calm, she would tell her all. By degrees the truth was revealed, and Jacqueline learned that Auguste had risen rapidly, having attained the rank of colonel, and that he and the lady (his wife) were then on a tour of pleasure and relaxation, for the hard service in which Auguste had been engaged, had injured his health. "A kind providence," continued she, "directed us to this lodging, and we have been but too happy to be useful to a country-woman." The unhappy Jacqueline groaned aloud, and exclaimed,—“Alas! when you know all, and how worthless a being you have assisted, you will be sorry for your humanity.” “Hush!” said her benefactress; “we have been to Paris, and know all.” \* \* \* Jacqueline’s friends departed, and the first care of Auguste, on his arrival in Paris, was to seek the Baron, who still lived at the chateau. The story was soon told, and Auguste, acting

the good Christian, not only had pardoned himself, but, by his example and entreaties, obtained the pardon of Jacqueline's husband. Sending for a notary, the Baron, in a few hours, placed a deed in the hands of Auguste, which secured subsistence to his unfortunate wife for the remainder of her existence. Fallen from the pinnacle of beauty, wealth, and admiration, reduced to accept the very bread she ate, from the hands of those she had most injured, Jacqueline yet lived to thank God, that time had been given her for repentance; and when she closed her mortal career, she ventured to hope for happiness hereafter, in the Saviour who had died for her, and all other sinners.

## STORY X.

### A NIGHT ALARM.

It was eleven o'clock, and four young and lovely sisters had assembled in one room, to hear the contents of a letter, which had arrived that morning from a distance. No matter what the letter said, but it may be presumed that it was unusually interesting; and the quickly approaching marriage of one of the parties might lead to an easy divination of its nature, were it necessary to the following narrative. The groupe thus collected, was worthy of the most skilful painter, and, although any artist might have been improved by the attempt, the most consummate feeling and execution could alone have done justice to it.

As it most probably never will be painted, it may as well be described. The owner of the letter was in bed, but the broad lace border of the close cap could not hide the deep expression of that dark grey eye, or the admirable delicacy of that chiselled nose; the long and taper fingers, too, as they held the letter, bespoke an elegance of form well suited to the features. Another sister, half reclined on the foot of the bed, held the candle, the pale broad light of which, discovered a countenance whose expression made even its regularity forgotten: every

sentence of the letter was reflected in that ever-varying face; every thing that was good and tender, every thing that was sad or joyous, might there be found, and nothing but what was unfeminine, could fail to meet with its corresponding image there. A third sister had suspended the brushing of her long glossy hair, to listen to the tale; the intelligent look, the high commanding forehead, showed the mind of lofty and fixed purpose, and, as she rested one elbow on the pillar of the bed, she unconsciously displayed a form of faultless proportions. The party was completed by an arch-rogue on her knees, whose beaming black eyes, half hidden by her raven ringlets, and whose delicate little foot, peeping from beneath the long dressing-gown, half excited a regret that she was more concealed than the rest.

The attention of all was deeply engaged, and nought was heard but the low and gentle voice of the reader, when a faint vibration of the window beneath caused a cessation, and a glance of enquiry from one sister to the other.—“It was only the wind,” said the standing beauty, and the reader resumed her happy occupation. After a few more lines, the noise was repeated with greater force than before, and the kneeler sprang on her feet. “What can it be?” said she, in a scarcely audible tone. A long silence followed, and again came the sound, deeper and louder than ever, and it continued till the whole of the large dining-room window seemed to ring with the unaccountable tones, and to shake in every pane.

The house was built in the shelving part of some high cliffs, a succession of which bordered a lovely little bay on the eastern coast of England. It was not many yards from the sea; no habitation, except the station-towers of the preventive service, stood nearer than a quarter of a mile; the village was even more distant: a small old church, in which the sabbath was celebrated by a primitive sort of service, stood on the top of a neighbouring hill, and nothing could be more tranquil, or retired, than the whole scene. It was perfectly refreshing to contrast it with the common-place, bustling, time-killing, dissipated, and frivolous resorts of those who seek but to get rid of themselves. And so secure was it deemed, from its retirement, that there was not even a fastening to the gates at either end of the shrubbery.

“Let us call papa,” continued the raven-haired lass, “for I am certain it is some one breaking into the dining-room.” “Nonsense!” observed the damsel of the brush; “no one would think of coming in here, and papa has been fishing all day, so we must not wake him on an uncertainty. Look out, and see if any one is on the lawn.” No one, however, dared venture to go near the window, and, while all were considering what to do, the noise was reiterated with such force, that every rod of iron in the drawing-room balcony, close by, seemed to vibrate with the efforts made on the ground-floor. “This is too much,” said the hitherto silent candle-bearer; and one and all rushed into the gallery behind the room, not excepting the recumbent nymph.

They proceeded together to the chamber of a friend who was staying with them, and knocked at her door. On opening it, four long pale faces, huddled close to each other, presented themselves: but the visitor, being accustomed to such alarms in London, easily divined the nature of this unusual summons. The matter was whisperingly explained, and all five returned to the apartment where the noise had been heard, placed the candle in the gallery outside, and, shutting the door, waited in breathless silence. Expectation was soon realized, and courage was then assumed to look out into the garden; but all there was quite still.

It was then thought expedient to call the man-servant, who, with his wife, slept in another part of the house. Such efforts are always made in a body by females, and therefore the five ladies called the man, but his wife alone answered, saying that it was a false alarm—perhaps it was the puppy trying to get in—perhaps it was the wind: in short, it was anything but a housebreaker. A moment's reflection seemed to convince the party that this fear was absurd; for, being only an occasional residence, no property of value which could afford temptation was kept there. But the noise was there, and whence could it proceed?

A walk along the cliffs, taken on that very evening, had discovered some haunts of smugglers, and very recent indications of their presence were found; besides which, one of the ladies had seen two men stealing along where there was no path, just at dusk, and, of course, they could have no good motive. Smugglers,

therefore, were suggested as the primary cause of the alarm; and the idea of these lawless people having been closely pursued by the preventive men, and having taken refuge in their grounds, was much more tolerable to the ladies than that of housebreakers.

Whatever may be the cause, there certainly is in the female breast a feeling of sympathy, or kindness, or interest of some sort, towards smugglers, and the first impulse is to assist them: but, in the present instance, horrors were conjured up, which entirely banished the little female partiality on which these men might otherwise have reckoned. Supposing it were possible for them to lodge their goods in the house, for the sake of concealment, the officers would soon arrive—a struggle would ensue—some would be wounded; their papa never would connive at the escape of a smuggler. But, in the midst of these deliberations and reflections, shake went the window—ring went the balcony—screech went the boat upon the shingles (as they thought)—and away rushed the ladies to the door of the sleeping host, begging him to rise immediately, and see what was the matter.

The good-humoured readiness of the father, and his speedy appearance, showed that no hesitation need have been made in asking his help. The fears were soon related; the noise was listened for, but in vain; the house was inspected, the females following at a respectful distance, though, of course, ready to attack anybody who might endanger the safety of papa: but there was



neither a trace of kegs nor of bales in the dining-room, nor were footsteps to be perceived on the soft gravel or dewy lawn in the garden; no puppy even—for every animal on the premises, except the human species, was buried in profound sleep. Nothing uncommon was to be seen, except a lighted candle in a lantern, standing on the kitchen-hearth, which certainly looked like the attention of a wife towards an absent husband, and confirmed the ladies in their suspicions that there was connivance with smugglers somewhere.

What the master of the house thought no one ever knew, for he was not a man to betray his feelings without a necessity for doing so. He quietly asked his daughters and his guest if they were satisfied that all was safe, and advised them to retire to rest: but a keen observer might have discovered a lurking expression of mischief in his eyes, which told that they were spared only till he had an opportunity of venting his tormenting observations. He himself soon gave audible proofs that he had resumed his slumbers, and, when their tongues were weary with conjecture, the ladies thought proper to go to bed also.

The reader of these pages, however, will be little versed in female weaknesses, if he or she supposes that they sought solitary repose. Could one bed have held the five, they would all have shared it; but, as the dimensions of the beds in the house would not admit of this arrangement, the five were distributed in two, and nought was heard throughout the night, except some stealing



footsteps outside, which there was no doubt proceeded from the returning man-servant, after his carousal in the village.

No second alarm occurred during the fortnight's further sojourn by the sea, and complete confidence was restored. The ladies, however, took care to circulate their conjectures concerning the smugglers most industriously, as the only means of meeting the raillery of their father, who opened a volley on them, even at breakfast the next morning, and who most impertinently inquired of every female visiter to the same spot if she wore a becoming night costume, because it was the fashion for ladies to walk about in that dress at F——, and who never returned from a visit to his marine villa, without gravely assuring his daughters that the smugglers had not *again* been driven to make use of his premises.

In the course of the ensuing summer, a near relation of the proprietor of this beautiful spot, with his wife, children, and servants, went to the same house, for the sake of the sea air. After a few days stay, the husband left his family, and in a few days returned. He fancied that he saw an unusually grave expression on the countenances of his lady and her attendants. "Is all well?" he exclaimed. "Quite well," was the reply; and the expression was so slight, that he could not make any remark upon it.

The evening closed in, and, taking their station in the dining-room, the lady occupied herself with her needle, and the gentleman began to answer the letters

which had awaited his arrival. An unbroken silence ensued, which was interrupted by a low and gentle sound; the needle fell from the lady's fingers; in half a minute the noise was increased to a shrill, grating vibration, and gradually subsided into the softest and most melodious tones that ever issued from an Eolian harp. Occasionally it stopped, then rising to its utmost strength, the whole window shook, and the bars of the balcony above rang like echoes to the sounds beneath.

"We have heard this before," said the lady, starting up. "I would not tell you of it when you first came in, because I wished you to receive the full impression of this mystery. We have searched in every direction; we have listened and watched; we have done every thing in our power to account for it, but in vain: and my servants are more than half persuaded that it is supernatural." She was interrupted by a return of the noise; it recommenced with a harsh, grating sound, and appeared now to come from the ceiling—now from the window—and now from the earth. At times it was so loud, that the lady and gentleman thought it was a boat hauled ashore, and flew to the window. A bright moonlight rendered everything visible; but nothing of the kind was to be seen. The sound gradually ceased, as if retiring to a distance; and, for the first time in his life, the husband felt a superstitious feeling creeping over him, and began to think that there was more reason than he chose to acknowledge, in the suppositions of his servants.

· On the ensuing day, every endeavour was made to find out the cause of this mysterious music; but it baffled all research and defied every conjecture. The evening advanced, and all remained perfectly quiet; the lady and gentleman went into the next room to partake of some refreshment, and the music recommenced, exactly in the same manner as before. The gentleman returned alone to the larger room, without a light, and, seating himself in the middle of it, so as to be able to see all round him, determined not to go to bed till he had fully investigated the matter. He at length felt sure that the tones proceeded from the window, and, approaching it, he anxiously watched the shore and the sea, by the occasional and fitful gleams of moonlight. After five or ten minutes, the most heavenly sounds seemed to proceed from behind, and, turning his head quickly round, they at the same moment appeared to come from the window beside him. A feeling of awe, and perhaps terror, now assailed him, but he argued that, if he did not now convince himself of the fact, whatever it might be, he should be for ever disturbed with the recollection of the circumstance; and, mastering his half-formed fears, he went to the window, and leaned his head against it. The music then seemed to be close to his face, and, for a moment, he recoiled; but, fixing his eyes on the same pane of glass, he beheld a dark speck upon the window. He tried to lay hold of it, but it eluded his grasp, and the tones continued with more beauty than ever. At length he struck the window smartly, and all was still.

He immediately procured a candle, and, calling his wife and servants, proceeded with them to the inspection of the mysterious spot. The music became loud and shrill, but the light discovered that all these vibrations—these Eolian sounds—these harsh gratings—these awful and heavenly tones—these attempts at robbery—and these frightened smugglers, were occasioned by—a simple snail, which was crawling across the pane. As it drew nearer to the centre of the pane, the sounds became deeper and fuller; as it approached the edge, they were shrill as a fife. The occasional touching of its shell, in its course, and the greater or less sliminess of the animal, produced the vibrations and harsh gratings, the former of which were increased according to their vicinity to the framework: and, as there were several snails crawling along at the time, in different parts of the same window, and in different windows, the varied position of the sounds at the same moment was easily accounted for.

A fiction of no small interest might perhaps have been founded on the above reality; but I have preferred a plain statement of facts, from the idea, that many a mysterious story may be cleared up by bearing them in recollection. There is no feeling so painful or overpowering as that of supernatural visitations; the stoutest hearts quail under it. Men, whose personal efforts and heroic bravery have contributed to their country's glory, have felt their best energies paralyzed by it; and the weak, the nervous, and the ignorant, have lost their reason from superstitious apprehension. It is impos-

sible to be too careful in the investigation of what appears to be, at first sight unaccountable, or too cautious in believing, that that which seems to be veiled in a mystery impenetrable to our endeavours must proceed from above.

About the time the above circumstance happened, my sister-in-law, her husband, and a friend, were conversing after the shutters were closed, in a room which opened into a garden. They were all three startled by, what they thought the cry of a frightened hen. The friend asked if poultry was kept by them, or their neighbours, and, just as they replied in the negative, the shrieking recommenced, and both the gentlemen sallying forth, fully expected to find that one of these animals had flown on to the premises, to be safe from pursuit. Nothing, however, presented itself to their search; but, in the meanwhile, the lady had opened the shutters, and discovered a snail, as the cause of the unusual sound. The experiment was repeated, by putting other snails on the panes of glass, and as the sound constantly recurred, the first conclusion was proved to be correct.

## A FRAGMENT.

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THE English flag was seen waving with the sea-breeze half-way up the mast which bore it. The gates of the castle were shut; and a mournful yet busy look was worn by soldiers within, as they clothed themselves in their scarlet uniforms: the attendants were seen passing along the galleries, and their usual loquacious services were performed either in silence, or were accompanied by gentle whisperings. A party of officers assembled in the spur, whose sorrowful looks showed the deep interest they took in what was passing, and their left arms bore the sign of outward mourning. Two of the groupe departed, and were seen to enter a suite of apartments. A few minutes elapsed, and they re-appeared, bearing a small coffin covered with a white pall. The door was instantly closed after them, and nothing was heard but the steps of the officers, as they slowly paced the great hall, and descended the stone steps into the spur. The gate opened, and from it issued the bearers with their burthen, followed by a long file of companions, soldiers, and servants. The band struck the solemn chords of the *Dead March* in "Saul," when a shutter was impatiently opened from the governor's apartments, and a hand waved the sounds into silence: it was too late, for

they had already vibrated through the heart of the grief-stricken mother, who nevertheless silently acknowledged the thoughtful-interruption.

Slowly did the procession wind through the town, where it was joined by many of the natives, who, contrary to their own noisy customs, uttered nothing but an occasional and low-toned lament. They ascended the hill, under the shade of the ever-living verdure of the tropics, and entered the English cemetery. Many, many were the graves they passed, and very few of the Europeans then present could cast their eyes around and say, "None that I loved lie here." They at last stopped at the appointed spot, and one of the bearers, resigning his office to another, commenced reading the funeral service with a sad, yet steady voice. As he proceeded, however, the words became less distinct, and the book evidently trembled in his hand, for he was performing the last sad duties to a cherished playmate, the only child of his dearest friend. Her lovely blue eyes, with their mild and melancholy expression; the red lips, which, in contradiction, had so often parted in mirth as he practised a thousand wiles; the words of affection which had so often saluted him; the dear little graceful form that would elude his search, and then betray itself by the anxious peeps given to ascertain his approach,—the agonized grief of the distant father, all rushed across him, and he was obliged to pause. At this moment some gentle sobs were heard, and two females, who had followed the procession unperceived, were weeping bitterly; they were the kind-hearted beings who had

watched over the child while life remained, and had aided the sick mother in administering to her relief. Their sobs, however, recalled the reader to his duty; the coffin was lowered, the grave was instantly filled, precautions were taken to secure it from the depredations of hyænas, and the procession returned. The soldiers and attendants resumed their occupations, the officers separated, and most of them, satisfied with having paid this mark of respect to their absent comrade and his suffering wife, tried to banish sadness by their daily avocations and amusements; but the friend and the mother sought consolation from the unerring and chastening hand which had inflicted the blow.

Such was the funeral of the innocent Florence, and such was the deportment of savages; for all, except the relatives and officers, were negroes and mulattoes; and this little anecdote may perhaps teach the world that Africans can feel.



# FRAGMENTS

FROM THE NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.

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## I.

### GOING TO SEA, AND THE SHIP'S CREW.

#### PART I.

PARTICULAR circumstances had rendered it necessary for me to make a voyage to the western coast of Africa. On arriving at Liverpool, I found that the only vessel likely to depart for a considerable time, that could afford me a passage, was a barque about to sail at six o'clock the next evening. Impatient of delay I had an interview with the captain in the morning, who politely ceded me his "state-room;" and after stuffing my things into my trunks, I stepped into a boat, and dropped down to where the vessel lay at anchor in the Mersey. The scene which presented itself to me on getting on board appeared so extraordinary to my inexperienced eyes, that I stood perfectly still, supposing it impossible to wade through the surrounding confusion. I had never been at sea, had never even seen the inside of a vessel; and assuredly my first impression of its comforts was far from favourable. The half-clothed

sailors were bawling to each other, amid their busy preparations, with deafening vociferation; the wind was fresh, and a sudden puff spread the smoke of the cabooce over every thing. A black cook, shining with borrowed and native grease, was ladling out the men's supper; spare rigging, extra sails, casks of water, and salted provisions, were all lying in piles; half a bullock was suspended between the masts; tools of various trades were scattered in every direction; lanterns were rolling at my feet; and some dozens of unhappy ducks and fowls were tied in bunches by one leg, and lay screaming, as with the other they tried to escape.

Dazzled by six miles of rough water passed in an open boat, I with difficulty found my way to the cabin, hoping to be out of the bustle; but the scene there was, if possible, worse than that on deck (<sup>1</sup>). In one corner sat a drunken custom-house officer, whose presence need not have prevented the embarkation of all the contraband goods in Liverpool. In another stood the first mate caressing his only child; his wife was close to him trying to prepare a few comforts for the voyage. The surgeon, a tall, raw-boned Scotchman, was not in a state to be sensible to the anxious looks of his poor little wife, who clung to his side; but with difficulty poised himself as he stood astride a deal box, with a pipe in his mouth. In another corner were some country cousins, come to take leave of their relations, bearing with them baskets of eggs, bottles of milk, and huge cabbages, to give us a few days longer supply of land luxuries. Tea-things, articles of crockery ware, glasses, tumblers,

empty bottles, saucepans, grog, pipes, chests, small arms, candlesticks, wine, compasses, log glasses, cards, bread, cheese, &c. were all mingled together,—and sitting-room was rare.

I had scarcely viewed this chaos when the second mate rushed in, to announce, that the captain would not be on board before the next morning, and that the deck was cleared; then beating a long roll on a large drum, accompanied by the steward with a loud blast upon the horn, he shouted out, "A dance! a dance!" I, of course, was summoned with the rest, but declined taking any part, save that of a spectator. The dairymaids, who had hitherto been very shy, were soon animated by the crash of discordant sounds, and it would have been difficult to decide whether their heels or their tongues were most active.

I soon became weary, and retired to my berth, where I was painfully convinced of the truth of the captain's remark, that the ship was not fitted up for passengers. I could with difficulty turn round between my bed and the partition which screened me from the cabin, and felt a stifling sensation which was quite appalling. My bedding was still rolled up, and my own and other people's luggage was heaped upon the space in which I was to sleep. In vain I called for the steward. No! he too was "enjoying his last evening ashore," as they termed it. The first mate, however, who was particularly goodnatured, made a few arrangements which gave me room to lie between the bundles, at the same

time observing, that "the steward was nothing but a boy, and a ship was never to-rights till once under weigh:" a remark by which every one ought to profit, and never to embark till the anchor is up.

I, however, slept at intervals; and going on deck in the morning, I found it tolerably clear. The dairy-maids were gone; the mate, his wife and child, were crammed into one berth; the surgeon and his spouse into another; and the eyes of the custom-house officer were still closed. It was Sunday morning: the men were in their clean shirts, the sun shone brightly, and the distant sound of the church bells added to the cheerfulness of all around me. The captain and super-cargo came on board, followed by several Liverpool people, who were anxious to behold the lady passenger mad enough to go to Africa. Having been stared at for a few hours, I rejoiced when the pilot gave the signal for sailing. Those who were to return to the city were now desired to leave the vessel. The surgeon's wife sobbed as if her heart had been in her throat, and he stood as erect as a poplar, shewing by his rigid form that he was stifling his emotion. The wife of the first mate mingled a thousand cautions and injunctions with her tears, which told me that her husband was a wild fellow. He himself stood most industriously scraping the paint off the cabin ceiling with his nail; but when his little boy pulled him to receive the last kiss, his heart gave way, and, hiding his head in the child's neck, he sobbed aloud. A summons from deck recalled

his firmness; he "heaved those silly women," as he expressed himself, into the boat, and then turned to his duty with alacrity:

At the moment of departure, a poor man rushed into the cabin, flung down a small portmanteau, and threw himself beside it, in the most distressing agitation. His mouth was covered with a large patch, which further excited my pity. I offered him some wine, which he refused; and thinking my presence might be a restraint till his feelings had a little subsided, I went on deck, where the captain told me he was a gentleman who had arrived at the last moment, and entreated to be taken on board, as he was obliged to go to Sierra Leone on business: "but," added he, "this shall not decrease your comforts; for he has submitted even to be a steerage passenger, provided we only take him to his destination." My curiosity was much excited; and, in a short time, the object of it himself told me his melancholy tale. He had been a free merchant on the coast of Africa; and, while he was absent at a distant settlement, those left in charge of his concerns were caught in the act of secretly trading in slaves. The consequence was, that, on his return, to his utter astonishment he was seized and sent home to England, where he stood his trial and was condemned to transportation! The patch on his lip covered an unhealed wound made by the thrust of a bayonet during his passage. He had not been many weeks at Botany Bay, before he had an opportunity of relating his history to the captain of a vessel of war, who brought him back to his native country at his own

risk. On suing the government for false condemnation, this unfortunate person was obliged to produce certain papers and affidavits; and his present voyage was to procure these necessary documents. I was much interested by his gentlemanly and obliging conduct, and by his musical talents; and on my return some years afterwards, I with pleasure ascertained that he had gained his cause, and recovered damages to the amount of several thousand pounds.

I will not dwell upon the miseries of sea-sickness; it is a threadbare subject, and the sufferings caused by it rarely procure sympathy. Suffice it to say, that I tried every remedy that I had heard prescribed, such as lemon-juice, constant eating, rhubarb, brandy, &c. &c., and found them equally unavailing. Our progress was slow; and as my sickness abated, the temperate weather we had down the channel, where we were kept for eleven days, and across the Bay of Biscay, enabled me to become acquainted with the ship's crew. There were five and twenty in all, and a finer set of men were never assembled together. They had almost all been in the navy, and retained the strong characteristics which mark these grown children.

My greatest favourite was Antonio, an Italian, whose qualities as a *buffo* first attracted my attention. His powers of mimicry extended even to his voice; his gestures were perfectly irresistible; and the instant he displayed his brilliant white teeth, contrasted with his black beard and rich brown complexion, no one could avoid joining in his mirth. One day, when he was

steering, I addressed him in his native language. His astonishment and delight made him leap with joy; and, rapidly answering me with a volley of words, he forgot his employment, lost his course, and procured us both a scolding. His principal enjoyment was sitting in the main-top, carving bones, making trousers, and singing the airs of his own country. He had once been a gondolier, and had a rich variety of songs, which he sung in perfect tune and sweetness.

Two Scotchmen, Duncan and Jamie, were remarkable for their athletic forms; and the first had a countenance which the painter would have been delighted to transfer to his canvass. They had come together to be hired; and the captain, as he told me, having already made up his complement of men, save one, was desirous of taking only Duncan; but he refused to go without his comrade. He stated that Jamie was subject to fits of melancholy derangement, which, though they never interfered with his duty as a sailor, rendered him so careless of himself, that it was absolutely necessary some body should watch over him; that he, Duncan, had been present when the circumstance happened which had produced this effect, and from that moment had vowed never to be separated from the sufferer. On being pressed to reveal this circumstance, he shook his head, and said, "he wasna at liberty to tell anither mon's secrets." "I thought," added the captain, "that these were such excellent traits in the characters of both, that I did not hesitate to admit them among my crew." I believe he had no reason to repent of this



measure, for they were excellent men. Duncan was always at hand, both in and out of his turn; and Jamie, even when the fit was on him, always did what he was desired. We always respected his secret too much to interrogate either; but their messmates were constantly using unsuccessful endeavours to fathom the mystery, and tormented Jamie sadly. He had a set of bagpipes with him, and on a moonlight night, they would drag him from his hammock, and make him play to them by the hour together,—he only answered their efforts to rouse him by a shake of the head, or a melancholy smile.

There was a dark-eyed north-country-man who always reminded me of a border hound; he was so powerful, so fierce, and yet so obedient to his duty, and gentie to his favourites.

Then there was a lively Irishman, always singing and whistling in the midst of danger and difficulty: whenever there was most noise on deck, Johnstone was sure to be at the head of it; and his transitions from fury, to drollery and good-nature were so sudden, that he seemed to have two souls in one body.

A fat unwieldy Englishman from the south, was the butt of the crew. Every trick and joke had Wilkinson for its object, and he enjoyed the mirth raised at his own expense as much as any body. One day, between the tropics, when the men were emptying the chests of small arms, in order to clean the muskets which formed part of the cargo, they enticed him to lie down in one of them, on the pretence of his being too big to enter it;



but no sooner did he make the trial, than they fastened down the lid, and lowered him to their brethren in the hold. On receiving the chest the latter felt something move inside, and in a fright let go the rope too soon; down dropped the chest—it split in twenty pieces, and out crawled poor Wilkinson, in a state scarcely to be imagined. As he lay for some time, I feared he was suffocated, and ran to his assistance; but, on raising his head, I found that a violent fit of silent laughter, added to his exhaustion, had rendered him incapable of getting again on his legs.

A Welshman, named Williams, with raven hair and black eyes, spare but muscular figure, and quick abrupt movements, was always uttering some sarcastic joke at his comrades, and appeared to be a petulant, irritable fellow; but, in reality, was one of the kindest on board.

A little boy, with a pale sharp face, much interested me by his apt replies and cunning evasions of the jokes practised on him; and his history was as interesting as himself. His father had been in the French army at Waterloo, where he had been killed: his mother took her two children and sought the body of her husband; and whether she died from cold, accident, or grief, was never known, but she was found by an English officer lifeless upon her husband's corpse, and the two little orphans crying by her side. The humane Englishman took care of the children, and brought them to Liverpool, where he put one out as an apprentice or clerk, and the other was my friend Bonaparte,

as the sailors called him, who had preferred going to sea <sup>(1)</sup>.

Our black cook was a native of Congo; and was a very original fellow. He had served ten years in the British navy, was wounded, and became an out-pensioner of Greenwich Hospital. He and another black were constantly disputing about their respective merits; the latter was from Anabona, and had been brought from the coast by some trader, and discharged; and my good captain found him one night lying on the side of a lime-kiln for warmth, without money, without food, and without a shelter. In the course of these quarrels much curious conversation took place, in which the cook always strove to maintain his rank. He defied Anabona "to 'sult a ghentleman in his Majessy's service;" and Anabona in return would tell Congo, that he was "noting but a tea-pot" <sup>(2)</sup>.

Besides these we had some who styled themselves coxswain, boatswain, &c. &c. (for all delighted to make their crazy merchant-man resemble a vessel of war,) together with the carpenter, and the coopers, and two dogs, and sundry boys.

The second mate was the wildest, the most thoughtless, the most active, and the best tempered being in the universe. With a pair of bow legs, which proved that he had clung to ropes and yards from his earliest existence; with a pair of brawny hands whose grasp was that of iron; with the peculiar stoop in the shoulders which characterizes a naval man; with crisp curly hair, and weather-beaten face,—it was his delight to boast,

that no one would take him to be a sailor from his appearance. "As for that matter, he could pass just as well for a soldier. He would just shew us how he would draw his sword, and then we should see—he should take the sword with his left hand, and twisting his right in the becket—." At this word, a shout of laughter upset the hero's military dignity; for applying this term, used by sailors for a string or loop, to the sword-knot, convinced us all, that if he wished to represent any thing but what he was, he must at least hold his tongue<sup>(3)</sup>.

The first mate will be already known by what I have said of him; the supercargo was a fine young man of unassuming and obliging manners; the surgeon, in spite of his patriotic love for whiskey, was a gentleman, and skilful in his profession; and our captain, who had been a lieutenant in the regular service, was a mild, handsome, gentlemanly young man, far too good-tempered and indulgent to govern such turbulent spirits by himself. He delighted to encourage their old habits; and, at four o'clock, decks were cleared and sport began. Sometimes throwing a great frieze coat over a sturdy boy, and half hiding him under some planks, they would fly past him with their iron feet, making the whole ship shake, and thumping him with knotted ropes ends. His only chance of being extricated, was that of catching some of their legs, when the prisoner was placed in the same situation. "Hunt the hare," also, was a favourite pastime. Antonio, as the most agile, generally personated the animal; and famously

did he give sport. At one time they would be hunting for him among the spars on deck, while he would be grinning at them through the main-top; away they would all fly up the rigging, and when they thought themselves secure of their victim, he would catch hold of a loose rope, swing in air for a moment, dart at another, and be in a distant part of the vessel before they could ascertain which way he was gone. Then they would thunder down the forecastle and pull over every hammock; but he had again given them the slip, and was lying snug in the boat over the ship's side.

I used to enjoy these scenes exceedingly; and our captain would hide himself behind the companion door and shake with laughter, as he secretly witnessed their sports, and longed, as he told me, to become one of the party.

NOTES TO GOING TO SEA, &c.

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(<sup>1</sup>) On being detained by contrary winds for some days, I heard one of these men say to another, "Its all along of the woman we don't get on." "You forget the child," returned his companion;—and truly this was the common feeling throughout the crew; the one was considered as lucky as the other was the contrary, and my child was a source of happiness to them all. Her *debut* on board ship was a most unfortunate one, for on going into the cabin for the first time, not knowing my way, and, in fact, not seeing where to gain a clear footing, we both fell into the store-room beneath. I was caught midway by the tiller, but the poor infant fell to the bottom, and fortunately pitched on a bag of coffee. I, who in my ignorance could not imagine that a hole of any kind in the floor of a vessel, could end anywhere but in the sea, flew on deck, exclaiming that she was lost! The first mate, who had already seen instances of the carelessness of the steward, instantly comprehended that he had again left the scuttle open, and, in one minute, brought the child out of the den into which she had been precipitated. When she recovered her breath, she screamed incessantly; the surgeon, tipsy as he was, felt her head and limbs in a manner that assured me he knew what he was about; still she screamed, and, undressing her, we found that she had dislocated the left shoulder. It was instantly returned to its place, a flannel

bandage was put on, and, being relieved from pain, she fell into a sound sleep, which lasted for many hours. This circumstance created an interest in her from the first moment, and in time the sailors became so fond of her, that they quarrelled which should nurse her, when the business of the day was over. I was obliged to settle this, by making them take her in turns; and even the noisy, hare-brained Irishman, would joyfully absent himself from the usual sports, to take his share of the treat. His whole nature, when nursing her, was transformed into gentleness, and his triumph one evening was excessive, when he lulled her to sleep. The carpenter made her a little carriage, the boys harnessed the dogs, and trained them to drag her up and down the deck; the boatswain tried to teach her to walk, and the steward sadly neglected his duty to play with her. She, in her turn, repaid their affection by giving them hers in the most decided manner; and so well did she know them, that, when other people came on board, though unable to speak, she would make loud and violent resistance, if any but her own five and twenty presumed to touch her. Whatever might be their faults, this whole crew were to me like faithful and respectful servants; they were very proud of teaching me the names and uses of the different parts of the rigging, and when I put on one of their awkward thimbles, and mended a sail, they were in ecstasies.

(<sup>2</sup>) It is perfectly comic to hear two Negroes quarrel in broken English; "Sir, you are no ghentleman," (as they pronounce the word,) is a constant phrase, and as frequently do they call each other black men, in derision. The term teapot is, I believe, peculiar to our English sailors. On the coast of Fantec, when a white man commits any mean

action, or in any way compromises his dignity, the natives shrug their shoulders, and say, "he be proper black man."

(<sup>3</sup>) When lying in the harbour of Sierra Leone, this true sailor, having leave to go ashore, asked if he could execute any commission there for me. I gave him my purse, with some silver in it, and requested him to procure me some fruit. My fellow-passenger warned me, that I should neither see fruit nor money on his return; but, as I did not like to wound his feelings, I trusted him. He started in his best clothes, and his neck encircled by a blue handkerchief, the ends of which were drawn through the vertebra of a shark; but, when he returned the next morning, his downcast looks, and hesitating manner, were signs that he had not proved a faithful steward. He had not only spent all my money, but what was much worse, had made such a riot through the town, that the captain, with a mild but firm reprimand, restricted him from going ashore again. I claimed my purse, and with reluctant steps he brought it; he neither looked me in the face, nor spoke, but, on hearing me burst into a laugh, he suddenly cut a caper, and said, "Why you are not affronted, then, Ma'am!" professed his inability to withstand temptation ashore, but vowed, that if I ever had the power, and would trust him again, he never would betray my confidence. On board, this man was unshaken in the conscientious performance of every duty.

## II.

### THE VOYAGE OUT.

#### PART II.

THE miseries of a sea voyage are loudly blazoned forth by those who, making their passage in an East or West Indiaman, or in one of His Majesty's frigates, are hoisted into her, seated in a gaily-decorated chair; who sleep in beautiful little white beds, trimmed with smart fringes, and walk over a carpeted drawing-room into a handsomely furnished dining-room; who have milk with their tea and coffee; whose stock of preserved fruits, vegetables, eggs, and dried fish, makes their table resemble that of a house in Portland-place; whose ample space gives them all their wonted amusements and employments; but, after all, however long their voyage, they know nothing of going to sea. Place them in a boat, from which they are to get into the vessel as they can, put them into stifling berths too low to sit upright in, and so narrow, that unless they are expert packers of themselves, every roll thumps them from side to side; let their only sitting-room be a space of six feet square, surrounded by such berths, and encumbered by chests, hampers, and part of the cargo;—give them tea, infused in bad smoky water; set them down to a piece of hard beef or pork, that has been in pickle for fifteen years,



accompanied by hard tough biscuit, and on Sundays by a roll-pudding made of musty flour and stale suet. Let them rise from their sickness to be assailed by the smell of grog, cheese, and bilge-water; let everything they touch, feel damp and cold; let the sea which is shipped on deck run through to their bedding, so that every time they turn on it, a squashing noise ensues. These, and many worse things than these, would entitle them to complain of the sea. But, after all, much depends on the tone of mind assumed by a person so situated; if he or she be determined to see everything *couleur de rose*, to consider the inconveniences as temporary, and not inflicting any real evil, it would surprise many to find how smoothly and agreeably their lives would flow on, even under severer trials than those just mentioned.

Eleven days of my first voyage were passed in the Irish Channel; foul winds and thick weather only affording us occasional peeps at the blue mountains of either coast, and retarding our progress in a manner that considerably tried our patience. The only vessel we met with was a small craft, strongly resembling Prospero's rat-eaten bark; but it was an amusement to hail her, and the following questions and answers were given and received. "How many have you got on board?" "A man and a boy." "Why I see but one, where's the other?" "Master's taking his turn below." "Where are you bound to?" "Somewhere in Ireland." "What's your cargo?" "Potatoes." This closing response produced a shout of laughter, and did not alter the conviction that she was full of contraband articles.

We had lovely weather across the Bay, as it is called, *par excellence*, but by this time I discovered my vessel to be one that was particularly uneasy, from the heaviness of her roll. Sailors, however, have the most out of the way reasons for all things, which they utter with immoveable gravity; for anything is better than allowing the imperfections of their ocean habitation: in the channel, it was the ground swell, then the bay was an excuse for a long time; in the broad Atlantic, there must have been a storm the day before, &c. &c.

After suffering from sickness all the morning, I began to revive a little every afternoon, and was thus enabled to enjoy the magnificent sight of two homeward bound East Indiamen, which shot right across our bows, with studding-sails, sky-scrapers, and moon-rakers<sup>(1)</sup>, all set, and they moved on smoothly and majestically, while we were tumbling about. Their decks were covered with troops and sailors, every cabin-window was filled with the heads of passengers, and in the chains stood numerous servants, all eagerly gazing at us. At such a spectacle as this, the work of human hands, proudly conveying hundreds of human beings across a foreign element, human frailty might almost be forgiven for the flush of pride which glowed in our cheeks, as we watched the orderly movements of these mighty machines; but how soon is man brought to his proper level!—at sea, especially, where we feel that one billow, raised with a single gust of wind, may sink us into the mass of waters. And when we lay our heads on our pillows, with the waves rushing round us, and think that there is only a

plank between us and eternity, we cannot but acknowledge how necessary is Divine aid. Nothing gives us so correct an idea of the vastness of creation, of the laws which keep all things in their proper places, as the contemplation of the broad expanse of waters; and nothing humbles a man more towards his God, than to feel, turn which way he will, there is no human assistance to be found.

The breeze favoured us as we came in sight of Madeira, we therefore passed this island without stopping, but quite near enough to show us its lofty peaks, its rich verdure, and the charming villas with which it is studded. We also saw the Peak of Teneriffe, rising like a sugar-loaf in the sea mist, and at a distance of at least ninety miles.

But the day we crossed the tropic is too memorable to be passed over in silence. Several on board had never been so far south, and as the captain liked frolic quite as much as his men did, licence was given to enact the usual absurdities. Children and sailors are but synonymous terms, and, with their characteristic simplicity, they gravely told me, and expected me to believe, that Neptune would announce his visit the evening previous to his arrival. Accordingly, at that time, a grim-looking person raised his head out of the chains above the ship's side, and summoned myself, the two coopers, and little Bonaparte, to appear before him the next morning. "There he is, Ma'am," said the steward, "I told you he would come;" a gun was fired, and a tub full of lighted pitch was immediately set afloat; "and there he

goes in his car, till to-morrow, Ma'am," continued the steward. The breeze freshened during the night, so that on the morrow I was particularly ill, and remained in my little state-room, secretly hoping by this means to escape the promised visit. Neptune, however, came in the person of Wilkinson, whirled on a gun-carriage to the door of the cabin, and, on my refusing to appear, three stout fellows, acting as his constables, brought a piece of sail-cloth in the form of, and painted like a fish, saying, that "Neptune's wife had sent me that, and I must come." Advised by the captain to comply, and guaranteed by him from all annoyance, I placed myself and child between him and the surgeon, with the great dining-table before us, to receive the royal pair. Neptune had on a wig made of oakum, a tattered sail for a mantle, a beard formed of the same material as his wig, his face blackened, and a very respectable wooden trident in his hand. Amphitrite was represented by my friend Antonio, whose Italian *falsetto* was exerted in squeaking, with great success. He had fastened strings to a white nightcap, and tied them under his chin; to this he had added frizzled red oakum for curls, and a red pocket-handkerchief over his shoulders. His petticoats were made of dirty sail-cloth, his great brawny arms were bared, in order to increase his *feminine* appearance, and as he was thoroughly Italian in complexion, and, moreover, had not been shaved for a week, his appearance was irresistibly ludicrous. I was very polite, and the ocean king and queen very earnest in their entreaties that I would witness their sports; however a gallon of

rum, and a pint of brandy for their own private drinking, quieted them, though they urged me, they said, in consequence of the promises made them by all my relations who had crossed the tropic (?). Peals of laughter assailed our ears, and the captain and first mate, promising to stand by me, I ventured to go on deck and behold some of the fun. I arrived just in time to see a poor unhappy cooper led blindfold to execution, and had he really been about to be hung, he could not have looked more wretched. He was stripped to the trousers, and seated on a plank, placed across a tub of dirty water. Neptune asked him his birth, parentage, and education, and every time the poor man opened his mouth to reply, a brush dipped in tar was thrust into it. Amphitrite then said, "My dear, I should like to hug you, just for a welcome, but you must be shaved first." This was the signal for more serious work. The cooper's face was smeared with grease and tar, which was scraped off with a razor made out of a piece of iron hoop, and notched like a saw. This operation over, Amphitrite gave him the maternal embrace with stifling effect, the plank was withdrawn, and he was plunged into the water beneath; bucket after bucket was emptied upon the victim, who, when sufficiently soused, was allowed to see, and be led to his hammock; two others, one of whom was little Bonaparte, shared the same fate, and, for the rest of the day, were suffered to enjoy a repose which was absolutely necessary to their healths. The surgeon and supercargo, who had stationed themselves in the rigging, laughed at the ceremony more

than was approved of by their messmates, and came in for their share of the ducking. The evening was passed in merriment, and the next morning all was restored to order.

As we neared the coast of Africa, our rigging was, on one side, covered with red sand from the Sahara desert, and was even accompanied by insects. We passed the Cape de Verdes, and unhappily steering too close to land, we got into the bay, and were detained there three days, constantly trying to get round the point, on the other side of which lay the settlement of Goree. At length we anchored before this little island, having been thirty-three days since we left Liverpool. I esteemed myself fortunate in touching here first, as the Jaloffs, of which nation it forms a part, are the handsomest race of blacks on the North-western coast, and, generally speaking, are well clothed. The mulatto women of Goree are also very handsome (<sup>3</sup>).

By this time, being very much reduced by sea-sickness, the surgeon advised me to try the effect of a walk on shore. I was obliged to be lifted into the boat; but the touch of terra-firma seemed to be magical. It almost immediately restored my strength, and I was finally enabled to walk over the whole of the island, see the battery, and mount up to the fort. The whole of this tiny piece of land is of volcanic structure, and a tree or two, and a few herbs, form its vegetation. It is however abundantly supplied with fish; and the main land, from which it is distant only six miles, affords provisions of other kinds. It is remarkably healthy, and is now in possession of

the French. While lying there, we were surprised in the night by a loud shouting, and in the morning we discovered a French vessel, which had been in search of some wrecked comrades, and whom she brought back in safety. At this place also I was greatly disturbed by the presence of a poor man, who had once sailed with our captain, and consequently claimed his acquaintance. He had mutinied, and run away from his ship; he afterwards engaged himself in another, in which also a mutiny took place. On this occasion he secretly adhered to the captain, but outwardly appeared to take no part in the affair: the captain was put in irons, and confined in the cabin; but one day, both ringleaders being asleep on deck, and the rest of the crew below, in a dead calm, this man liberated the prisoner, chopped off the head of one of the mates, and wounded the other, who seeing himself singly opposed to two adversaries, took refuge in the chains, on which the man I speak of cut off both his hands with an axe, and as the rest of the crew had been persuaded, or forced by the ringleaders to disobedience, they quietly returned to their duty. The liberator was under custody, and going to England to take his trial for murder; but where there was little possibility of escape he was allowed to walk about, and was thus enabled to come on board our vessel. I afterwards learned that he was acquitted, on account of having saved the vessel for the owners; but to hear him relate the story, describe the blood of the headless trunk flowing on the deck, and the imploring agony of the second victim as he fell into the sea, inspired me with



such a horror, that not bearing to be in his presence, and believing that he delighted in blood, I fancied my child or myself must be his next victim, and accordingly shut myself and her up, notwithstanding the great heat, in my cabin during the three days that he passed on board.

At Goree some of our men were taken ill, from drinking too great a quantity of rum. The embarkation of all spirituous liquors had been prohibited, but they contrived to procure them secretly, and the first seeds of a mutiny, which afterwards broke out, were sown while they were fretful and irritable from intoxication. The surgeon, rendered anxious by their bodily symptoms, then prepared large quantities of tonics, steeped in wine, and every morning each of the men came aft to drink a glass of it; but even this, and other attentive cares, did not restore them to good humour. The best thing was immediately to put to sea, and we accordingly set sail for the Isles de Los, or, as the Portuguese call them, los Idolos. On our passage there, we fished for sharks, and caught three, the largest of which I had the good fortune to hook; he was very cunning, and constantly contrived to get off the piece of pork with which the hook was baited, without being himself injured; the water was very clear, and, constantly watching him from one of the stern windows, as he turned himself on his back to swallow the bait, I jerked the hook, and he was taken: he was soon dispatched with a harpoon, and then dragged upon deck, which he nearly covered with his length. The sailors dissected him, took out his back-



bone, which Antonio cleaned, bleached, and separated into rings for neck-handkerchiefs and walking-sticks, and selected those parts of the flesh, which, in his opinion, were good eating. The sailors smoked them over the cabooce, and then, out of curiosity, I tasted a morsel. I could compare it to nothing but the flesh of some coarse, tough goose, which had fed in a salt marsh for twenty years. A large lizard, of the Monitor kind, which we afterwards procured at the Isles de Los, was much better eating, being very delicate and tender. There was something very interesting to see one of these monstrous sharks, of which I had read such dreadful accounts in my childhood, so near, and with such perfect safety to myself; but the odour which arose from the carcase was intolerable, and lasted for some days.

A sight of another and a painful nature soon presented itself, and occurred after an evening spent with something like mirth; the steerage passenger was an excellent musician, and some singing had been going forward, to which the men listened with the greatest attention, and after it was concluded, they dragged poor Jamie from his hammock on the deck, and his bagpipes along with him, and danced till the whole ship shook with their gambols. All was again quiet, and many fast asleep, but, unwilling to quit the beautiful moonlight, which rendered everything as bright as day, the supercargo and I leaned over the gangway, when, in the midst of a sentence, he suddenly stopped, and pointed to something floating close to the ship. I became as silent as himself on seeing the ghastly head of a corpse. It had doubtless

been thrown overboard, and the hammock having come unsewn, the shot which kept it down had escaped, and it rose to the surface. It got into the wake of the ship, and followed us for several days; the men considered it as a bad omen, and none of us could look at it without a shudder. When in the latitude of the Gambia, I was summoned from my sleep to behold a fleet of "Portuguese men-of-war," and, with the remembrance of the Indiamen strongly imprinted, I joyfully obeyed. Instead however of a squadron of three-deckers, the whole ocean was covered with little pink and blue bladders, the novelty and beauty of which prevented me from feeling annoyed at the trick played on me (\*).

At length we reached the Isles de Los, when there was just sufficient light to discern the palm-trees, and rich vegetation of Tamara, the largest. We glided gently round it, and anchored between it and Factory, opposite to Crauford. These islands are dependent on the colony of Sierra Leone, and form an agreeable residence to several merchants there established. I passed a whole day at Crauford, at the hospitable dwelling of one of them, and wandered about it for hours. Every crevice of rock was filled with clear water, but at every step there was some danger of crushing huge millipedes. The brilliant lizards,—hundreds of birds with the most splendid plumage, flew in every direction, or called to each other as they perched upon the trees; the different character of the foliage, the beauty of the flowers, and the perfume that breathed all around, was so new to me, that I almost doubted if it were real. At dinner we had

fresh green mustard, salad, and cucumbers, and in the evening were regaled with fresh milk, which, after so long a cessation of land food, made a most acceptable addition to the enjoyments of the day. At Factory I was only on shore while the boat's crew procured some limes and oranges, but had time to see a Mohammedan school, where the scholars sat round their master, and traced the characters they were learning in the sand before them; and to receive two white beans, and one red one from the king, in token of amity; had the red colour predominated, it would have been a declaration of hostility.

In one of the excursions made by the long-boat, backwards and forwards to Crauford, the men contrived to secure an enormous turtle, the size and weight of which were so great, that the boat was nearly swamped in getting it over the side. The unhappy animal was laid on its back upon deck, drawing its long breath, and flapping its fins for several days, with which it struck the little Bonaparte several severe blows, for his curiosity was so much excited, that he would never let it alone. I, who had never eaten turtle, except when disguised Alderman fashion, much less tasted turtle eggs, was agreeably surprised by finding it a wholesome repast, of peculiarly fine flavour. A Silurus, or cat-fish, so called from the fancied resemblance which its head bears to that quadruped, was a still greater enemy to Bonaparte, who, with his usual inquisitiveness, would pull it about before it was dead. The sailors warned him of the danger, but he persisted, and the fish, striking him

furiously with its dorsal fin, wounded him even through his thick sail-cloth trousers. He screamed, the surgeon was summoned, and he was carried down into the cabin. There is a very common belief, that the fin of this fish imparts poison to the wounds it makes, from the festering which generally ensues; but it arises solely from the jagged nature of the first spine, which tears the flesh as it retires, and this, especially in a hot climate, makes it difficult to heal. Our good surgeon at all events thought it best to cut away the edges of the flesh, and the operation was performed with much ceremony; the boy's leg was bandaged, and he was carried to bed by the same comrades, who, in the ordinary course of duty, kicked and cuffed him without mercy, but who, in the hour of suffering, watched over him with the tenderness of women.

While lying at the Isles de Los, some parties of Cruen men came on board, to solicit service in the ship. These men speak all the languages of the coast, and not only serve as interpreters, but assist in trade. They are a tall, slight race, and, with but few exceptions, are very trustworthy; they feed on rice only, and are particularly inoffensive in their habits and manners. They come from their country in long and very sharp canoes, which they attach to the vessel, and if they leave her when she has proceeded to her utmost limits, they embark again in their fragile shells, stand far out to sea, and paddle back again for hundreds of miles. Some, however, have gone to England, and returned to Africa, either in the same or another vessel, and assume strange names.

The man who, with his followers, was hired for our vessel, had been christened Ben Liverpool.—But more serious matter now occupied us, than turtles or Cruel men.

The captain was busy trading with the merchants residing at the islands, and, consequently, was obliged to be often absent; the surgeon whispered to me his apprehensions that all was not well, and that our people, unaccustomed to work in the hold, were irritated and annoyed, and in a most discontented state. The first mate was in command of the vessel; and, though he was an admirable sailor, and a most obliging and excellent person, was very impetuous. The dinner was sent to table very ill-dressed, and the cook was summoned aft to receive a reprimand. He became impertinent, and the mate, seizing a butter-boat, threw it at his head; and, on his retreating, beat him forward as far as the caboose. A general scuffle ensued, and the second mate, running to the chest of arms, loaded a brace of pistols, and stood in the door-way of the cabin, swearing to two men who came aft, that he would blow their brains out if they ventured a step further. I expostulated with him, but he only replied, "You do not know your danger, Ma'am; the men are in a state of mutiny, and if they seize on the small-arms, we may all be murdered. My child happened to be on deck; and, at the word murdered, I crept under the second mate's arm after her. She was perfectly safe, with Antonio beside her, as guard. My fellow-passenger was on the larboard side, striving by fair words to quell

the tumult; but the first mate was nearly overpowered at the opposite gangway. In striving to reach the child, I became mixed up with their party; and, without knowing it, was close by the mate when the cook made a plunge at him with the large knife with which he cut the meat. To seize his arm, to snatch the knife out of his hand, and throw it into the sea, was an affair of impulse, not reflection; however, it probably saved the mate, for the knife had already cut through his waist-coat. This action, and my presence, seemed to produce a momentary pause, and gave time to those who were well-disposed to rally round their masters. The cook was put in irons, and the rest sullenly returned to their occupations. After an hour or two, the ironed man requested to speak to the chief officer; when expressing great penitence, he was released; and he proceeded to dress the supper. This meal being finished, he came to me, looking very sheepish, and finding me alone, presented me with a nicely-prepared mess of which he knew me to be very fond, asking me at the same time, to speak a good word for him to the captain when he returned. I accepted the present, replying that it was no affair of mine; but, on being questioned, I should state the truth. He went away muttering curses and threats; and I had no inclination to eat the offering with which he had tried to propitiate me. I had heard so much of the poisons used by black people, that I could not avoid a feeling of suspicion that he wished to disable me as an impartial witness. I accordingly threw it into the sea, and retired to the cabin, to pre-

vent further identification with this painful concern. In the evening our good captain arrived, and was immediately assailed by all parties with their different stories. Tired and heated by the exertions of the day, he requested that all business might be deferred till the next morning; but four or five obstinately and very impertinently persisting in being heard, he peremptorily ordered them to withdraw to the fore-castle, and, in case of disobedience, threatened them with irons. On this, one, who had been a principal favourite, rushed upon the captain and laid him flat on the deck. Young and active, and a very lion when roused, he was on his legs again in an instant, and dealt his blows about with such effect, that he knocked the ringleader over a gun-carriage, and two of his companions in different directions. By this time, the mates, supercargo, &c. assembling round their chief, secured the men, ironed them, and, placing some bedding in the hold, separated them from the rest. They continued sulky the whole of the next day; and the morning after, several of the others formally presented a petition, which asked for less work in these hot latitudes, more food, and more grog. The absurdity of these requests almost made us laugh; for pease-soup, huge joints of meat, potatoes, herrings, coffee, sugar, cocoa, puddings, pickles, bergout, Lob's scouce (<sup>s</sup>), &c. &c. rose before our eyes. The grog had been daily portioned out, and, it seems, that taking a sip at the time, they had saved the rest in a bottle, and the accumulations taken at once had not a little contributed to their present conduct. As to the



over-work, the circumstance of decks being cleared at four in the afternoon, unless in port, proved, and, in short, every thing proved, that over-indulgence had spoiled all the men; and, consequently, their commander was completely puzzled how to act. He thought of proceeding forthwith to Sierra Leone, and calling in the assistance of the authorities there; but, fortunately, a brig of war anchored within sight of us, and afforded us the necessary assistance. She was commanded by Captain H——n, who had been an old messmate of our captain, and the meeting was in every respect agreeable and advantageous. It was a great pleasure to the two friends to see each other after a cessation of years, and in such distant climes; and Captain H——n coming on board harangued the men to great effect; for he told them, that as they knew he had the right to claim any one of them for his own service, he should select all those who were dissatisfied, and exchange them for his own men, who would gladly come on board a merchant vessel. None of them liked this proposal, and therefore promised to return quietly to their duty (\*); though the black cook became again so troublesome that, on finding him out in secret negotiations with some of the blacks on shore, the pretext was gladly embraced to dismiss him; and I heard that he afterwards found his way home to the Congo in another vessel.

It had been a specified condition on obtaining my passage at Liverpool, that I should quit the ship at Sierra Leone, and proceed in the best way I could to Cape Coast: and, on hearing this, Captain H——n



politely obviated every difficulty, by offering me a passage on board his brig. Had this occurred a month sooner, I should have been almost sorry to have quitted my first kind protectors. I had taken a positive interest, not only in their characters, but in the successful trading of the vessel, and had helped the first mate to write his log (<sup>7</sup>), till I fancied myself almost responsible for its correctness. I had even taken notes concerning the cargo; for, wholly ignorant of a life at sea, I had prepared myself with very few amusements; and thus to bear a share in the passing scene, lessened the tediousness and anxiety which inevitably attended my voyage. But now, notwithstanding the invariable respect paid to me, I had lost all confidence in the ship's crew, and gladly looked forward to better protection.

The men having been frightened into subordination, we steered for Sierra Leone, with just wind enough to clear us of the islands; it then nearly left us, and we kept as close in shore as possible, in order to profit by the current. When even this failed us, a boat was ordered out a-head, and the men took it in turns to tow us, at the rate of half-a-knot an hour. It was tedious work; but it gave us an opportunity of seeing a lofty range of mountains, and picturesque country. We were long enough, during this generally short passage, to meet with two incidents: the first was two water-spouts, which, at sea, look like great black serpents rearing their heads into the clouds. They so rapidly approached us, that it was thought advisable to load a small gun, and fire into them. This immediately dispersed them

with no other damage than a complete wetting to all on deck. In the second there was more danger, and, from its being so entirely unexpected, might have been attended with serious consequences. We were sitting at dinner, when the ship assumed a most extraordinary motion, and appeared to stagger. My companions instantly started from table, the captain exclaiming "All hands up!" I flew after them to ascertain the cause; and, on looking round (for I dared not ask any questions), perceived a small, round, white cloud, whirling along with inconceivable rapidity, and apparently, carrying destruction along with it. No other cloud appeared in the vast expanse over our heads, but it blew a hurricane; some of the yards were shivered to atoms. One sailor had had the presence of mind to cut away the halyards; the loosened sails were split to ribbons; the vessel was almost laid on her broadside after the first shock, and all was in confusion. It as suddenly ceased as it had come on; and my astonished look provoked a laugh from the mate, who said, "There, Ma'am, is a white squall for you; they are not very frequent in these latitudes, but if you go further south, you may see plenty of them" (6). I thought one was quite enough for my whole life, and the more especially as we had, in consequence of this, wandered more from our track than had been calculated on, and nearly struck on the sand-bank in the vicinity of the mouth of the Sierra Leone river; our keel just grazed it; but the captain promptly seizing the helm, the head of the vessel was turned from it without any injury, but that of apprehension; and we

anchored opposite to the Government House of Free Town, a little before sun-set.

The whole appearance of this colony is extremely picturesque, being situated at the foot of some lofty mountains, from which the forest has been so judiciously cleared as to resemble a park, adorned with single trees or small clumps. It is the residence of a number of merchants and traders, and is the principal garrison of the windward coast. Great pains have been taken in order to drain it, but nothing can make it healthy till the morass on the opposite side of the river be dried or filled up, which seems to be an impossibility.

I received the most hospitable invitations from the Governor and the Chief Justice, the latter of whom offered to vacate his house, if I would but reside in it during my stay. This, of course, was refused; but I could not dispense with the acceptance of two dinners, and the more so, as I had claimed the good offices of the Governor. Afterwards, from a desire to see something of the country, I attempted to ride a little way up the mountains; but the rain came on, and the party were obliged to return. Not only did I wish to avoid the publicity of being much ashore, but the heat at this period was so oppressive, that my quarters in the Liverpool ship were, by far, the most comfortable. I have been in much hotter climates, but never felt any so oppressive as that of Sierra Leone just before the rains. This, probably, arises from its locality, for the river brings with it an incessant accumulation of putrid vegetable matter, which exhales a baneful miasma.

The town is situated in a deep valley, and few people can pass the whole year round there with impunity. Sir Charles M'Carthy was a remarkable instance of long life in this atmosphere; and his athletic, almost giant form, presented a strong contrast to many of the pale emaciated beings round him, who seemed to be hovering between life and death. I constantly remained in the cabin, in order to be out of the way of the traders, who came in numbers. But one old Welsh-woman, who kept a shop in the town, having heard of me, begged that she might at least be allowed to look at me. Of course, I received her; and, on telling her, that I was married to a man with old Welsh blood in his veins, and had travelled a great deal in her country, I thought she never would have done blessing me and my child, and offering me a number of comforts. Of course, the latter were not accepted; but she every day, during my sojourn there, sent some little present, though to me, the sight of her face under her little Welsh hat, was a sufficient treat.

A much more amusing visit was that made by two exquisite gentlemen, in search of hats; one of them was dressed in nankin, and wore a large round grass hat, tied under his chin with green ribbons; my little girl was asleep, and I had been taking my siesta on the locker, behind the great dining-table. They were not aware of my presence, owing to my recumbent posture, and I listened, with no small inclination to laugh, to their dissertation on high crowns and low crowns, broad brims and narrow brims; they tried on a great many

hats, the second mate attending on them with some signs of impatience, and they looked in each other's faces to see the effect produced. They then asked if it were not possible to have a looking-glass; the mate grinned, and brought from the captain's state-room a remnant of mirror, in which only half the face could be seen at a time; and on his apologising very archly for not having a better one, the young gentlemen regretted that they had not brought one with them. On this, I, to their great astonishment, rose from my hiding-place, and, before they could recover their senses, presented them with mine; with difficulty keeping my countenance in a grave expression, and the mate laughing outright. However, they very wisely profited by the convenience, and having suited themselves, gave many injunctions for the early deliverance of their bargains.—During their last recommendation to punctuality, we all felt a shock, which nearly took us off our feet. An awkward fellow in harbour, had chosen to change his position in the river, ran foul of us, and broke away some of our bulwarks. The nankin dandy gave a glorious scream, and mistaking me for his companion, in the first moment of fright, seized me by the arm, and was scampering off with me as fast as possible. I, however, soon convinced him of his error, and he bundled down the ship's side into his boat, without one more order respecting his important purchase. On that very day I dined at the Chief Justice's, and could not avoid a smile at recognizing my young friends in full uniform. One of them had been describing the adventure of the vessel in strong

language, and I was sorry, on being appealed to concerning the matter, to be obliged to give the affair another colouring. I did it as delicately as I could, and the narrator consoled himself by the conclusion, that although nothing serious did happen, there might have been considerable danger. Our dinner was a splendid display of eatables, wines, tropical and preserved English fruits; plate; and black servants in buff and red liveries. Our host, anxious to prove his liberality, set the example of swallowing large libations; and, on his becoming very animated, Sir Charles led me to the room where tea was prepared for the most prudent; the sober ones then proceeded to visit the schools, and, on our return, we saw the Justice on his legs, making a most elaborate speech. These carousals being by no means unfrequent with this good-hearted man, his life was only of a few weeks' duration after I saw him; and indeed, out of the numerous circle which sat round this table, only five were in existence after a lapse of two years.

Much more quiet and agreeable was my entertainment at the Governor's; and, although I insulted his beef by supposing it mutton (from the size), we became friends for life (°).

The morning after, I moved my trunks on board the brig, and took leave of the good old Lancaster and her crew, with feelings of pain for their sakes, and gratitude on my part, for the profound and unceasing respect they had paid me, for a period of more than two months. I afterwards heard a melancholy account of the fate of

this gallant set of men, and understood that very few of them lived to reach Liverpool. The surgeon, who, in spite of his habitual failing, was a well-informed, skilful, and worthy man, was buried at Calebar, by the side of his animated and generous-hearted captain; the first mate left the vessel, and I heard of his enquiring for me, some years after, on the same coast. Who the other survivors were, I know not; but I have never, in subsequent wanderings, forgotten to look out for the faithful Scotchmen, and the laughing Antonio.



## NOTES TO THE VOYAGE OUT.

## PART II.

(<sup>1</sup>) I BELIEVE that the East-Indiamen alone have these very small sails, to the highest of which, sailors give the name of "heavenly peepers." They are used, as well as the studding-sails which are attached to all vessels, in order to catch the light breezes of the tropical seas; and demand so high a mast, that no ship of smaller size could carry one so out of proportion.

(<sup>2</sup>) It is not to be supposed, that for an instant the sailors meant, or that they would have been allowed, to christen me, as they call it. They wished to get an extra allowance of grog, for my sake; and as they knew me to be possessed of brandy, in consequence of my having distributed it to them during a storm, they persisted till they had obtained some. Besides, they had greatly desired that I should be seated on a sort of throne, which they had erected on purpose; and thus preside over their gambols: However, my curiosity being gratified by seeing one victim, and the throne being dangerously near the scene of action, I had no inclination to accept the intended honour. I believe that this absurd custom is now almost entirely abolished.

(<sup>3</sup>) Their dress is also much more graceful than that of other coloured women (See Plate V.) My fair child excited







great-interest among all these people, and they came in crowds to see her, as I held her above the bulwarks of the vessel. They even brought her presents of ground nuts and fish, saying (in the manner of the West Indians,) "for piccaninnee." I was obliged to accept their offerings, for when I refused, they looked disappointed, and even unhappy. She not only by this means supplied our table for two days, but was even able to give a dinner to the ship's crew.

(<sup>4</sup>) The mollusca is the *Holothuria squamata*; and forms one of the prettiest of all sights. They are so light that they float on the top of the waves; and the reason why they are not always to be seen is, that the bag which contains the eggs, swells to a prodigious size at the time of spawning, and they thus float upon the surface of the water.

(<sup>5</sup>) Bergout is a mess made of oatmeal and treacle. Lob's scouce is a dish that seems to vary in every vessel. Ours was made with small pieces of beef, pork, or salt fish, mixed with mashed potatoes.

(<sup>6</sup>) Duncan and Jamie behaved throughout this affair with the utmost propriety; and would not even listen to the conversation of their comrades on the subject. Great apprehension was felt, that if Captain H——n knew that Jamie played the bagpipes, he would insist upon removing him into his ship. A request was accordingly made to me, to hide the pipes in my cabin. They were safely deposited there; and, on the morning I left the vessel, I returned them, ornamented with new plaid ribbons. His smile of delight was very gratifying; and he even became eloquent enough to tell me, that they should never be taken off. He had

scarcely, on any occasion, spoken so many words since he had been on board.

(7) The log is the journal, not only of the ship's course, but of every occurrence which takes place during the voyage. The captain and his mates, each, keep one; and, on their return to port, they are delivered to the owners; and, in case of complaints on either side, are brought forward and compared, as witnesses of the circumstances. The first mate, who hated the task, often suffered his to fall into arrears; and, on my reminding him of one or two occurrences, he respectfully asked me "to be so very kind as just to write that in the log." He left me in the midst of the insertion; but this led to my keeping it for him, almost entirely, for three or four weeks; and yielded me considerable amusement.

(8) On or about the equator, at certain seasons of the year, these squalls are very frequent; and Mr. Bowdich was, in one of his voyages to England, very much annoyed by them. They often occurred four or five times in one day; the men were constantly at the halyards; and, from the vessel lying so much on her broadside, the poor fellows were obliged to be lashed to the sides, in order to keep any thing like a footing.

(9) This good man, who has already been mentioned in this work, never appeared to so much advantage as at Sierra Leone, in the midst of his improvements, and in the daily exercise of his most earnest endeavours to do good.

## III.

### THE VOYAGE OUT.

#### PART III.

TAKING a friendly farewell of Sir Charles M'Carthy, and mutually expressing a wish that we might meet again, the brig left the Sierra Leone river in the afternoon, and as we passed my former conveyance, the whole of the crew, even to the two dogs, were assembled on the deck, to give me a parting cheer. Every endeavour had been made by Captain H——n to render me comfortable, but there were a number of circumstances which tended to counteract the pains he had taken; one of these was the smell of bilge water, which infected the whole brig, and everything in it. The bunting which decorated my cabin retained the odour in a most distressing manner, and so strong was the vapour arising from it, that the silver spoons could not lie on the table for five minutes without turning perfectly black. The brig had been taken by Captain H——n himself, from the Spaniards, in the act of conveying slaves; and how the hundreds of human beings which she contained, were crammed into her, I have already described. The crew fought desperately, and Captain H——n had been severely wounded while boarding her: the slaves had

been taken to Sierra Leone, and placed in the towns built close to that colony, expressly for the captured negroes. A lieutenant, a midshipman, and a surgeon, formed our complement of officers; the sailors consisted of men of all nations; and the marines had been drafted from the condemned regiments sent out to Africa, and from the captured negroes. Among the former, was a pale, melancholy creature, who never looked up from his work, and never seemed to smile, or hold converse with his companions. He was of most respectable parentage, and had been a lieutenant in a regiment of the line, but having committed theft, and been condemned to transportation for it, his relations had, by great interest, got the sentence changed to that of enlisting as a private in the Sierra Leone regiment. He was a sad instance of an incurable propensity to steal (and which surely ought to be treated as madness), for he was flogged three times during the three weeks I was on board the brig, for thieving from his companions. He was evidently broken-hearted, from a sense of his crime and degraded situation; and the extreme compassion I felt for, induced me to speak to him. He made no answer, except bowing his head, but the colour rushed into his cheeks, and his hands trembled so much while at his work, that he was evidently sensible to the attention.

A strong contrast to the poor lieutenant was a blustering, curly-pated, handsome Irishman, who instead of appearing to feel compunction for his transgressions, complained of the hardship of being sent to such a country, for *only* robbing Lord O——'s butler. He was

employed in the cabin one day while I was in it alone, and he volunteered these observations. I asked him if he had been driven by distress to commit the crime; and he said he was not actually prompted by hunger, but his wife had always been dressed like a lady, and when he had no more money to give her to purchase clothes, he had tried to procure some from those who could spare it. He had been taken in the fact, and sent to a condemned regiment: "But, Ma'am," said he, "my poor wife, my mother, and three children, all lie buried at Sierra Leone, dead from the climate, and as my time will soon expire, I mean to go back, and if ever I catch the fellow who sent me here, he shall dearly pay for his day's work." It would take ages to influence a mind like this, but I could not help reasoning with him; on which he shook his head, and observed, that I did not know what it was to suffer.

\*The ship's steward was an American, who accused this Irishman of being a coward, and, although he was twice his size, received a good thrashing for his libel. A little black boy, the special attendant of Captain H——n, and named by him Friday, was the plaything of the whole ship; he was as round as a ball from fat, had the blackest and most polished skin I ever saw, and was one of the merriest rogues possible: yet he would never associate with messmates of the same complexion as himself, spoke an entirely different language to any of those on the coast, was marked differently (<sup>1</sup>), and always insisted on it that his father was a king; but could not give the least idea of the situation of his



country. All that he could recollect was, having been taken away while at play with other children. This is a very common story with negroes, but they are soon detected in the cheat, by a few questions from those who know their habits. Friday, however, was consistent from the moment he had been liberated by Captain H—n; he danced also in a peculiar manner, and altogether, by his conduct, confirmed the reputation he possessed for royal blood<sup>(2)</sup>. His activity and courage were generally conspicuous, yet he had an unconquerable fear for a young pet crocodile, which our lieutenant had long tried to tame, but on which he did not make the slightest impression. He had taken care of it from the moment of its being hatched, and kept it in a cage<sup>(3)</sup>; it was at this time three months old, about a foot and a half long, and so fierce, that it seized on everything presented to it. It was particularly furious at the sight of itself in a large silver watch, and had with its teeth made so many indentations in the metal, that the image in it was rendered indistinct.

The second day of this voyage was Sunday, and it was a pleasing sight to behold the men in their clean clothes, attentively listening to the service on deck; the captain read impressively, and even the black men maintained a respectful silence. One or two of the boys were behind, and played some mischievous pranks, and when looking at them, I discovered the poor lieutenant with his face buried in his hands. I could scarcely avoid praying that he might soon be taken away from the danger of doing what seemed to be unavoidable on his



part, and of which he appeared so much to repent at intervals.

We were sailing along with a fair and gentle breeze, when a Portuguese vessel appeared in view. The telescopes were instantly in active use, and discovering, by their help, that she was also watching our movements, orders were given to come up with her. Upon this she altered her course, and we immediately gave chase. We neared her every minute, and from her look and evident alarm, there was no doubt she was laden with slaves; a gun was fired to bring her to, but she did not obey the signal, and continued to run as fast as the breeze would let her. Decks were cleared, and the guns were loaded; every white face on board was animated, and every black man was obedient; at length we poured a broadside into her, but she continued to run, and evidently had now the advantage, for she was a better sailer, and was more adapted to the light winds of these seas than the brig: however, we continued the pursuit the whole night. There is nothing more intensely interesting than a chase of this kind; the crowding all sail, even to danger, the hopes of success, contrasted with the fears of losing way, the desire of punishing the antagonists well, as sailors term it, and the preparations themselves, all banish every thought of the risk that is to be run. Human life seems to be quite out of the question, and the prospect of approaching bloodshed causes neither horror nor alarm (\*).

At ten o'clock the captain retired to bed, desiring a good look out to be kept, and for himself to be sum-

moned the moment anything appeared. At about midnight the lieutenant rushed into the cabin, exclaiming, "Here she is, sir, we are close up to her, and I think she sees us, but the night is so dark we can hardly make her out." All hands were roused, but the strange sail appeared as anxious for the meeting as ourselves, and proved to be a homeward-bound Bristol ship. In ten minutes letters were written, folded, and delivered to the master of the Bristolman, and in two minutes more we were again under sail. Two hours then elapsed, and the midshipman hastily entered the great cabin, crying out, "Here she is indeed, now, sir." All again bustled up, and this time there really was a Portuguese vessel. We hailed her, and she hove to; captain H——n went on board, examined her papers, and searched the ship, but so well was everything contrived, that although he had not any doubt of her errand, he could not legally detain her. He afterwards took her further south, when she was quite crammed with her human cargo.

A third time we all went to rest, and although there was no abatement of the wish to catch the object of our pursuit, yet rest was too necessary not to be desired; however, it was not to be had on this eventful night, for no sooner had sleep closed our eyes, than I was awoke by a rustling in the great cabin, where the captain and two fellow-passengers usually stowed for the night; two minutes after, an explosion took place close to my door, and was succeeded by the most dreadful cries, and blasphemous curses, that had ever assailed my ears. My first idea, with such a motley crew, was that of

mutiny, and springing from my bed, and holding my little girl close to me, I stood in awful expectation of some horrible scene. My suspense was of short duration, for the voices of the three gentlemen were soon heard, and lights were instantly brought. A poor wretch laid upon the deck, groaning and writhing horribly; and the surgeon, on examination, found that his arm was blown off close to the elbow, and with such force, that the thumb, with a long tendon attached to it, was picked up at a considerable distance. He was carried below, and the causes of the accident explained. The light in the binnacle having become extinguished, the marine who stood sentinel at the cabin door, tried to strike one with the flint of his gun. This failing, and the priming being gone, he stole into the cabin, reached down a large powder-flask, reprimed his musket, and, incautiously firing it over the powder-horn, a spark went in, and the whole exploded. His fault of stealing into the cabin, and procuring a powder-flask, was more than punished by the consequences, but two other men were flogged the next morning, and immediately after the surgeon (who was a very skilful and amiable young Frenchman,) had quitted his post by their side, he amputated the shattered limb above the elbow. It was a dreadful morning, for soon after daybreak the two defaulters were tied to the gun to be flogged; one of whom I knew to be my poor lieutenant. The captain then addressed them, stating his extreme reluctance to punish, but that the absolute necessity that existed for him to visit their crimes, compelled him to do so; the punishment then

commenced,—the lieutenant did not even utter a groan, but although I sat within the cabin, my hands over my ears, I could not avoid hearing the cries of the other, nor his promises of amendment, if he might but be spared another lash. The maimed marine was not then very sensible to pain, for the whole of the limb, and one side, were still benumbed by the shock they had received; and although he was in great pain afterwards, in a few days he was allowed to sit on deck. On expressing my pity for him to one of the sailors, the latter said he did not think much compassion was necessary; “for a man could do very well with one hand, and a pension for life.”

At mid-day we gave up the pursuit of the slaver, and tried to regain our course; this, however, was more difficult than at first it seemed to be, for we were within such a short distance of St. Anne’s shoals, that inevitable calms seemed to await us. There we staid during ten days, and nothing is more trying to the temper of a sailor. Captain H——n, however, understood the secret of constant employment; the marines were daily made to practise on the poop with their small-arms, and the sailors were never suffered to be idle<sup>(5)</sup>.

In about three days after we were thus becalmed, the small-pox broke out among the black people, and proved to be of a virulent kind. The patients were drawn up in boats between the masts, in order to separate them from the crew, where, with much care, they recovered. The assiduity and wise precautions of the surgeon, also seemed to stop the further progress of a

malady which, in such climates, scarcely ever ceases till something very like extirpation has taken place.

At length a gentle breeze wafted us from St. Anne's, and we leisurely steered for Cape Coast. During this part of the passage, we were frequently surrounded by spermaceti whales, which now and then came so close to us, that the water, which issued like a jet d'eau from their orifices, splashed the deck. We were also much interested by seeing a combat between two of these monsters; at first we were attracted by a great commotion in the water at some distance, for which we could not account; but the cause of which became evident on seeing the fins, and occasionally the heads of these animals; and one of which I was told was a grampus. Presently, however, they reared themselves high up from the sea, and coming against each other with great force, they sunk so suddenly as to draw the fluid down with them to a great depth, and we saw no more of them. Another amusement was watching the enormous cuttle fish of these seas; which, when the sea was calm and clear, I could distinctly perceive under the stern, with their long claws and disgusting body. The sailors called them the devil-fish, and tried to hook or harpoon them, but without success (\*).

We anchored before Cape Mount, where we waited two days in order to procure bullocks, the largest of which was not bigger than a Welsh cow. At Cape Palmas we, during a stay of a few hours, received a visit from its sable monarch, who was clad in a red checked cotton mantle, and a gold-laced hat. Many

were the endeavours to ascertain the existence of slaving vessels, up the numerous small rivers of this neighbourhood; but the king was too cunning to give any information. From Cape Palmas we had little more than the current to help us. However, this slow progress enabled us to see the situations of Apollonia, Dix Cove, Succondee, and Commenda (?), all English forts and factories; and, passing the picturesque castle of Elmina, we cast anchor in the roads before Cape Coast. I did not go on shore till the next day, and had ample time to contemplate the lovely appearance this place presents, when viewed from the sea. The castle, which is a large white stone building, and surrounded by curtains, bastions, &c., is partly erected on a rock, called the Tarbara<sup>(8)</sup>. The native houses, interspersed with the more tasteful dwellings of European merchants, lie to the right; and everywhere the hills rise from the water's edge, covered with the richest and most luxuriant forest. Further down the coast, and about four miles distant, the ruins of the Spanish fort of Moree crown one of these hills; and a glimpse of English Annamaboo greatly increases the beauty of the landscape.

At the appointed time, the then Governor, Mr. Dawson, sent his own canoe to take me and mine ashore, where he feasted, and fêted, and indulged me<sup>(9)</sup>, till he could with safety place me in the care of a relative<sup>(10)</sup>.

## NOTES TO THE VOYAGE OUT.

## PART III.

(<sup>1</sup>) THESE marks are gashes, made when only a few days old, either on the cheeks or temples, and into which are poured the juices of herbs, in order to strengthen the infant. Each nation has its own peculiar mark; and a person long resident on the western coast, recognizes the country of each individual, as readily as a shepherd knows his own sheep. Some have even four or five scars, and one across: and, doubtless, much suffering must have been caused by this species of tattooing.

(<sup>2</sup>) The fate of this child was, I have been told, a happy one; for he was taken by Captain H——n to his family, and with them he may yet be living. I hear that they have been so good to Friday, that most of the distinctions between master and servant have disappeared.

(<sup>3</sup>) It was, without exception the ugliest possible pet, for, with all the disgusting form of the lizard, its head bore a much more hideous expression, and it was entirely wanting in those brilliant colours which reconcile us to its harmless brethren. A rather ludicrous circumstance took place while I was on the shores of the Gambia, with some young crocodiles. A gentleman in England had written to his correspondent at Bathurst, to send him some crocodile eggs; and as they



are plentiful in that river, they were procured, and packed in a small cask with a quantity of sand. On the departure of the next vessel, however, they were forgotten, and were put into a corner till another conveyance presented itself. In the meanwhile, the sun daily shot its powerful rays into the warehouse where they were deposited; and one morning a tapping and rustling was heard, which could not be accounted for. The owner of the warehouse assembled his servants, and, notwithstanding their reluctance, insisted on a search being made. Package after package was examined, without a step towards elucidation; when, in a minute after a lead had been taken from the top of the crocodile cask, the head of it was raised and split, and up came about a dozen young crocodiles.

The negroes, who fancy the great origin of evil to be constantly near them, took this for such a positive proof of his vicinity, that they scampered off without ceremony, and left their master to face him alone. A short explanation induced them to return; and the little monsters were destroyed as quickly as possible, their species being far too numerous in that river to admit of mercy to even one. We daily hear stories of the mischief crocodiles have committed; and frequently see negroes who think themselves lucky to have escaped with the loss of a leg or an arm. A very fine Arab colt, belonging to the Commandant of Bathurst, was one evening led into the river to wash his legs, and as he came out again, a crocodile nearly bit off his foot, just above the fetlock; he instantly fell, and the reptile retired. The death of the colt seemed to be inevitable; but Colonel F—— summoned a Moor, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, and, by his judicious and skilful treatment, the bones united, and the animal was saved.



(4) Amidst the absorbing interest of this moment, it was not forgotten that a woman, perfectly strange to such scenes, was on board. The surgeon recommended me to tie a thick silk handkerchief over the head and ears of my little girl, that the firing might not injure her nerves; and I was strongly advised to take some active part in the scene around, to avoid feelings that perhaps might have overwhelmed me. A loaded pistol was therefore given to me, with several additional charges; and I was entreated to fire it off as often as possible, without even taking aim. I suffered it to lie on the table, and fearing that whether I aimed it or not, I was liable to hurt friends as well as foes, I had not the least intention of making use of it. The alternative to this was, going into the cock-pit, in order to assist the surgeon. It would have been the worst of the two employments, had it not brought with it the consolation of affording aid in the hour of suffering. When the firing began, I accordingly took my station by the medicine chest; but I never felt more thankful than when it was decided, that my services were not likely to be required. This feeling amounted, by the bye, to selfishness, when it is recollected, that the slaver bore off her cargo in triumph to the market.

(5) There is always something to be done on board ship; and most, where all is well ordered and managed. Our cabin was on deck, and therefore there was ample opportunity for watching the multifarious occupations carried on. The suffering, however, for a few days, owing to the incessant and irregular firing of the practising marines, was indescribable.

(6) Many are the stories told by the natives respecting these huge Cephalopoda, and which, if we may judge by the size of the animals, and the length and force of their arms, may be true. It is a well authenticated fact, that they destroy those who swim, by seizing on and dragging them down, but to this the black people add, that they get under the narrow keel of a small canoe, throw their arms up on each side, fasten their suckers on the flesh of the sitters, and drag canoe and all to the bottom.

(7) This Commenda is a very small fortress, celebrated on the coast for its numerous snakes and serpents. It was here that I first heard the existence of the cockatrice confidently asserted. A Mustee woman was sitting in a room within the fortress, when she saw a long serpent come from a crevice at the furthest corner, cross the floor, and glide behind a large chest. At first she was fixed to her seat from terror, but as soon as she recovered herself, she called to the sentinel close by, and begged of him to search behind the chest. He called another soldier to his assistance, and moved the chest. Behind it were two serpents, and on the head of each was a bright red crest, looking, according to their description, like the comb of a cock. They had never seen such before, and were too frightened to do much good; they made one or two unsuccessful thrusts with their bayonets, and the serpents escaped. The inhabitants of Commenda said they had several times seen such reptiles, but they were of rare occurrence.

(8) One of the rooms in which the chief surgeon lived at Cape Coast Castle, was built over this rock, and once every year the king, the authorities of the town, and several of the priesthood, paid a visit to the Tarbara, and performed some

religious ceremonies there, in order to keep up the sacredness of the spot, which is claimed by the fetish.

(<sup>9</sup>) This good man soon afterwards retired from the government, and was succeeded by Mr. Bowdich's uncle. On receiving official orders from England, the whole of the officers, the principal black men, and the soldiers, were assembled in the great hall, to felicitate the new governor, and to hear an address read, which more than half of them could not comprehend.

(<sup>10</sup>) It would be in vain to attempt to describe the satisfaction felt by those who suffer much from being at sea, at finding themselves in a bed which keeps steady under them; to me the delight prevented sleep for a long time, and no sooner did I seem in the way of getting rest, than the "All's well," of the sentinels, again roused me. The manner in which the black soldiers pronounce this phrase is highly ludicrous. "Ale's wall," "Arl's weel," are among the most intelligible sounds, but even these give an idea of protection and safety. It was not the custom for any officers to do duty at night; and, in consequence, Mr. Hope Smith found reformation in the discipline highly necessary. A few nights after his installation, the powder had been unloading from the government store-ship, and had all been carried into the great spur of the fort. Before it could be stowed into the magazine, a violent storm came on, and, as the lightning was always much attracted by the guns all round, it was deemed wise to move as much of the powder as possible into the guard-room, and to put the rest under the archway close by. An extra guard was placed over it, in command of a native sergeant, for night air is so prejudicial to white people, that

they are generally spared from such services. Strong injunctions were given not to allow any light, or smoking; and the Governor retired to rest: in about two hours, however, his anxiety respecting this dangerous commodity, caused him to wake, and, not hearing either the voices or steps of the sentinels, he rose, and going out, found the ramparts wholly deserted; creeping softly down to the guard-room, he surprised sentinels and sergeants, all playing cards by the light of saucers of palm oil, the wicks of which were pieces of rag; and some, while sitting on the powder, were in the act of smoking. One spark would probably have sent the castle and its inhabitants into the air piecemeal, and perhaps the Tarbara rock into the bargain. The relative here mentioned was Mr. Hope Smith, with whom I went, after a few days, to Annamaboo, and with whom I remained during Mr. Bowdich's absence.

#### IV.

### A VISIT TO EMPOÖNGWA.

WHY is it, that every one who has lived in North-western Africa, and who has come within my knowledge, should retain so deep an attachment to that barbarous land? It is not, like other tropical countries, a scene of luxury; on the contrary, it is a life of incessant danger and privation. It possesses not the charm of refined and intellectual society; its European inhabitants, with very few exceptions, professedly try to get money as fast as they can, that they may return to England; and yet when they do return, there is no place on earth so dear to them as the land they have left. I could cite various examples of this, but two or three only will serve as a type for the rest. During our second voyage to Africa we met with our dear and excellent friend, Mr. M—I—n; he was dying from consumption, and suffering dreadfully, and yet his pain, his approaching dissolution, were alike forgotten when Mr. Bowdich and myself would sit by his side, and talk of the scenes and adventures we had known together in Fantee. The delicious fruits of Madeira were not to be compared with ours on the Coast; the storms were not so grand; the hottest season there was much more intolerable; and the Portuguese

servants not half so good as his own man, Black Jack, who used to beg him "not to take a vex, but he wanted a bottle of wine, particular." The invalid's eyes would brighten, the colour rush into his pale lips and cheeks, and a momentary strength would be imparted by these, and a multitude of happy recollections<sup>(1)</sup>. Certainly no one ever suffered more in Africa than the intrepid Mr. Hutchinson, who died only a few months back at Leith, a victim to a northern, instead of a tropical climate; and yet he never was so animated or enthusiastic, ~~in~~ short so happy, as when recurring to the scenes of his past life. And so it is with myself. I have visited other lands, nay, lived in them, and my path has been broken and rugged. Still more thorny was it in Africa, and yet my thoughts and feelings incessantly recur with indescribable affection to those wild scenes; every minute circumstance vividly rushes before me as if it were the occurrence of yesterday, and my very dreams are of that magnificent land, where Nature has lavished her treasures with such unlimited profusion. Perhaps these treasures form one of the secret links of that chain which binds us all to her; and her lofty primitive mountains, her mighty rivers, her impenetrable forests, her deep blue sky, where the sun and the moon sail in cloudless majesty, and banish all idea of darkness<sup>(2)</sup>; the furious grandeur of her tempests, the strange and uncontrolled forms with which her wastes are peopled; her gay, laughing flowers; her juicy and exquisite fruits, which require no toil to bring to perfection;—her children, rude and disgusting as many of them are, even

form objects of compassionate interest, from the very curse under which they seem to labour; and all these perhaps create feelings in residents, which, to those who have always dwelt in civilized nations, are inexplicable. There may be yet another cause, which is, the constant excitement afforded by a life which often presents danger, and constantly requires contrivances for comfort and enjoyment<sup>(3)</sup>.

On first landing at Cape Coast, so many strange things presented themselves, that I scarcely knew which to look at first. The shape of the women, however, excited a special curiosity; for I had never heard that anything approaching to Hottentot form had strayed beyond that country. At last I began to suspect that this strange *contour* might be caused by artificial means; and questioning a girl on the subject, she immediately showed me a long strip of cloth, one end of which was fastened in front, and the other was rolled into a cushion behind. I know not why, but I felt perfectly relieved on finding this ungraceful appendage was not caused by a sport of nature. The women of Fantee, however, were quite at a loss to comprehend my dislike, for it plays a very important part in their dress; not only as it is frequently made of costly materials, but by its dimensions, the rank of the wearer is known; the great women of the country having one twice as large as that of the lower classes; and also the more children they have borne, the more enormous is the hump. It is fastened round the loins by strings of glass beads, coral, gold, or silver

chains; and that part of the outside cloth which covers it, is often richly and conspicuously embroidered.

The mode of living adopted in our colonies on the western coast is that of keeping up a constant stimulus on the constitution; and whether it answers or not, I should not venture to decide. The prudent and experienced generally leave their beds so early as to have taken coffee and be ready for exercise at sunrise, and do not stay out longer than seven; at that hour breakfast appears; and, if possible to be avoided, all further exercise or exposure to the sun are unthought of. In the middle of the day, a luncheon resembling a dinner is eaten, the siesta follows, and the real dinner is generally served after sunset. Much high feeding goes forward, and, as my countrymen are not prone to abstinence when an opportunity occurs for the contrary, there is little doubt that to many it is highly prejudicial. For myself, I found that moderately generous living was the safest plan; moderation in eating fruit was also a hard, though necessary piece of self-denial; and, by a caution which had nothing very unpleasant in it, I escaped the seasoning fever till I had been eighteen months in the country, a circumstance highly in my favour. It however was brought on by a great share of mental anxiety, and a necessity for sitting up three following nights, in order to copy despatches going to England, and it did not leave me till after a period of twelve weeks. Great skill and care on the part of my doctor tended to save me, but it has left a liability to ague, which still shows itself in all damp situations (<sup>4</sup>).



Of female society there was none ; and, though accustomed to mingle with all, by my constant presence at the table of the Governor,\*our private circle was confined to a few, selected from the multitude. The lounging, chattering life, generally led by young men in a distant colony, but ill accorded with the usual habits of Mr. Bowdich or myself, and so far from finding the climate an obstacle to employment, we generally contrived that our mental exercises should occupy at least half our time. It demanded great resolution to shake off the languor which always succeeds to fever, but the obvious advantage derived from constant employment, induced a perseverance which met with its reward ; for I may safely say, that I never experienced a moment of *ennui* during years of residence in a tropical atmosphere.

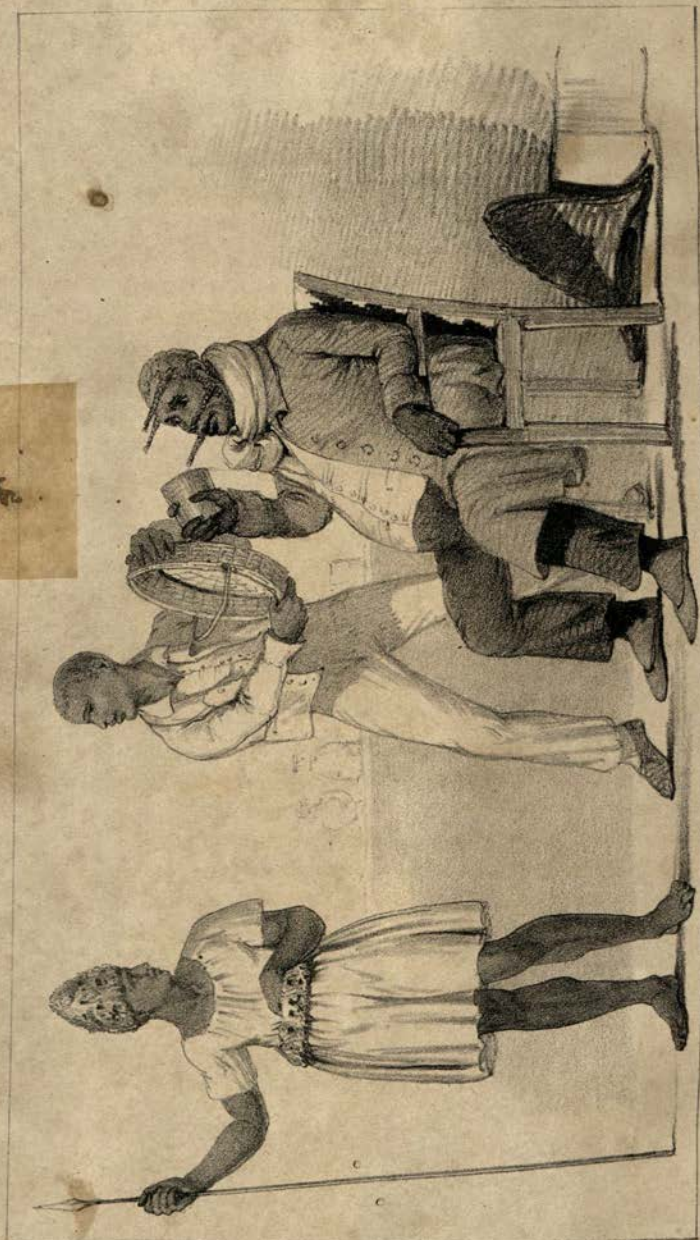
h The occasional visits of naval officers (<sup>5</sup>) during their cruises on the coast, formed a source, generally speaking, of great pleasure ; and, in fact, no sooner did the serjeant stationed on the flag-staff bastion report the appearance of a sail of any kind, than all hearts leaped with expectation ; to many it brought tidings of a circle, rendered doubly dear by distance ; and there were few who did not devour public news with avidity. Events long past, were discussed as if of last week's occurrence, and many predicted the probable results ; forgetting that those results must have been manifested months before intelligence of the primary cause had reached those distant shores.

The mission to Ashantee had been happily accomplished, and the successful and enterprising conductor of

one of the most difficult and dangerous of all embassies, was advised to make a personal report of his proceedings to his employers, and we started in February, 18—. A little cousin, intrusted to our charge, and two black servants, formed our party (for we were then childless); and we embarked on board a vessel of 500 tons, going first of all to the river Gaboon, to take in a cargo of ebony and red wood (<sup>6</sup>). We proceeded along the coast, passed close to the outer side of Fernando Po, and, turning into the river, sailed fifty miles up its course before we cast anchor, with the country of Empoöngwa to our right. The stream was here fifteen miles broad, and was bordered on each side by mountains and forests, which extended as far as the eye could distinguish. The lading of the vessel occupied a period of nine weeks, and I had plenty of leisure to become acquainted with the inhabitants of the petty kingdom close to which we were stationed.

It was evening, or rather sun-set, for there is no twilight in these countries, and time had just been given before the night closed, to mark the most prominent features of the landscape. In the morning, the Empoöngwas were aware of our arrival; and, soon after daybreak, I was astonished by the firing of the two or three small guns we possessed, in an irregular salute, and started up, fearing an engagement with one of the pirates, which at that period infested the rivers and seas of Africa. It proved, however, to be an honour paid to a negro chieftain, "Tom Lawson," who never condescended to come on board any vessel that did not shew





him this mark of respect; and, on this occasion, his attendants were rowing him swiftly round and round the ship, that he might fully enjoy the benefit of the smoke. He then ascended the ship's side, dressed in a long brown great-coat, white waistcoat, black trousers, a huge neckcloth that had once been of snowy hue, and an enormous cocked hat. His good-humoured, fat face, was decorated with the national insignia, namely, his side locks and whiskers braided so as to form stiff horns, and tipped with beads; all four of which projected inches beyond his nose. On seeing me, he started, and paused, for I was the first white woman that had ever visited the Gaboon, though trade had been carried on there by white men for many years. Soon recovering himself, Tom Lawson took off his hat, assured me in very good English, that he was very happy to see me, and that I should find him a countryman of my own, for "he ate with a knife and fork, and did all the same as English." As far as eating was concerned, except that he outdid them in quantity, he certainly rivalled our best beaux in manner; but when drinking was in question, he resumed his native habits, and, to my infinite amusement, at the moment of quaffing his long deep draught of bottled porter, or grog, one of his sons raised the first portable object he could find to hide his father's head from observation; it being against all rule that his inferiors should witness the action (?). When he could make up his mind to take the mug from his mouth, which was when not a drop remained in it, he would frequently catch me peeping at him on the other side; but all his resentment was expressed by a

slight smile and shake of the head. He professed a very respectful admiration for me, and with the utmost propriety of language and demeanour, would frequently declare himself ready to perform miracles in my service<sup>(8)</sup>. I, however, greatly fell in his opinion, when I shewed him the miniature of a beautiful female, which always travelled with me. After long looking at it, he asked if she had a husband; and, on a reply in the negative, he expressed a strong desire to demand her in marriage. I asked him what he would do with his three wives, for, if he had this lady, he must be contented with one wife. He would send them away. "That you dare not do," I replied, "for one is a fetish woman, and she will make bad fetish for you." "Then I'll kill 'em all," he rejoined, "and you tell white woman that I come in the next ship to fetch her"<sup>(9)</sup>.

Tom Lawson was heir apparent to the throne, being second brother to the bed-ridden king George; and always managed, and, in fact monopolised, the greater part of the trade; by which means he had become very wealthy, and although keen in making a bargain, was a very good-natured, well-behaved old man. He readily forgave me for every mischievous prank with which I teased him; and beguiled many an hour of this tedious sojourn, by his apt and intelligent enquiries concerning England.

Although the natives came in throngs to see me, we were mutually curious to know more of each other than could be the case on board a ship incessantly filled with traders and their servants<sup>(10)</sup>. I therefore gladly accompanied Mr. Bowdich when he went to pass a few

days at Naängo, the capital. We started at sun-rise, in the ship's gig, and after a row of about six miles, entered a romantic creek, bordered on each side by immense forests. Our way was frequently impeded by mangroves of the loftiest stature; wreaths of climbing and parasitical plants floated in the gentle breeze; birds of the rarest and brightest plumage flew from tree to tree; parrots, screamed and fought on the topmost boughs; flashing insects whirled about in every direction; monkeys scrambled, jumped, and chattered; and rose-coloured spoonbills, and tall marabouts <sup>(11)</sup>, lined the banks like rows of soldiers, waiting to catch their breakfast in the stream below.

The landing-place was at the foot of a hill, and we were met there by a deputation from the town, dressed in European clothing. They welcomed me in the most respectful manner, and would have carried me on their shoulders, had I not preferred walking. Our path lay through the forest, and every step presented such exquisite novelties, that I could have staid all day to examine them. As we emerged from the shade at the top of a high hill, I was particularly delighted with a tree which was covered to a great height with large convolvuli of every hue <sup>(12)</sup>. I can never cease to remember it, for with my eyes filled with its beauty, I turned round and beheld the most hideous and disgusting form which had yet met my gaze, accustomed as it was to scenes of horror. It was that of a white negro, or rather pink, for his skin was of that colour; and he stood in mute amazement at the European party. My conductors hurried me past him,

saying he was a slave from the interior; and at the end of a long and wide street, composed of neat bamboo houses, they left me at the door of the Governor.

This Governor was the third brother of the King, and ably conducted all the home affairs. Pleased as I had been with Tom Lawson, I was still more so with my host. His mild and respectful deportment, (I could have said gentlemanly); his kindness to the people; his great hospitality, without the slightest prospect of recompense; his readiness to yield information; the clear manner in which he stated every thing; his desire to amuse; and his shrewd intelligence, quite delighted us: and, although in the wilds of Africa, with only two or three of my countrymen near me, I felt as safe as if I had been protected by a London police.

An abundance of refreshment had been provided; and, notwithstanding the heat, we ventured to stroll within the skirts of the forest which surrounded the town, and to pay a visit to royalty. Imbecile in mind, as well as feeble in body, king George retained all the rapacity of power, and when he presented me with a beautiful mat, I was obliged to return the compliment threefold. Fortunately the whole party were prepared with their contributions; due notice having been given of what was expected, by a daily visit from three or four of his wives to the ship; and more especially by the frequent attacks made upon us by his head wife. She wore a fringe of brass bells upon her cloth, and the annoyance their incessant jingling caused me, in a severe fit of illness, will never be forgotten<sup>(13)</sup>.



Shortening my interview with King George as much as possible, I returned to the Governor's, and about sun-set was told, that a fête had been made for me all over the town; and that it was necessary for me to make my appearance among those who were thus doing their best to give the white woman a welcome.

Several of the inhabitants escorted me in a sort of procession, to every house where I was expected, and singing one of the national songs, the burthen of which compared my arrival to one of their most precious productions. The words translated were, "Like the leaf of the fat tree, true I say my mother."<sup>(14)</sup> Some showered flowers upon me; others touched my gown, and then rubbed their foreheads with their fingers; a few, more bold, offered me their hands, and when I had taken them, held them to their companions to be squeezed; several walked backwards before me, looking me fixedly in the face, and when I nodded at them, burst into a laugh, in which I could not refrain from occasionally joining. The houses, many of them large, were clean and well swept; the interstices between the bamboo supports were filled with wicker-work, and dried leaves; and the roofs were thatched with palm leaves. The doors were frequently ornamented with rudely-carved and painted figures; the windows had shutters; and the houses were conveniently portioned off into sitting and bed rooms, and storehouses for vegetables, fruits, &c. The bedsteads were made of bamboo, a fine matting of the same material took place of sacking, and the curtains were most frequently made of finely-

woven grass. At the different entertainments given in honour of my arrival, the lamps were open saucers of black pottery, with a wick in the middle; a seat of honour was made by throwing a cloth over a rude chair; and the natives danced, in order to amuse me and themselves.

In about two hours, the ceremonies relaxing, afforded a good opportunity for retreat to the quarters of our good Governor, where tea was produced from the ship; and our biscuits were spread with vegetable butter. When the meal was finished, we agreed to listen to some music, and I mustered up all my resolution to endure a medley of barbarous sounds. My astonishment, however, was infinite, when the white negro entered, bearing a small harp in his hand. Placing himself in the middle of the room, which was lighted by a large torch stuck upon a pole, and composed of sweet-smelling gums tied up in palm leaves; he struck the chords in perfect harmony; and, as the music increased in beauty, the unsightliness of the performer was forgotten; his eyes were small and blue, and incessantly rolled about; his vision was imperfect in the light, which caused a quivering motion in them; his skin, which in several places was covered with tumours, was so loose and shrivelled, that it seemed to have been thrown upon him; his hair was crisp and woolly, and approaching to yellow; his joints were large, and all his features were those of the black negro. His voice was melodious and powerful, and his accompaniments on the harp rapid and judicious; but he was wholly abstracted from all around during the execution of his compositions.

Sometimes he placed his harp on one foot, and, merely pulling a string occasionally, he would burst into a loud recitative, and then finish the strain with a sentence greatly resembling the leading phrase of Handel's Hallelujah chorus. His harp consisted of two octaves, and had a well-carved figure-head; the strings were made from the runners of a tree; and I was told that both he and the harp came far from the interior.

At length it became time for rest, and I retired to my room, the earthen floor of which was covered, out of compliment to me, with the narrow iron bars used in trade, laid side by side, every step upon which caused a clatter fit to alarm the whole town. Whilst preparing for bed, a storm, which had been threatening us the whole evening, burst over head, with a fury unknown out of the tropics. As the lightning hovered about the iron floor, I began to think that I was not in a very safe place; but on moving to the door, to make my exit, I espied a large old-fashioned French arm-chair, covered with satin, (probably a relic from some vessel); into that I curled myself, and was rejoicing in the discovery, when a new, and to me much more formidable, source of alarm presented itself. A loud rustling in the thatch shewed, that the torrents of rain had dislodged the rats, and down they poured into the room, running to and fro, and scrambling again up the sides, with the greatest rapidity<sup>(15)</sup>. The only thing within reach which stood a chance of being useful on such an occasion, was a shoe; and there I sat till help arrived, and the storm ceased. I then crept within my grass curtains, but

fortunately, "slept upon my arms," for, in about half an hour, I was awake by a scratching outside: guessing the cause, I rose quickly, and with my shoe hurled the rogue to the ground. Five times did this disturbance occur, and daylight alone restored quiet.

It must not be imagined, from the above statement, that my presence created universal gladness; for several new slaves, from the interior, declared that I was an evil spirit, and they should die if they looked at me. They had never before this day seen even a white man; but, ignorant of this, I thought there was some affectation mingled with their alarm. I tried to conciliate, by bribes and coaxing, but my efforts being unsuccessful I went softly behind one of the girls, and seizing her by the ears, turned her head round so quickly that she could not help seeing me. She gave a fearful shriek, and fainted; and being now convinced of the reality of her terror I was sorry for my trick; and the more especially as the poor thing continued ill the whole of the next day<sup>(16)</sup>.

As if in judgment upon me, a few hours after, similar feelings assailed me. I supposed myself alone in the sitting-room, but, on crossing it to fetch my gloves, something suddenly sprung on me from behind, with a fearful grasp and a howl. I expected, at least, to see the open jaws of a lion; and I was scarcely less frightened, on finding it to be the white negro. The yell which I uttered soon brought assistance, and I was immediately rescued from his clutches. It seemed that he had not, owing to his imperfect sight, seen me

clearly till that moment, when his astonishment made him frantic. He was taken away, and would have been punished had I not pleaded his pardon; but he was carefully kept from my view during the rest of my stay at Naängo; and suspecting, from the gestures of those who related the circumstance to each other, that some mystery belonged to him, I questioned closely, and found that he was at times perfectly furious, and always considered as a maniac. His harp remained in the sitting-room, and, most unconsciously, I created the greatest astonishment by playing on it, and accompanying it with my voice. The women in north-western Africa never utter any thing beyond a funeral howl, and therefore were the more surprised at me. In two minutes the news spread through the town. Men, women, and children, thronged round me almost to suffocation; and I was glad to take the Governor's advice, and make my escape at an opposite door.

On returning to the vessel, we found a gallant little schooner lying alongside; she was manned by blacks; and the owner was a tall Portuguese mulatto, richly adorned with gold. He remained with us two days, on pretence of trade, but prying into every corner of the ship, and asking questions of the sailors, which they thought very impertinent, and for which they could not at the time account. Our captain, who was an honest-hearted, unsuspecting person, told him his plans, and every particular concerning his cargo, and then suffered him to depart in his debt; but with a promise of meeting the vessel at the mouth of the river, in order to

liquidate the amount. Soon after he left us the larger portion of the crew went a little way up the country, to expedite the arrival of the cargo, and the next morning we were surprised by the appearance of several canoes, filled with a new set of men from the neighbouring kingdom of Kaylee. They came, they said, to trade; but stationed themselves in numbers on the deck without making any advances towards their object, and some of our men thought all was not well. These people are known to eat human flesh<sup>(17)</sup>; and being curious to see them, I placed myself one morning, with a book, close to the cabin door. Their lowering looks and sullen appearance, however, produced so disagreeable an impression, that, carefully keeping my little cousin by my side, I returned to the cabin. We were left with about four men, two mates, and the steward, in the course of the next day, and were sitting quietly in the cabin, when we heard a great bustle over our heads. The steward then rushed into the cabin, exclaiming to Mr. Bowdich, "For God's sake, sir, come up, for I do believe the Kaylee men are trying to take the ship." As I stood in anxious suspense, the voice of the child on deck, saluted my ears, and, running up to secure him from danger, I became an unwilling spectator of the scene. The deck was swimming with blood, and blacks and whites were all engaged together. The Kaylees were very active with their long knives; the officers were opposing them with swords and pistols, and the men were brandishing their tools. After a desperate conflict, the Kaylees were overpowered; their

wounded people were thrown into the canoes, and the unhurt were hand-cuffed, and lashed to different parts of the ship. Messengers were instantly despatched for the rest of our party, who returned in a few hours, with a strong reinforcement of Empoöngwas, whose comrades had certainly fought for us with the greatest fidelity. The Kaylees were then suffered to depart, and close watch was kept night and day as long as we remained in the river. We afterwards found out, that it had been a plot of the Portuguese mulatto, Yellow Gaston, as he was called, to take the vessel; in which case we should probably all have been massacred, the ship would have been stripped of every thing valuable, and then sunk. Three years before, this man, with the assistance of the Kaylees, had either been the leader of the party, or had mainly assisted in the destruction of an English vessel and all on board, after their numbers had been much thinned by sickness.

The heat now became so intense that, with a treble awning, constantly wetted, over the head, I could not go on deck during the day without turning quite sick. Our thermometers, after the mercury had risen to 124° Fahrenheit, in the shade, were unfortunately broken; and the storms becoming daily more frequent, announced the near approach of the rainy season. Our men too fell sick, and although we still lingered in the hope of a better cargo, our captain was obliged to prepare for departure. Our first mate, a very able seaman and obliging person, after five days fever, died while I was in the act of putting medicine within his lips; a

common sailor soon followed; the hand of death was evidently laid upon our carpenter; and our excellent and active steward took to his bed. All hands were then set to work, to repair the mast, which had been shivered by lightning (<sup>28</sup>); and fortunately we were nearly ready to start, when, in the middle of the night, a Spanish pirate anchored near to us. We knew too much of the practices of these marauders to tempt our fate, and firing a farewell salute to Tom Lawson before dawn of day, we dropped down the river. We paused in the vicinity of a fairy-looking island, to bury our dead; and this sad ceremony over, we crowded all sail, and stood out to sea. Wind and tide were in our favour, and in a few hours we were far on our way "to catch the south-east trades." On the morrow, being out of sight of land, we were forced to consign our poor carpenter to a watery grave.



## NOTES TO A VISIT TO EMPOONGWA.

(<sup>1</sup>) THIS gentleman arrived, when a very young man, on the Gold Coast, and apparently dying of consumption; he, however, in a few months, perfectly recovered his health, and during a period of nearly twenty years residence in that country, knew comparatively little illness. He made one or two excursions during this time to Europe, and judging from these, that he had outlived all danger, he returned to England to enjoy the rest of his days. One winter, however, painfully convinced him that he was even more susceptible to the changes of our climate than he had been, and, when it was too late, he sought a milder atmosphere. After a separation of years, we met by chance in Madeira, but not finding even this balmy atmosphere warm enough, he sailed for Jamaica. When we took leave of him, we feared he would never reach his destination, but so uncertain is human life, that the strongest and healthiest of the party (Mr. Bowdich,) had closed his earthly career, long before the excellent and feeble Mr. M—l—n sank into the grave. From this, and several other instances which have come most painfully within my observation, I should say that it were madness for any persons long resident in Africa, and delicate in constitution, to think of spending their after winters in the north of Europe, for so far from being rendered less susceptible to the change by a life of constant warmth, the second or third winter generally proves fatal.

(<sup>2</sup>) A merchant who had for years lived in Africa, paid a visit to some relations in Yorkshire, and because he did not tell them any wonders, they were quite disappointed. At last they grew so impatient at his common-place conversation, that they entreated they might hear about some of the extraordinary things he must have seen in his outlandish residence. "Since you will know," he replied, "the sun and the moon are twice as big in Africa as they are here, and the oysters grow upon trees." But this was quite enough, for they stopped him by saying; "No! that will never do; we do not doubt what you say about the sun and the moon, but we never will believe about the oysters." It might almost be imagined that they had seen and felt the glorious light and heat shed by these luminaries within the tropics; we could constantly see to read by moonlight, and as we occasionally walked up and down the ramparts at night, we could plainly distinguish a point of land sixty miles distant.

(<sup>3</sup>) These contrivances sometimes caused much mirth and amusement, and a sort of amicable strife as to who should prove the most ingenious. My needle and thread were in constant activity, and even the painting a phaëton fell to my lot, but, for the want of varnish, my work lost much of its effect. The Governor's secretary, who took great pains in decorating his rooms, wished to adapt some picture-glasses to smaller frames; but where was he to get a glazier's diamond, in order to cut them, in a country where glass windows were unknown? At length it was discovered, that a gentleman, high in office, had had one sent to him amongst other tools. I was employed to negotiate the loan, but then who was to use it? no one was expert enough to do so; and a further petition was conveyed through me, for permission to send the

diamond with the glass to Accra, where lived one who could cut the latter; and thus the materials actually travelled two hundred miles, before the drawings could be hung upon the walls of the honorable secretary. A disappointment in the arrival of a box, kept me with only five pins for six months, three of which were borrowed from the surgeon, and four were crooked. At one time almost all the European stores in the colony were exhausted, and we tried to replace them by various native substances; the most remarkable part of which was, that although the sugar-canes grew round us in magnificent size and profusion, and we daily bought them, to suck out the fresh juice,—it never entered into any of our heads, that that juice might be converted into the sugar which we so much required. Communications had been held some months before with Sierra Leone, concerning our subscriptions to the Bible Society, and many had sent their money, solely because their own Governor requested them to do so. When we were thus deprived of our comforts, assistance was solicited from this colony, and a few weeks after two huge chests arrived. Even the junior officers thought a little of the spoil would fall to their share, but on opening the chests, they were found to be entirely filled with Bibles, to be distributed to native people who could not read. It required some exertion of good feeling to subscribe again, and to consider that it was merely a chance which caused the arrival of these chests, at the moment when we were pining for the good things of this world.

(4) A black assistant in the surgery afforded infinite comfort to all invalids at Cape Coast. His name was Segoah, which of course was easily metamorphosed into Sago, and he had had so much experience in the disorders incidental to

the climate, that he was frequently consulted in preference to a newly arrived surgeon. He was the kindest and most attentive creature possible, and extremely grateful for the little presents we made him. Ten times in the course of the twenty-four hours, for he was always up, day and night, he would softly open my door, during my fever,—and, if he saw my eyes move, nod and say, “Keep a good heart, Missy,” and then fly off to another patient. It seemed that he had set his mind on saving me; and one night when, after the departure of the surgeon, being suddenly taken worse, I was obliged to send for immediate aid, Segoah was the first to come, and, when I asked him if death were approaching, the good creature’s eyes filled with tears, but dashing them away with his hand, he exclaimed, “Hope not! Hope not!”

(<sup>b</sup>) Sir James Yeo was among our visitors, and was then evidently struggling with his last symptoms. His health preyed so much on his temper, that he was continually quarrelling with those around, but his natural kind-heartedness led him to repair the fault in such a way, that it was impossible to retain any resentment towards him. He said to me one day, “You find me good-tempered enough, but that is because you see so little of me, I could not live with an angel in heaven without quarrelling, but then I am very sorry for it afterwards.” For the following trick, however, he was not very easily excused. The officers of the gun room having given a dinner to those of the castle, the whim seized Sir James to sail immediately, instead of waiting till the next morning, according to previous arrangement. Deeply engaged at table, the party below were unconscious of the change till the vessel moved, upon which they ran on deck; one or two wisely leaped into a canoe and paddled themselves ashore,

but others expostulated. To these Sir James only replied, "Every man knows his own business best, gentlemen," and turning on his heel, proceeded with his orders. The prisoners were conveyed to Accra, without even a change of linen, and from thence proceeded back to head-quarters by the first opportunity. Of course to some it was of serious consequence, as public duty and private business had been left without preparation, but to one or two young officers of the party it was no unwelcome adventure. When Mr. Bowdich went on board the frigate, to bid Sir James adieu, he himself had just been greatly reduced by the rupture of an artery, in extracting a tooth, and Sir James looking at him said, "Ah, I see they have done for you, I shall tell them in England you will never live to come back." However, it was he who never returned, for going round by South America for specie, he died on his passage from that country. He earnestly endeavoured, while in the African seas, to ascertain the existence of the island of St. Matthew's, figured on some of our charts, from the report of one or two navigators. One mischievous person had, by way of prank, asserted, that he had landed on the island, but it either never had being, or had disappeared at the time of which I now speak.

(<sup>6</sup>) The red wood is used by dyers, and forms a very lofty and upright tree, but of what genus I am ignorant. The inhabitants of Empoöngwa ascribe medicinal virtues to it, and give the wood itself, reduced to powder, when we should prescribe quinine.

(<sup>7</sup>) This arises from the traditionary superstition, that, at the moment of drinking, all enemies are enabled to impose a spell upon the faculties. See Plate VI.

(<sup>8</sup>) To these professions of service should have been added the clause, "provided no injury could happen to himself;" for I had more than one opportunity of observing, that self-security and enjoyment were the strongest of Tom Lawson's feelings; and on one occasion where the promptest assistance was demanded, he took especial care to ensure his own safety, before he granted succour.

(<sup>9</sup>) Another royal personage offered to give eleven bullocks for a lady, whom he very much admired, but he would not put away any of his previous wives.

(<sup>10</sup>) The numbers which thus infested the ship, rendered the heat almost insupportable by night, for then they stole down without our being aware of it; and as we were obliged to sleep with our cabin-doors and windows open, to admit a circulation of air, we were constantly awoken by the loud snoring, proceeding from three or four heads in the very door-way of our own apartments. Our black boy possessed but little authority with them, and I was constantly obliged to call up the steward, in order to get rid of them. On this, the provoking creatures would throw themselves on the deck, and snore round my skylight. At length I found a remedy, and taking a large stick into my berth with me, I contrived to rap their pates, till, after two or three nights' experience, they found it no comfortable couch to be in my vicinity.

(<sup>11</sup>) The whole tribe of these birds is widely spread throughout Africa, the Marabouts are of much larger size than any ever seen in this country, but are easily tamed. They are very decided in their habits, and to attempt to

disturb them from the extreme gravity of their department, causes movements, on their parts, which are highly diverting. Three of them used to take their station at Bathurst, close by the river side, on the keel of an old boat turned upside down, and the position of each was constant; the first mounted before the others, and they followed, always in the same rotation; all attempts to dislodge them were vain, till the annoyance of a terrier dog was suggested. Even he was unheeded for some minutes; their eyes followed him, but the rest of their bodies was as tranquil as if buried in slumber; at length all three rose at once, and, hopping about most violently on their long thin legs, flapping their short wings, and running at him with their great beaks, they presented a droll spectacle. We pursued this plan every evening, to see if they could be moved from their roosting-place; and at length the dog learned to tease them for his own pleasure; but the sole difference was, that, on taking their station, which they always did at the same hour, instead of going to sleep immediately, they evidently waited for the attacks of their enemy. The largest of these used to range through our garden, and frequently thrust his beak through the bars of the verandah, and stand there till he had been fed.

(<sup>12</sup>) These convolvuli are not confined to one colour, but, on the same stalk, present a variety; such as blue, pink, white, green, buff with a purple eye, straw colour, dark brown, and the different gradations belonging to these hues, as the blossoms bud and decay.

(<sup>13</sup>) The promptitude required in the treatment of these fevers cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of

those who have only themselves to look to for relief: it will not always save, but affords the best chance for life. On this occasion, being thousands of miles from medical aid, and feeling all the premonitory symptoms of fever, I followed the plan of immediate, but slight salivation, which was effected in three days. This seemed to avert the threatened attack, and in ten days I was quite well again. The mate, who died, obstinately persisted in his refusal to take mercurial medicines, and, by losing time, probably lost his life. The progress of fever in these countries is, generally speaking, frightfully rapid; there is no time to wait for the morrow before we venture to apply strong remedies; for, after a few returns of the disorder, torpor closes the scene. The intervals are generally employed to advantage, by throwing in quinine; that the patient may be strengthened for the succeeding fit.

(<sup>14</sup>) This song was composed, on the first arrival of white men in the country; and a son is supposed to go back to his mother, and tell her of the wonderful sight he has seen. The literal translation is, "A fine strange thing, mother. Like the leaf of the fat tree, true I say. I make you look to-day, my mother."

(<sup>15</sup>) The rats of Africa are generally very large, as well as numerous. The black boys belonging to the officers in garrison always took their rest in the stone galleries outside their masters' doors, and were but little disturbed at the troops of these animals which often passed over them: they merely turned their heads to the opposite side, which were soon passed over in the same manner by the returning party. The bush-rats are quite the size of a large cat.



(16) The belief of the devil being white, is I think common to most black people, but his incessant presence is, with some, so strong an impression, that they never leave their seats but they turn them down, for fear he should take possession in their absence.

(17) The existence of anthropophagi in this part of Africa is but too certain, and not only do these Kaylees eat their enemies, but they go to each other's houses to bargain for the dying. Those who do not eat human flesh, view them with horror; and the very enquiry if they eat such food, seems to inspire them with disgust and shame. Three men at Sierra Leone, (I believe among the liberated Africans,) enticed a fourth into the forest, murdered him, immediately ate a part of his flesh, and covered the rest slightly with earth. The next day they returned to their feast, but two of them became alarmed, and did not go again: the third however, was unable to resist the temptation, and the disappearance of the murdered man, and the frequent visits of the glutton, at length created suspicion; he was watched, and caught in the act of devouring the remainder of his comrade. He was taken, and brought to trial on the charge of murder; this could not be proved against him, and, as there is no English law against eating human flesh, he could not be capitally punished.

(18) Without exception, this was the most awful storm I ever witnessed; it was of short duration, but the sharp, broken thunder conveyed an idea that mighty rocks were rent asunder. The flash of lightning, which struck three men flat on the ground, and injured our mast, lasted so long that I could have deliberately threaded my needle while it

illuminated the cabin. I was anxiously awaiting the return of the boat's crew from a distant excursion, though they were in fact safer than we were, with all our ironwork and masts. The most perfect darkness enveloped us, just at sunset,—and my cousin crept close up to me, though he had been born in the land of thunder-storms; but, in a few minutes after, every object was as distinctly visible as if it had been day, the light seemed to be white from its intensity, and the thunder for the time took away the sense of hearing. A dead silence succeeded, and the steward, who first recovered himself, procuring a light, called for assistance to the men on deck. We were too happy to find them alive, and, prescribing for them at hazard, we sent them to bed, and in two days they were perfectly recovered. The boat's crew escaped, with no other inconvenience than a drenching, for they put into a small creek, where they landed. Had they not done so, it is probable that the deluge of rain which followed would have swamped their frail conveyance.

## V.

### THE VOYAGE HOME.

THE live stock on board our vessel was considerably increased during our stay in the river Gaboon, for, besides that destined for the table, and the panther (<sup>1</sup>) we ourselves had brought from Cape Coast, the sailors had possessed themselves of sundry monkies and a number of parrots; most of which were intended for sale on reaching England. The noise made by the latter is never to be forgotten, for no sooner did morning dawn, than more than three hundred of these birds began screeching all at once, and further sleep was out of the question. They are to be bought in Empoöngwa, where gold and silver are of no value, for a pair of old stockings, a knife, or some such trifle, together with corn enough to keep them on the passage; and are sold in Europe to the bird dealers for a large profit. A great mortality always takes place among them during the passage, especially when they reach the cold winds; consequently, each person procures several, in the hope of saving one or two out of the number. The natives generally have a shed full of them, waiting the arrival of a vessel, where they are fastened by one leg to a stake

driven into the ground<sup>(2)</sup>. When established among their new owners, they are crammed together into empty hen-coops, with the exception of a few belonging to the officers, who contrive cages for them, and take pains to instruct them during the voyage. The steward kept one in his own cabin below, and it profited so quickly by its opportunities for acquirement, that it learned all our names, and imitated certain voices so well, that it frequently brought me from the deck, by calling in the tone and manner of Mr. Bowdich<sup>(3)</sup>.

The monkies were of various sizes and colours; black, grey, olive, yellow, red, blue-faced, &c.; but a few days after sailing we lost the largest from his own curiosity. The men were putting fresh varnish over the deck, and incautiously set a pot of the boiling material close to the monkey; who, after looking at it for a minute, dipped his paw in, and carried it immediately to his chin; not only was the paw scalded, but the pouches were entirely destroyed; and although we applied rags dipped in turpentine, and took great pains to cure him, he died in about three days<sup>(4)</sup>. The king of our monkies was, however, the ugliest of all; but certainly nearer to humanity than any I ever met with. I do not mean in formation, but, if I may so express myself, in intellect; for he appeared to think, and act as if he could foresee results; and was more ingenious in mischief than any wild school-boy, who prides himself in being the torment of his companions. We made acquaintance very suddenly, and to me disagreeably, for I had not till then conquered the foolish aversion with which these animals

always inspired me. It was a dead calm, the wheel was lashed, and all, save myself, below; nothing round us but sea and sky, and I had sheltered myself with a book, in a corner protected from the equatorial sun; suddenly, and without noise, something leaped upon my shoulders, and the tail which encircled my throat, convinced me that Mr. Jack was my assailant. My first impulse was to beat him off, in which case I should probably have received some injury; but, fortunately, I sat perfectly still, and twisting himself round, he brought his face opposite to mine, and stared at me. I endeavoured to speak kindly to him, upon which he grinned and chattered, seated himself on my knees, and carefully examined my hands; he then tried to pull off my rings, and was proceeding to a bite for this purpose, but I gave him some biscuit which happened to lie beside me, and making a bed for him with a handkerchief, he settled himself comfortably to sleep; and from that moment we were sworn allies (\*).

To be at variance with those who are often in your presence is always painful, but where it happens that you cannot associate with a fellow-passenger in a ship, the annoyance becomes very great. This was unfortunately the case between ourselves and the only companion we had, besides the captain. He was employed as supercargo of the vessel, but took upon himself something like the command; and not only interfered in every possible way with our comfort and convenience, but the captain being a good-natured, easy man, first allowed him to do as he liked, and then gradually

became so influenced by his manners, that explanation was necessary. With the captain, however, it was a violent explosion of high words, a defensive attitude on the part of both gentlemen; for each supposed the other would proceed to a drubbing,—a few soothing sentences on my part, and all was restored to such good order, that no cause for complaint existed afterwards. With the supercargo, however, it was totally different; and after various efforts on our parts to maintain friendly appearances, and many little sacrifices of our own feelings, we ceased to have any parlance with him. His impertinence no longer having words opposed to it, vented itself in a hundred petty tricks, which almost afforded amusement; and our greatest difficulty became the proper control over our risible muscles. Not only did he seize on every dish at table to help himself first, seat himself in the best places; but, at length, let the weather be what it would, he never condescended to walk on the same side of the deck with us, but maintaining opposite ground, darted a fierce look every time we made our first appearance for the sake of exercise. We were shut up for months with this person, during three of which we scarcely ever exchanged a word with him; but although we learned at last to consider him as a perfect nonentity, it was impossible not to wish that his place had been occupied by a more gentlemanly fellow-traveller.

On quitting the river, we passed Prince's and St. Thomas's Islands, together with Anabona<sup>(6)</sup>; and keeping two degrees south of the line, we endeavoured to

get into the south-east trades. Weeks however elapsed before we could accomplish this, during which time we had a succession of calms and furious tornadoes; our men were sickly, our captain fidgety, our little stores of indulgences<sup>(7)</sup> diminishing, and our time would have hung very heavily had we not provided ourselves with employment.

The fair copy of Mr. Bowdich's Travels to Ashantee was written during this period; and with the help of books and a guitar, we contrived to exist without the slightest *ennui*. On getting into the trades, our ship was taken aback<sup>(8)</sup>, and the water pouring in at the stern windows, the dead-lights were put in<sup>(9)</sup>, and, as they continued up the whole way after, we had not so much light and air as we could have wished; we were however reconciled to them as we proceeded northwards, for we felt the change of temperature to a painful degree, and positively shivered before we reached the latitude of the Western Islands.

Only a short interval took place between the south and north-east trades; and, in the latter, a glorious breeze was carrying us along at nine knots an hour, when a white sail appeared in the horizon. She bore down full upon us, and, to our dismay, we found her to be a pirate. A consultation was held, and our internal-opponent in all things negatived our advice not to resist. This accorded with the captain's opinion (for he had been a lieutenant in the navy, and thought that he ought not to submit), and we therefore cheerfully prepared to follow his orders. Swiftly and steadily did the pirate

near us on the larboard side, and, accordingly, measures were taken to meet her in that quarter. We had not enough ammunition to fit up two sides for an engagement, therefore every thing was brought over to one. The first step was to collect all the gold and silks on board, and, opening one of the hatchways, to bury them among the logs of wood in the hold. This being done, the scuttle was replaced, and fresh caulked, to avoid all suspicion of recent opening. Our four small cannons were cleaned and loaded, the sick men were placed among the rigging armed with pistols; the sails were set square, to give the appearance of an armed vessel; the union Jack was hoisted; and Mr. Bowdich was ordered to walk up and down the deck in his scarlet uniform, to be taken for a marine officer. The captain was in his element, and prodigiously grand, considering his force; and his constant expression, that "a British sailor knew not how to yield," seemed actually to inspire the men, though several had begun operations with a most significant smile. All was obedience, and the part assigned to me was the giving out the small arms and powder, taking notes of the portion assigned to each<sup>(10)</sup>. Our black servant-girl cried bitterly, for she fancied she should be again forced into slavery, but employing her with me soon dried her tears.

In the course of my official duties our hostile shipmate came to demand arms, and giving him his choice, he buckled a large leathern belt over his washed-out nankeen suit<sup>(11)</sup>, and first took a brace of pistols, which were stuck into the belt; these were followed by a dirk,



also for the belt; a second belt was then slung across one shoulder which held a sabre, and a blunderbuss, carried in the hand, completed the accoutrements. The height of my warlike countryman was about five feet, but as he drew on a pair of thick gloves with a whistling noise, he evidently intended me to believe that his valor was gigantic. He strutted on to the deck where some of the men fairly burst into a laugh; and even our anxious captain lost his gravity for a moment. Forgetting the consequence to ourselves, I certainly did hope that we should have some serious work, that I might see how fast he would slink below.

My task being at length completed, and the remaining ammunition locked up, I went above to see how matters stood, and when I presented myself, a momentary pause ensued, and each looked at the other, as much as to say, "What shall we do with her?" At length Mr. Bowdich suggested that I should retire to my cabin, and, lying in my berth, pretend to be very ill. In vain I urged the contradiction that my face, red with exertion, would present, he replied that it would be taken for fever, and there seemed to be no alternative, but I staid in the bustle as long as I dared. All was in readiness, and the men pompously standing at their guns, when suddenly the pirate ship altering her course, pounced upon us on our defenceless side, and it was perfectly laughable to see the surprise and consternation of the whole crew; she fired, and answering her signal, for resistance was now evidently hopeless, we hove to—she was a beautiful creature, as the sailors called her, built

for sailing, and elegant in all her proportions; two tiers of guns stared from her port-holes, and a long brass gun, mounted on a swivel was placed on her deck, and which would have raked us fore and aft had we hesitated to obey her signal. Two boats were instantly lowered, and being filled with armed men, we were boarded in due form, but, at the instant these boats were in motion, I was hurried below, and before the strangers descended, Mr. Bowdich, seized with a new idea, hastily rushed into my cabin, threw over me a pile of great-coats, boat cloaks, &c., and, conjuring me to lie still, left my door wide open, to give an appearance of carelessness as to what was within. I thought I should have been stifled, but contriving a breathing hole, I caught a glimpse of the visitors, and heard all that passed. They proved to be Spaniards, and could not speak English; Mr. Bowdich then tried them in French, with which they were perfectly acquainted, and in which language the conversation was held. They said with the utmost indifference that they had three hundred slaves on board, but they were sure of getting safe to the Havannah, as they had a complement of one hundred men and were well armed. They asked whence we came, and care was taken to state the Gaboon river, and not Cape Coast, for fear of being forced to give up our gold dust. They then said they must have provisions, for they were afraid of their own not lasting; and using no ceremony, they ordered the goats, pigs, &c. into their boats, and, hinting that the severe illness of their captain alone prevented them from using their

guns, they claimed a large portion of the salted stores and biscuit. Our captain was ready to do every thing they asked, and even added the last bag of white biscuit as a present to their commander; the hero of small arms bowed down to the ground, and I could not help fancying that the interpreter was anxious to ensure their civility by his own. They looked into most of the cabins, and observed, that mine being doubtless that of the English officer they should not inspect it. Having secured all they thought worth taking, they departed, and I crept up to take another look at their ship. She was painted white, with a narrow black streak, and seemed to skim the surface like an eagle; her planks almost appeared to move, and she bent so majestically to the motion of the waves, that we could scarcely bring ourselves to believe, that so beautiful an exterior covered so much misery. She was soon out of sight, and as some of us stood gaping at her till the last moment, we heard one of our sailors say, "She walks!" another, "there's a thing to live in!" a third, "she's a lady of quality;" and not a soul on board but seemed to lose their sense of danger in the contemplation of her extraordinary beauty. At length we recollected how grateful we ought to be for our escape, which was rare at that time, and which we probably owed entirely to the illness of the pirate captain<sup>(12)</sup>. We afterwards fell in with an insurgent privateer, painted black and red, which scudded along gloriously; she spoke us, and enquired what vessels we had fallen in with, and, pretending to respect the British flag, she pursued her chase.

For a time the inconvenience of diminished provisions was not much felt, but the remaining casks of biscuit proving full of weevils, our sufferings began. We ate it with our eyes shut, after knocking it on the table, for by this means we got rid of some of the vermin. Our flour then disappeared, and the meat began to shrink so fast, that we all cheerfully submitted to be put on allowance. In another week even this was much lessened, and something very like famine seemed fast approaching. To our great joy, however, an American brig, laden with flour crossed our track, and we with some persuasion induced her to spare us a couple of casks; Mr. Bowdich secured one, but this was soon obliged to be used for all. A new reduction in the quantity allotted to us, and which allotment was certainly not enough to satisfy hunger, lengthened our faces again, and we were most tantalizingly becalmed for some days, just within sight of St. Mary's, one of the Western Islands. Our situation was so serious, that an attempt to get to that place in boats was suggested, but we could not spare a sufficient number of able hands, and just as we were on the point of killing and roasting the poor parrots, and even looked on the monkies and panther as another resource, a favorable breeze sprung up for England, and crowding sail we bent our course thither. The same wind would have taken us to St. Mary's, but though it was like tempting our fate, the votes were against this proceeding.

A few days after this we were hailed by a Cornish fishing-boat, and from her crew we bought fish, brown

bread, and salt butter enough to regale the cabin passengers at least; but leaving it all behind us, Mr. Bowdich and myself stepped into the boat, and returned with the men; they promising to land us at Falmouth that evening at nine o'clock, for the sum of five guineas<sup>(13)</sup>. It was dusk, however, before we saw the Scilly Islands, and we began to repent of our reliance on the good faith of a channel crew. We had even neglected to take a slight supply from the provisions we had bought of them, and we gladly accepted a hard crust and a little smoky tea from our conductors; but the weather was fine, and the wind filled our little sail; so wrapping ourselves up in the thick African cloths we had fortunately brought with us, we curled ourselves up into the bottom of the boat, and slept as soundly as if in the best bed London could afford. At five the next morning, instead of finding ourselves at the promised spot, we entered Mount's Bay, than which I never saw anything more lovely in all my travels, and landing at Penzance, we proceeded after breakfast to the house of our friends at Falmouth<sup>(14)</sup>.

NOTES TO THE VOYAGE HOME.

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(1) THIS panther was one of two, taken at the same time from their dam in the forest, and presented to the king of Ashantee. He kept them in his palace for some months, when the largest and strongest, killed the other in a romping match, and was afterwards sent to us for ourselves, or to bestow on any one whom we pleased. As he would have been very much in our way, we resigned him to higher authorities, and he was eventually given to the Duchess of York. Her Royal Highness, however, would not send him to Oatlands till she herself returned to that place, and for a time consigned him to the better care of Mr. Cross, then at Exeter 'Change. The day previous to her leaving town, she called to see him; he was loose, and played with her most familiarly, but on the following morning, when one of her people went to fetch him, he was dead. He was the first African panther brought alive to England, was remarkably large and beautiful of his kind, and the spots on his bright and glossy skin destroyed all the rules established by our naturalists, to enable them to distinguish between the panther and young leopard. He came from Coomassie with Mr. Hutchison, the resident left there by Mr. Bowdich, and, as he was very young, the efforts made by that gentleman and others to tame him, were completely successful. No-

thing alive was ever given to him to eat, and so well was he trained, that frequently on their march to the coast, when the natives would not contribute any provisions, he would catch a fowl, and lay it at the feet of Mr. Hutchison, who always rewarded him with a select morsel. On arriving at Cape Coast, he was tied up for a few days with a slight cord, and after that remained at liberty, with a boy to watch that he did not annoy the officers of the castle. He especially attached himself to me and the Governor, probably because we bestowed more caresses on him than any one else; we took care, however, to keep his claws well filed, that we might not get an unintentional scratch. He was as playful as a kitten, and a few days after his cord had been taken away, he took it into his head to bound round the whole fort; the boy ran after him, which he mistaking for fun, only increased his speed, and caused him to dash through all the narrow spaces. Most of the inhabitants were frightened out of their senses, and it was highly amusing to see the sudden disappearance of all living things, even to the sentinels. When tired, he quietly walked in at my door, and his pursuers found him lying on the ground beside me, composing himself to sleep, whence he was taken without the least resistance. At another time he missed the Governor, who, while talking a great palaver, was surrounded by people in the audience-hall, and sought him in every direction. While in a distant part of the castle, Mr. Hope Smith returned to his private sitting-room, and left the door open; presently, Saï, for so had he been named after his first and royal master, the King, came up the stairs with a listless, heavy step, but on reaching the entrance, and unexpectedly beholding the object of his search, he made but one spring, and resting a paw on each shoulder, nestled his head closely

into the collar of Mr. H. Smith's coat, who was greatly relieved by this mark of affection; he having given himself up for lost, when the animal sprung upon him. Saï's chief amusement was standing on his hind legs, resting his fore-paws on the window-sill, and fixing his head between them, in this posture to contemplate all that was going on in the town below. The Governor's children, however, often disputed this post with him, and dragged him down by the tail, which he bore with perfect good-humour. The only violence of which we knew him to be guilty, was biting the leg of a black man, who teased him when he was eating, and tried to take his food from him. His young keeper constantly seated himself on a step, and went to sleep, without attending to his charge, when Saï would frequently steal softly behind him, and giving him a smart pat upon the head, lay him flat on the ground, and then run off, begging play by every possible gesture. An old woman, who always swept the great hall before dinner, was performing her daily office with a small hand-brush, and consequently going over the floor nearly on hands and knees. Saï who had been sleeping under one of the sofas, suddenly rushed out, and leaping on the woman's back, stood there with his head on one side, his tail swinging backwards and forwards, the very personification of mischief. The woman squalled, the servants hastened to her assistance, but on seeing the cause of her alarm were as much frightened as she was, and ran away: the Governor and myself, hearing the noise, also came to the scene of action, when Saï descended from his station, and held his head to us to be patted, as if in approbation of his feat.

The time came for him to be embarked, and he was shut into a large, strong cage, with iron bars in front, and put



into a canoe; while there, the motion made him restless, and he uttered a howl, which so frightened the canoe men, that they lost their balance, set up a howl in echo, and upset the canoe. We were watching his embarkation from one of the castle windows; and when we saw the cage floating on the waves, we gave our pet up as lost, and I am not sure that we did not make a trio in the cry; but fortunately a boat immediately put off from the ship, the men in which caught hold of the cage just as it was on the point of sinking. The panther was installed close by the fore-mast, and I did not fail to pay him a visit the moment I went on board. He was very dull; and, perhaps, a little sea-sick, but was half frantic with joy at seeing me, and one of the white boys belonging to the vessel being appointed to take the entire charge of him, he soon became so attached to his new guardian, that he did not pine after us, nor did he feel the confinement of the cage so much as we anticipated. Twice every week I gave him some lavender water, Mr. Hutchison having discovered his love of sweet smells from pulling a perfumed handkerchief out of his pocket on his way from Coomassie. The panther seized on it immediately, rolled himself over it, and did not cease to enjoy it till he had torn it into shreds. I put my lavender-water into a cup of stiff paper, and holding it to the cage, Saï put forth his paw; but if his talons were out, he received only a knock, on which he immediately retracted them; and, when the paper cup was thrust in, he smelt it, dipped his head in it, and was never satisfied till he had rolled his whole body over it.

While at Gaboon the panther's rage was very great at the sight of strange black men; and he eyed the pigs very wistfully, as long as we had any. When our provisions became

scanty, and the cold killed the parrots, he was fed with them; but these being barely sufficient to satisfy his appetite, he ate them so eagerly, that he did not stop to pluck off all the feathers; these being indigestible, he became very ill, and finding him very feverish, and unable to return my notice of him, I had him taken out of the cage, and making up three pills, containing altogether six grains of calomel, thrust them down his throat while the boy held his jaws open. A mixture was then made of sugar, water, and brimstone, and put into a pan within his cage; he drank plentifully of it; and the boy visited him from time to time, holding him in his arms, and rubbing him; and by the evening of the next day he was perfectly restored.

(<sup>2</sup>) I watched these birds very narrowly, both free and in prison, ashore and on board. They frequently fought when at liberty, but when confined together, no quarrel ever took place; and in no condition did I ever see an unhappy parrot.

(<sup>3</sup>) The black servant of my cousin, who was about sixteen years old, one day stole some tallow candles, by way of a feast. Being caught in the act of devouring them, some bustle ensued, and his little master ran into the cabin informing us of the affair in very animated tones. Two hours after, when all was silent below, I heard one of the parrots pronounce the name of the delinquent softly, which was Hauboo; at last he added two or three more words; and, by night, screeched out most distinctly, "Hauboo's a teif, he eat a candles;" being the actual expression of the child. All the parrots of this coast are grey, with scarlet tails; the last-mentioned feathers are carefully collected by the sailors,

who tie them up in festoons, and hang them about the ship when she enters port.

(<sup>4</sup>) This was a black monkey, and being in the boat when he was brought to the ship, I pointed to him, and said to a restless black man, who was playing all sorts of antics, and who had often teased me with his officiousness, "Rapoynda, that is your brother." A scowl immediately came over the man's face; and I found that it was the greatest offence of which any one could be guilty, to compare a black man to a monkey: all the kind words and presents afterwards bestowed, failed to make my peace with Rapoynda.

An ourang-outang was brought to us while in the Gaboon, for purchase, but the owner asked so high a price that we did not think proper to buy it; for which we were afterwards sorry, as there was not a living specimen in England when we arrived. It was the *Simia satyrus*, which species approaches most nearly to man in some respects. It was about three feet high, and having no hair on the front of its body, resembled a wrinkled old person: its docility and attachment were very remarkable, and it appeared to be a very timid animal. It chanced to pass the panther, on which it uttered a most piercing cry, flew along the deck, knocking every thing over in its way, and did not rest till it had hidden itself in a sail, where it lay trembling for a long time. As to Saï, his rage was terrific, and we every moment expected he would wrench the bars out of his cage. A much more formidable animal, called by the natives Ingheena, is said to exist in the forests of Empoöngwa; its stature is described to be about four feet, and its breadth enormous; the stroke of its paw will kill a man instantly,

and it has never yet been taken alive. It builds houses, in imitation of man, but lives on the top: and picks up the elephant's tusks, and carries them on its shoulders; but not knowing where to deposit them, frequently dies of fatigue. The females carry their young about after they die, till they drop from their arms. How far these stories may be true or not, I cannot tell; but they were related to us by the most respectable natives, and there is no doubt of the existence of a very formidable animal of the Ourang tribe in central Africa.

(<sup>5</sup>) The amusement afforded to me and others by Jack (a *Simia Diana*), made him tolerated where his mischievous propensities would otherwise have condemned him to perpetual confinement. He was often banished to an empty hen-coop, but as this made no impression on him, I always tried to prevent the punishment, which he knew so well, that, when he had done wrong, he either hid himself or sought refuge near me. Much more effect was produced on him by taking him within sight of the panther, who always seemed most willing to devour him. On these occasions I held him up by the tail in front of the cage, but long before I reached it, knowing where he was going, he pretended to be dead; his eyes were closed quite fast, and every limb was as stiff as if there were no life in him. When taken away he would open one eye a little, to see whereabouts he might be; but if he caught a glimpse of the cage, it was instantly closed, and he became as stiff as before. He clambered into the hammocks, stole the men's knives, tools, handkerchiefs, and even the night-caps off their heads; all of which went into the sea. When biscuit was toasting between the

bars of the cabooce, and the dried herbs boiling in the tin mugs, he would rake the former out and carry it away, and take out the latter, and trail it along the planks; if he burnt his paws he desisted for a day or two; and he often regaled the parrots with the biscuit, biting it in small pieces, and feeding them with the utmost gravity. At other times he would knock their cages over, lick up the water thus spilled, eat the lumps of sugar, and pull the bird's tails; and in this manner he killed a beautiful green pigeon belonging to the steward, a specimen of which I never saw in any collection. For this he was flogged and imprisoned three days; and half an hour after he was let out, I met him scampering round the deck with the two blue-faced monkeys on his back, whom he often carried about in this manner. - When he thought fit to ride, he would watch behind a cask, on the days the pigs were let loose, dart on to their backs as they passed, dig his nails into them to keep himself on, and the faster they ran, and the more they squealed, the happier he seemed to be.

His most important misdemeanors, however, were performed to the injury of his fellow monkeys, of whom he was very jealous. The smaller ones were very obsequious to him, and when he called them by a peculiar noise, they came, hanging their heads, and looking very submissive; and, in one week, the two admitted below were drowned out of sheer malice. I saw him throw the first overboard, and the poor little thing swam after us some time, but the ship was going too fast for even a rope to be effectually thrown out, in the hope he would cling to it. During one of the calms we so often met with, the men had been painting the outside of the ship, and, leaving their pots and

brushes on the deck, went down to dinner; no one was above but myself, the helmsman, and Jack. The latter beckoned and coaxed a black monkey to him; then seizing him by the neck, took a brush full of white paint, and deliberately covered him with it in every direction. The helmsman and I burst into a laugh, upon which Jack, dropping his victim, flew up the rigging into the main-top, where he stood with his black nose between the bars, peeping at what was going on below. The little metamorphosed beast began licking himself, but the steward being summoned, he washed him with turpentine, and no harm was received. Many attempts were made to catch the rogue aloft, but he eluded all; and when he was driven down by hunger, he watched his opportunity, and sprang from one of the ropes on to my lap, where he knew he should be safe. I fed and interceded for him, so he escaped with only a scolding, which he received with an appearance of shame, which in him was highly ludicrous.

(<sup>6</sup>) The two former of these islands belong to the Portuguese; and, I fear, as long as they do so, will continue to be harbours for slaves. They are conveniently situated within reach of all the mouths of the rivers which fall into the Bight of Benin, and a little to the south; small vessels shoot across from them like birds, go further up the rivers than English vessels can follow, and, watching their opportunity, they return and deposit their cargoes, scudding off again while our cruisers are at a distance. When the slaves amount to a sufficient number, they are shipped at these intervals, for the Brazils, the Havannah, &c. &c. The climate, both of Prince's and St. Thomas's, is said to

be exquisite; both are represented as being highly fertile, and watered with delicious springs, in which water-cresses frequently grow.

Annabona rises like a huge cone from the sea; and tradition says, that it was first peopled by some slaves, who, having murdered their captors, ran the vessel in there, and, breaking her to pieces, settled in what was before a desert speck in the waste of waters.

(7) It should here be observed, that we were but ill found by our captain when we started; the excuse for which was the high price of all articles beyond mere necessaries, in the colonies. Fifteen shillings are often given for a turkey, and goats and sheep are the cheapest of all provisions. Of butter, sugar, &c. we ought to have had a more plentiful supply, as they were at that time in abundance on the coast.

(8) This means when the stern goes first, from a sudden shifting of the wind; for which the sails are not prepared. The frounce the ship gives sounds frightfully; but skilful and ready seamen soon rectify the position:

(9) To those who have never been to sea, the term "dead lights" sounds most awfully; and long before experience taught me the exact bearing of the phrase, I was horror-stricken when a gentleman told me, with a rueful countenance, that the ship in which his niece sailed for India, was forced to have her dead lights up before she left the Channel. They are nothing more than thick wooden shutters, put into the stern windows; and, under some circumstances, such as

deep lading, they are required when the breeze is merely fresh, to save the glass. They are also often used for the sake of warmth.

(<sup>10</sup>) Great precautions must be always taken to prevent the access of the men to the small arms, in case of mutiny.

(<sup>11</sup>) This suit was by no means assumed for want of a better, for, when approaching England, the gentleman displayed his wardrobe with great activity, spreading coats, trousers, shoes, gloves, &c. &c., which were always reshaken when we came on deck; and the manœuvre produced the desired effect to a certain extent, for we were astonished at his possessions, considering his usual appearance, though there was no increase of respect in consequence.

(<sup>12</sup>) Several instances had occurred of whole crews being murdered, and the vessels, after being stripped of every thing that was valuable, left mere logs on the water. A Captain L——, of Liverpool, was boarded by some pirates; who, knowing he had come from Cape Coast, asked for the gold dust. Captain L—— had not taken it on board, as he intended returning to the above place before he finally left the Bight. The robbers would not believe him; and, after confining the whole crew below, they first took the captain and questioned him, but, getting no information from him, they hid him, and then sprinkled the deck with the blood of a fowl. The first mate was next summoned, and, shewing him the blood, they told him it was that of their captain, and if he did not confess, he should also be



killed. In this manner they served all their prisoners; but, as they none of them varied from the same story, they stripped them, and turned them, in their shirts, on the deck of their own vessel, to find their way as they could. The poor fellows contrived to get to Accra, where Captain L—— was obliged to petition for clothing, before he could go ashore; and, being an elderly person, he did not recover from the shock he had received. Mr. Bowdich had already had painful experience of the cruelty of the pirates of these seas, for he fell in with them while returning to England in a Dutch snow. They took all the gold dust on board, except his, which they said they respected, because he was an Englishman; but they stole the charts, and all the compasses, save one, which was broken, in order to prevent any return to the coast; and they seized on every atom of provisions, excepting a little water and rice: the latter always disagreed with Mr. Bowdich; but he had no alternative between this and starvation. The allowance to each man was one cupful *per diem*. On they steered they knew not whither, and they were so much reduced, that when they met with white squalls, which they frequently did, they were unable to manage the vessel, and, at all times, could only set one or two of the sails. A merciful God, however, spared them from the shocking death to which they appeared to be doomed; and a breeze sprang up, which blew them to the north-west, where they fell in with a ship full of passengers going to America. The Dutch captain, thinking that an English uniform would carry additional weight, begged Mr. Bowdich to put on his, which he did with difficulty; for he had, during several days, laid upon a locker without the power of moving. He was hoisted in a chair

into the American, and half carried into the cabin, where his emaciated appearance awakened all that benevolent romance which is always playing round the heart of a woman. Some shed tears, but their compassion did not prevent them from being useful; and, while the captain and his men were dealing out stores to the starving Dutch crew, the lady-passengers brought out their little stock of delicacies, and would have given all to Mr. Bowdich, if he would have accepted it. When it was time to depart, they shook hands with him, prayed God to bless him, and I have little doubt that the adventure with the young officer is to this day remembered by the kind beings who may happen to survive. A strongly characteristic trait of Dutch feeling was shewn by the mate; for, although receiving life from a generous set of strangers, he slipped back, after saying adieu, and whispered in the ear of the American mate, "Could you not give me a bit of white lead, just to paint the outside, before the ship goes into port?"

(<sup>13</sup>) The charges made by the Channel boatmen, when they know you are in their power, are most exorbitant. They demanded twenty guineas of Mr. Bowdich for putting him ashore at the end of the above-mentioned voyage, nor would they abate one farthing, because they knew he must either pay what they chose to ask, or go to Holland.

(<sup>14</sup>) On landing at Penzance we were obliged to sit in the boat till the Custom-house officers could be roused from their beds, in order to examine our luggage; they were, however, very civil, and accompanying us to the inn, waked the people there for us, and offered to perform any service

we might require. Our appearance was so grotesque as to raise many conjectures in the town whence we came, for the news of an arrival from sea had caused many a peep from between the window curtains as we passed; and some of the lower classes loitered about the door of the inn. Our sudden departure had prevented any arrangement of the toilet, and each of us wore caps made of monkey fur, for we had found this the lightest material which would effectually keep out the sun. Mr. Bowdich carried a bag made from the skin of Sais' brother, and I one of a silver grey monkey; the same fur also decorated other parts of my dress, for the sake of warmth; and to increase our extraordinary costume, Mr. Bowdich had on a pair of the yellow boots of Madeira, and I a large and thick African cloth, which had been my bed the preceding night. Many were the pretexts for entering the room where we were stationed, and among others was that of bringing us the bills of fare belonging to a show of wild beasts exhibiting in the town, among which, printed in large letters, we saw the words, "African-tigers." We had not tasted bread made of yeast, nor fresh butter for years, and, as we then ate it, we thought that our childish opinion of the insignificance of bread and butter must have been very erroneous, and we sent the waiter out of the room, that he might not see us take the last slice. On our road to Falmouth the scenery appeared very tame and confined; it is true that the birds and flowers looked like old friends, but we had been spoiled for the sober tints, the dwarfish trees, the gentle hillocks, and studied cultivation, of our native land. The children, however, accustomed as we had lately been to little black and brown things crawling about in the sand, looked to us like angels. Our welcome at Mr.

P—H—W's was almost splendid, and, by way of honour, we were put into the state bed, composed of down. It appeared to cause suffocation, and as the bed-side carpet promised us a much better chance of repose, there we took our station for the night. We had slept on mats, not only the whole way home, but for years, and it was months before we could be reconciled to the luxury of English bedding.

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## DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

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### PLATE I.

This Plate represents the end of a funeral procession. At the right hand corner are the executioners, with their pointed caps and large knives, meeting the women with their palm branches. Behind the latter, are men with flat sticks, drums, and rattles; and these are followed by women bearing brass pans filled with cloths, twisted into various shapes. Four priestesses, or fetish-women, are dancing at the right hand corner, before the four chief mourners, seated in a palanquin. After the mourners come four captains, dancing, with flags in their hands; then a near relation of the deceased, carrying a string of Aggry beads in his hand, and supported round the waist by a favourite slave: his umbrella is carried by his followers, and they precede the fetish-men and victim about to be slaughtered for the evening feast. The whole is taken from a large original drawing, the sketches for which were made in Fantée.

## PLATE II.

To the right of this plate are some of the king of Ashantee's wives, taking a walk, preceded by the head eunuchs, and slaves carrying elephants tails, to flog severely any one who presumes to look at the royal procession. On the ground before one of the queens lies a native violin, supposed to have been dropped in the confusion of flight.

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## PLATE III.

The group here given is intended to convey a representation of a standing in the market-place of Coomassie. The two men with their heads covered are purchasing gunpowder, and one of them is a Moor. Gourds, a water-melon, and bananas, lie upon the mat at the left corner; at the right are plantains, yams, dates, and a roll of matting; in the centre stands a pot of salt, and behind it a bowl of pine-apples. A bundle of sugar-canes leans against the support of the awning, and over the head of the woman hang dried fishes and snails. The king's beggar is eating his mess of soup, to which he is entitled by royal licence, whenever and of whomsoever he chooses to ask it.

## PLATE IV.

This plate presents a model of the council, held in one of the courts of the palace at Coomassie. The king is seated on a stool before the royal chair, a sort of humility practised by him on his birth-day; he rests his elbow on the head of a favourite slave. Behind the king stands his sister, the only woman admitted to the councils. The cause of this council is the punishment of the rebellious Caboccer (or Governor of a town), who is led, chained, into the court, by the captain who has conquered him, and who carries the skull of an enemy in his hand; his followers are dancing and flourishing behind him. In the centre of the plate is one of the ministers, or linguists, making a messenger swear to be true to his duty, before he starts, which oath he enforces by biting a sword. Behind these stand the Moorish secretaries of the kingdom: next to the messenger's group sits Agay, the foreign minister, listening to the palaver, or discussion, surrounded by the king's deformed criers, and a fetish woman mixing poison for the captive,—doom, as it is called, and which, if it chokes him, will prove his guilt. Behind the king stands the prime minister, who is conducting the affair. At the corners are two of the four members of the aristocracy; he who has the scales is Apokoo, the treasurer of the kingdom, weighing the gold designed for the victorious chieftain: the other is Odukata, who has one of the sheep by his side, with which the king rewards those who particularly please him in the conduct of state affairs.

## PLATE V.

This group is intended to represent some of the costumes spoken of in the work. To the left is a Fantee mulatto woman; to her left is an Alcade, or Governor of a town in Mandingoe. An Ashantee captain stands in the centre, with his blunderbuss, sword, bow, and knives; his jacket covered with charmed scraps of the Koran sewn up in silk cases; his spear, his eagles plumes, and gilded ram's horns, his charmed cows, horses, and leopards tails, and his large boots, with bells round the legs. To the right of this figure is a Goree mulatto woman, and a travelling Moor, accompanied by his wife and child in the distance.

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## PLATE VI.

We here see Tom Lawson in the act of drinking, and his son holding a basket before him, that he may not be seen by the Empoöngwa hunter, who has just entered.

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All these Plates were taken from drawings, or memoranda, made at the different places to which they refer.





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