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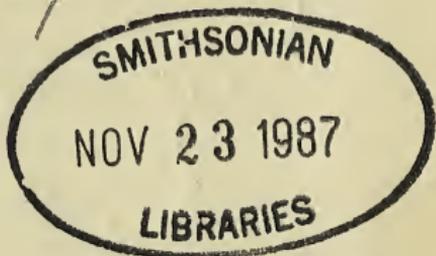
# REMINISCENCES

OF THE FOUNDING OF

## A CHRISTIAN MISSION

ON

THE GAMBIA.



BY THE

REV. JOHN MORGAN.

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## PREFACE.

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DURING the celebration of the Jubilee of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, so much fresh interest has been thrown around the earlier records of its great enterprise, that no apology will be needed for publishing the following Reminiscences of an old Missionary, to whom was given the honour of first breaking ground in a part of Western Africa, where there has since been raised a rich harvest, and whence much ripe increase has been gathered into the garner of God.

March, 1864. *hco*



# REMINISCENCES

OF THE FOUNDING OF

A CHRISTIAN MISSION

IN THE ISLAND OF ST. MARY.

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THE Island of St. Mary is a narrow strip of land near the mouth of the Gambia, forming part of the southern shore of that magnificent river, which is here full fourteen miles across, and for five hundred miles further up is navigable by vessels of average burden. St. Mary's, upon which the prosperous town of Bathurst stands, is separated from the mainland by a narrow creek, along which the shore of the island is low and swampy, and densely covered with mangroves, breeding plentifully the terrible intermittent fever, which Europeans have so much cause to dread.

In the year 1814, the Island was purchased of the King of Combo by the British Government, with a view to the suppression of the slave trade, and the promotion of legitimate commerce with the natives on the continent. It was chosen on account of its advantages, both for trade, and as a military position commanding the river.

The prospect of lucrative dealings in gold, ivory, beeswax, hides, &c., induced several merchants from Senegal, Goree, and England, to settle there. Some of these have become so far seasoned as to surmount, to a great extent, the unhealthiness of the climate, and have built respectable establishments, so that there has grown an important colony under a civil Governor. The native name of the

Island was Ben-joul, or Pen-joul, a similar word to which in the Welsh language signifies "the devil's head." A tribe not far from it are called Joulahs, the like word in Welsh meaning—what these people really are—"devil worshippers."

The native inhabitants, having lost all hope of further gain by the slave trade, as soon as the Island was ceded to the English, removed to Cape St. Mary, and built themselves a town, which they call Bak-ko, in a position which is considered to be more healthful, and better adapted to agricultural purposes. The Negroes now inhabiting St. Mary's are a mixed multitude,—domestic slaves of native merchants; liberated Africans, or slaves recaptured by British cruisers, from American, French, Spanish, and other European slave traders, and freed by the British Government; superannuated Negro soldiers; and free emigrants from various and distant parts, speaking so many different languages that it would require another Pentecost for each one to hear in his own tongue "the wonderful works of God;" but fortunately most of them soon acquire that odd jargon which they call English, and which is the common medium of communication throughout the Island.

The people on the continent along the river are thinly scattered in small towns, generally reduced to a most wretched condition by the slave trade. Though the luxuriant growth of the natural vegetation proves the soil in many places to be most fruitful, and capable of yielding an abundant reward for cultivation; though the people are providentially supplied with various kinds of grain of all others the most suitable to their soil and climate, and are surrounded by thousands of acres of land free for all; yet they are annually subject to famine several weeks before the ripening of their first crops. In their conversation they talk of the hungry season as being quite as much a matter of course as the wet and dry seasons which are periodical.

At times the land is infested with locusts, which three days of east wind will frequently bring in swarms dense enough to hide the sun. If they pitch on the land, every trace of vegetation disappears, and, the people having no stores, a famine ensues. But by a kind providence they are more commonly driven over that narrow land into the Atlantic Ocean, where, met by an opposite wind, they drop into the sea, and become food for fish.

Over a great part of this region of darkness and cruelty plenty is as much to be dreaded as dearth; for plenty would almost certainly excite the avarice of marauding warriors, carrying with them war, death, famine, and slavery; therefore, until Christianity shall have changed the principles and habits of the inhabitants, there is but little hope of improving their condition to any great extent. Thus poor Africa, notwithstanding the fertility of her soil, the luxuriant growth of her vegetation, and the golden treasures of her mines, presents an aspect of wretchedness, repulsive to all who are accustomed to the comforts of civilized life in a temperate clime. Yet there have been found many who were ready to endure the hardships, and brave the dangers and diseases, of Western Africa, for the sake of commercial gain, or scientific research. And, unsurpassed by any, the Christian Missionary has never been wanting in carrying out the nobler enterprise of planting in Africa's deserts the tree of life, proclaiming among her warriors the Prince of peace, and making known to her bondsmen the freedom of the Gospel through faith in Jesus Christ.

On the third day of February, 1821, the Rev. John Morgan landed in the Island of St. Mary, where, according to the arrangement of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, he expected to meet the Rev. John Baker, who had laboured as a Missionary the two preceding years in Sierra Leone among the liberated Africans recaptured by British cruisers. But in that expectation he was disappointed; for,

Mr. Baker being detained at Sierra Leone by affliction, he had to wait several weeks for his arrival.

The land, on near approach, presented to the young Missionary an inviting aspect; clothed with green brush-wood, beneath the shadow of huge trees, above which, again, rose the shafts of stately palms, waving far aloft their crests of wondrous foliage, it was enough to make the uninitiated believe that he had reached some earthly paradise. How soon and how miserably did the bright imagination fail before a little knowledge! A short acquaintance served to convince the stranger that the land was the glorious home of a degraded people, the splendid cover for venomous reptiles and ferocious beasts.

When Mr. Morgan first jumped out of the boat and landed on the shore of Africa, the almost naked savages thronged around him, (attracted by his ruddy countenance, a perfect contrast to the meagre, sallow, fever-worn faces of the specimens of Englishmen trading on that coast,) very desirous of near approach, while he was anxious for respectful distance. Some of them had nothing by way of clothing but a coarse cotton cloth wound round the waist, reaching to the knees, and a cap of the same material; their skin smeared with oil or rancid butter, emitting, when warm, an odour unpleasantly like that of a fox. Their black complexion, fierce black eyes, flat noses, thick lips, and the gigantic stature of several of them, rendered them offensive to every sense. The first interview with the natives was to the young Missionary as frightful as it was strange, and led him to say inwardly, "Are these the people among whom I am come to live and die, to whom I am sent to preach the Gospel, believing that to them it will prove the power of God to salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ? The Lord help me!" Never having seen human beings in savage life before, doubts of their descent from Adam at once assailed him, and fears respecting their capability of benefiting by his labour. With such depressing thoughts he for several days walked

about among them, in the Island of St. Mary, with his heart in his shoes. Through a letter of introduction to a merchant, he gained a hospitable accommodation until his colleague arrived; but although his sympathies were quickened by daily witnessing the wretchedness and ignorance of the blacks, he was as little able to make them understand his language, as he was to comprehend their barbarous Negro-English.

Captain Stepney, of the Second West India Regiment, the Commandant, who was a generous and friendly man, received the Missionary respectfully, promised to render him all the assistance in his power, and offered him the use of the largest room in his house—the officers' mess-room—wherein to hold Divine service on the next Sunday, which he thankfully accepted. On Sunday morning the soldiers were marched from the barracks, and stood in the piazza, with a number of the natives, attracted by love of the marvellous, the Gospel having never been preached there before, nor in any place near it. The officers and merchants found space within the room, and paid respectful attention to the whole service, conducted in the simplest Methodist way. The text was: "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." (1 Cor. ii. 2.) The gentlemen expressed their approbation of the discourse; but the Preacher discovered no improvement as its result,—neither a tear nor an inquiry.

During the sermon the report of guns announced the approach of a ship to the harbour; and, just as the service was closed, the Captain, according to custom, came up with his passengers to report themselves to the Commandant. Among the passengers was a Chaplain sent by the British Government to that colony. Finding that the Chaplain had come from Sierra Leone, where he had been a considerable time, the Missionary was much disappointed in that he could not, or would not, give him any information respecting his expected colleague further

than, "I have heard that such a person is there, but know nothing about him." Perhaps he regarded it as an honour to be the first that preached the Gospel in any part of the heathen world, and was vexed to find himself deprived of that honour there by a Methodist Missionary. It soon appeared that High Church notions were the cause of his ignorance respecting the Missionary at Sierra Leone. However, his time was short. A little more than six months ended his ministry and his life. He kindly visited Mr. Morgan while he lay in the hospital; but before his recovery the Chaplain's wife was dead, and the Chaplain himself, before Mr. Morgan was strong enough to visit him, was buried by her side.

The Chaplain's arrival precluded further labour by the Missionary among the merchants and military; but he continued his fruitless efforts among the Negroes until his colleague arrived. He had no difficulty in getting a congregation, as often as he made it known that he desired to hold a palaver with the black people. Having but little employment, they would follow him, with their beds (native mats rolled up) on their shoulders, to the shade of a large tree near their huts. On their mats they would prostrate themselves, and, resting their heads on their hands, and their elbows on the mat, would listen to him in that attitude as long as he might desire; but ignorant all the while as much of the Preacher's object in assembling them, as of the subject of his preaching. Soon, however, they caught the idea that he was a messenger from King George IV., whom they regarded as their great friend. They called him the King's messenger, grieving that they could not understand the message. Of King Jesus they knew nothing. When they found out that his prayers and addresses related to another world, many of them sought private interviews with him, as they were accustomed to do with Mohammedan Missionaries, who interpreted their dreams, and supplied them with greegrees. Thus, as he afterwards learned, his patience

was exercised by listening to long and impressive statements of dreams and visions. However, it was not all labour lost, as it helped the Missionary to understand their jargon.

As soon as Mr. Baker arrived, the Missionaries were to proceed a hundred miles up the river to Tentabar, the place chosen by the Committee in London, on the recommendation of Sir Charles Macarthy, Governor of Sierra Leone, to be the first Mission station.

In the mean time, Mr. Morgan, wishing to see the natives under their own government, visited Cape St. Mary, where there is a Mandingo town. The town in the distance appeared like a number of stacks of clover, with the thatch turned black by long exposure to the atmosphere; but on entering it, he found these stacks swarming, not with rats or mice, but with men, women, and naked children, blacker than their habitations: neither men nor women were better clad than those who surrounded the Missionary on his landing. In the middle of the huts, in an open space, sat the Chief or Head-man, called there the Alcaid, teaching a number of boys the Arabic alphabet, the characters being burnt on a board. The old Chief rose at the approach of the white men, bowed politely, and cordially shook hands with them. Such politeness among naked savages surprised the stranger. He learnt that it came to them from an Arabian source with the Mohammedan religion. The natives were fond of personal compliments, which were considered the more flattering, the more they referred to great physical dimensions. To say to one of those gentlemen, "You are like a bull or an elephant, Sir," would be highly gratifying; and Mr. Morgan never knew a man to whom such a compliment could be paid with less injury to truth than the old Mohammedan Chief he then saw. In bulk and shape he appeared almost as much like a bull as an ordinary man. The Missionary spent the night in a hut assigned him by the Chief.

It was badly furnished for a man fresh from England, but served as a pretty good seasoning for a young Missionary. For his bed there was nothing but a rack of sticks laid across each other, resting on four forked stakes. He lay all night sleepless, longing for the morning, and troubled with thoughts of the gloomiest kind; for all he had seen in the old Chief and the people served to increase rather than diminish his doubts of the Negro's identity with the human race; and these doubts tended to weaken his faith when praying for success in his Mission. As soon as the daylight returned, he walked forth from his hut to the edge of a cliff, where he saw the river, and the brig at anchor from which he had lately landed. While looking at the vessel, his doubts and fears respecting the natives induced a feeling of deep regret that he could not, consistently with his duty to those who sent him there, return immediately to the ship, and back to England.

Before eight o'clock he received a message from the kind old Chief to breakfast with him, and a nice-looking bowl of boiled white rice, with a boiled fowl upon it, was placed on the ground to be eaten; but neither knife, fork, nor spoon appeared, nor had he anything of the kind with him. But the Chief soon showed the white man the most simple and expeditious way of using the food, by thrusting his hand into the rice, and raising it fully charged to his mouth, inviting his guest to follow his example by saying, "Come, *tobaub*," ("white man,") "eat." A sharp appetite helped the Englishman to overcome his European objections in this particular; but a greater difficulty remained. "How is the fowl to be divided?" His friend, however, soon enlightened him on this point also, by laying hold of one leg, and directing him to seize the other, when a gentle pull gave each one a leg for his own mouth. Having done justice to this, each got a wing by the same process. Then, using both hands, the host divided the body with equal ease. The delicacy of the Missionary's stomach was somewhat

relieved by having observed that the Mohammedans carefully wash their hands before they eat.

The morning after he returned to St. Mary's, the merchant by whom he was entertained gave him an opportunity of witnessing the most refined method of eating practised by the natives in that part of the country. The merchant's lady, a native Signora, entertained a company of mixed-breed ladies of her own class, at a breakfast on coos-coos,—the most delicate preparation of native corn-food used there. It is made of the smallest kind of grain brayed in a mortar, and, in some way mysterious to strangers, re-formed into very small globules, and dried in the sun. Broth of meat, or hot water, is poured over it in a bowl, and the dish is complete. The bowl was placed in the middle of the floor. The ladies, having carefully washed their hands, arranged themselves in a circle round the bowl, sitting on their heels. Mr. Morgan was directed to walk to and fro, and, as the ladies were anxious, as far as possible, to conceal their habits from European gentlemen, to glance into the room, without turning his head. Each lady helped herself, by thrusting her hand into that part of the bowl nearest her; and, taking a small portion of its contents, pressed the fluid from it, and rolled it into a ball, about the size of a nutmeg; then, extending her arm at full length, with surprising dexterity conveyed it into her mouth with her finger and thumb, as a boy propels a marble: not one that he saw missed her aim. To put the hand near the mouth when eating is considered a mark of vulgarity. These ladies were natives of Senegal and Goree; (formerly British colonies, now occupied by the French,) brought to St. Mary's by merchants and gentlemen in the service of Government as temporary wives. Their property consisted of jewels and slaves, which they brought with them. Their slaves were hired out as labourers. Of jewels some of them have a profusion, which they are fond of exhibiting. They seldom burden themselves by carrying them; but a female slave sometimes walks before her

mistress heavily laden with rings of gold on her arms and legs, others stretching her ears, with chains and various trinkets hanging to her neck and other parts of her person. These they have received as the reward of service to former husbands, or inherited from their mothers, who have generally lived in the same way. Some of them, having advanced towards the white in three or four generations, have but little besides their fine black eyes and beautiful teeth to indicate their Negro descent or mixture.

The English gentlemen on the Island generally treated the Missionaries with much kindness and personal respect, yet had but very small expectations of benefit from their mission, either to themselves or the natives. Some thought that, going beyond British protection, the Missionaries would soon fall victims to Mohammedan prejudices. Others thought the Negro incapable of receiving their instruction. One gentleman, an agent of Government, treated their design with a sneer of affected philosophy, declaring he saw in the Negro's form proof of his identity with the monkey race. This was a gross libel on their appearance; for, in respect to stature, bulk, proportion, and erect attitude, they were altogether manly, with no greater variety than appears among ourselves. In many of the gentlemen the Missionaries soon discovered enough to enable them to silence that kind of reproach; seeing that, whatever they may say of Negro men, they dare not deny the humanity of Negro women, without reproach to themselves and their children. This circumstance, considered in connexion with the barrier placed by Providence against the amalgamation of species, originally distinct, operated powerfully on Mr. Morgan's mind, against his doubt of the Negro's descent from Adam; and the instances of spiritual conversion which he soon saw among them entirely removed it; demonstrating that they were comprehended in the covenant of grace.

At length Mr. Baker arrived, but, unfortunately, he was so emaciated by fever, as to be incapable of proceeding to

Tentabar for several weeks; yet, ardently devoted to his work, he immediately commenced preaching to the natives. The news of his arrival spreading among the Negroes, attracted to him several emigrants from Sierra Leone, who had, in some measure, been benefited by his ministry there. They, at his request, prepared, with branches of trees, a booth near their huts, in which he preached on the following Sunday. Having been preaching in what they called English the two preceding years, he not only reached their understandings, but their hearts also. In several, anxious care for salvation was awakened, and expressed in words familiar to all Christians: "What must I do to be saved?" Preaching was continued, and the number of anxious inquirers increased. The thought occurred to the Missionaries that such success might indicate the will of God respecting the place of their settlement more clearly than the recommendation of Sir Charles Macarthy, by which the Committee at home was induced to fix on Tentabar. They could not remove an impression that duty required them to remain where they were, and, *for a while at least*, follow up the good work begun there; but their orders left them but little room for exercising their own discretion. The great distance of Tentabar from the seat of the British Government, would expose them to much more personal danger than remaining at St. Mary's. They imagined that their friends at home would ascribe their settling under English protection to cowardice; and they therefore decided upon going to Tentabar. It will appear presently that they would have done better by remaining at St. Mary's.

As Mr. Baker's weakness continued, it was determined, that as soon as a passage up the river could be procured, Mr. Morgan should proceed to Tentabar alone, to judge of the eligibility of that neighbourhood for a missionary establishment, and to have an interview with the King of the country. In a few days the desired opportunity occurred; a small sloop laden with salt, proceeding far up the

river, had to touch at Tentabar. The Captain, a man of colour, with a savage crew, three men and a woman, kindly gave him a passage. In the afternoon he went on board, and by evening reached as far as Jillifree, a trading port on the north side of the river. There, at a cool stream, a rare thing in those parts, they took in excellent fresh water; a great luxury, the water at St. Mary's being brackish. Night came on before the tide favoured their progress. The deck of the vessel was very small for four persons besides the Missionary; and as there was no cabin, Mr. Morgan thought he was beginning to taste a little of the hardship which must be encountered by those who commence a Mission among barbarians. Finding himself much in the way of the sailors' managing the ropes and sails, he asked the Captain for a hole into which he could stow himself during the night. The Captain drew out some ropes and sails from between the salt cargo and the deck, which opened a space about a foot and a half deep, and directed him to draw himself in there. Having a thin mattress which he took with him for his bed, he thrust it in on the salt and stretched himself upon it, in hope of getting a little sleep during the night, but was sadly disappointed; for he had not long been there before he was visited with cockroaches crawling over hands and face, and covering him from head to feet. He wrapped his face in a silk handkerchief, and lay longing for the morning, glad to slide out and hail the earliest dawn of approaching day. The wind being fair, they reached Tentabar the next day soon after noon.

Tentabar is a small trading port in the kingdom of Queenella, on the south bank of the river. Having been informed that a trader named Ainsley resided there, who entertained Mungo Park years before, further up the country, when on his way into the interior in search for the Niger, Mr. Morgan promised himself the same kind of hospitality for a day or two at his house. He soon found his house; but his hope of hospitality was delusive. He was a black man, dressed like an English tradesman, and,

having some knowledge of the English language, claimed the respect due to an English merchant, being very fond of their calling him *tobaub* ("white man"). Mr. Morgan told who and what he was; he very coolly admitted him into his house, and said, "What do you want of me?" "The principal favour I ask of you is to procure me a man to be my interpreter and guide to your King." "Well," he said, "I can find the man, if you will pay him." "Be so kind as to make a reasonable bargain with him, and we will start immediately." The guide soon appeared, a gigantic savage, almost naked, and nearer seven than six feet high. The Missionary looked at him with some degree of apprehension, having to walk with him alone six or seven miles through a jungle. His thoughts were, "If this fellow be faithful, I need not fear a lion; but woe betide me if he should turn out to be my enemy." The savage took a sword proportioned to his own length, and the Missionary shouldered his umbrella. They trudged on about half way to the King's Town, when the great fellow turned abruptly toward his companion, as with the intent to frighten him, saying, "White man, how much do you intend to give me for going with you?" "Exactly what you agreed with Ainsley to go for." "I expect five times as much as that." "Return, then, without anything, and I'll try to find my way alone." Finding his companion not quite so timid as he seemed to expect, he turned his face in the right direction, saying, "Come on." Promptitude and determination are the best measures to avoid imposition, either among savage or civilized attendants.

On arriving at the King's Town, they found it like the town already described. The chief distinction between the royal residence and the huts of the people, was a sentinel standing armed at the entrance, who, on their approach, demanded, "What do you want?" Being informed that the white man had come over the great sea, from a country far away, and had great business to do with the King, he retired, and made it known to the King; and returned to

inquire if the white man had attended to the custom of the country. The white man replied, that, as a perfect stranger, he did not know their customs, but was ready to conform to them. "Then," said the sentinel, "you must go and pay your respects to each of the Chiefs in the town before you can see the King." His guide then led him forth to perform this irksome act of politeness. They had not advanced far between the huts, when they came upon a naked fellow lying asleep on a cowskin at his door. "Here," said the guide, "this is one of them!" "It is not to such fellows as that, I am to pay my respects, is it?" "Yes; he is a Chief." "Then rouse him up, and tell him I am come to pay my respects to him; and make haste and show me the others;" so he soon got through the tedious ceremony, and returned to the King's house. The King being informed that he had complied with the custom, permission to approach the royal presence was granted. The outer wall of the royal residence was of hard wrought earth, three feet and a half high, enclosing a circle about twenty feet in diameter; in the centre of that was another circular wall, about six feet high: a roof of bamboo canes tapering to a cone, and thatched with long grass, rested on these walls. The eaves extended over the wall at least a foot and a half, to keep it dry in the rainy season. A hole under the eaves answered the double purpose of doorway and chimney. To enter, the visitor had to creep; in the centre he could stand erect. Here was the chief sleeping room, which had in it a constant fire, kept alight chiefly to supply smoke to drive away mosquitoes. Conducted through the centre, the white man was led to the outer circle, where the King sat on the earth floor, reclining against the inner wall. Some of his Chiefs were seated with him. The principal mark of distinction between the King and those about him, was a piece of dirty scarlet cloth on his head. As a mark of respect, his Majesty ordered a log of wood to be placed by his side, as a seat for the white stranger; and politely, in

their way, held out his hand, and gave that of the white man a hearty shake. The Missionary then laid his present at the King's feet, which was thankfully received. The following conversation ensued.

"I am glad to see you," said the King: "I want to see a plenty of white-men in my country."

MISSIONARY.—"I am not come to your country to trade, but am sent by good men in my country, to whom the great Creator of the world has given a book which makes known His will concerning them, and you, and all men in every part of the world. That book tells us that all men, black and white, are brothers. It also informs us of the only way to be happy in this life, and of an everlasting life after death. The same book tells us that it is our duty to make that way known to all mankind. To make it known to you, I am come to learn your language, and to give you that book in your own language, that you and your children may be wise and happy as we are."

KING.—"That is *very good*; but don't you want gold, slaves, wax, nor hides?"

MISSIONARY.—"I want nothing of that at all: I only want the King to give a place to build my house, that myself and my brother, a Banjoul, might live among you, and teach you and your children that good way."

KING.—"That is very good,—*too good*: take the land, as much as you want, and where you please; but I advise you to build your house near the river, that if my people attempt to injure you, you may jump into a canoe and get out of their reach. Some of my people have been trading, and have got rich, and I cannot govern them." (This certainly was kind on the King's part, but not very comforting to the Missionary.)

MISSIONARY.—"I do not know how grants of land are secured among you. The King's word will doubtless be sufficient during his life; but the next King may deny the white man's claim to the land." At this the whole company burst into a roar of laughter. "What are they

laughing at?" said the Missionary. "They are laughing at you," said the interpreter. "You must not mention death in the presence of the King. The King never dies. He will be pleased if you say you hope he will live a thousand years." The white man and stranger obtained an excuse for a great breach of court etiquette, which would have subjected a native to a broken head.

The introduction of agriculture being an important object in the plan of Christian Missions, Mr. Morgan took careful notice of the land about Tentabar, but concluded that it offered no great inducements to cultivation, and thus lacked one valuable attraction as a Mission Station.

On his way back Mr. Morgan had considerable misgiving as to how or where he should spend the night, in case there should be no trading vessel in which he might embark. The frigid friendship of Ainsley forbade his troubling him any further. His selfish guide was soon dismissed. One hundred miles from a friend, without a house, among savages whose language he did not understand, he was in no comfortable position. Information at the port, that a trader was expected to pass down to St. Mary's, inspired him with hope; on the strength of which he spread his little mattress on the beach and laid himself down, intending to spend the evening and night there, should no trader appear. The sun was declining westward, and the duskiness which follows hard upon his disappearing appeared in the east, forbidding the expectation of the long twilight of an English summer's evening. While reclining on his mattress, he saw in the jungle several native women watching him, and manifesting a desire to draw near, but seeming to be afraid. He raised himself, and by signs encouraged them to approach. They were savages, in their natural state. By slow degrees, with much timidity, they came within a few yards of him, and with inquisitive eyes stood silently gazing at the stranger. Seeing him take out his watch and look at it, greatly increased their curiosity; he made signs to them to take the watch

into their hands, being careful to hold the chain in his own. The boldest of them, with much hesitancy, received it with extended arm on the palm of her hand; but as soon as she felt the vibration of the watch, or heard its beating, she violently withdrew her hand, crying out, "*Jouhanibah ahbejee! Jouhanibah ahbejee!*" which, the Missionary afterwards learnt, means, "The devil is there." Doubtless they thought the white man was a wizard.

The bowsprit of a large trading vessel, now peering round the bend of the river, at once relieved the forlorn traveller from all his forebodings about the gloomy night. Mr. Joiner, a native merchant, kindly undertook to convey him to the British settlement. While on board, he learnt that his lodging on the beach would have been more perilous than he expected. On the other side of the river, just opposite the place where he thought of spending the night, was the haunt of a large old crocodile, which would doubtless have scented him, and, likely enough, have devoured him while he slept. Thanks be to God for the escape! Having to trade at every port, they did not reach the settlement for several days. The next day, while at anchor opposite a trading port, an English brig came up the river with a cargo. The Captain and Supercargo came on board while the Master was on shore. The Missionary was engaged in entering some Mandingo nouns and verbs into his vocabulary. His countrymen seated themselves by him, and remained until some natives, who were Mohammedans, came on board: these, being told that a white *Marrabo* was there,—a strange thing to them,—were very desirous of seeing and conversing with him. The native sailors on board had expressed equal surprise at seeing the Missionary at prayer in the cabin, and declared him to be a *Marrabo*,—the only name they had for a religious man,—and the Captain had reported the same on shore. These Mohammedans were laden with *greegrees*,—amulets for personal preservation. To the white *Marrabo* they boasted much of their security through these lying vanities. One declared

that it was impossible to shoot him, as he had a greegree which shielded him from shot of every kind. To prove the virtue of his incantation, and to test his faith, the Missionary called to a boy in the cabin to bring him up a loaded gun; and, having convinced him it was loaded, he desired the boaster to stand on the other side of the vessel. At once it occurred to the man's memory that his greegree was not made for protection on water, but on land. "If you will come on shore to-morrow morning," said he, "I will put my foot in the sun and defy you." Another defied him to penetrate his skin with a sword or knife. Having a sharp-pointed silver tooth-pick in his pocket, the Missionary desired him to extend his naked arm, which he did with perfect confidence. By a sharp puncture of a vein, the blood spirted out, to his utter dismay, causing him speedily to depart, followed by his companions. Soon after their departure, the white man found himself minus his pocket-book, containing all the words he had gathered up on his voyage, and money worth twenty shillings, which he perfectly remembered putting in his pocket-book when the English officers sat by him. He at once accused the Mohammedans, and sent on shore, desiring the Master of the vessel to see to it, being himself a native. Mr. Morgan thought he might easily regain it. The Master, coming on board, declared himself confident that the superstitions of the natives would deter them, through fear of witchcraft, from possessing themselves of anything belonging to a white man on which there was writing. Having previously known the Supercargo of the English brig before-named, he declared him to be the pickpocket. The brig was then far out of sight.

The next morning, sailing by a point of land which stretched from the north bank into the river, the Missionary and the Captain being at breakfast together in the cabin, a voice from the deck reached them, saying, "Massa, what you give de *dible* (devil) this time?" which startled the Missionary, and vexed the Captain. No answer was

given to it but, "Hold your tongue!" The Missionary was surprised by the strangeness of the question. Until then he had no idea of the natives worshipping or propitiating the devil. Devil priests, temples, &c., had most likely been abolished in that neighbourhood by Mohammedanism. The Captain, though as superstitious as his slaves, dressed like an Englishman; and, proud of being called *tobaub*, was evidently mortified by such an exposure of his superstition in the presence of a Christian Minister, to whose preaching he had several times listened with apparent attention and professed respect. He no doubt intended the offering to be made secretly on that occasion. Finding the Captain unwilling to communicate information respecting the grounds of the strange question above, the Missionary went on deck, and had the following conversation with the men:—

"Where does the devil live?" "On that point." "What is the name of that point?" "Johanibah-Nung-o." (In English, "The Devil's Nose.") "What is your custom?" "When we pass that point we make the devil a present." "What will be the consequence if we pass by without making the present?" "Bad luck will follow us. We shall have foul wind, or the vessel will run aground." "What is the most acceptable present you offer?" "Some tobacco." "I have none: what is the next acceptable?" "Some gunpowder." "How do you send it to him?" "Throw it overboard, and he has a long arm to catch it." "Can you point out to me the spot where he sits?" "Yes; under that tree nearest the water." "Does he like a little shot with the powder?" The Missionary then called to a boy in the cabin to bring up a loaded gun, which he presented and fired off toward the stock of the tree. They all were astonished at his temerity, which they expressed by putting their hands to their mouths. He reasoned with them on their folly in worshipping the devil, and urged them to pray to God, who was greater than the devil. Their answer was, "Our fathers always did this." Tenacious

attachment to the customs of their fathers is the greatest obstacle to their improvement both in civilization and religion.

On Mr. Morgan's return to the British settlement, the result of consultation with Mr. Baker and some friendly merchants was a determination to seek some more favourable settlement for their Mission than Tentabar promised to be; somewhere not so far as to prevent their visiting the people in St. Mary's, already benefited by their ministry.

That they had been providentially directed in declining Tentabar, was made clear by subsequent events, especially a violent rupture which soon after occurred between the Commandant at St. Mary's and the people of Tentabar, against whom a British trader had lodged a complaint. The Commandant threatened them with war, and sent sixty armed soldiers in a vessel to anchor opposite the town, thinking, without landing the troops, to intimidate them into submission; but in this he was perfectly disappointed. It excited the population to arms, causing them to put on their greegrees, and assume a bold attitude of defence; and, as soon as the troops were withdrawn, they sought revenge for what they called an insult, by laying violent hands on a black man in their town, who was a British subject, dragging him by the heels, and chopping him with cutlasses, regardless of his entreaties that, to end his torture, they would kill him outright. The Lord certainly could and might have preserved His servants from such treatment; but it is certain that the infuriated Mohammedan warriors would have regarded a white Christian teacher as a more satisfying victim than a poor heathen black man.

The kingdom of Kombo, which from Cape St. Mary extended sixty miles on the south bank of the Gambia, was thought most desirable for the Missionary residence, affording opportunity to visit the little church at St. Mary's by water. Cape St. Mary was thought the more eligible locality, on the supposition that its exposure to sea breezes

made it more healthy. This, however, as they afterwards discovered, was a great error. The coast, in the length of it, in addition to indigenous fever, was exposed to epidemics, which seldom reached fifty miles inland. The Commandant and several merchants kindly accompanied the Missionaries, who hoped to gain permission to settle at Cape St. Mary's, to hold an interview with the King in the woods, about half way between his town and the Island, where he had engaged to meet them. Mr. Morgan, having observed that the King of Quinella (of whose kingdom Tentabar was the port) was distinguished from his Chiefs by a piece of scarlet cloth on his head, concluded that cloth of that colour was highly prized by the Kings in general; he therefore bought a small horse of a native trader, and of a merchant a large piece of coarse scarlet cloth, which covered the horse from head to tail, and led it through the woods as a blazing present to the King. When they came to the place appointed, they found the King, through mistaking the time, had been there and returned; so they proceeded direct to his town; and, under the shade of a large tree, where all public business is transacted, (such a tree is found in all their principal towns,) waited for His Majesty's appearance. When they entered the town, the King was unfortunately in his dishabille, which caused him at once to disappear. In the course of an hour, however, he made his appearance, advancing with slow, majestic steps, followed by several of his Chiefs. His dress resembled the uniform of a British Admiral, as far as his native habiliments, on which it was drawn, and his black naked legs, would admit. Under his once fine cornered and looped-up hat appeared a dirty red worsted or cotton cap; under his once beautiful blue and richly gold-laced surtout coat he wore a huge roll of country garments round his waist; and, over all these, he had, fastened to a suitable belt, what a few years before was a highly burnished sword,—the whole having been presented by the British Government. His great stature and huge double lips, with a more than ordinarily flat nose,

his sandalled feet, and gaunt, black, uncovered legs, rendered his appearance frightfully grotesque. Before the King a man carried an English chair; another held an umbrella over his head. Having taken his seat, without a word or look toward any person or thing, the great man remained in silence with his eyes fixed on the ground, until the merchants presented their gifts, tobacco, beads, &c., laying them at his feet. Then one observed his fixed countenance relax into a smile. Yet he continued motionless, until the people who were standing around rushed forward, scrambling for the presents, and bore them away. This, no doubt, was pre-arranged to elevate the King's dignity, and to make him appear as having no regard for such paltry things. This past, the Commandant and merchants in succession addressed the King with much politeness and pretended respect for his person and government, &c., which called forth a gracious reply, expressing extraordinary regard for white men, and desire to see very many of them residing in the kingdom. All this, of course, was communicated through interpreters.

The Missionaries then addressed the King, making known as far as possible their object in coming to his country, with a request to be allowed to take land for their settlement at the Cape. It appeared, however, that the people at the Cape had anticipated their request, and forwarded strong objections to it to the King. From their knowledge of white men, they considered the settlement at St. Mary's as near to them as was desirable. The King said he should be glad to see them settle in his kingdom, and that he had power to grant them land at the Cape, though the people were opposed to it; so that he would rather they chose another locality. With respect to their teaching a new religion, he said he left everything of that nature to his elder brother, his grand vizier, or chief councillor, (called the King's wise man,) and sent for him. In the mean time he graciously accepted their present, the horse and scarlet cloth before named. The King's name

was Caliph, pronounced by them Caliph-ah. His brother's name was Martin-jabber. The King was a Pagan, his brother a Mohammedan, and could not be expected to favour Christian instruction. He soon came and entered into conversation with the Missionaries, but preferred speaking of the benefits of trade with white men, rather than of the benefits of their religious instruction. In part, no doubt, to prevent the explanation of the principles of their religion, he asked, through his own interpreter, if the Missionary's interpreter spoke good English. Being informed he did not, he replied, "Neither does he speak good Mandingo; therefore you had better decline saying more about religion, until you have learnt our language. By that time we shall see whether you are good or bad men."

As the shades of evening were now drawing on, the English gentlemen returned to their settlement. The Missionaries remained in the King's Town during the night. An empty hut was assigned them for their lodging-place, and, having supped on food taken with them, they retired into it for the night, sitting or lying, sleeping or waking, as they best could; for the heat and closeness of the apartment, together with the swarms of vermin, gave them, notwithstanding their fatigue, but little chance of sleep. In the morning, they were glad to rise early, and breakfasted on their own food. Then, as advised by the King, under the guidance of a slave appointed by his Majesty, they proceeded several miles through the woods to a place near the sea, to fix on a settlement there. After about seven miles' walk, the Atlantic opened before them. On a high cliff, overhanging the shore, they found a village, open as the Cape to the sea-breezes, with not more than ten houses and thirty people. Through their guide, they made known to the people the object of their visit, which at once alarmed them, and led them to express determined opposition. The Missionaries said, "We have come to teach you, and do you good in various ways, of which you know nothing. Your King

has authorized us to take land, and build a house here to live in." Their reply was, "We have heard that white men have sweet tongues; but it is to take our wives and our children for slaves you wish to come. If our King settles you here, we will all leave; we will not live where white men are."\*

The opposition of the villagers, and the lack of population, made the Missionaries think that locality was not their place; so they returned to the King, and told him the result of their journey. He then directed their attention to a site in the opposite direction, called Mandinaree, on the south bank of the River Gambia, by water about nine miles from St. Mary's. Guided by the same slave, they started for the place, and reached it at the close of the day, exhausted by fatigue and thirst. Having learned that an old Negro, whose name was Mouji, resided there, who was known to several merchants in the British settlement, they, by inquiry, found him, and got his permission to lie down for the night at his door; but neither pity nor money could procure a draught of water. Their wells were the eighth part of a mile from the town, and they had no water in any of their houses. Great compensation was offered, if they would go to the well and get some; or to the palm trees, (from which by night a fluid is extracted, called by Englishmen "palm wine,") and bring them some wine. In reply, they shook their heads, in token of their dread of such undertakings. To inquiry as to the cause of their fear, the reply was, "It is dark, and the devil is there!" One of the Missionaries offered to accompany them, assuring them that he was not afraid of the devil, and that if he found him there he would drive him away. This only excited their surprise at his temerity. He was told that among themselves it was said they were not certain that he was not himself the devil. It seems to have

\* The Missionaries were informed that, some little time before, a white man who came on shore there was killed by these people, in attempting to climb up the cliff.

been a settled point with them that the devil is a white man. After a while, old Mouji procured in a calabash a little water, of the colour and consistency of milk, which they thankfully drank. Mr. Baker lay in the doorway, which, as the only ventilation for their houses, is always open. Mr. Morgan made his bed of palm leaves a short distance from the door; a boy that accompanied them as servant, and the King's slave, lay opposite him. There, also, though worn out with tiring walks from morning till night, the stinging of mosquitoes, the roaring, barking, and snarling of wolves, and other beasts, which sometimes pursued their prey nearly to the stockade fence of the town, denied the white men sleep. About midnight, Mr. Morgan heard a scampering chase of panting animals between the huts, and suddenly they dashed between him and the boy. It was too dark to see anything; but the boy cried aloud, "Massa! Massa! bokey live here! He live here!" Supposing it to be a dog, he endeavoured to pacify the boy. When daylight returned, he inquired more fully as to the cause of his alarm, when he repeated his declaration that "bokey" came there. "Bokey" is a term used by the natives, to describe wild beasts in general. The King's slave confirmed the boy's testimony, declaring he put his hand on the "bokey's" back. When Mouji came out, he said it was false; as "bokey" never came within the stockade: but, going out of the town, Mr. Morgan found a poor dog with its head half bitten off, and its blood sucked,—which proved "bokey" to have been a hyæna. The dog sought refuge in Mouji's hut, but was obstructed by the white man in the doorway. The hyæna, panicstruck by finding himself in the midst of such beings, paused awhile, and then pursued its victim, and soon overtook it. From that night the beast continued his visits to the town, to the great annoyance of the people, obliging them to protect their goats and other domesticated animals.

Finding that the people in Mandinaree were generally

Mohammedans, the Missionaries were discouraged, and anticipated opposition in settling among them. But the rainy season was near, and they had neither house nor home; they therefore determined to fix upon the first eligible spot they could find, and begin building without consulting the people. About one third of a mile from the town was an elevated site, on which they determined to set to work as soon as possible, and where they hoped to escape the malaria from the low land by the river; but in this they were mistaken. Having agreed with Mouji to occupy, while building their house, as much of his hut as he could spare for storehouse and sleeping-place, for two dollars per week, (a high price for such lodgings!—the best they could procure,) they hasted to St. Mary's, and fetched all the tools and building materials which Mr. Morgan had brought from England, and stowed them as well as they could in Mouji's hut; then, having slung their cots to the smoky bamboo rafters of their gloomy dormitory, they proceeded with their axes to the site selected for the house, pulled off their coats and waistcoats, and set to work like men,—thankful that they had been accustomed to labour at home. They brought with them from St. Mary's three men and their wives, attached members of their congregation; the men to assist in labour, the women to cook, wash, and attend to domestic matters.

The Mandingo natives at once came to them in determined opposition, declaring they had no right to touch the trees or take the land without their consent. They replied, "We have the King's authority; that is all we want." Their black assistants understood the people's language, and said the Mandingoes were cursing them, and threatening violence from day to day. The labourers were directed to continue their work, and not to answer them. On returning from their labour in the evening, they found the chief men of the town seated round the door of Mouji's hut, prepared to hold what they called "a palaver," which the Missionaries declined, saying, "They

had the King's permission, and had no proposals to make or to receive." The Chiefs demanded a large present, as an acknowledgment of their right to the land, declaring that their being free men, born on the land, established their right to it. This demand the Missionaries refused, on the ground that the King would expect an annual custom from them for the land. Such visits were several times repeated, but with the same results.

The natives then carried their complaints to the King, declaring that two white men had come to settle among them, in opposition to their wishes, and that the strangers were ruining the neighbourhood by cutting down trees of great value, and by various depredations. For a while, the King disregarded their complaints; but repeated remonstrances, exaggerations, and falsehoods, led him at last to resolve on visiting the place, to see what were the facts of the case. One morning, the King's drum was heard a little distance from the building, summoning the Chiefs and free men to a council, or rather a discussion; and a messenger was sent to call the white men. Mr. Baker being ill, Mr. Morgan attended with an interpreter. Under a large tree he found the King, sitting on his heels, with about twenty principal men of the town in the same position, forming a circle. The "palaver" had commenced, and a clamorous one it was. Mr. Morgan instructed his interpreter to tell him, as far as possible, all they said. He replied, "They are disputing the King's right to settle strangers near them without their consent, and declaring their determination to drive them away; that they were born free men on the land, therefore the land is theirs; that the white men are cutting down trees which supplied them with food in the hungry season,\* and have no other motive in coming there than to take their wives and children for slaves." The King replied, "You are fools, and don't know what is good for your-

\* The trees are acacias, bearing seed pods, containing a sweet powder, which is good food, coming in as a valuable supply during the annual scarcity which follows after the grain is consumed.

selves. Have you forgotten that, before the English settled at Benjoul," (St. Mary's,) "you were without a garment? You used to carry your baskets of oranges to Jilifree, and exchange them for a few heads of tobacco. Then you thought yourselves rich; but now you carry them to Benjoul, and bring back your fine clothes, and dress like gentlemen. White men settling among us will bring more trade to our country. The white men come near you are but two: cannot you any day drive them into the river?"

The reply was, "They are but two *now*; but next week two more will come, then two more, until they are enough to drive us into the bush, and take our land, wives, and children. That is the way white men manage." Then Mr. Morgan rose and addressed the King, saying, "*Mausee*, (Sire,) you say your Chiefs are fools, and I will prove it. They must know that if white men wanted to take their land, they have no need to act deceitfully about it. Their King could easily send a great ship into your river, with men enough to take their land, their King, and all the people, and the King of Burrah,\* and his country, in one day. They ought to know, by our coming as we do, that our only object is to do you and them good. The King of England and good English people have stopped the slave trade, and thus proved themselves the friends of black men." The Chiefs then clamorously protested against allowing the white man to speak. The dispute, they said, was between them and the King. The King then spoke with authority, saying, "Well, go then, drive them into the river; and I'll tell you what I'll then do. To-morrow morning, I'll come over with my warriors, and cut the throat of each man of you, and burn down your town." In such company and circumstances, the Missionary thought a rough friend much better than none. Having but a poor interpreter, he could only know partially what they said; but

\* The King of Burrah, more powerful than Kombo, reigned on the other side of the river.

their looks and gestures were very expressive. In a little time after the King's threat, Mr. Morgan observed an alteration in the actions and tones of his opponents. They then simultaneously commenced praying for the King. In the mean time, his Majesty crossed his arms over his breast, and, clapping his naked shoulders with his hands, at the end of every petition, said with a loud voice, "*Ah'min, Ah'min*;" the same nearly in sound, and entirely in signification, as our "Amen." At the close of prayer the King rose, advanced to the Missionary, and graciously said, "Now, white man, you may let your heart sit down: I have settled the dispute, and the people will trouble you no more." The Missionary heartily thanked him; but soon learned that something more substantial than thanks was expected. "Go," said he, "cut down what trees you want, and build your house; but now I expect a present from you." "Has the King forgotten that the white men have already made him a great present, a horse covered with scarlet cloth?" was the reply. "Your present was a good one," said his Majesty: "I have not forgotten it; but as you intend to dwell among us, I want you to know the customs of our country. Now our custom is, that a man who gives a horse must give a saddle and bridle also." "If I had these things, I would willingly comply with your custom," said Mr. Morgan; "but I have nothing of the kind, therefore the King must excuse me." With manifest disappointment the King rejoined, "You can get them, if you have them not." "In my own country I never could make such things; therefore, I must not be expected to make them here; and so far away from my home I cannot send for them." "Well, then, you must give me a *tal-lang*." "A *tal-lang*!" said the Missionary, "I know nothing by that name." His interpreter had no other name for it; hence he inquired what use the King intended to make of it. "Have you not given me a horse? I want the *tal-lang* to tie to it when I ride, that when the horse gallops

it may go *tal-lang, tal-lang*." "O, I see," said the white man: "it is a bell to fasten to his horse's head or tail, that the King may have music in his rides." Unfortunately, the Missionaries had not a bell with them. This request of the King was refused on the same ground as the former one. The King seemed to be angry as well as disappointed. Mr. Morgan told him that he never made promises which he had no prospect of fulfilling; therefore begged the King to excuse his not promising the *tal-lang* also. The King, disappointed, returned to his town, and the Missionary to his building.

As the Missionaries were obliged to build their house themselves, it was fortunate that Mr. Baker had been accustomed to the use of edge-tools; in the use of which, except the axe and the saw, his colleague could render him but little assistance; and not less providential that his colleague, previous to his seasoning fever, was blessed with a good measure of bodily strength. But for the first advantage their house would have been a rough one; and without the second they would have had no house at all. The house was built entirely of wood, and there were but two kinds within reach of texture sufficiently hard to resist the destructive powers of a small white ant, which speedily consumes almost all kinds of wood let into the earth. The tall palmira tree, cut into two or three lengths, and split with maul and wedges, supplied them with upright supports for the roof. For other purposes, they had to procure mangrove trees from the swamps by the river. The mangrove will not grow away from salt water. The white man and his black assistants had to wade through mud above their knees, in order to cut and drag out the mangrove trees; and then had to carry them on their shoulders a mile and a half to their building. The blacks, not being accustomed to such heavy work, were sometimes a hindrance, rather than a help. To induce them to carry one tree, the white man had to take up two; and to hear the black men's complaint of the

heat of the sun, the *weight* on their shoulders, and their fatigue, and to stand waiting while they rested at every fifty or sixty yards, tried his patience more severely than carrying the trees on his own shoulders taxed his strength. In vain he urged them to make haste, because the rainy season was near, and the white men had no house; neither entreaty nor threatening could induce them to alter their pace. Sometimes, when patience failed, he would start without them, but to no profit. Once his impatience was practically reprov'd. Setting off under great excitement, he took the wrong footpath, and advanced so far into the woods before he discovered his error, that he could not retrace his steps. Having carried his trees so far, and hoping to find himself near the building, he was unwilling to drop even one of them; so he trudged on until too weary to carry them further. As the evening was advancing, he began to think of the danger of a lion crossing his track, and following on the scent of his footsteps. He then climbed a high tree, in hope of seeing the river, or something whereby to ascertain his whereabouts. Before he reached the upper branches he was beset by large yellow ants, with which the tree abounded. Their bite was something like the sting of a wasp, which caused him speedily to descend from the tree, and strip off all his clothing to pick off the ants, which had got inside his shirt. The black men reached home, and were much concerned at not finding Mr. Morgan there. Mr. Baker sent the men into the woods with guns, hoping the wanderer would hear the report of the firing; but he was too far away. Providentially, he saw between the trees, in the distance, the legs of a black man, by whose guidance he reached the building before night.

The form of the house was an oblong, about forty feet by fifteen, which was divided into three apartments,—at each end a bedroom with a large chamber in the middle for ordinary purposes. The walls were formed of perpendicular posts, sunk deep in the ground; and on these was nailed wattled bamboo cane, plastered with oyster-shell

lime. The floor was a compound of lime and sand. The roof was thatched with grass; and the whole was wind and water tight. Hanging, unglazed shutters served for windows, which were as needful for the admission of air as for the entrance of light: these, except while the tornadoes were passing, were kept open night and day. Candles were manufactured with bees' wax and cotton wicks: but much inconvenience was experienced from the wind and insects, for want of glass candle shades. The insects fluttered round the candles, burnt their wings, dropped down, and covered the table.

Animal food was chiefly supplied by the gun; partridges, and especially pigeons, were generally within reach. Pheasants and guinea fowl required more experienced marksmen than the Missionaries. A stock of goats and native fowls was soon obtained, which lessened their dependence on the gun. The cooking apparatus was set in a shed near the house, and consisted of three large stones, between which a wood fire was kindled, and on which they rested their iron-pot, frying-pan, gridiron, and tea kettle; the only cooking utensils they had. Bread, in the form of biscuit and flour, was procured at St. Mary's. On the whole, they fared as well as Missionaries forming a new settlement among barbarians could expect, and had no cause for complaint.

They continued to lodge in Mouji's hut until the roof of their own building was thatched; then they swung their cots to the rafters, and, notwithstanding the sides of the house were open, slept comfortably: out of the reach of wolves, leopards, and lions, which howled and growled round their dwelling; out of the reach also of the hopping and crawling insects, which, but for their daily fatigue, would, while in Mouji's hut, have rendered their nights sleepless; and away also from a still greater annoyance, occasioned by the curiosity of the women of the town, who would sit round them while at supper, and continually annoy them by their shameless curiosity.

On the last morning of their continuance with Mouji,

they told him of their intention to remove themselves and their goods in the afternoon. From the native habit of long talking before acting in any change of importance, Mouji scarcely noticed it: he expected to hear the removal frequently mentioned before it took place. Therefore, both he and his neighbours pressed their hands to their mouths, expressing astonishment, when the white men and their assistants returned early in the afternoon, and commenced loading themselves with trunks, beds, boxes, &c. "This is white men's fashion,—speak and do immediately. *No think, no talk, but say and do.*" They were astonished as much by their daring presumption as by their promptitude. All the natives considered the elevated site of the building one of the nightly walks of the devil: to go there and spend the night without a Mohammedan incantation or greegree, was almost enough to prove the white men devils themselves.

Though in their new lodgings the annoyances before named did not exist, yet they were not without inconveniences. Their luggage was piled up in the centre of the house, and the frail walls left them no trust but in Divine Providence to secure them from bushrangers, from whom that neighbourhood was not quite free. Through mercy their goods were kept in safety. The grass thatch preserved them from the heavy nightly dews, and a fire burning near the house kept the lions and wild beasts of the forest at a distance. The presence of white men fortified the minds of their Negro assistants against the dread of the devil and evil spirits in general. But mosquitoes were tormenting to both white and black men. It appears that these little tormentors generally fly near the ground. As soon as the goods were stowed away, the Negroes set to work to prepare themselves bedsteads. For each family they sank four posts into the earth, supporting, at a height of twelve or fourteen feet, a wattled bamboo hurdle, on which they spread their mats, and stretched themselves, sleeping

securely from the reach and sting of mosquitoes, and free from the fear of wild beasts, surprising the white men that they never rolled off in their sleep. For the same reason, an adjoining tribe, called Joulahs, or Deoulahs, generally sleep and take their food in the trees.

Mr. Baker continued subject to attacks of ague; but the energy of his mind, and the vigorous remains of a constitution naturally robust, enabled him to bear up against it for ten months after his arrival from Sierra Leone. While planing or sawing under the shade of a tree, he would call out, "Brother Morgan, the ague is come;" lie down under the tree; shake sometimes for half-an-hour; then burn in the fever another half-hour; after this, lie in profuse perspiration from twenty minutes to half-an-hour: then call to his boy to bring him a dry shirt and some food, and immediately resume his work.

Before the house was finished, Mr. Morgan was attacked with fever. Mr. Baker's experience at once enabled him to discover the symptoms of the disease so fatal to Europeans. Having but lately lost a colleague by it at Sierra Leone, he became alarmed; and the next day, finding that the disease made rapid progress, he hurried his companion away to St. Mary's, presuming he would gain free admittance to the Government hospital; but in this he was much disappointed. The Staff surgeon objected, saying, the hospital was not designed for any but soldiers and natives. His being a Missionary was thought to be the ground of this objection. As but few houses were finished on the Island, it was not easy to find lodgings for a sick and, as was expected, a dying man. Mr. Baker, subject to an attack of cholera, could not accompany him; and he was too ill to make application for himself. The men took him out of the boat, but what to do with him they knew not. A Frenchman, who lived about a mile from the hospital, said, "Bring him to my house; I'll take him in." The Staff surgeon said, "He will have no attendance from me at that distance." A benevolent Scotchman, who was

building a house for a merchant, having one apartment finished in which he lived himself, and another just plastered, kindly made a bed for him in the newly plastered room, and placed him there for the night. Being alone, and probably delirious, he got into a large vat of water which was in the room for the use of the plasterers. How he got there, he knew not, but there he found himself with his head just above the water. As a means under God, he ascribed his recovery to this; for the fever was quelled for the remainder of the night, and he had several hours' sleep. The fever raged again with intermission during ten weeks, but not with such extreme violence. For several days and nights, his friend the Scotchman attended to him with brotherly care. The name of this Samaritan was Mr. Charles Grant. In about a week, his friend was informed that the Staff surgeon had taken the house he was building for his own residence, and that the sick Missionary must be removed immediately, as he intended to occupy it as soon as two rooms could be finished: the plea on behalf of the sick man, that no lodgings could be obtained, availed nothing with his medical attendant. Poor Mr. Grant was distressed with care for the object of his benevolence, running hither and thither, seeking in vain for a suitable shelter for him; and at last he was obliged, with the assistance of a strong man, to carry him to the second story of a Government house which he was building. No staircase being erected, they carried him up on sloping planks with ledges of wood nailed across them. Owing to a Government arrangement, in a few days he had to be removed from there also. A military officer, having vacated a hut designed as a temporary accommodation until apartments were ready for him in the barracks, kindly allowed him to be put in there. The next day, Mr. Baker came down from the Continent to see him, and to do what he could to save his life, of which there was then but little hope. About eight o'clock that evening, the second Staff surgeon, (too much intoxicated to walk in a

straight line,) in company with the officer who owned the hut, waited upon him. It appeared that the case of the sick Missionary had been favourably considered at the mess table, and the Chief of the Medical Staff had been prevailed upon to admit him into the hospital. "How is Mr. Morgan?" said the medical gentleman. "I am come by order of Dr. Grant, to have him removed immediately into the hospital." "Surely," said Mr. Baker, "you cannot think of removing a man on the verge of death in such weather as this!" "Yes, I shall send down two men with a hospital stretcher, and they shall take him in to-night." But for Mr. Baker's determined opposition, which afterwards produced unkindly feeling, to the sick man's disadvantage, he would have had to endure part of the tornado. The next morning he was removed. The surgeon of the third grade, residing in the hospital, benevolently gave up his bed to him, and, so far, he was comfortably provided for. Mr. Baker appointed a black boy to attend upon him. There he continued about two months in a deplorable condition, all hope of his recovery being given up. The only thing that revived hope in himself was information from his black boy, that the two principal surgeons who had the care of him were dead. Their intemperance, and other misconduct, denied him the smallest confidence in their treatment. Afterwards, he was entirely under the care of the third, whose compassionate kindness supplied him with a comfortable bed. Mr. Morgan records these things, not to give prominence to his own hardships, but as a memorial of that gracious Providence which preserved and sustained him through such trying circumstances. The rainy season that year was particularly unhealthy. Mr. Morgan was one of eleven young men, civilians and military, who landed there from England about three months before the rains commenced, eight of whom were carried by the hospital to the burying ground before he could leave his bed. The rest narrowly escaped death. As soon as, with assistance, he could walk to the

river side, he returned in a boat to Mandinaree. Passing the house of the Chaplain, who landed there from Sierra Leone while Mr. Morgan was preaching on the first Sunday, he was informed that the Chaplain's wife was dead, and that the Chaplain was dying. The next day he died.

On arriving at Mandinaree, Mr. Morgan found that, notwithstanding Mr. Baker's affliction, he had finished the house. When returning strength enabled them, they held Divine service under the shade of a tree near Mandinaree; and a few of the townspeople, with their assistants, assembled. They preached to the Mandingoes through an interpreter; but soon found that unless he was soundly converted, they were likely, with the best interpreter they could find, to do more harm than good. Having acquired a smattering of the native language, they repeatedly detected errors in his translations. On one occasion, when the Missionary had been holding forth the superior benefits of Christianity as compared with Mohammedanism, the interpreter, in his zeal for the Missionary's cause, added to what was given him to communicate, by saying, "*Besides that*, if you have white man's religion, you may drink rum;" as much as to say, "You may get drunk." The Missionary interposed, saying, "What! did you say Christians may get drunk?" "Yes," he replied; "we see plenty of white men drunk." Too true, no doubt.\* From this time, until a young man was converted to God, they declined preaching through an interpreter.

The little church at St. Mary's was visited weekly, the members continued steadfast, and proved themselves to be sincere in their professed love for the truth; yet none of them, until Mr. Morgan's first visit after he left the hospital, professed to enjoy the witness of the Holy Spirit to their adoption as children of God. One Saturday evening, a poor woman came to his lodgings in great

\* As the *Mohammedans* totally abstain from all intoxicating drinks, nothing is more disgusting to them than drunkenness.

anxiety, saying, "Massa, what me go do to be saved? That word Mr. Baker preach last Sunday cut my heart like one knife. Me big sinner pass every sinner in the world. What me go do, Massa?" After pointing her to the Saviour, he advised her to go home and pray until her trouble was taken away. The next morning, at seven o'clock, when he met the whole church together, she appeared with a cheerful countenance, showing that she had prayed in faith. When asked the state of her mind, she replied, "O, Massa, that time me left you last night, me go into the bush, (the jungle,) me put my knees on the ground, and pray, pray long time, till all my trouble go away; and me glad too much." "What makes you so glad, Mary?" "Massa Jesus pardon my sins!" "How do you know that? Did any one tell you so?" "Me don't know whether He speak or no;" but, putting her hand upon her heart, she said, "It make so here; I feel em now." "What did you do then?" "Me can't pray no more, *but me praise, thank Massa Jesus for pardon.*" "Have you not prayed since?" "O yes; me pray for pardon for my husband;" and her husband soon became a regular member of the congregation. This was regarded as the first fruit of the Missionaries' labour, and was highly encouraging to them both. It proved a great stimulus to others to seek the same blessing. Had not the doubts which troubled Mr. Morgan at the commencement of his Mission respecting the identity of the Negro with the human race been previously removed, this would have proved a complete cure for him. Mr. Baker had already witnessed many such occurrences at Sierra Leone.

His hard labour in building the house, together with repeated attacks of fever, made it very desirable that Mr. Baker should be removed to a more salubrious climate to save his life. Communications to this effect were forwarded to the Committee in London.

As Mr. Morgan was now almost useless, he was recommended to spend a few weeks at Goree, a French settle-

ment, about ninety miles north from St. Mary's, for the recovery of his health. He availed himself of the first opportunity, and proceeded thither; but, as it turned out, for no benefit. Too weak to do anything for himself, he had to trust for everything to his black servant boy. For his sea-stock of food, he directed the boy to kill a young goat, and make a large, well-seasoned pie. When about half way on his voyage, he opened his pie, and, to his great disappointment, found it was baked without either pepper or salt,—a most unsuitable sea or land stock in a tropical climate. With a fair wind, he hoped in a few hours to find in a French colony delicate food in variety and abundance suited to his squeamish appetite. But, on landing, his disappointment in this respect exceeded that at the opening of the pie. Food for an Englishman in health was a scarce commodity there. The Romish Priest, a man of colour, accommodated him with furnished apartments, and sent a naked boy, one of his slaves, as a cook; but food such as he could eat was exceedingly scarce. His cold pie, as long as it lasted, was the best he could get. On leaving St. Mary's, he had been obliged to trust to his boy to put on board the various articles that had been packed up for the voyage. When he applied for his books and medicine, he learned that both were left behind, which added much to his discomfort. The next day he went to the military hospital, and begged the resident surgeon to favour him with a little medicine. "No medicine here, Englishman," was the reply. "We don't use medicine. Give medicine to the dogs, Englishman!" This was no joke, as he afterwards proved. In the worst cases of fever they only directed the dietary. The patient was kept on boiled rice-water, until the fever was starved out; then the medical gentlemen daily directed the cook in preparing soup and other nutritious food. They were more successful in their treatment than those who prescribed calomel freely.

As soon as possible Mr. Morgan, as a matter of course,

went to report himself and pay his respects to the Governor. His Excellency's knowledge of the English language was almost as defective as his visitor's of French; but the stranger was received with many expressions of respect. The Governor pressed his hand between both of his own, declaring that nothing gratified him so highly as the sight of an Englishman. "Now, Sir," said his Excellency, "I must have a promise from you before you leave my house, that you will come and take a bit of beef with me before you leave this Island!" The reply, of course, was, "I shall feel much pleasure in waiting upon your Excellency." It was not the first mark of French respect that Mr. Morgan had known; otherwise he might have looked for the Governor to name a day. This, however, experience had taught him not to expect.

Goree is a mountainous island rock, a small distance from the main land, and from two to three miles in circumference. A garrison, hospital, and Popish chapel were the only public buildings on it. A few merchant ships, and sometimes a ship of war or two, lie in the roadstead. The European inhabitants, and a considerable number of coloured ladies have decent habitations. European gentlemen of lax morals, both French and English, mercantile and military, while residing on that coast, find at Goree and Senegal temporary wives. The female offspring follow their mother's mode of life, and inherit their property, which consists of slaves and jewellery. Being heathens, they seemed to be unconscious of sin from such intercourse with Europeans. Some of these Signoras have complexions nearly as fair as Europeans. Besides the military, the European inhabitants were very few. Goree and Senegal were taken by the English during the French war, and restored to the French at the peace. The place seemed to be of no commercial importance; and, except as a depôt and nursery for slaves, it is difficult to imagine of what value it could be to France.

The Missionary witnessed no exportation of slaves, but

he saw what was most distressing to humanity; namely, groups of poor hungry creatures sauntering about, sometimes watching at the doors of the white men to scramble for a bone that might be thrown out after dinner. When some of them were asked how they were provided for, their reply was, "When we get work, master or mistress give us half of our hire to get rice for ourselves, wives, and children; when we have no work, master give us nothing." "You can get but little employment here; and when you have no work, how do you get rice?" "We thieve and beg." "I do not see anything you can steal on this island." "The natives on the mainland bring wood, and lay it on the sand in heaps for sale, and we go by night, steal some sticks, and sell them for a little rice." Some of them had been taught handicrafts, as masons' and carpenters' work, and were occasionally employed off the island, at Senegal and St. Mary's. Nothing but distress in the owner would send such men to the slave mart. The Negroes on the neighbouring continent were the Jaloof tribe; and the vernacular tongue of the coloured inhabitants of Goree was Jaloof, a rough guttural language like the Welsh. Some of the natives as well as some of the French could talk English.

Soon after he landed, Mr. Morgan met a Signora who had heard him preach at St. Mary's, and now offered him the use of her parlour for Divine service, and promised to get a congregation. He, on his part, promised to try his strength on the following Sunday, and made known his intention to the Mayor and others. Several gentlemen, who were as polite as the Governor, promised to attend; but only three besides Signoras were present. On Saturday he desired the lady of the house to try if she could borrow him a Bible; for, through the negligence of his black boy, his books were left at St. Mary's. Having traversed the island, she brought what she declared was the only Bible to be found; and this proved to be a Latin Prayer Book. Not willing to appear before a congregation without something like a

Bible, he placed the Prayer Book before him, and applied to his memory for a text, and partly so for his sermon. About seventeen composed his congregation. Preaching and praying without a book was a new idea there: it gave rise to many conversations. On the promenade the next day he overheard two gentlemen talking of his praying and preaching without a book. One said he had no book. "I suppose no book could be found large enough for him!" He then said, accosting the Missionary, "Your mode of teaching is not likely to take effect here, Sir. You cannot interest the people by talking or preaching to them, you must exhibit something for them to look at." The reply was, "I do not aim at proselyting from one class of notions, nor one system of ceremonies, to another: my appeal is to the conscience, to convince men that they are guilty, depraved, and condemned before God; to lead them through repentance direct to Christ for salvation." All this seemed to be as strange to them as preaching and praying without a book. Mr. Morgan's strength being unequal to preaching, the attempt was not repeated. Ignorance in some, and prejudice in others, rendered his first efforts abortive; and, as far as he could judge, the Frenchmen there were deistical.

Through want of suitable food, finding himself getting worse rather than better, Mr. Morgan, after a fortnight spent in Goree, became desirous of returning; but no conveyance appeared, so that he was detained about a fortnight longer. The Priest, knowing his wants, offered, at a high price, to board and lodge him in his own residence. There he found an improvement in diet, chiefly through better cookery; but no improvement in health resulted. The number of black women in the habitation soon convinced the lodger that the master of the house did not approve of the celibate; indeed, he rather advocated polygamy, on the ground that there were more women than men. His not knowing the French language kept the Missionary in ignorance of the Priest's theology, and much

else he desired to learn from him. That he was not quite sound in the faith was evident from the fact, that in the hole of a wall in his store-house he kept a serpent of the boa kind, from a persuasion that the soul of his uncle occupied its body. The first time he saw the serpent, it lay coiled up on the floor; the fierce glance of its eye when it awoke indelibly impressed the Priest's mind that the look was his uncle's, his uncle having previously died at variance with him. A slave was appointed to carry it a lump of flesh as often as was required. The snake and the slave were on very good terms; it was said they generally met in the middle of the room. The snake would take the flesh out of the woman's hand, and retire very peaceably to its hole. To the dogmas of the Papal faith, so far as he received them, he added that of transmigration of souls. Notwithstanding his disregard of celibacy, he professed strong faith in the doctrine of purgatory. He called the Missionary "Parson," and himself the "old Parson," from a desire prevalent among Negroes to be thought aged. One morning at the breakfast table he said, "Parson, will you go to church to-day?" "What is to be done at church to-day, Priest?" "O, this is to be a great day; all the officers in the garrison are coming down, and those in the ships are coming ashore." On entering the church, there appeared a coffin in the middle aisle, covered with black cloth, with a white cross on it. The service was performed in Latin, with apparent solemnity. On returning home, the following conversation took place: "My knowledge of Latin has not proved sufficient to inform me of the object of the service you have performed, Priest." "O, I thought you knew all about it. Did you not hear at St. Mary's of an officer on board a frigate who lay here dying about a month or five weeks ago?" "Yes." "Well, they have been teasing me ever since to pray him out of purgatory, and I thought I might as well do it to-day." "Are you sure he is out now?" "O yes, he is out, safe enough." If he had felt but a fiftieth part of the care for the poor soul in pur-

gatory that he manifested for his serpentized uncle, he would have released him much sooner.

After waiting many days with much desire to return to St. Mary's, the Captain of a French vessel passing down the Gambia took Mr. Morgan on board, and treated him with great kindness. On landing among his friends, he found himself weaker than when he left them, with but little hope of ever regaining his strength. But, conscious of being in the service of God, the expectation of death was without terror. He could say, "Living or dying, I am the Lord's."

After resting a day or two with his good friend, Mr. C. Grant, and visiting the people, he went on to Mandinaree, where he found Mr. Baker in a very weak state, waiting for authority from home to remove elsewhere for the benefit of his health. Soon after Mr. Morgan's return, Mr. Baker availed himself of an opportunity to visit one of the Cape Verd Islands. After a few days he came back, scarcely benefitted by the change. In due time, Mr. William Bell, a young man, arrived from England, to release Mr. Baker, who was to proceed to Sierra Leone, to take ship for the West Indies. By the next packet he did so; and Mr. Bell became Mr. Morgan's assistant.

It had been reported in London that Mr. Morgan had ruined his health by imprudent labour and personal exposure; therefore Mr. Bell was overladen with cautions from the Committee against following Mr. Morgan's example, which were carefully attended to. But despite the most prudent care, he had not been three weeks on shore before the fever seized him violently; and in about eight weeks from the time of landing he was carried to his grave. The greater part of the time during his affliction, delirium rendered him incapable of reflection and conversation. At a lucid interval or two he expressed confidence in the great Atonement, and desired that his trust might be made known to his friends in England. As there was not a vessel going to the West Indies, the news of Mr. Bell's death reached Sierra Leone before Mr. Baker left. The

knowledge of Mr. Morgan's continued weakness caused Mr. Huddleston, the senior Missionary at Sierra Leone, and Mr. Baker, to send Mr. George Lane to supply Mr. Bell's place. He had not long arrived before the fever laid hold on him; and, after lingering without hope, he returned to Sierra Leone and died. The next packet brought Mr. Morgan information of his death; and the following packet the painful intelligence of Mr. Baker's departure to the West Indies, and also of Mr. Huddleston's decease. Thus the numerous church at Sierra Leone was without a Minister, and the little church in the Gambia almost as badly provided for; having but a solitary Minister, and he, by protracted affliction, rendered almost incapable of labour.

At Mandinaree, Mr. Morgan for several months was almost entirely confined to the house; spending a great part of his time by day as well as by night in bed; loathing the best kind of meat that could there be procured for him, as well as the foul water he had to drink; longing for English food and English society. His company consisted of a native boy servant and a mulatto schoolboy. Now and then the monotony was broken by an old Mohammedan, who, when passing through the forest, would stop at his bed-room window, and, looking in, would use the common salutation, "*Ebáharáda Tobaub O?*" ("Are you in health, white man?") "*Is sah' lah mah' lah' cumb.*" ("Let there be peace.") The reply was, "*Mah' lah' cumb' sah' lah um'.*" ("There is peace.") Sometimes these polite inquiries in Arabic would be extended in the following manner: "Is your brother well? Is your father well? Is your mother well? Is your servant well? Are all your family all well? Is the King of your country well? Is your Queen well? Are all the people well?" To each question a separate answer was expected. Then he would close with an inquiry comprehending them all: "Are they all well?" "*Im bah.*" ("I have done.") Then, according to Mohammedan politeness, the other party must repeat the same.

During six months the church at St. Mary's was from necessity much neglected; the visits of the Minister were "few and far between." Before Mr. Baker's departure, the Missionaries had discovered their error in leaving the British settlement. The fear of being misjudged in England had led them to resist the conviction that they ought to remain at St. Mary's. For this they had been severely taxed by hard labour and many privations. From sickness and death St. Mary's afforded no protection, the whole coast being alike exposed to fever; but much that aggravated their afflictions would have been avoided. As to benefitting their neighbours on the continent, in this they were quite disappointed. The Mohammedans seemed to be shielded against Christianity as perfectly as the crocodiles in the river were against the spear and the bullet. Preaching and school-teaching were alike unsuccessful. The young men manifested great aptitude for learning; and persons further advanced in life readily attended; but in a few days they inquired how much they were to be paid for attendance. When informed that they had put the boot on the wrong leg, and that they should rather have asked how much they were expected to pay,—though nothing was desired of them,—they at once broke up the school. To the preaching they generally refused to listen, unless the Missionaries would say, "Mohammed is good."

On Mr. Morgan's return from St. Mary's he found that the boys to whose care he was obliged to leave his house had, through fear, abandoned it in his absence, to spend the night in the town, (Mandinaree,) and that the house had been robbed of several articles, the principal table was broken, and the boards carried off. A native in the town, named Ansomani, who, though a Mohammedan, had repeatedly proved himself the Missionary's friend, having heard of the robbery, was soon on the track of the robber, and, by an extraordinary quickness of vision peculiar to the savage, discovered his footsteps, where European eyes

could see no impression, tracked the thief to his own house, and found the boards with him. The man was a Mohammedan, sojourning in Mandinaree for religious instruction.

Having endured several annoyances of the same kind, Mr. Morgan was led into what he has ever since regarded as an error. He appealed unto Cæsar, when beyond Cæsar's jurisdiction. He desired the Commandant at St. Mary's to let the natives see that, notwithstanding he was residing much beyond the limits of the British Government, yet the British authorities were interested in his personal safety. The Commandant very kindly and promptly invested an old superannuated soldier with the authority and staff of a constable, and sent him and his boatmen with the Missionary to arrest the burglar, and bring him to the magistrates at St. Mary's. On arriving at the town they found that Mo-Job (this was the burglar's name) was in his corn-field. There he was arrested, and told he must be taken to the magistrates. He begged to be allowed to go to his house for a garment, which was granted him.

When the town was reached, the Alcaid and other officials were assembled in council, and had determined that he should not be taken away. During the discussion, Ansomani came forward, and declared that he had tracked him by his footsteps from the Missionary's house to his own. When he mentioned his footstep, all pleading in his favour ceased. The natives go without shoes, and the footstep of every man in the town is known to his neighbour. The officials then said, "White man, take him away." So they took him, but had not gone far, before the officials came running after them, crying, "Stop, stop, he shall not go." Mr. Morgan directed the men not to stop; but the officials ran before them, and the Alcaid laid hold on the man, and thrust him violently against the white man. The old sergeant, who, in addition to his staff of office as constable, had a sword girded on him, which

was designed more for ornament than use, seeing the white man surrounded and insulted, ran to be his protector, and gave one great fellow a hard blow on the head with his staff, then drew his sword, and aimed a stroke with its edge across the Alcaid's naked stomach; the white man caught the top of his sword before it fell, and thus prevented the stroke which otherwise might have been fatal. The Mandingoes then considered war fully declared; and ran back to their houses to take swords, spears, and war-greegrees. It would have been perfect folly on the part of the white man to attempt to fight, as there were but four men in his company, and only one armed. The Missionary was ashamed to run; but when he saw the infuriated Mandingoes armed and advancing, each man uttering the peculiar war-cry which they raise when rushing on the enemy,—a noise like that of an enraged bear,—he felt that his only hope of protection was in the Prince of Peace. Mr. Morgan advanced toward the Alcaid, and, as well as he could, addressed him in the native language, and by a fortunate blunder in words, which he regarded as providential, checked their violence. He reminded the Alcaid that he settled there by the authority of the King, and that he had expended much money among them. The old warrior suddenly made signs to his men to stop, and was promptly obeyed. As soon as the rage subsided a little, the Alcaid approached the Missionary, saying, "How much money are you going to give me?" "For what?" "For stopping the fighting." "Not any," was the reply. "Did you not say if I would stop the people you would give me plenty of money?" "Not I! so take your thief back with you, I won't have him." And before the rage was rekindled he marched off, and bid his men follow him, which they suddenly did. The old serjeant, however, seemed desirous of having a scratch with them, and continued to call after them as long as they were within reach of his voice, reminding them that he was one of King George's men, (George IV.,) and declaring he would return to war

with them. Mr. Morgan and his party had not gone more than a mile towards the boat, before a voice reached them through the forest, saying, "*Tobaub, tobaub,*" (white man,) "stop, take him away." Thus the robber was given up without assigning a reason for it. The Magistrates subjected him to a short imprisonment, and twenty-four stripes. The man was an old transgressor both of British and native law. A Mohammedan said that he had been tried by a Jaloof ordeal, and escaped punishment, though he was afterwards proved to have been guilty. The test of innocence through which he passed, was the application of a red-hot iron to his naked arm, after it had been lubricated with palm oil, while his hand continued in a calabash of oil. If the skin be wounded by the iron, the suspected person is declared guilty; if the arm remain uninjured, he is innocent. Mo-Job was tried under suspicion of having stolen some country garments, and escaped by ingeniously prescribing the form of his oath, and appointing the place to administer it. He concealed the stolen goods in a pit under the sand floor of his hut, took off his own garments and laid them on the sand that covered the stolen ones, sat upon them, and then solemnly affirmed, "I have no garments in the world but these I sit upon." To prove the truth or falsehood of this, the hot iron was applied, and with his arm unscathed he was declared innocent. Thus, under a mask of truth, deception was practised, and a Mohammedan oracle protected thievery.

A little after the above robbery, Mr. Morgan, being detained at St. Mary's by fever, received a letter from his servant boy on the Continent, requesting him to return immediately, as he had learned from the native boys that a plan was formed to rob the house the following night. Though too ill to take the journey, yet for the sake of the boys he was obliged to proceed by water to Mandinaree in the best way he could, and reached the place just before night. On retiring to rest he lighted a candle, and, though unable to defend himself, laid a cutlass by his

pillow, intending, if the robbers came, to catch it up and brandish it, to frighten them. A sleepless night was spent, and several times the rustling of the trees in the wind caused the cutlass to be grasped, and a defensive attitude to be assumed; but providentially the daylight came without the anticipated disturbers making their appearance. The fatigue of the preceding day, and the anxiety throughout the night, caused the fever to rage violently: all the water that could be procured was thrown or poured on the sick man's naked body as he lay on the ground. On the second morning, he was obliged to be taken back to the doctor at St. Mary's: longer delay would have rendered him incapable of proceeding at all. When a week had elapsed, another letter was received from his boy, stating that the house had been broken into, and robbed of everything valuable in it; which obliged him again to return. He found that by the side of the door a hole had been made in the bamboo and plaster, through which the thieves entered. Everything eatable was gone; and all the small valuable articles, including the late Mr. Bell's watch. By attempting to sell the watch the robbers were detected. The Missionary's friend, Ansomani, sent him the watch, and made known the whereabouts of the fellows. They proved to be superannuated black soldiers who had taken up their abode on the continent, and employed themselves in making bricks, which they sold in the British settlement. The Commandant again sent the constable with the Missionary; and as the culprits were British subjects, they were arrested and brought before the magistrates without opposition from the natives, yet not without danger from another quarter. The boat had been anchored when the tide was low: now it was very high, and the distance to it considerable, with a strong ripple on the water; and, having nothing but a small canoe in which to take five men to the boat, before they reached it, the canoe filled with water and turned over, sending honest men and thieves sprawling into the water. Never-

theless, they all reached the boat somehow, and scrambled into it. After four hours' rowing against wind and tide, they landed at St. Mary's, and subjected the robbers to month's imprisonment.

Sitting so long drenched in the wet brought back the fever and ague as bad as ever; but before a week had expired, information reached him from his boys, that they had learned from the boys of Mandinaree, that another party had conspired to rob the house; and begging him, if possible, to return immediately. Fearing for the lives of his boys, he set out, under a burning fever, and reached home before night. Commending himself and household to the care of the Lord, he acted as heretofore when placed in the same circumstances, having the same intentions, apprehensions, and excitements, as before described. As on the former occasion, the robbers never came. In the morning, as the fever raged so dreadfully, the only hope of sustaining life was by having all the water at hand thrown over his naked body, and returning again to the Doctor at St. Mary's as soon as possible. He sent for his friend Ansomani, and agreed with him for a dollar per day to take care of his boys and the house during his absence; and, having committed a musket, cutlass, and house-dog to his keeping, proceeded at once to the river on horseback. No watermen capable of plying an oar were to be found: but such as could be obtained were directed to raise a lug-sail; and with this the boat glided on to the middle of the river, when both wind and tide turned against them. The boat drifted rapidly towards the King of Barra's dominions, which, from ignorance of the coast and some apprehension from the people, Mr. Morgan was anxious to avoid. The men tried their skill in the use of the oars, and utterly failed; necessity then compelled the Missionary to resist fever and inclination, and to ply with all his might one of the oars whilst two men worked the other. With strenuous and long continued effort the drifting of the boat was stayed. At first he hoped that the merchants at St.

Mary's would see their distress and send help; but was disappointed; for, while striving with the oar, Mr. Morgan's hat blew into the river and could not be recovered. He then tied up his head in a handkerchief, which so disguised him, that though the merchants narrowly watched the movements of the boat, yet they could not identify the crew, and wondered whence they came. When they reached the Island, the merchants, knowing Mr. Morgan's state of health, assured him that his violent labour would prove suicidal; and so he himself thought, and retired to bed in the house of his good friend Grant, to await the issue. To his own surprise and the astonishment of his friends, he rose, the next morning, perfectly free from fever, and able at once to return to the continent. The rationale of this was that the violent exertion in the boat brought on perspiration which overpowered the fever. Then he remembered the advice given by the negro, who piloted the brig that brought him from London into the river, who had said, that violent resistance would drive away an insulting black man or the most terrible fever, while timid submission would cause both to tyrannize.

The robbers at Mandinaree only waited for Mr. Morgan's departure; and, seeing him go, went the same night and robbed the house, while Ansomani, the boys, and the dog lay asleep on the floor. A note from his boy soon brought him this information, which necessitated an immediate return. He found that all that could be eaten or drunk, or disposed of among the natives, with the gun, cutlass, writing paper, and large hair trunk, containing clothes, table linen, and other things, was carried clean off. Seeing that all these things, in order to be carried out of the house, had to be taken through the room in which Ansomani and the boys lay on the floor, he could not help suspecting his supposed staunch friend of complicity in the robbery. He therefore sent for the old Chiefs of the town, stated all the facts of the case, and desired them to judge between him and their townsman. After duly considering the

matter, they unanimously came to the following conclusion : that either he must have heard and seen the thieves, and, through fear of being hurt, pretended to be asleep ; or else he must have been confederate with them. Ansomani was present, and when Mr. Morgan told him that he concurred in this judgment, the poor fellow was deeply wounded ; and as he could not exculpate himself by words, he determined to do so by deeds. He at once desired Mr. Morgan to lend him a sword-stick, which he kept to defend himself against the insolent monkeys, which lived in families on the tamarind trees beside his house. He then girded on a sword, and tramped off alone through the forest ; no one knew where he was gone ; but on a Sunday, about ten days afterwards, while Mr. Morgan was at St. Mary's, he brought the robbers down there to him. He had travelled into a neighbouring kingdom, where he learned that a white man's gun had been sold ; and, by this, he soon found out the men who had sold it. There also he found a storehouse which these fellows had for stolen goods ; among other things, it contained a quantity of clarified bees-wax, which had been stolen from the British Settlement some weeks before. At his request the King of the country sent several slaves with him, to bind and conduct the robbers to the white men.

As the wax robbery was considered the chief delinquency, Mr. Morgan was happily released from persecuting. The robbers were committed to jail, to await the judgment of the Governor on his next visit. The thieves proved to be disbanded soldiers of the Second West India Regiment, who had taken up a kind of brigand life on the continent near the British Settlement. They readily acknowledged having robbed the Mission-house, and acquitted Ansomani of all complicity therein. They said he lay sound asleep on the floor, the boys by his side, and the dog at his head, while they carried the goods to the door without waking any of them. Two hundred dollars had been offered as a reward for detecting the wax stealers : Mr. Morgan urged

Ansomani to make application for it, but could by no means induce him to do so, because, as he said, his King would soon hear of his having the money and take it from him. Three or four dollars were all he would take. Mr. Morgan afterwards found the hair trunk among the trees, not far from his house; having all its contents turned out, but nothing taken away. The thieves expected to find money in the trunk, but were disappointed. White man's clothes, bed and table linen, were useless to them, as they could not offer them for sale to Europeans, without incurring great risk of detection.

After two years' labour among the Mohammedans, without any sign of success, the Missionary thought his duty to God, the Church, and himself, imperatively called on him to return to St. Mary's. Besides the discouragement from the absence of all signs of success, there were many things offensive and injurious. After much personal labour in sinking wells, the best water he could get to drink was so bad as to leave him no hope of recovering his health. When taken from the well, it was of the colour and consistency of milk; when boiled, it looked like coffee; and only by adding a little brandy could he retain it on his stomach.

The constant annoyance of beggars was wearisome. An aged man who has already three wives, has the fourth betrothed, and the time is come to take her home. He has to procure a present for her parents proportioned to their dignity: in general his only resource is begging; and the white man must not be passed over. When in reply to such applications the white man has said, "I'll give you a job of work," it has been resented as *infra dig.* What? A Marraboo work! To beg comported well with their dignity, but to work was degrading.

The big beggar man was their king! His requests were large, and but for firm resistance in the beginning would have been very frequent. On one occasion, he sent two men with a large stone jar, which had been taken from a vessel wrecked on the coast, and would contain seven

or eight gallons, requesting the white man to return it filled with rum. It was sent back with the white man's respects to the King, informing him that he did not drink rum, nor use anything of the kind, but as medicine. The answer was not satisfactory; therefore the men were sent the second time with the jar, saying, the King did not suppose that the white man, who was a Marraboo, (religious man,) drank rum, but that was no reason for his not sending rum to him:—if he had it not, he could easily procure it. The empty jar was sent back a second time, with a determined refusal. Another time, the King came himself, with thirty of his wives following him, expecting a present of beads, coral, or amber, for each of them. And again he was disappointed. When Mr. Morgan expressed surprise at the number of the King's wives, saying, "Are *all* these yours, *Mansa*?" ("King.") "*All these*?" said he, "why, I have twenty more at home!" The royal ladies entered the Mission-house, and squatted themselves on the ground, reclining against the wall; and, having their mouths full of tobacco, continued spitting on the floor. A chair was provided for the King, which for his personal ease he drew near to the wall, and placed his feet almost perpendicular against it. Reclining against the back of the chair, he amused himself, while resting, by spitting as high as he could against the plastering, and watching the tobacco juice trickle down the wall. In royal personages such improprieties must pass without check or reproof. It would be unreasonable to expect anything better from such people.

For a considerable time after the Missionaries took up their residence outside of the town, they were but little troubled by visits either from men or women; but the natives having become satisfied, as they said, of the unselfish designs and character of the Missionaries, an intimacy began which proved worse than the previous distance and reserve. The repeated visits of the women were especially annoying. They wore very little covering, and their skins were plenti-

fully greased with rancid butter or fœtid vegetable oil. In this condition they would frequently visit the Mission house, and behave themselves like the King's wives just mentioned, shocking and disgusting the sick white man. Though no sign of spiritual benefit appeared from the residence of the Missionary among them, yet, when he said he thought of leaving them, they all seemed grieved, especially the young men.

Having received no reply from the Committee in London to his letter, asking for directions respecting his removal, Mr. Morgan wrote again, saying that from their long silence he inferred that they left him to his own discretion, and that he intended to remove to St. Mary's as soon as possible. The few things the robbers left in the house, with doors, window-frames, and all that could be carried away, he took down to the Island. Until he could procure a house for himself, he again became a lodger with his friend Grant; and, with the little strength he had, applied himself more regularly to the only sphere of usefulness then open.

Notwithstanding the spiritual privations which the little Church had endured from sickness and death among the Missionaries, the members had been united and faithful; endeavouring to supply the lack of ministerial labour by prayer-meetings among themselves. The frail structure, which up to this time had been occupied for worship, now began to totter, and soon fell under a tornado. The best accommodation to be had was an empty house in another part of the town, which was taken, and for a few weeks answered, for a place of worship and school-room. A school for adults and children was opened. Several black women, who had been benefitted by preaching, manifested a desire to learn to read; but soon became discouraged, and ceased to attend. The juvenile department was composed of boys from nine to thirteen years of age. Two of the boys understood Negro-English; the others required an interpreter. In their aptitude for learning,

they not only refuted the philosophic sneer of an English gentleman, who derided the notion of educating "beings more nearly allied to the monkey than the human race," but surprised the Missionary also. In six months from the commencement each boy could read a chapter in the New Testament, and write a legible hand. Soon the number of boys increased to forty, which, in consequence of the annual mortality caused by the indigenous fever of the Island, was nearly all that were there. Want of elementary books was a great hindrance to progress in the school,—a want not anticipated in the Missionary's equipment in London. He sent to Sierra Leone, and begged a few of Bell's Alphabet Cards, and a small number of Lancaster's sheets; these, to make them last as long as possible, were pasted upon the walls of the school-room. Of slates he had none, until a long-felt want was met by a supply from London. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, with the elements of English grammar, were all the Missionary had the means of teaching. Six hours a day were devoted to the boys' school. The room was opened in the evenings for the young men who were slaves. These the Missionary left to the instruction of his servant boy, while he went to preach in the jungle. Upon his return he taught them himself. In six months several of these slaves could read the plainest parts of sacred Scripture. To such the room was open on Sundays as well as week-nights; and they made good use of it by mutual instruction. The intellectual inferiority of the Negro race, so much spoken of in Europe, Mr. Morgan could not discover, either in the school or out of it; but was satisfied that the difference between them and Europeans, both in body and mind, was entirely owing to accidental circumstances. The result of less than four years' teaching and preaching, subject to the interruptions before described, places this beyond dispute. In two years and a half from the commencement of the school, a native boy, between twelve and fourteen years

of age, could read as well as most English lads of the same age, who are favoured with the best instruction;—could write so as to set copies, as well as his teacher, for the other boys;—could teach arithmetic, as far as Practice, and also the elements of English grammar. When a Chaplain was sent out to the Colony, and not a native man could be found who was competent to be his clerk, this boy was appointed to the office. The only difficulty he experienced arose from want of physical strength to lift and turn over the large folio Bible. Gentlemen, civil and military, were perfectly satisfied with the manner in which he executed his duties. Another boy in less time became a merchant's clerk. It is true these were the best of the school, but others made creditable progress. Some of the merchants complained that the boys would become too much like gentlemen.

The result of preaching was a Church of thirty-five Negroes, many of whom were soundly converted. One of them, a man of respectable talent, became a Local Preacher. A Sunday school, composed of the eldest boys and young men who were slaves, was established. The instruction was mutual and scriptural. The love these slaves manifested for the Scriptures, was a high source of encouragement to the Missionary. Their masters often hired them out to merchants to go on the Continent to fell timber; and their employers told the Missionary that, when hundreds of miles from him, it had gratified them to see these Bible-loving slaves, as soon as their daily labour was ended, separate themselves from others, and retire under the shade of a tree to read the Bible together and to pray. When making up their kit for these journeys, the Missionary saw with satisfaction, that they were as careful to pack up their Bibles, as to carry their axes.

On returning from preaching, one Sunday morning in the rainy season, the floods overflowed a great part of the Island, which kept the Missionary in his house during the after-part of the day. Providentially, a learned Moham-

medan, with two slaves, and others, were shut in with him, and endeavouring to read the Scripture lesson which was pasted against the wall. He resolved to try what he could do that afternoon for the spiritual good of the Mohammedan. Happily for his purpose, besides the before-mentioned slaves, there were present two young men who, through faith in Jesus Christ, had just before found peace with God. He requested them to describe, in the presence of the Mohammedan, the convictions wrought on their mind by the Holy Spirit, which led them to Christ; and their consciousness of pardon. This they did; and the devotee of the false prophet attentively listened and was surprised at the narration. When asked if he knew of any of his own faith who had experienced the like, he said, No: he had seen many perfectly reformed in their morals, but he had heard nothing like that before. This brought forward the superiority of Christianity, which changes the heart as well as reforms the morals. The two young men, reading the Scripture lessons against the wall, listened with much attention to the discussion. No proof appeared of the Mohammedan being benefitted thereby; but the next day one of the young men who had heard the discussion in his own language (Jaloof) came to the Missionary in deep anxiety, saying, "I want to learn to pray." "What is the matter with you?" "I heard what you said to that Marraboo yesterday: it come into my heart, and make me feel that me be big sinner." Through proper scriptural instruction he became an established Christian, and died some years afterwards in the faith, while engaged as an Assistant Missionary. In a few days after, the other young man came, saying, "Massa, plenty trouble come now." "What is the matter with you, Lahtee?" "Me want to be a Christian, but my father (a Mohammedan) makes me trouble. He say, If I believe what the white man say, and read the white man's book, I shall go into the fire when I die, because it be all lies." "What did you say to your father, Lahtee?" "Me say,

Father, that time you used to teach me Mohammedan fashion, if any one ask me, 'Is that true what you learn?' I should say, 'My father say it true:' but suppose somebody ask me if the Missionary's book be true, I say, He tell me what live in my own heart,—nobody can't make fool of me there! ["He that believeth hath the witness in himself."] Me get more trouble than that; me can't read the Bible only little, and now my mistress call me to come home to Goree; no good white man then to teach me to read that Bible." "You are free here, Lahtee; slaves don't live on King George's land. Your master can't make you leave this Island, if you wish to stay." "I know that," he replied, "and I have thought of refusing to go: but I am afraid, because my master has been good to me, and he get no slave but me. Me only want to read the Bible well, then me willing to be slave always." Poor fellow, he returned to Goree, and his friend heard no more of him, but hopes to meet him in heaven.

The number of church members might have been greatly increased, had not the Missionaries acted upon the determination that not the smallest compromise should be made with the evil customs or superstitions of the natives. Neither men nor women were received into the Church, while living in a state of polygamy or cohabiting without Christian marriage. No boy was admitted to the school with greegrees upon him. In some cases, the Missionaries had to do violence to their own feelings; as when a man came desiring to be admitted to the Church, and at the same time was, by his master's appointment, living with a woman in the country custom. To hear him say in reply to a refusal, "Now, massa, that be very hard; me never wanted that woman: my master make me take her:—suppose me marry her Christian fashion, next week, perhaps, master will send her to Goree or Senegal, and sell her; I shall then see her no more; then white man's law say, I must not marry another, while she is alive." This appeal to the feelings was strong, and was felt as such; but the

only reply was, "We will do you all the good we can out of the Church, but for example's sake we cannot receive you."

Had Mr. Morgan, who was now alone, believed in baptismal regeneration, he might have increased the number of communicants upon a large scale: for among the negro inhabitants of the Island the desire for baptism became very general. On examining the applicants he found that in most of them the chief motive was that they might be considered to be of white man's religion. If, after three month's trial, signs of repentance and faith were manifest, he baptized them, and then the children in the faith of their parents. Children of unmarried parents, whether black or white, he baptized not, until they had been instructed, and were old enough to answer for themselves.

The ignorance, superstition, and licentious impurity from which the little Church had been gathered, made the Missionary sometimes fear lest, beneath their new profession, they yet retained much of their old laxity of moral principle. From this fear, however, with respect to nearly the whole of them, he was delivered by an occurrence of an otherwise painful and discouraging kind. Having no one competent for the office of Class-leader, he met the whole Society together, at seven o'clock on Sunday mornings. One morning, he found them all seated in solemn silence, with their faces towards the floor; thus indicating that something was wrong. As soon as he had taken up the hymn-book, Mary, the first convert, rose and advanced to his desk, and, with a deep sigh, said, "Bad palaver is come now, Massa!" "What now, Mary?" "Now, Massa, none of we sisters and brothers say we good: God know we all bad enough: we all live devil-fashion before the Gospel come! We no say we good now;—but, massa, it no fit for one sister and one brother to say they live Jesus Christ's fashion, and come here and take bread and wine for Jesus Christ, and go home and live devil-fashion the

same as before." "That is very true, Mary; but pray tell me who and what it is." "Well, massa, mind we no say we all good; for, before the Gospel come, we all do the same. One sister what come here for Christ, get one husband and one sweetheart." "Who is that sister?" Pointing to Lucy, she said, "Him:" and then to the man, she said, "Him." "Can you prove that they have done wickedly?" The evidence was most conclusive. A torrent of recrimination was fully expected; but Mr. Morgan was surprised as well as delighted to find no attempt to impeach the morality of the accusers, for all concurred in the charge. The accused denied the charge, declaring it to be a great lie. But there were more than "two or three witnesses;" therefore they were expelled. Painful as it was to expel the guilty, the evidence afforded that all the rest were innocent, and prudent in their general conduct, was a great comfort to the Missionary's mind. In them he saw a triumph of grace far exceeding his hopes.

The prevalence of gross superstition in England, where Christianity has been professed more than a thousand years, somewhat prepared the Missionary for a mixture of superstition with professions of piety, among new converts from devil-worship; yet discoveries of it, which are common, are very discouraging. Visiting a small town of Joulahs, most of whom professed to be Christians, he was vexed to find at one end of a street of huts a post erected, with the horns of a goat fastened on its top; and something of the same kind at the other end of the street; the work, he knew, of a Mohammedan. He called as many of the people together as he could, and with some difficulty found out that a Marraboo had put these things up. At one end of the street it was to keep the witch out, and at the other to keep the thief from entering the town. He then inquired the expense of it, but the people were ashamed to tell. "I'll be bound for it," he said, "that it cost you the value of a goat," (a dollar.) One of them said, "And pretty much more." "I have visited and preached to you, and

taught your children in my school, and never received anything from you, because you are poor; yet you can generously pay a wicked man to keep up devil-fashion among you! I have always told you that Jesus Christ will have no mixture with the devil. Now choose: which will you serve, Christ or the devil? If Christ, then go immediately and break down those things. If not, then take devil-fashion altogether; and I'll come to you no more." An inward struggle ensued; the Missionary waited a while to see the issue. After a few minutes the men ran and broke down the posts, and threw away the horns. Divine worship then commenced, and, for anything that appeared after, this proceeding cured the evil.

When Mr. Morgan settled at St. Mary's, he found the heathen population enslaved by dread of the magical powers of Mohammedan Priests, as they are improperly called. They lived among the people by selling greegrees, by virtue of which they professed to have power to do them what good or evil they pleased: and the people believed them. Seeing a number of the magicians together, and many of their dupes at hand, Mr. Morgan endeavoured to deliver the people, by exposing the falsehood of their pretensions, openly defying the whole of them in the presence of the people. Through his interpreter he called upon the people to hear what he was about to say to the Marraboos. He then charged them with wickedly deceiving the people; first declaring, "The Koran of Mohammed knows nothing of greegrees." This surprised the Marraboos, who had no idea that the Missionary had read the Koran. "If," said he "you have the power you profess to have, prove it by making a greegree to kill me." The people expressed their astonishment at this boldness by pressing their hands to their mouths, thinking no man would dare to defy the Marraboos. As a consequence, they fully expected soon to hear of his death; but day after day they saw him among themselves. With surprise they would say, "There goes that white man! They have not killed him yet!" By and bye they inquired

of their deceivers, how it was that they could not kill that white man. They replied, "He has a greegree brought from his own country, inside his shirt, with the name of Moses' mother written on it, which was too strong for any greegree we could make; but if we could only get that name, we would soon stop his palaver."

A great change to the disadvantage of the greegree-makers soon appeared. The chief of the Marraboos was obliged to have recourse to a lying artifice, to procure the needful to take home his fourth wife. Early one morning, before the British authorities of the Island were up, he had it proclaimed through the town that he had a message from heaven to be made known to all the Mohammedans on that Island; and requested them to come to his house. When they came, he told them that the angel Gabriel had appeared to him, and directed him to require of them country garments, beads, &c., as much as was needful to enable him to bring home his "kinswoman." It is not known how far he succeeded; but the poverty of the great man's dress indicated the change in the profits of his trade.

Soon after Mr. Morgan opened his school, a dignified Marraboo, just then arrived on the Island, came to the school-room to dispute with him in favour of Mohammedanism: but his arguments, like those of his brethren, were not worth recording. He was regarded as a kind of metropolitan among the "faithful," and strutted about with a fine turban on his head, and long muslin robes, which when worn out could not be replaced; so that afterwards he appeared as a plain man. The most learned of them told the Missionary that before he set up his school, he had perfect command over the persons and property of the Negroes: if man or woman refused his request, he had only to turn from them and say, "I am going *home*, where I have pen, ink, and paper;"—a broad hint respecting an evil greegree, which they understood and dreaded; so much so that he was certain of being speedily followed and having his request promptly complied with. "But now," said he,

“the people almost generally disregard us, and the school-boys laugh at us.”

Yet in many instances converting grace seemed to fail of curing superstition of another kind. The Missionary had to speak sharply to some of the most devout of his church members to stop them from teasing him with wonderful dreams and visions, which he was expected to interpret. This was owing perhaps to the novelty of Scripture ideas, which deeply impressed their minds, and confused their intellects.

One evening a young man came to his lodgings and seated himself in silence outside of the door: seeing him a long time there, he went out to him, when he very modestly said, “Massa, me want to speak to you; only you white gentleman and me black slave.” “Well, young man, you know I am the black man’s friend, and you can always speak freely to me.” “You remember when you preach under that tree over there?” “Yes.” “Me live there that time and hear what you say; now my heart can’t sit down till me tell you what God do for my soul.” “Say on, young man: that is what I want to hear above all things.” “Me hear you speak of great blessing what Massa Jesus can give to sinners what believe. Me hungry for that blessing: but me can’t catch him. Me go again in the evening, perhaps me catch him then; but can’t catch him. Then me say, me sinner too big for that blessing: me better go back and live devil-fashion again. That time you go home, you go into my master’s house; then me say, you can pray before you leave, and perhaps me catch him then. Me go and sit down at the door long time; but when my Massa call me, I no there; when I come back, the door was shut: then me say, all over now, me go back to country fashion. But then me say, me pray all night first; and if I no get him before morning, me then go back. Me go in the yard and kneel down on the sand, and pray till garrison clock strike two; then come light all round me, and somebody say, ‘My son, thy sins be forgiven;’

and me glad too much!" "But what made you glad?" "Because my sins forgiven." "Are you sure that some one spoke to you?" "Not sure,—but," putting his hand upon his heart, "it make so here, I know Massa Jesus pardoned my sin." When his master was told that he made this profession, he said, "I can rely on anything he says." In this young man there was not the least tendency to superstition. The French at Goree had given him the name of Cupidon, and the Missionary baptized him John Cupidon. In this Jaloof was found the long wanted and much desired convert, to be an interpreter to the Jaloofs, of which a large part of the Negro population consisted, though but few of them knew the Negro English, in which alone, until then, the Gospel had been there preached. Cupidon was quite willing to undertake this office. As soon as it was proposed to him, he said, "Me do anything me can for that good cause." The Missionary and his interpreter were both proficient in the jargon which the natives called English: and Cupidon's experience had taught him more in sacred theology than many ministers have learnt by a university training. It was soon found that he had been preaching to his countrymen, before he made known his conversion to the Missionary. Preaching through an interpreter who felt the truth, proved highly profitable to the Jaloof tribe, several of whom were soon enlightened. When in the open air, two congregations were addressed at once; for the minister and his interpreter stood back to back. Before the minister sat those who understood English, before the interpreter gathered the Jaloofs. At first a half sentence only was given for translation, which was readily done. In a little time a whole sentence was managed with equal ease. By a smattering of the language attained by the minister, he found the interpreter anticipating his thoughts and going before him; energetically enforcing what he said by stamping his foot and other gestures which indicated the interest he felt in the good work. These were hopeful indications to the mind of the

Missionary, that Cupidon would soon preach without an outward prompter; and in this he was not disappointed. At the night school he learned to read the Scriptures and to write; and being favoured with profitable employment by the Missionary's friend, Mr. Grant, he laid by money to purchase his freedom, which he ultimately accomplished. In him the voluntary principle, by which Methodism has risen and been sustained, was fully developed. When the Missionary left the country, he was an accredited local preacher, and had acted as an interpreter two years and a half, translating two or three sermons every week, besides visiting the sick and attending to other Christian duties; and all this in connexion with his daily labour. On leaving, Mr. Morgan said, "Now, Cupidon, I must make you some compensation for helping me all this time." "I will never be paid for that," was his reply. "The good I have got by the Gospel is worth more than all I can do to make it known." Considering his circumstances, one cannot help saying, this was a fine manifestation of Christian principle. Being duly recommended, he was taken into the Mission service as a teacher and preacher, and continued as such until his reason became impaired.

Soon after Cupidon's conversion, a similar instance occurred in a young man of the same tribe, but of very different mental temperament. The conversion proved equally sound, yet was accompanied with much mental delusion. One morning he came to the school in great distress of mind, saying, "My heart can't sit down, till me tell you, Massa Jesus pardon my sin. Last Sunday night, that time you preach by the grog-shop, me live there, that word make me feel me big sinner; all you say belong to me! Me see my country people pass along as though it no belong to them: that make me trouble too much. When me go home to my hut, me want to pray loud, but plenty people live round; me can't pray loud there. Me get up in the night, and go by myself down to the end of the island, and kneel down by an old canoe, and pray

very long time; then light come all over me, and somebody tell me my sins forgiven, all my trouble go away one time. Then he say, 'You go to that missionary man, and tell him he must not stop preaching out-door yet; he must preach five times more'" (at several places named): "then if the people of this island don't repent, God is going to burn the island with fire." He soon regained the balance of his mind, became a sober, earnest Christian, was baptized by the name of John Asa, and for many years was a pious Class Leader.

Physical manifestations of religious feeling would sometimes affect nearly the whole congregation, especially the women. This was a great trouble to the solitary Missionary, and his labour in preaching was for a while suspended by it. Some of the people would come into the chapel, kneel by the benches to pray, begin to shake, and, with spasmodic action in the arms and legs, would throw down the benches, and roll over them and each other. Others would catch the infection, and fall on the floor. The minister would desire two or three men who kept on their feet, to drag them out of the house and let them roll on the sand, hoping to have a few sober ones remain, so that he might proceed with the worship; but all was in vain. The affected ones would roll on the sand, and, if not restrained, would beat their heads against posts or stones. In this state many of them would remain until midnight. The next day, when called together and individually questioned respecting the cause of such strange conduct, no satisfactory answer could be obtained. One said, "It all the same as though somebody take a knife and cut my heart:" another, "I fear my husband will go to hell." Not the least good, at any time, resulted from it. To the Missionary it seemed to be the work of an evil spirit.

The entire renunciation of country fashion urged on the people, was of the same import as the renunciation of the world enforced in Holy Scripture on all Christian people; and by them it was fully understood, and practised more

thoroughly than by many professors of piety in Britain. With their immoralities, all heathenish sports and pastimes were renounced. On the approach of a great annual revel, nothing was said directly to restrain them from attending it; but, wishful to see the effect of Christian instruction, and the strength of Divine grace in their hearts, the Missionary left them to themselves, and watched for the result. The day came; the whole negro population seemed to be in motion; all kinds of athletic sports among the men, dancing among the women, and drinking and gallantry everywhere prevailed. In the height of it, the Missionary sent his boy to see how many of those under his instructions he could find in the revel. Meanwhile, he himself went on the roof of the school-room, and with his telescope surveyed the whole scene. Only one appeared, a youth about sixteen years old; and he was seated on a bank, at a little distance from the revelry, seemingly afraid to take any part in it, or to go among the people. When the boy returned, he said, "I only saw one, Jack Bogamy, sitting on that bank over there." These converts, being the first fruits of the Gospel, and free from the evil influence exerted by backsliders and merely nominal Christians, and having constantly presented to their observation the chastity, temperance, benevolence, and devotion of the Missionaries, were kept from thinking that the profanity and drunkenness of ungodly soldiers, sailors, and traders, were tolerated by Christianity.

The general practice of the slave trade by Christian nations produced on the minds of many of the converts a painful impression; but the determined efforts of our Government to suppress the slave trade, and the care taken of recaptured slaves, destroyed every such impression as far as England was concerned. Far inland, as well as on the coast, among the negroes, "King George" and "English" were household words. Many a poor recaptured slave, becoming Christian, would have his son baptized by the name "King George."

If anything worthy of the name of religion existed

among the heathen population in that part of Africa, it was a confused jumble of superstition, having the devil for the chief object of veneration, which was manifested in propitiatory offerings on important undertakings in trade, war, or marriage. The established system of devil worship with priests and temples, which still exists farther down the coast, had, in that locality, probably been broken up by the spread of Mohammedanism. The natives generally designate their old habits, in contrast with Christianity, as "devil fashion" and "Christ's fashion." In travelling through the country, as in England, you meet with places named with distinct reference to the devil, as The Devil's Nose, and The Devil's Rock. Offerings presented at these places vary. The Devil's Nose, where the trader offered tobacco or gunpowder, has been noticed.

One could not but be struck by the similarity of many African superstitions to some such observances in England. Their amulets or greegrees, though the instruments of Mohammedan imposition, were of heathen origin; as are the charms to cure diseases, and the ceremonies to prevent evil attendant upon bringing a corpse from a house for interment, which, with a multitude of other things of the same kind, were common in the south of Devon in the writer's early days. Certain practices of the Mandingoes led him to suppose that they had long ago had some acquaintance with mesmeric phenomena.

Walking, one moonlight night, with a learned Mohammedan, he asked if their learned men could account for the dark parts of the moon. "O, yes," he replied, "the women's tongues did that." "You cannot mean that?" "I do, though," was his emphatic and very grave reply. "How could the women's tongues affect the moon?" "When the moon came out first, it was beautiful all over; not a spot in it. Out ran the women, looking up and saying, 'It is a fine moon! it is a fine moon!' until they spoiled it by those dark spots appearing." Not more than two hundred years ago, it was the custom of women of this country to seek good luck on the first sight of the new

moon, by climbing the first gate in the way, looking up and saying, "It is a fine moon, God bless her!"

Funeral wakes, as they are observed in Ireland, have, with a considerable addition of follies, their counterpart among a tribe of Joulahs. The character of the dead is extolled by the relatives and friends, followed by reproof for leaving them, and questions as to where he expected to find a better country, &c., &c. To this, the Joulahs add bodily flogging. On the death of a Chief, the corpse is placed in a sitting posture, with the lower parts buried in the ground. During the wake, his naked back is repeatedly beaten with withs, accompanied with reproaches for having gone away. "Where can you find a better country? Don't you know the white men are come to trade with us?" &c., &c. Were not a great part of these superstitions practised in Christendom, it would be hard to believe, without doubting their connexion with the human family, that barbarians could be such fools.

Revenge is regarded by all classes as a moral principle. Children think themselves bound to avenge injuries done to their ancestors of several generations past: this keeps up constant warfare, as the satisfying of one party arouses the hostility of the other.

A considerable number of the tribes have embraced Mohammedanism. Among the Jaloofs it has long been established. Next to the Moors they are the best Arabic scholars, and better acquainted with the Koran than others. The Mandingoes were but novices in Mohammedanism, and but comparatively few of them had embraced it: but, through the zeal of the Missionaries, it was spreading among them. In several respects, it was profitable to those who embraced it. Drunkenness it abhors: the use of all intoxicating drinks it forbids: a drunken Mohammedan is never seen there: delicacy and cleanliness are greatly promoted: foul language and indecent actions are abominable to them. To avoid such sights and sounds, disgustingly common in heathen towns,

the Mohammedans, among the Mandingoes, separate themselves, dwelling together in towns, from which all drinkers of any thing that intoxicates are excluded. The Koran restricts them to four wives: and to avoid the reproach of being thought poor, the men are generally anxious to complete the licensed number. There are no religious instructions as to the number of concubines. Their devotional forms seem to consist of ascriptions of praise and adoration to God and Mohammed; when chanted, or loudly expressed, the name of Mohammed was often heard. Nothing like the fervour of Christian devotion was observable in these exercises; yet they were punctually and frequently performed. At five o'clock in the morning, before daylight, a man appointed would go through the town and call the worshippers to the mosque. It was said that a naked sword was laid before them, as the first part of their devotion, signifying, that by the sword their religion should be propagated. Four times a day, prayer is individually offered, either in the house or in the open air, in the field or in the street. When the hour comes, no company, place, or engagement prevents the religious exercise. The bead-roll is always carried by the worshipper, lest any part should be omitted.

Notwithstanding the cleanliness and sobriety of the Mohammedans, they remain, as to civilization, in all respects on a level with the heathen. In the common arts of social life, they are below them; and have not the least improvement in houses or furniture. Among the heathen, handicraftsmen, such as weavers, smiths, workers in iron and gold, are sometimes found, as relics of a better state of social and civilized life. The absence of such things among the Mohammedans results from the opinion that every kind of labour is degrading.

In dealing among themselves, honesty, above all other things, is rigidly enforced and practised; but, unfortunately for their neighbours, it is confined to themselves. Residing among them, the Missionary soon learned, by painful

experience, that the universal honesty ascribed to them by some travellers was not observed by the most ardent devotees of the mosque in Mandinaree. While confined to his bed by fever, he sent for the Mohammedan teacher, the chief man of the mosque, and by his bedside made a bargain with him for a number of bundles of fodder for his horse, directing him to carry it where the horse was kept, and come again to be paid for it. In the evening, he returned, saying, "I have taken the full number of bundles:" whereupon the stipulated price was paid. Next morning, by a hint from Ansomani, the Missionary learned that the fellow had retained half of the number of bundles for his own use; and he sent his boy to inform him that he had discovered the cheat, and that he required him to carry the remainder immediately. He impudently replied, "Go home and tell the white man that I have carried half the bundles; and if he will prove himself a stronger man than I am, he will get the rest; but if I am stronger than he, he will never have them as long as he lives." He was the chief magistrate, as well as the religious teacher; and as the Missionary was too ill to go to the King, redress was hopeless. About the same time, the Missionary's canoe was lost from its mooring. Thinking it might have been drifted by the tide, he sent to various river-ports inquiring for it, but to no purpose. After a while, Ansomani informed him that another Ansomani, of Mandinaree, a great Mohammedan, had stolen it. As soon as his strength would enable him, he rode to a Frenchman, who, for the purpose of distilling palm wine, had taken up a temporary residence near the Missionary's house. By the Frenchman's hut, he found the thief; and, on account of bodily weakness, begged the Frenchman to undertake the charge on his behalf. The Frenchman had been a soldier in the great Napoleon's army. He at once charged the pious thief with the robbery, and, with threats, declared that if the canoe were not promptly returned, he would proceed immediately to the King. With the strongest

asseverations, the thief denied all knowledge of the canoe, which he continued to repeat, until, looking at the sun, he saw that his time for devotion was come, when he abruptly retired from the discussion, spread a skin upon the earth, and prostrated himself, rubbing his forehead in the soil, and singing in a loud voice, "Oh *Mahomidi, Mahomidi,*" &c. After going through his bead-roll, which occupied about twenty minutes, he returned to his accusers, repeating his solemn protestations of innocence, vowing that he knew nothing of the canoe. The old soldier, with asseverations equally strong, threatened to proceed immediately to the King. Convinced that the Frenchman was in earnest, the thief suddenly turned to his slave, saying, "Go and show the Frenchman where the canoe is." The slave led him to the river, and pointed out the canoe dragged between the mangrove trees, in perfect concealment.

Some of the Jaloofs wrote Arabic in beautiful characters; could read the Arabic Bible well, and, as they read, translate into their own tongue. They possess much more knowledge of the writings of Moses and the prophets, than from the destitution of books one would expect. The Koran in Arabic is the only book in that neighbourhood. Copies of this were scarce and sold at a high price, as Bibles were in England before the printing-press was used. Christ was acknowledged as a greater prophet than Moses, but inferior to Mohammed. Some of the people had heard of the crucifixion, but regarded it as a cheat on the part of Christ. One of them, having heard the Missionary speak of the great atoning sacrifice, said, "That was a clever trick, was it not?" "A trick! what do you mean by that?" "Why, you know Jesus was never crucified." "Who was it then?" "Rabmag." "Who was Rabmag?" "A man who stood behind the cross; and when Jesus was being dragged to the cross, he stepped forward, and Jesus slipped away: so the soldiers crucified Rabmag, thinking it was Jesus. Afterwards Jesus came forward again, and

said he was risen from the dead." It is not surprising that our Lord, whose foreknowledge was perfect, should so carefully demonstrate his personal identity to his disciples, showing the wound in his side, and the prints of the nails in his hands and feet. Of the history of the human race, as it is taught in the Bible, comprehending the fall of Adam, and the transmission of guilt and depravity to the whole of his descendants, much is known: but of the Divine remedy for the cure of sin nothing is known. This appears from the following dialogue between the Missionary and a learned Marraboo. MISSIONARY.—“Do you know how we all became subject to affliction and death?” MARRABOO.—“Yes. It is the consequence of Adam’s fall.” MISS.—“What was the nature of that fall?” MARR.—“He ate an orange which God had forbidden him, and became guilty and depraved: all his posterity are like him. He and his wife were driven out of the garden called Paradise, to live and die.” MISS.—“Do you hope to return to God after this life?” “Yes.” MISS.—“You believe that all are guilty and depraved, and on that account banished from the presence of God?” “Yes.” MISS.—“Do you believe that God is unchangeable?” “Yes; perfectly so.” MISS.—“Don’t you think you must be delivered from guilt and depravity before you can be permitted to dwell with God?” “Yes.” MISS.—“What means does your religion provide for such deliverance?” MARR.—“We are delivered from the guilt of our own transgression as soon as we believe in Mohammed. We are cleansed from depravity by carefully washing with water those parts of our bodies which were most active in gathering and eating the orange. We think it likely that the orange was ripe, and that Adam’s first temptation was from the scent of it; therefore, when we go to prayer, we wash our noses. He saw the fruit; therefore we wash our eyes: he walked to the tree; therefore we wash our feet and legs: very likely the branches of the tree hung low, which required him to stoop to get at the fruit; therefore we wash the back of our necks. The hands and arms were

employed in plucking it; therefore we wash them: the mouth masticated it; we therefore wash our mouths: and so we cleanse ourselves of the defilement of original sin." MISS.—"Don't you think the heart had something to do in the matter?" MARR.—"Doubtless the heart desired the fruit." MISS.—"How do you wash that?" MARR.—"We cannot wash our hearts; but we are content with doing the best we can." MISS.—"This may do for the paradise of sensuality, which Mohammed promises, but not to dwell in the presence of God, who 'is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity,' and in the company of angels who have never sinned." Of such things, and the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, he had no desire to hear.

It was only when meeting with one alone, or two or three together from a distant country, that the Missionary could gain a hearing from Mohammedans at all. A few gold merchants from the far east, attracted by the singing, and not knowing the character of the place, have sometimes entered the chapel and remained during the service. When through an interpreter a sermon has been delivered in their own language, they have been astonished to hear drunkenness and other vices condemned, and have given expression to their religious feelings by crying out in the midst of the sermon, "Oh *Mahomidi! Mahomidi!*" and have been surprised when told that only the names of Allah and Jesus were allowed to be spoken there. One said, "This cannot be white man's religion:" as he always understood that white man had no other religion than to get money and drink rum.

When the Missionary has gone to the residences of Mohammedans and desired their attention, so that he might talk to them of God and the way to heaven, they would consent only on one condition,—that he would answer the question, "Is Mohammed good?" All attempts to evade the question by saying, "I am not come to speak to you about Mohammed, but concerning something of which you have never heard," were vain. "First say Mohammed

is good, and then we will sit down and hear you." The endeavour to address a few pointed words caused them to stop their ears. Should the sting of a mosquito move the stopper from any one of them, and a word enter, he would hasten to the water to wash out the defilement caused by a Christian's word. On Macarthy's Island Mr. Morgan succeeded in gaining the attention of a company of Mohammedans, and in leading them to declare the superiority of Christ to Mohammed, by the use of a parable. At first they made the old condition, "Say Mohammed is good," the only ground of hearing; but knowing them to be exceedingly fond of news from a distant country, and that they were aware that each of the Kings in the river who traded with the English had been supplied by our Government with a silver-headed cane entwined with a silver chain, designed to be the credentials of a messenger sent by the King to the British Governor; he made this circumstance the groundwork of his parable. "If you will hear me of nothing else, will you sit down and hearken to news about something that took place in white man's country a long time ago?" To this they readily consented, and listened with deep attention while he spoke to them of a great King, who had some distant subjects in a state of rebellion against his government. "The King had power to kill them all at once; but he was a good King, and very desirous to save them all. Therefore, he sent messengers one after another, to entreat them to lay down their arms, and to declare on what terms he would be reconciled to them. All the great messengers carried a staff, which proved that the King had sent them. After a long time, the King sent a messenger greater than all the rest: it was his own son. When the messenger came, he told the rebels that his father, their King, had sent him to give them another offer of pardon, if they would submit to the proposals he had to make; if the offer was refused, he would next send an army of warriors to destroy them. The people said, 'How shall we know that you are a true messenger, or that our King

has sent you?' He then showed them the staff. 'Well,' they said, 'that is the staff which the King's messengers have brought before, but we don't like the message.' Soon after another came with other proposals, and said, 'I am your King's greatest and last messenger: hear what I have to say.' The people replied, 'If you are truly sent by our King, show us the staff.' He said, 'I have not brought the staff, but I have brought a sword, and have an army close at hand; and if you don't receive my message, all of you shall be put to death immediately.' Through fear of the army many submitted. But which do you think was the true messenger?" They all replied, "He that brought the staff." "You are perfectly right. Now I will tell you the true messenger's name, and the kind of staff he brought. His name was Jesus; the staff consisted of miracles, such as stopping the tornado, curing sick people, making the blind to see, and raising the dead." Without mentioning the name of Mohammed, they saw that he was the second or false messenger; and knew that—instead of miracles as wrought by Moses, the Prophets, and Jesus—Mohammed and themselves, his followers, present the Koran as God's message, and the sword as proof of their Divine commission; for, notwithstanding the fabulous legends circulated, they know that Mohammed made no pretension to miracles. They were at once enraged, and the more so from having virtually condemned Mohammed by declaring Jesus to be the true messenger. "You can say that here," said they, "because the King is a Kaffir, (an infidel;) but let us catch you a little farther off in the forest." Then drawing their finger across their throats to explain their intention, they said, "*We will.*" On such occasions the interpreter, being a native, required to be urged to do his duty. "You had better not say these words," he would remark. "You don't know these men; but I know them, they will kill you." When anything that condemned Mohammed was spoken, if his name was not mentioned, the Marraboos with most indignant looks and

gestures would cry aloud, "Here is a man that curseth Mohammed!"

In the absence of Christianity, Mohammedanism, viewed as to its moralizing effects, appears the best of the religious systems that could have been spread among the Africans; but, contemplating its determined opposition to Christianity, it is manifestly the worst in the world. The only thing that can be paralleled with it, is the opposition of Popery to the simplicity of the Gospel. The resemblance between Islamism and Popery in laborious and spiritless devotional exercises, in propagating zeal, in proselyting, and in religious coercion, is striking. In the absurdity of legendary lore, Papists and Islamites are on a level. The Missionary once asked a Marraboo if it did not seem strange to him that the cocks in every part of the country should wake and crow at the same hour, and before daylight. He replied, "'Tis not strange to us, because we know that a great cock in heaven crows and wakes them all at the same time." "How do you know that?" "Mohammed saw it when he went to heaven. Its feet he found on the first heaven, but did not come to its head until he reached the third heaven." "Pray what did he say was that distance?" "As far as a man could travel in two thousand years." "A large cock indeed!" This is commonly believed among them. He asked another—indeed, several, in parts very distant from each other—the ground of their objection to eat swine's flesh. The reply was, "Because Mohammed blessed the pig which saved Mohammed's life." The following tale was recited. "The prophet was at war and in danger of perishing from want of water: traversing the forest, he met a guinea-fowl, and addressed the bird thus: 'Guinea-fowl, can you tell me where I can find water?' 'No,' replied the bird; 'my own head is parched for want of water.' Then he met a pig, and said, 'Pig, can you tell me where I can find water?' 'Yes,' replied the pig; 'follow the drippings from my bristles on the ground, and it will lead you to water in which I have just washed.

myself.' In return, the prophet blessed the pig, and on this account the faithful never eat swine's flesh." Hundreds of miles apart the same answer was given to the inquiry, even from men of intelligence and some learning. Compare this with the legends of Papal saints, preaching to sheep and birds, and converting them.

The Marraboos shrank from questions respecting Mohammed's death, evidently distressed to learn that the Christians knew anything at all about it. When the troublesome white man begged to be informed how they accounted for the fact, that the prophet who conversed with a guineafowl, and gained information from a pig, which saved his life, was not informed that the cook had put poison in the shoulder of lamb; they declared that the lamb spoke to him, and told him the poison was there, after he had eaten it: but why it did not speak in time to save his life, they did not know.

The Mohammedans are, of course, most thorough fatalists. God is the doer of all things; of which the following is an example. When leaving Mandinaree, Mr. Morgan left for a season a little mare and colt in the care of a Mohammedan. After several days he returned for them. In answer to the question, "Where is my pony?" the predestinarian said, "She is dead!" "Dead?" "What killed her?" "Allah." "Where is the colt?" "In here." "Drive her out." After a while the poor animal staggered forth, not having strength to walk, and evidently famished. "You cruel man, you have famished both the mare and colt. How can you say God killed the mare?" "If God had not killed her, she could not have died," was his reply. It was said that he tied the mare up, and gave her no food. This he did not deny; yet contended that she could not have died, if God had not killed her. This notion prevents all rational exertions for the improvement of commerce among them. There is a time unalterably fixed for all things, and no exertions of men can expedite them. The writer was present when the British Commandant held

the following conversation with a great King of the interior of the continent, and his wise man, or chief councillor. "Why don't you strive to get the gum Arabic brought to your country, that the traders on this river might bring it to our settlement? This would be much more to your advantage than selling your people for slaves." "That will be done in the proper time, which is not yet come, nor will anything we can do hasten it. We know that the slave trade was not the first trade in this river, therefore it cannot last always; for what has been must, in its proper time, come again, and that which is must give place to it. You Englishmen can wait for nothing, you want everything at once." "But why do you cultivate your land, and sow your corn? According to your principle, you would have your crops in season just the same as if you were to do nothing to promote them." "This," they said, "was quite another thing." Their idea of Providence is that of a fixed wheel constantly turning, the same things continually recurring in regular succession; consequently no improvement is attempted or expected.

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Macarthy's Island is situated about two hundred and fifty miles up the river Gambia. It is a rich tract of land, having a surface of about nine square miles, and separated from the continent by a branch of the Gambia. Its elevation is not sufficient to prevent partial inundations in the rainy season; yet in comparison with the coast it is said to be healthy. It was called by the natives *Jan'-Jam'-bray*, derived, according to a tradition which the writer learned from an intelligent Mandingo, from the circumstance of two men living and dying there called Jan and Jam, (John and James.) *Bray*, in the Mandingo, or language of the country, signifies, *divided or scattered*, and denotes the insular position of the land. John and James were probably deserters from Fort James. The river between St. Mary's

and Macarthy's Island is grand, and in many parts beautiful; varying in breadth from four miles to two hundred and fifty yards. Its course is from east to west, forming an irregular serpentine, and for about one hundred and fifty miles thickly fenced on both sides with mangrove trees of several species; the most common of which is very singular in its growth. As it advances in height, it throws out three or four rings of lateral shoots downward, which take root in the mud round the original stock: in descending, these shoots intersect similar shoots from other trees of the same kind, and, by inarching (or natural grafting) with them, form an impenetrable living trellis, in some places a hundred and fifty feet deep. The first ring of shoots forms the basis of the tree: above which the stock, standing on seven or eight legs, swells several feet in girth, and forms above the descending shoots a top of beautifully spreading branches from thirty to forty feet high. Its mode of self-propagation is similar: instead of seeds in the forms of nuts or berries, it throws out, at the end of a tendril, a woody substance, in the shape of a small candle pointed at the large end, which hangs downwards. As the tendril dies, it is detached by its weight, sinks through the water into the mud, takes root, and forms another tree. Sailing between two such enclosures in a zigzag course, which closes behind as it opens before, you appear to be continually moving in a beautiful basin or lake, surrounded by splendid magnolias, whose deep verdure, by relieving the eyes from the glare of light reflected by the glassy surface of the river, compensates in some measure for contracting the view, and obstructing the grateful sea breezes. Another benefit afforded by the mangrove trees is, a supply of oysters, with which the under branches are laden: one such branch is quite an acquisition to the cabin table.

As the mangroves become stunted in consequence of the decline of the salt water, without which they will not grow, the romantic forest is thrown open; then, by ascending one of the hills which here and there stand on the banks

of the river, the admirer of the picturesque may realize a rich treat. From the north bank of the river the land is mountainous, and about two hundred miles from the ocean the abrupt termination of a mountainous ridge appears. The ridge stretches eastward, as though it had been the boundary of an ancient ocean, and resembles the chalk mountains running through England. Generally, on both sides of the river, the land is undulating. By annually burning the grass, which grows from twelve to twenty feet high, the brushwood is kept down; except in dense jungles, or under the shade of large trees, where the grass cannot grow. Hence the land over considerable spaces is clear. In connexion with the clear and partially cleared land, the thickets appear like extensive plantations of evergreen; and deciduous forest trees, skirting the park-like land, richly studded with detached clumps running out into single trees, give all the variety of foliage with which we are familiar in this country.

In the low land skirting the river, the traveller may fancy that he sees extensive watered meadows, exceeding in verdure the richest pasture-land in England. But on approaching these imagined beauties, he finds that instead of the fir-tree there is come up the thorn, and instead of the myrtle-tree there is the brier; and, instead of the comfortable habitation of man, he finds it chiefly occupied by doleful creatures, ferocious beasts, and venomous reptiles. These verdant scenes, which in the mind of an Englishman are associated with ideas of rural wealth, are in reality swamps, overspread with reeds twenty feet high, and inhabited by hippopotami, crocodiles, and water serpents.

This part of the African continent affords but little that is gratifying. The sky during seven months of the year is bright and cloudless; but the heat by day is intolerable. By night the temperature is pleasant, but you are tormented by mosquitoes and other insects; and your rest is disturbed by the noise of ferocious beasts, ranging the woods in

search of their prey. The roaring of the lion, the snarling of the leopard, the screaming of the hyæna, the barking of the wolf, make the traveller sometimes doubt the safety of his resting-place; but if a fire is kept burning near the spot, there is not much danger to be apprehended, except from large serpents. These will not scruple silently to creep into the hut. The writer was once in a doorless Negro's hut, endeavouring to sleep on a bundle of grass, having his feet uncovered and on the floor. In the middle of the night, he heard nothing, but felt that some reptile took his great toe into its mouth, and drew its teeth softly over the skin, which caused him to start up; but, as it was dark, he saw nothing. But about the same hour of the next night, a black sentinel saw by moonlight a large serpent, thirteen feet long, close by the doorway of the hut, and killed it with the butt-end of his musket. By day the cooling stream under the shade of a tree presents a strong temptation to the lover of a bath; but let him take care that a crocodile, from twenty to thirty feet long, be not watching to devour him. On the river, your right to advance is disputed by monkeys occupying the trees bordering the stream, and grouped together in families at a distance from each other. Sometimes they become outrageous; climbing the trees nearest the intruders, chattering in the most menacing tones, breaking off sticks and throwing them with all their might, bending the extreme branches and shaking them at their enemies; thus broadly intimating what they would do, if the water did not prevent their near approach.

The trees of the forest are many of them majestic in growth, beautifully varied in foliage, and splendid in bloom; but with the exception of a clematis, which spreads over the high trees, scenting the forest with an odour too strong to be pleasant, a sweet-scented tree or flower is rarely found. The branches of these beautiful trees are oftentimes the lurking-places of large serpents; where, suspended by the tail, they drop on the prey when it comes

within reach. The forest abounds with useful trees, such as rosewood, mahogany, and teak. One tree grows by the river side which the writer can neither name nor classify: this he regrets, because of its extraordinary qualities. Some idea of it may be formed by the following graphic character given of it in broken English by a native Negro: "Him tree no good Massa, him child burn him Mamme." The wood is of the same wiry substance as the palm or palmira; it grows from ten to twelve feet high, and has a few branches round the centre; except at the extremities, not a leaf appears either in stock or branch; but at the ends of these there is a tuft of long narrow leaves, like a pine-apple plant, from which, after many years' growth, proceeds the seed-pod or cone, a very hard substance, much resembling the pine-apple without its crown. When ripe, this bursts, scatters the seed, and emits a fluid which by an invisible fire burns the stock downward to perfect charcoal.

Indigenous edible fruits of various kinds may be found; but, except there be strong hunger or thirst, none are palatable. The seed-pods of an acacia tree which abounds there, contain, when in season, a dry yellow powder very nutritious, called by the natives *locust*; which, mixed with wild honey, oftentimes to be had on the same tree, makes food for the native or the hungry traveller. The water-melon, which by absorbing the dews grows to a large size, is often a great relief to thirsty man and beast. Several acid fruits seem provided to meet the necessities of man; but nothing of the character of luxuries can be found.

A distant view of the most extensive landscape presents nothing like human habitations; not that the country is without population, but because the principal towns are generally built beside a thicket, and oftentimes almost surrounded by it. This is done for the sake of the cover it affords in war time. Besides this, the houses are so low, that you must be near in order to see them. In travelling over-land, you will often come to a little cluster of wicker-

work huts thatched with grass, occupied by families, most likely Foulahs, who have escaped a late war, and, with a few of their cattle, have located themselves. Again, you will come to what is there considered an important town, containing fifty or sixty huts and three or four hundred people, enclosed with a strong stockade, having narrow entrances to impede the approach of enemies. This will most likely be the residence of a military Chief or King, with from fifty to a hundred wives around him. Some thirty or forty miles thence, you may find a young Prince who is not likely to succeed his father as King, raising a town and gathering people around him; hoping by and bye, by the good fortune of war, to supplant another, and to establish himself at the head of a kingdom of his own. These are called Jillawars.

Here and there, resting under the shade of a tree, by the side of the foot-path, you may see a company of traders from the east, travelling under the guidance of an officer, sent by their own King to the coast with gold, which they generally have tied about their persons in strips of cotton cloth. The writer remembers sitting down with such a company in the kingdom of Whoolly, when seeking for a missionary settlement there, and being astonished by the thoughtful shrewdness and humane candour of the old guide. Having heard rather an unfavourable character of the selfishness of the King, he asked the guide through his interpreter, whether he thought an unprotected stranger like himself could dwell in his King's dominions. The old man cast a significant look toward the white man, then a glance toward the traders, which the white man understood to mean, "Wait." By and bye all the traders were interested in a conversation between themselves; when the old man turned his head to the interpreter and said, "Tell the white man to attend to what I am going to say. White man, I suppose you know that with a large bone in your hand you may draw near to a great surly dog? and you know also that you must take care, while you are feed-

ing it, that it does not bite your hand?" He left the white man to apply it, and resumed his conversation with the traders. To the white man it spoke a volume, which the subsequent conduct of the King proved to be true.

In almost every kingdom, in some sequestered spot, may be found a town of Mohammedans; who, from their aversion to intoxicating drinks, and for the sake of practising their devotions without interruption, have separated from their countrymen. But for the numerous wives and concubines kept among them, these places might be called the monasteries of Africa. The men spend their time chiefly in learning to read the Koran, in which the Mandingoes seem to be novices. Devotional prostrations, adorations, and prayers, are generally practised five times a day. They seldom engage in war further than giving counsel, and making greegrees for the protection of the warriors in battle: by the sale of these, and the labour of their wives in growing rice and various esculents, they get their living.

In the year 1823, Major Grant, then Commandant in the Island of St. Mary, sailed up the river as far as Cantalicund, near the falls of Barracund, for the purpose of selecting a new mercantile settlement; and at the same time of visiting the military Chiefs near the river, in order to promote good feeling and understanding between them and the traders. The Wesleyan Missionary then at St. Mary's accompanied the Major with a view to the extension of his Mission. About two hundred miles up the river, the King of Yannimaroo, by whose dominions they were passing, came on board the schooner, and informed the Major that he had just returned from the camp of the King of Cattabah, who was at war with a young Chief called Kemmingtang. Kemmingtang was seeking to avenge the death of his father, who had been slain by the King of Cattabah's father. The war had been of long continuance, and Cattabah's country was ruined by it. The Major determined to do what he could to stop the war,—anchored opposite the camp, and sent Mr. Morgan on

shore to endeavour to prevail upon the King of Cattabah to go on board, to have a friendly interview with the white man's King, as the Major was there called. The camp was enclosed by a low mud wall about five feet high; and the King, seated on a fallen tree, was smoking and spitting as elegantly as the most refined English devotees of the precious weed. The bowl of his pipe, made of the root of a bamboo, was capable of holding as much as a large tea-cup, and rested on the ground; the smoke was sent up in large puffs. A small number of armed men were within the wall; the rest, it was thought, were above the hill. Mr. Morgan approached him as respectfully as he could; but it required some consideration how to honour such a rough-looking King. He told him the object of his visit, and respectfully invited him to go and see his brother King. He had learned that the King of Yannimaroo was on board, which induced him to decline the invitation. When pressed to go, he sternly replied, "How can I go there? Is not the King of Yannimaroo there?" "Yes," was the reply, "but there is plenty of room for you both." "You know I cannot look him in the face!"\* The interpreter, who was a native, explained this by saying, "Two African Kings, while friends, never look each other in the face; if so, they must fight, or one of them will soon die." This obstacle was removed, by promising to hang a sail across the deck between them, which was done. He inquired if the King of Yannimaroo had not visited the King of Cattabah that morning. "Yes," was the answer, "he came on business with Cattabah." "Did they not look each other in the face?" "No! the King of Yannimaroo sat with his back against one side of the tree in the camp,

\* One cannot help thinking of the challenge sent by Amaziah to Joash, 2 Chronicles xxv. 17. Doubtless, this was the form of a challenge of more ancient date. Dr. Wolfe and others might think the Mandingoes part of the lost Ten Tribes, particularly if informed of the dread the people have of being numbered, lest they should all die in consequence; with many other things among them like Jewish customs.

and the King of Cattabah sat with his back against the other side of it; so they conversed without seeing each other." When on board, the Major told him of his desire to end the war. "I want to get you and Kemmingtang together." At this the old King rose in high indignation, or affected to do so. "*You and Kemmingtang!* I will never submit to have my name mentioned with that of Kemmingtang. I am a King! He is nothing but a King's son; he shall never be spoken of in my presence as my equal. *You and Kemmingtang!* Nor will I ever make any offer of peace to him." After a storm of affected majesty, valour, and glory, two old Chiefs rose and put an extinguisher on the blaze, by snubbing the King to his face, as though he was but a slave. - "Take not the least notice of what the King has said; it is nothing but wind: if you can put an end to the war any way, do it; for our country is ruined, our land is not cultivated, and we and our people are starving. We entreat you to do what you can for us."

About thirty miles further up, an island in the river, nine or ten square miles in extent, in Cattabah's dominions, had been recommended to the Major, as a new centre of commerce. The King was asked if he would cede it to the British Government, if judged suitable for the purpose. He and his chiefs were quite willing at once to strike a bargain for it; but this and other places had to be inspected, before a settlement could be made. The two Kings went on shore, proceeded to the island, and anchored there for the night. Next morning, the Major and Missionary went on shore, hoping to buy some fresh meat,—fowls, or young goats. The interpreter being absent, they made known by signs, that they wanted to buy something to eat. Some of the young men scampered off in great haste, and in less than half an hour returned with several large serpents having their heads cut off. Whether they were accustomed to eat such things themselves, was not

known; but evidently they thought it suitable food for white men. The island was, in many respects, adapted for a trading establishment; but as a locality two hundred miles further from St. Mary's was preferable, if it could be obtained, they sailed on to the kingdom of Cantalicund, stopping as they advanced, and holding interviews with several Kings and Chiefs on both sides of the river. To each of the Kings, not before supplied, the Major presented a surtout coat and an Admiral's hat, both richly gold-laced; also, a long silver-headed cane, entwined with a silver chain. All the Kings, from selfish motives, were desirous that a suitable place for the Major's settlement might be found on their land. Each endeavoured to persuade him that he could not proceed further up the river without danger of being shot with poisoned arrows by the natives, who would lurk in the bushes on the banks of the stream. The people beyond them, they said, were all wicked and dangerous to approach. The schooner, in which they sailed, being larger than the usual trading-craft of the river, with the fact that several black soldiers were on board, had excited the apprehension that war was the object of the white men's visit. This notion travelled faster than the schooner. They found the King and people of Cantalicund greatly excited, standing in small groups, partly concealed among the trees. The governor of the port, probably from the apprehension just mentioned, travelled overland to meet them at a port fifty miles down the river; he was prevailed on to go on board, but fear deterred him from going below the deck. He returned home, and rather confirmed, than removed, the general fear. He said, the white men treated him kindly, and the soldiers visible were but few; but he had been told, that they had things below the deck, that, though they had no life, yet would run over the land, without being drawn by horses, and fight. In addition to all this, the day before the white men arrived, the town took fire and was burnt down; which the natives regarded as a

fearful omen. Their alarm, therefore, was not to be wondered at. Where the idea of a locomotive engine had been obtained, the white men could not imagine; having themselves, at that time, never seen or heard of such a thing.

Advancing towards the king's residence, Mr. Morgan's attention was engaged by a number of boys, in a singular costume, running and bawling in the woods, each having a bamboo cane, twenty feet long, in his hand, with a cow's tail fastened to the end of it. He inquired of the interpreter what they were, and was informed they were school-boys. "School! who is the teacher?" "Mumajumba," was the answer. Mumajumba was a name which, in his boyhood, he had heard given to any frightful nondescript; but was surprised to hear it there. On further inquiry, he learned that the women and children were taught to regard Mumajumba as a mysterious person residing in the jungle near the town, ready at all times to attend the call of the Chief. Between the age of twelve and fourteen, the sons of the free men are required to spend three months under his discipline, which alone entitles them, when of age, to take part in the civil government or town councils. He teaches them to dance, to run with a log of wood tied to their heels, to endure flogging without crying, and to thieve. During the three months of discipline, they are allowed nothing to eat but what they steal. If detected in thieving, they are reproached; if clever at stealing, they are commended. Out of office, Mumajumba is doubtless an ordinary man: but, when in office, he is concealed by a dress made of small branches of trees, like that in which our chimney-sweeps dance on May Day. In the same dress, he is sometimes called from his obscure abode as an officer of peace. The heathen Kings have generally many wives, living in separate huts within one enclosure: some have as many as a hundred. Among them clamorous contentions sometimes arise; too high, indeed, to be suppressed by the husband's authority. A private messenger is then dispatched for Mumajumba. In a few minutes, a

moving bush, unobserved by the contending parties, advances to the scene of strife, when a hand thrust from between the osiers, with a hard blow from a club, brings one of the combatants to the ground, accompanied by the mandate of peace. The clamour at once ceases, and each lady flies to her apartment.

It appeared that a white man had not previously visited the town; for, as the Missionary drew near, all the women and children fled from him, except one young woman, who distinguished herself by running to the well for a bowl of water, which she presented to him on her knees. He thought this humble attitude was a singular mark of respect for the white stranger; but soon learned that such deportment was exacted from the women by their savage husbands. Before leaving, he saw one, at the bidding of her husband, bring a calabash of water. Perhaps, the presence of the white man induced her to present it to him standing. He looked at her, and said, "Why don't you give it to me in a proper manner?" She at once dropped on her knees, and held it up to his sable lordship.

They were conducted through the ashes of the town to the King, who waited for them under the shade of a large tree. He was sitting on his heels and reclining against the tree. A considerable number of his Chiefs were seated in the same manner, forming a circle, the oldest nearest the King, the youngest farthest away. After the common salutation, the Major and the Missionary stood outside the circle, but opposite the King, having their own interpreter on one side, and the King's on the other. Each of the Chiefs seemed tenacious of the honour to which his birth or office entitled him; and, by an extensive ramification of ceremony, maintained his dignity. The white men's interpreter had first to make known to them the form required by the etiquette of these nude dignitaries. The white men must first, in short paragraphs, communicate what they have to say to their interpreter; he must communicate it to the King's interpreter; he to the youngest man in the circle;

he to the next in age; and so on through the whole of them to the oldest Chief, and he to the King. Hearing this, the white men said one to the other, "If we submit to this method of procedure, we have nearly a fortnight's employment before us." The Major interrupted, and told the interpreter to say to the King directly, that he had not time to comply with their form, and must leave immediately, unless it was set aside. The King then directed that the white men should speak to their interpreter, and he to the King's interpreter, and he direct to the King. Thus he required the chiefs to be satisfied with hearing every word repeated twice in their own language, and once in English. There was not much to be said on the part of the white men. The Major made known that the object of his visit was to promote and maintain friendly feelings with the Chiefs and people, and to advance commerce among them. The Missionary said, that his business related to a future state of existence; that he wanted a settlement, that he or some other person might make known to them what they had been taught by God for the good of all men. Thus they proceeded for about an hour; when an old Chief rose, and said with indignation, "I have heard, by the bye, that two white men have visited our country; I have also heard that they are great men; therefore, I suppose, they have great business: but nobody has told me a word they have spoken. Am I anything here? or nothing at all? I will never submit to be regarded as nothing." The King commanded him to sit down, and said, "Do you know that the white men's King and the great Minister are present? the two greatest men in the world! Such an honour your father, or his father, or his grandfather's grandfather, never dreamt of." The hope of commercial establishment in their country was highly pleasing to them. To promote it, they not only declared their readiness to cede the land required, but also, like those before visited, asserted that, owing to the wickedness of the people, and the badness of the land, there was no suitable

place beyond them. In the Missionary's object they expressed no interest. The palaver ended. The King, though blind, seemed to look expectingly for presents proportioned to the dignity of his visitants. The coat, hat, sword, and staff, presented by the Major, supplemented with a small cask of rum, met his expectations: but though the Missionary had said that he had nothing to do with commerce, and that his business was to do them spiritual good; yet, when he gave him a farewell shake by his right hand, without presenting gold, coral, or amber, His Majesty complained, with an affected smile, that *Foady's* (the Minister's) hand was very soft.

The annual inundations rendered the adjacent neighbourhood unsuitable for the Major's purpose; and being near the fall of Barracunda, which is occasioned by a sunken reef of rocks, they proceeded no further, but returned to the King of Whooley's dominions, and anchored at his port, to await the King's arrival; the Major having dispatched a messenger to the King's town, requesting him to meet him at the port; hoping to make him a mediator between Cattabah and Kemmingtang, and thus, if possible, put an end to the war. As the schooner anchored every evening the unusual and, in those parts, unknown report of the firing of a cannon excited both man and beast like the roaring of a lion, and indeed more so, for the amphibious animals were alarmed by it. The great crocodiles, some of which were thirty feet long, would make a noise like the gobbling of a turkey-cock. The hippopotami grazing on the banks would plunge into the river, and dive to the bottom for shelter.

So long was the King in preparing his greegrees, and going through the ceremonies needful to meet the white men without personal danger, that the middle of the next day was past, before any sight or sound indicated his approach. The white men grew impatient, expecting disappointment; but, at length, the rattle of musketry in the woods, followed by the distant sound of music, led them to

anticipate an interesting scene of barbarian pageantry. Very soon, from fifty to sixty mounted warriors appeared, followed by a larger number of infantry, with all the martial grandeur they could command. Then came a band of musicians, who, with vocal and instrumental music, played a martial air; and afterwards the King on a charger, accompanied by a number of his Chiefs; and, in the rear of the whole train, two bullocks for slaughter; one for the white men, the other for his own people. An imperfect description of the band will convey an idea of the accoutrements of the warriors; also, of the grotesque character of the whole exhibition, which was a suitable subject for Hogarth. Foremost in the band were several drummers. The drums were made of logs of wood pointed at one end, scooped out with native tools and made as hollow as possible; and had goat skins braced on the large end. The drum hung round the player's neck, who had a small stick in one hand; and with this, and the open palm of the other hand, he beat the instrument: singing as well as beating. Next were substitutes for triangles,—pieces of iron held up by a string and beaten with iron. Then came players on stringed instruments. These were followed by a number of women, some singing, and others clapping their hands as loudly as possible, also making a noise with the mouth, resembling the clapping of their hands. They are excellent timeists, but sing only in unison.

The King was no sooner dismounted and had seen the white men, than he shouted, "*Dollo, dollo!*" ("Rum, rum,") without which it was hard to pacify him. The Major withheld rum, until he had consulted him respecting the war; in which he declined to interfere, on the ground that he had interposed between the parties before, and effected an agreement between them; but Cattabah had violated the treaty.

The King was aged and very corpulent, and literally laden with greegrees, some of which consisted of large rolls round his arms, waist, and legs. It was, therefore, difficult

to get him from the boat to the schooner. Withholding the rum, for which he continued to call, greatly exercised his patience; however, it was needful to do so, as he would have soon been unfit for business, after he got it. A salute was fired as he came on board; the roar of the cannon alarmed him and his warriors. When the interpreter informed him that the firing was in honour of himself, he said it must be something very great to be King of white men. As soon as the consultation was ended, the coat, hat, sword, and staff were presented to him, and so excited his admiration as to drive rum from his thoughts. He became impatient to assume them, and go on shore, that his people might see him thus splendidly attired. It was impossible to put the fine surtout on him without taking off the greater part of his greegrees, and it was expected his superstition would not allow of this: but, to the astonishment of all present, he stripped them off himself. His country garments, consisting of a large bundle of cotton cloth, wrapped round his hips, remained; over which the surtout with some difficulty was adjusted. Over the greasy, red cap, which covered the sides of his face, was placed the gold-laced, looped-up hat. Then a beautiful sword, in a splendid belt, was girt upon him. A figure more grotesque can hardly be imagined. The bundles of cloth upon his hips made the skirts of the coat project, which, with his naked black legs and feet, and stooping gait, gave him very much the appearance of a large bird with a spread tail. Being full dressed, he went on shore, saying to the white men, "Now come with me, and see me dance before my people. To the delight of his subjects, he appeared before them clad more like a white than a black King. Under a large tree he called his band to him, and to their music danced as elegantly as his stiff and heavy legs would allow. The bullock he presented to the white men was thankfully received and politely returned for the use of his own people; which was as satisfactory, both to the King and people, as if the white men had slaughtered it for them.

selves; as one bullock would have made but an imperfect meal for so many.

Anxious, if possible, to end the ruinous war between Cattabah and Kemmingtang, the Major entreated the King of Whooley to try to prevail on Kemmingtang to come and join them at his port. He said, It would be impossible to bring him there, as he had no greegrees to protect him near the river: but, if the Major would go with him to his town, he thought it likely he could get Kemmingtang to meet him. For this, the Major had not time; so they returned to Jan-jam-bray, stopping at several places in the way, and meeting the chiefs in council. In every place, the white men's interpreter was a wonder to his countryman. He was well known as a trader, and, as he commanded the schooner, Major Grant gave him the dignified appearance of a Commodore by arraying him in an Admiral's dress, such as he presented to the Kings. The Negroes are generally very proud of their personal appearance and offices. Tom, the interpreter, was fully inflated with his dignity, ascribing the distinction of white and black men to their habits, rather than to their complexion. It was diverting to hear him call his countrymen "black rascals," contemptuously commanding them to get out of his way. To get a present from him, they would call him "white man:" when unsuccessful, they would, to provoke him, say, "Ah, Tom, you are no white man, you are nothing but half and half." "You say I am not a true white man! you bring me a raw egg, and see if I don't eat it." This would end the dispute; as the natives think that none but white men can eat a raw egg. However revolting to his stomach, Tom, though a jet Negro, would swallow the egg to prove himself a white man. In the presence of Europeans, the Negroes affect to despise the white complexion; but an intelligent native declared that they would almost suffer themselves to be skinned, to become white. Pride is as indigenious to the Negro as to the European heart. Fashion is as change-

able in the kinds of beads and the number of spots in them, and as much regarded among the African ladies, who have but little personal covering besides their beads, as it is in Bond Street. The writer has been astonished at the anxiety manifested by savage men and women to conceal their personal defects, and to be thought handsome. He heard of a powerful neighbouring King who had but one eye, and who forbid his subjects, in counting, to name the number one, because the mention of it reminded him of his defect. Instead of one, they were to say, "*What every body knows; two:*" and so on. His sister was deformed by a swollen neck; and the phrase by which their language expressed anger, literally meant, "*My neck is swollen;*" so he exchanged it for, "*My eye is crossed.*" In the interior, as well as near the coast, the natives are afflicted with ophthalmia; so much so, that the stranger supposes them to be blind. In one of the councils of Chiefs, Mr. Morgan observed two, whose eyes, presenting a perfect contrast to the rest, were perfectly clear; he directed the attention of the interpreter to it, who said that both of them were totally blind.

The dignified bearing of savage chieftains, in the presence of Europeans, is a perfect contrast to their mean and brutal appearance. At one of the trading ports, the Major had to talk in strong language to a chief who had robbed a British trader of much property. When he preferred the charge, his savage highness drew himself up, and said, "I have never heard of it until now." "What," said the Major, "do you mean to tell me that so much goods were taken to your country, about which such complaint has been made, and that you have never heard of it? I cannot believe it!" "I did not mean that a rumour of such a transaction had never reached my ears: but such persons as I am do not listen to rumours. I have received no official notice of it until now." A threat of war, if it were repeated, ended this palaver.

When passing the territory of a young aspirant King,

and about to anchor to wait for the next tide; a voice, from among the trees on the south bank, reached them, saying, "King Andramah wants to come on board. The Major's light gig was let down, and sent on shore for him; on reaching the shore, the men received orders to return without him. No sooner had the boat reached the schooner than the same voice was heard again, "King Andramah wants to come on board;" the Major became excited, but ordered the boat to return. Unfortunately, when nearing the bank, she was so much injured upon a concealed stump, as to necessitate her being taken ashore and repaired. This caused considerable delay, raised the old soldier's indignation, and prepared a warm reception for his sable majesty, when brought on board in another boat. As soon as he was on deck, he was met by a stern interrogative, "Why did you not come when the boat was first sent for you, and prevent all this inconvenience?" Assuming a very erect attitude, and a look as stern as his reprover's, he replied, "You are a King, Sir; and I am your son! Should such men as we are, run together without ceremony, like two *common persons*? I expected you would have sent a messenger over land, to inform me of your coming, that I might have been prepared to receive you like a King!" The interpreter had complained to the Major of King Andramah's oppression of him as a trader. But lately, he had violently taken a puncheon of rum from his vessel. The Commandant was then in the temper to reprove him for plebeian meanness, while claiming the honour due to royal dignity. The charge of robbing a defenceless trader, with stern threat of punishment, was without ceremony presented to him. The Chiefs, who formed his suit, were alarmed: but the King seemed coolly to treat it with indifference. Maintaining his erect, dignified attitude, he said, "It may happen that the tongue and the teeth go to war with each other; in that case, it were best to leave them to themselves; for they are so much one in design and interest,

that they are sure soon to become reconciled." The Commandant looked to the Missionary, and said, "Do you see the bearing of that?" "No," was the answer. "Nor I." "Tom," said the Major, to the man who had been robbed of the rum, "can you explain that?" "O yes, I know well his meaning. He wants to make you believe that he and I are so much one in interest, that it makes no difference whether he or I have the rum." "Can that be original?" said the Major. "I have certainly read something like it in Roman history," replied the Missionary. It brought to their recollection the rebellion of the Roman soldiers, who complained that all the benefit of their victories went only to enrich the patrician order; when an orator restored them to obedience, by representing the body politic by a human body, and the feet, hands, tongue, teeth, as refusing to work, because the fruits of their labour were monopolized by the stomach. After a lengthened palaver, the Major brought forth a present, not such as he gave to the other Kings, nor answering to his Majesty's expectations, who turned his back upon it with contempt, saying, "That is not a present fit for a King. I don't want a bit of blue baft." The Scotchman's indignation was rekindled. "If you repeat your insolence, Sir, I'll send you ashore without anything, and soon make war on your kingdom!" This lowered the royal standard. The Chiefs cast significant glances at him, suggesting that he had better apologize; when he said, "It is a very good present;" took it, and desired to be put on shore.

In these parts, all that is called religion is devil-worship with a small mixture of Islamism. One Sunday morning, when coming up the river, the schooner anchored opposite a mountainous rock. The Missionary desired to have the deck cleared for Divine worship. While below, preparing himself, he was surprised by a great noise on the deck. He ran up to inquire the cause of it, when he found an abominable rite of devil-worship being performed. Between thirty and forty men and women were uncovered,

dancing with their backs towards the rock: delicacy forbids further description of such a scene. In a loud voice, which stopped the dancing, he inquired, "What can be your object in doing this?" The reply was, "One devil lives on that rock; all strangers passing it the first time must do this, or else the devil will give them bad pain in the stomach to-morrow:" and he was urged, as the only way of avoiding the penalty, to follow their example. Such a circumstance was anything but encouraging. Before the service commenced, a passing trader stopped; and the master and some of the passengers came on board, which increased the congregation to fifty, blacks and whites. Except from Mohammedans, many of them had never before heard prayer or preaching. During the sermon, a canoe belonging to the interpreter, and having several slaves in it, came down the river. As ambitious of their master's dignity as himself, the slaves climbed up the side of the vessel, and remained, looking on with astonishment and vexation to see their master in his dignified dress, sitting silently with his head bent resting on his hand; while a white stranger was lecturing, and, as they thought, reproving him and all the rest. As soon as the service was ended, they expressed their astonishment to their master, by saying, "Who is that plain-dressed white man who had all the palaver to himself? You sit silent, hanging down your head, as though you were nothing at all! We don't like that."

On returning to the Island, the Major sent a messenger to the King of Cattabah in his camp, requesting an interview, that he might bargain for the land. The King with his Chiefs soon arrived and completed the contract. The preservation of his life from his more powerful antagonists was the chief, if not the sole, object of his care; and the island under the protection of the British flag would be his most hopeful place of refuge. The cannon, soldiers, and black settlers being landed, the union jack was raised; and the native name of Jan-jam-bray was changed for Macarthy's

Island, in honour of Sir Charles Macarthy, then Governor-General of Sierra Leone and its dependencies. All hands set to, cut down and burnt the bush, and erected a mud-wall fort, which, in honour of his reigning Majesty George the Fourth, was called Fort George.

The King of Cattabah soon broke up his camp, pitched a new one on the Island in the neighbourhood of the white men, and had a booth erected for himself. The Missionary looked out an eligible lot of land for his Mission, which, on behalf of the Missionary Committee, the Major granted him.

By a trader from St. Mary's, information was brought from John Cupidon, that a young Negro, a member of the church, was taking too much upon him among the people. This obliged the Missionary to embrace the first opportunity of returning to St. Mary's. Soon a native trader, with a small sloop, took him and an old Mohammedan, a Chief in the kingdom of Barra, on board together. The numerous calls at the trading ports rendered the passage tediously long and otherwise inconvenient. The best stock of food the Missionary could procure was very scanty, but was shared with his poverty-stricken fellow passenger. It consisted of a piece of salt beef from the Major's store, and, being exceedingly salt, lasted the longer; nevertheless, it was gone before the end of the journey, and disappointed hope came as a companion to hunger. A boy on board called out, "There is a bush-pig crossing the river;" which proved to be a deer. Delighted with the prospect of roast venison for supper, they boarded the canoe, confident of arresting the animal in the water, but the deer was too fast for them; and the hunger of another night had to be endured. What was still more trying to patience was to spend the next day and part of the night in sight of St. Mary's, tossed about by adverse winds, with the waves often breaking over the vessel. On landing, all this brought on the Missionary a severe attack of fever. He found both the church and congregation much reduced

and very small; and had to begin preaching out-of-doors again, which soon brought about a better state of things.

As soon as the garrison was completed, the Major returned, and left a black Sergeant and his company to occupy it. The King of Cattabah found the daily report of the British cannon a restraint on his enemy, and so continued on the Island; though his army on the other side of the river was nearly famishing. A few miles away, there was a small town on his enemy's land, to which he sent eighty warriors to destroy it. No man was found in the town; and the poor women and children became an easy prey. Soon the shout of victory was heard across the river; and the valiant warriors appeared, shouting over their trophies, and driving a number of poor women and children. Some of these victorious heroes had fleshed their swords in the sides of the defenceless captives; and some of the naked infants, carried on their mother's backs, were brutally wounded. The old King came forth, joining in the shout, and directed his canoes to cross the river, and bring the captives to the Island. This called forth the courage of the black Sergeant, who was the only military officer on the Island. Major Grant had left him no instructions for such a crisis; but he knew that slaves were not to be held under the British flag; and to prevent this dishonour, he saw no other way than to sink the captives and captors while crossing the river. So he ordered the gunner to charge the cannon with grape shot, and placed it so as to rake the canoes as they came into the middle of the river. This was done; and the gunner with his burning torch was impatient to fire, saying, "I'll rake them." A white trader entreated the Sergeant to let them land, and try what could be done afterwards. "No, no," said the black soldier, "no slave shall land here." The canoes started, and the trader snatched the torch from the gunner's hand, and threw it into the river. The slaves were landed; and while the King and his troops were shouting, the valorous Sergeant drew his sword, and commanded his

thirteen men to fix bayonets and follow him. They did so; and ran between the warriors and the victims, drove the captives into the garrison, and locked the door: "There," said he, "they belong to King George, and are free." For a while the King and his troops were panic-struck; but, on recovering themselves, the King stormed and threatened, if his slaves were not turned out, to cut the throat of every man and burn the garrison. All night the Sergeant and company were under arms, daring the whole army. It was not the little company of disciplined soldiers that deterred the King, but the apprehension of future consequences. That was a stormy night. The next morning the King came, and demanded his prisoners of war. "I have told you that slaves must be free on King George's land!" "I say nothing about slaves; my prisoners of war I demand." "Prisoners of war!" said the Sergeant, "we don't understand that. What we do now?" Fear lest he should violate the laws of war compelled him to open the garrison door, and allow the wolves to drag away the poor sheep who, throughout the night, had been delighted with the idea of belonging to the English. Seeing it was impossible to retain them in the garrison, the trading white man had undoubtedly advised the King to call them prisoners of war. The handsomest of the young women were sent as presents to the neighbouring Kings, who were his friends and sympathizers in the war; and the rest were forwarded to the slave-mart.

On his return to St. Mary's, Mr. Morgan sent home an account of his proceedings up the river, requesting that a successor to him might be sent to St. Mary's, and that he might have permission to proceed to Macarthy's Island, and take up his residence there. This was granted; and in a few months Mr. Hawkins and his wife arrived at St. Mary's, and Mr. Morgan soon proceeded to Macarthy's Island to build his house, and prepare for evangelistic effort. As the heat was intense, the temperature in the

shade being frequently  $110^{\circ}$ , he purposed erecting his house under the shade of the largest mahogany tree he had seen in the country, and was flattering himself with the prospect of a sweet retreat from the rays of the scorching sun; but to his vexation and grief he found, notwithstanding his design respecting the tree was well known before he left, that a trader had cut it down and taken it away. On this occasion, his feelings were too much like Jonah's, when deprived of his gourd. Though the loss of the tree diminished the value of the land seventy-five per cent., yet, as nothing better could be done, he at once, on the same site, commenced digging holes for posts, to support the roof of the house; but the heat was more than he could endure. One morning, having occasion to cross the Island where there was no track to mark the way, and not being able to obtain a guide, he set out, trusting to regulate his movements by the sun. On going forward the sun was on his *left*; and making allowance for his diurnal motion, in returning, he expected the sun would be on his *right*; but, unfortunately, before he could march back, the sun was vertical, and, in endeavouring to regulate his movements by the sun, he kept walking in a circle, repeatedly returning to the same point, until quite exhausted; when he and the little native servant boy lay down under the shade of a tree to wait for the sun's decline. After a while, they saw the legs of a Negro who was walking in the jungle; by whom they were guided to the starting-place of the morning. The action of the sun's rays upon the soil had made it so hot that they were obliged to step quickly; and if they halted, they were compelled to keep the feet in motion, to prevent them from blistering.

This fatigue and exposure brought such an attack of fever on the Missionary, as laid him up for several days, and put an end to all his building labours. Having taken three of the school boys with him, he taught them as well as he could in the wicker work hut he occupied when first on the Island; but the sides of it were so pervious to the

hot breezes, that oftentimes they were obliged to desist. On one of the hottest days, they were compelled to snatch up the books and slates, and run to the shade of a mahogany tree. In this cooling shade the thermometer soon indicated a decline of two degrees; but this relief had not been long enjoyed, when a hot breeze sprang up, which seemed like steam from the mouth of a boiling tea-kettle; and constrained them to scramble up the books, and speedily return to the cabin again. While located there, the Missionary preached to a small congregation, composed of the Sergeant and his company of black soldiers, about twenty settlers, and a few strangers.

The unfortunate old King still occupied his booth on the Island, and his starving army remained on the opposite side of the river. Their chief sustenance was the uncultivated fruits of the forest, and the bark of a tree which was first soaked in the river, and then dried in the sun and pounded. A considerable part of the warriors were subjects of the King of Whooley; these had their own diviners, by whom in their military movements they desired to be guided. The King of Cattabah had his also. The King and his foreign friends were at variance as to the best method of conducting the war. The diviners of both parties were directed to determine the disputed point by divination. Each party sought an omen by casting the entrails of an animal into the river, and watching the movements; but they could not agree in their divination; for each brought a report favourable to the opinions or inclinations of their own warriors. The King of Whooley's party declared that if they did not soon advance to meet the enemy, there was no hope of victory. Cattabah's seers said, that to remain till the enemy advanced on them, was the only way to avoid destruction. Each determined to follow their own diviners. At last famine drove them forth to battle. The Missionary had repeatedly spoken to the King of the purpose he had in view in coming to his country; but the only reply was, "My head is now too full

of war to attend to that." The afternoon before the army started, he paid the Missionary a visit: doubtless his object was to get all he could from the persons present. His preference for what gratified his appetite to the Missionary's instructions, he did not hesitate openly to declare. A trader presented him with a glass of liquor:—according to the custom of royalty there, he called for his attendant slave to taste it, and to spread a cloth between his face and the company, while he drank: as soon as he had swallowed it, he roared out, "*This is better than all the books in the world!*" Yet, on retiring, he said to the Missionary, "I am now going to fight the last battle, and to end the war: then I'll hear what you have to say, and will send you my boys, that you may make white men of them." Unhappily for him, it was the last attempt on his part; but it did not end the war.

The next morning the camp was broken up, and the warriors advanced through the forest until they saw the enemy; who, with horse and foot, was posted on a hill, and prepared to receive them. The sight proved enough to seize the whole of the King's troops with a panic. The King of Whooley's men shouted, "The rain season is at hand! the time for war is past! *every man to his home!*"—and departed. The rest fled, and left the poor old King to get back as he could. In the evening he returned; but, ashamed to see the white man, he spent the night in the jungle. The next morning he went to his island home, which was farther down the river; and as his enemy had no canoes, the water formed his protection. There he found an unexpected comforter; for a trader of the island had left him a small cask of rum. The next day, scattered fragments of the army returned hungry to Macarthy's Island. Among them Demba, the Captain; who remained until the next morning, and then followed his master, but found him intoxicated with rum. The King in a great rage reproached him as the cause of the desertion of the troops, and ordered him to depart from the island.

Remembering that years before the King had sold his mother as a slave, Demba had no sooner reached the opposite land, than he reminded his master of this fact, and also that it had never been avenged. "Now," said he, "is my opportunity; I'll soon bring your enemy upon you." He then fled to his native town. Kemmingtang, hearing that Demba had deserted his old master, sent a message requesting him to come to his camp; when he arrived, Kemmingtang said, "Now, Demba, if you will bring me your master's head, I'll give you the best horse in my camp." The bargain was at once struck. "Give me so many men and so many horses, and I'll bring you the head to-morrow."

Early the next morning a trader on the King's island was disturbed by the cracking of muskets. On advancing to the place indicated by the report, he saw that the few armed men who kept watch over the King were shot dead, and Demba, with the King's head in his hand,—which he had hacked off with his sword, as the old man lay on his bed,—was about to cross the river. As soon as he reached Kemmingtang's camp with the long sought trophy, the air rang with shouts, and great feasting commenced. The next day, Demba was called upon to choose his horse, when unfortunately he made choice of the Chieftain's charger. This was regarded as an important omen of future aspiration to the office and authority of the Chief. "What! what, Demba, do you want my horse?" said Kemmingtang. "The sooner you leave the camp the better for you." To save his head, Demba speedily departed without the horse. He became the leader of a band of vagabonds, and for several years kept up a kind of guerilla warfare. To avenge the death of the King, his brother collected an army and resumed the war; and thus for several years it was prolonged.

It being the first week in May, and the rainy season at hand, it was needful for Mr. Morgan to return to St. Mary's, to be with his successor during the time of the seasoning

fever. The first tornado led the Missionary to avail himself of an opportunity to descend the river in a small vessel, the property of a Mulatto lady, who was then on board of it. Her residence was on the south bank of the river, about half way to the British Settlement. She could speak English pretty well; and as Mandingo was her vernacular tongue, she helped the Missionary in his endeavours to form a grammar of the language, and imparted much information respecting the customs and superstitions of the natives. On stopping at a trading port, she said, that the last time she came down the river, she there saved the life of a native woman, who was about to be put to death under a charge of witchcraft. This poor woman, and several others, were washing their garments at the edge of the river. One of the company, seeing a large crocodile in the river approaching them, pointed to it with her finger, and said, "*Bambah a naktah.*" ("Crocodile is coming.") It was a common sight, and she resumed her work without any apprehension of danger, until the monster snapped her leg, and she fell on his back, crying, "I am gone! I am gone!" The animal dragged her under water to the opposite bank of the river; and there devoured her. A cunning man was immediately sent for to find out the author of this calamity. He soon discovered that it was not a natural crocodile, but a woman with whom the poor victim had lately quarrelled, who by witchcraft had transformed herself into the shape of a crocodile, and so sought revenge. The woman was soon found and sentenced to be beaten to death; but the influence of this lady, half Christian as well as half white, was sufficient to rescue her.

Did not the natural instinct keep these amphibious animals from going further than the edge of the water, neither human beings nor animals would be safe in the neighbourhood of African rivers. Having a milch goat on board, to supply milk for the coffee, and a few other animals requiring fodder, when the vessel anchored to wait for the tide, these were put on shore and tethered to bushes,

that they might safely graze. On one such occasion, a screaming bleat from the goat was heard on deck; Mr. Morgan looked to the spot whence the sound came, and saw a large crocodile with the goat in his mouth descending the bank into the river; it plunged below the surface, then rose again, and after one more shrill bleat the poor goat was silent and at ease in the monster's stomach. The men manned the boats and pursued, and fired their muskets at the crocodile: the splash of the balls was seen on the head and back; yet so impenetrable was its armour, that all they could do did not even make it increase its speed. Crocodiles have large gullets. As two little boys were standing, and gathering fruit from a tree, near the lair of one of these ferocious creatures, the brute crept up unobserved from the river, snapped the leg of one of them, swallowed him whole, and then lay down again to sleep. The other boy ran into the town, and told the parents of his companion what had happened. In the meantime, a hunter returning from his sport, having his musket charged with slugs, passed near the spot, saw the crocodile, and, wishing to discharge the load of his gun, fired at him. The animal happened to be lying a little on one side, so that the vulnerable part under the shoulder was exposed; the slugs struck there and took effect; the creature plunged into the water and came up again to die. The hunter had no idea of wounding, and so proceeded homeward. When the bereaved parents and others reached the place, they found the crocodile dead, at once cut it to pieces, and took the whole child from the stomach, and, excepting where the leg had been snapped, without a mark upon the body. Fresh water seems to be the common resort of the crocodile, yet they are often found in estuaries where the water is as salt as the sea. When on land, the strength of their short legs is astonishing. One supposed to be thirty feet long, lay in the shallow water opposite St. Mary's; the body was visible, and the Commandant's groom passing by with a large horse saw it, but mistook it for a canoe turned upside down. The crocodile caught a leg of the horse, and, despite the

resistance of the poor animal and the strength of the groom, pulling by the halter, was fast dragging both into the water. A number of black soldiers ran and fired their muskets, and caused the crocodile to let go his hold: but the leg of the horse was nearly bitten off. After retreating a few feet into the water, he lay with his head towards his enemies, and bade them defiance; several rounds were fired, but he kept his ground, and the soldiers retreated. The Mulatto lady who favoured Mr. Morgan with a passage to her residence, invited him to remain a day or two and preach to her slaves, which he did. By the next conveyance he left for St. Mary's, and she committed her son, a boy of about nine years of age, to his care and instruction.

The first time Mr. Morgan went up the river, he observed at one of the ports a people of jet complexion, much darker than the generality of Negroes, whose features seemed of European type, and formed a perfect contrast to the thick lips and flat noses of their neighbours. From the interpreter he ascertained that they were travelling mechanics, who secured a living by scooping out canoes and bowls, and making pestles, mortars, calabashes, and such like things; that they moved their camps from place to place to find wood suited to their calling, leaving heaps of ashes and litter behind them, like the Gipsies in Europe; and that they were a distinct tribe called Loubies. When at Cantalicunda, among the multitudes attracted to see the so much dreaded white men, he observed a separate company of men standing together, more distinguished from the rest by the whiteness of their complexion, than the Loubies by their blackness; yet the features were of the same type. The interpreter said that they also were a distinct tribe, who lived by cultivating the land, and breeding cattle, and were called Foulahs. "Did you ever hear of any relation between them and the Loubies?" "Yes," he replied, "they have descended from one father who was a white man; and their own account of themselves is, that many years ago their father, a white man, came to this country,

and took a black wife, by whom he begat two sons, named Foulah and Louby. He became very rich in grain and cattle. Foulah was industrious like his father, and delighted in following his example: Louby was an idler, and spent his time in chopping sticks. The father at his death left all his cattle to Foulah, and gave Louby nothing but an axe. The two families parted, and from that time to the present have continued in the occupations of their fathers." The Foulahs are much oppressed by the warlike chieftains, who are the lords of the soil, but are industrious, and permitted to cultivate the land. They are widely scattered over the continent, and hate slavery and war. The Missionary thought them to be the most hopeful subjects for evangelical effort, and meditated a plan for benefitting them. Near the residence of the before-mentioned Mulatto lady he found a small town of Foulahs, had an interview with the head man, and asked him what he thought of the following plan for benefitting their tribe:—The King of England to purchase of the neighbouring chiefs a large tract of land and throw it open to them, that, independently of the Mandingo Kings, they might enjoy the fruits of their own labour. The land to be under English protection, until they could protect themselves; that they should receive a Christian teacher from England, but should live according to their own laws until they desired something better. He replied, "It would be the greatest blessing that could be bestowed on us. Freed from the oppression of the Mandingoes, excepting the whites, we should soon be the richest people in the world." "Well, I cannot promise you that it shall be done: but if I live to return to England, I will do what I can to promote it." "I may not tell the people of my town what you have said, nor can I be certain that all our tribe would take the advantage of the plan: but I and my people here would gladly enter on the land." "But why may you not mention it to your people?" "Because they would say I am a liar, and would not believe that any white man has so much

care for their welfare: yet we belong to you, we are not Negroes." "How do you claim to be related to us?" He then repeated the before-mentioned account of themselves and the Loubies. "How do you account for the difference of complexion between you and the Loubies? You are much whiter than the Mandingoes, and the Loubies much blacker. How is this?" "The reason is, we never intermarry with another tribe; but the Loubies have mixed with the Mandingoes, and lost their complexion." Proud of their descent from a white man, their notion of superiority to the Negro is such, that they will never consent to one of their daughters marrying the greatest Negro King; nevertheless their daughters are often taken by the lords of the soil, and thereby lost to the tribe.

In the year 1814, the Captain of the American brig *Oswego*, who was wrecked on the coast of Morocco, described a tribe of people whose identity with the Foulahs can hardly be doubted. The Mohammedan who was his guide overland to Mogadore, declared them to be a set of dogs not fit to live, and nearly as vile as the Christians. "If the Emperor were to send an army to destroy them," said he, "they would die like dogs, without lifting a sword to defend themselves. Or if God were to send a Christian's ship on shore, they would not take a bit of the wreck, nor seize a man for slavery." It is clear that in this locality, as well as further south, they were a despised, defenceless, and oppressed people. It is gratifying to the English traveller to learn that the miseries of these victims of oppression have been mitigated by the philanthropy of his own government: and while contemplating their existing wretchedness, humanity finds relief in the fact that their minds become reconciled to their circumstances. Of both these particulars the Missionary had proof, in the following occurrence. One bright moonlight night, as he was coming down the river with an old native slave-dealer, a number of Foulahs were enjoying a noisy dance on the south bank of the stream, when the old man said, "They owe all that enjoyment to

you English. During the time of the slave trade, if a Foulah was caught within sight of the river, even by a Mandingo boy, he became his lawful prize for the slave market: but now you see they come and dance without fear at the very edge of the water. Had the English continued the slave-trade as they did when I was young, there would have been no people left near this river. Years ago they would have been all carried away."

On the British Sovereigns and Government, blessings the most grateful have been and now are poured forth from the hearts of thousands of emancipated slaves; but curses the most vindictive and terrible have come from the hearts of the slave-dealers, both black and white. When the great King of Whoolly was asked by Mr. Morgan what was the price of an able-bodied slave, his reply was, "Just what we can make of him. You English have ruined that trade." On entering a town on the coast, Mr. Morgan met a white man, a native of America, who accosted him as follows:—"Now I'll tell you what, above all things, I should like to see; a gibbet erected on each side of this entrance, and old Clarkson hanging on one side, and old Wilberforce on the other."

On returning to St. Mary's, he found his successors in health; but in a few days they were both brought very low with the country fever. The young man had a narrow escape for his life. The Staff surgeon declared that the crisis was come, and that if the power of the fever was not broken by the next day, no hope of recovery could be entertained. It may be advantageous to know the kind of treatment by which his life was preserved. Mr. Morgan, guided by his own experience, several times during the night had his patient stripped and supported in a chair; then, standing by him on another chair, he poured four or five buckets of cold water on his head; and, immediately afterwards, wrapped him in blankets, and put him in bed to perspire. As soon as the perspiration ceased, the treatment was repeated. This was done several times, and the result was satisfactory.

The tradition of the Foulahs respecting their origin, was confirmed by an aged man of the Louby tribe, whom Mr. Morgan met several hundreds of miles from the place where he first heard the legend from the Foulahs. When asked if he had ever heard of a connexion between his race and the Foulahs, the man related the tradition as before recorded. "I wonder at your retaining an account so reproachful to your father Louby," said the Missionary. He replied, "It is known to be true, therefore it is of no use to conceal it." *Foulah* seems to be an Arabic term, denoting a Boor, or agriculturist. On that continent there are several tribes bearing names much the same in sound, as *Feloops*, *Felahts*, and *Futa-Foola*; this last term in Mandingo signifies, "Foolish Foola." There is an extensive territory called *Foulah-due*, or Foulah Country. Once these names may have been the same, but now they vary in different parts from the original Arabic, by other languages supplying the vowels; and the tribes may have been all united, but become broken and scattered by the fortune of war. The great difference in their complexion may be the result of intermixture with Mandingoes and others, like that of the Loubies; yet Mr. Morgan inclines to the opinion, that the Foulahs who more particularly engaged his attention, are distinct from all the others. Owing to the seven months' annual drought, the delight of the Foulahs in breeding cattle—which they say has characterized them from their father—could not be gratified without their present migratory habits. The habits of the other Foulah tribes, as far as the writer could ascertain, were different. The *Feloops* on the coast near Cape Roxo were a located people, having a small kingdom, but reported as cannibals. Wherever cannibalism prevails, it doubtless originated in famine or want of cattle.

Among barbarians, history may not be expected; and the only tradition which the Missionary found worthy of credit, was that of the Foulahs. Among the Mandingoes, there are men called *Finners*, whose profession is to hold

and transmit to posterity the origin and important events of their tribe and country. If hired, they spend days in reciting events; but from the character they bear, and the dealings of the Kings with them, no confidence can be placed in their narratives. Above all men, these savage Kings seem ambitious of immortalizing their names, and of being thought famous by posterity; to this end the traditionists are bribed, and allowed unlimited licence among their people. The Missionary followed one of them in a town whence he had but recently departed; and was informed of the outrages he had committed. Above all, he had cursed the King's mother, which alone would have brought death upon any other person. According to the laws of the country, any man is justified in putting another to death if he curses his mother; and such is the prevailing abhorrence of this crime, that men who have sufficient strength will generally do it. On Macarthy's Island, the writer saw the Commander of the King of Cattabah's army running in a rage after an insolent black woman,—a British subject,—with his sword drawn; because she had cursed his mother. A British sentinel stopped him, by charging with his bayonet, or he might have slain her.

There, as in all barbarous countries, the remnants of conquered and scattered kingdoms, now existing as small detached tribes, indicate the devastations of war. Laws and customs may be found, which evidence the descent from a better state of society. Over a large extent of the country, the Mandingoes seem to be the last great conquerors; but by war among themselves they are divided into small kingdoms. This is the result of having no legislature. In every town there is a municipal executive of existing laws; but nothing is known of new laws. This was advanced as the ground of objection to anything new among them. They have the Indian maize, and regard it as a great acquisition: yet it is but little grown. When asked why they did not cultivate it more extensively, the answer was, "We have no laws to protect it from depreda-

tions." It is said that the small Kings are subject to the greater Kings, who reside at a distance; but brute force appeared to be the chief and reigning lawgiver. In manly exercises, and some show of civilization, the Mandingoes seem to be in advance of all the other tribes. At the coronation of their Kings, the pomp and military pageantry is considerable; and the shape of the crown, though of very different value, is the same as that worn by the British Sovereign. It is composed of leather, made and coloured by themselves. A band of it surrounds the royal head; bows of the same material rise over the head in crown-like form, ornamented with small neatly made pads of coloured leather; rendered precious by the greegrees enclosed, which are for the preservation of the honoured head that wears the crown.

In the year 1823, Mr. Morgan, in company with the British Commandant and other gentlemen, went to show respect to the King of Barraah at his coronation. There appeared to be thousands of his armed warriors gathered together, who, when the white men came, were executing a sham fight, affecting all the barbarous rage of real warfare. No idea of order or design in arrangement could be seen. Every man seemed determined with the greatest speed to shoot the man nearest to him: they ran promiscuously among each other, having the chest bent on the knees, and with the mouth made a noise as much as possible like that of enraged bears. This with the continued flashing and cracking of muskets over a wide space rendered the scene terrific. Standing on an elevated bank and looking over it, one could imagine nothing to resemble it, but the breaking up of the infernal regions. This terror was relieved by observing the agility of the young warriors, who would grasp the barrels of the muskets in their hands, swing the muzzle to the ground, raise their feet above the butt end of it, and then pitch on their feet erect with the muskets in their hands. Nearer to him a company performing a war dance was harmlessly brandishing the sword with remarkable dexterity, though the whole appeared to be without rule or order. By and

bye the King, accompanied by his Chiefs, came forth, and was seated on an elevated chair of English manufacture. An old Mohammedan Chief put the crown on his head. This was followed by great shouting and firing. The Commandant, having a sergeant's company of black soldiers, marched forth and fired several volleys over the King's head. The prompt obedience and simultaneous firing of the soldiers astonished all the natives. The King rose on his feet to acknowledge the compliment, declaring it to be an honour which his fathers never dreamt of, and asserted that the whole of his kingdom was at the Commandant's disposal. Then he issued an order to all his people present, that they were never to think or speak of him as a black King, as he was determined from that time to be a white King, and his mother by his side would be a white Queen.

The next part of the ceremony was performed by an old Chief, who stood before the throne, and inquired with a loud voice, "*What King is this? Is this the King of France?*" "No!" "Is it the King of Portugal?" "No!" As the representative of the British Sovereign was present, the King of England was not named; but every other King they could recollect was mentioned, and the last negative was followed by the affirmative, "It is the great King of Barrah!" Then the King shows the people how fast he can run, and how well he can dance, and the drama ends in festivity.

About three weeks after the coronation, the King crossed the river, to get what he could of the white men. He first visited the Missionary, and told him that since he had become a white King, he trusted that the white men would treat him as such, and enable him to treat them, when they visited him, as a white King should do. "I am informed," said he, "that white Kings sleep on beds; I have nothing to sleep on but earth: you must give me a bed. White Kings, they tell me, eat their food on plates, and use knives and forks; I have nothing of the kind, and you must give me these things." He was told that the Government House was the proper place at which to make such applications:

so to the Commandant he went, and got his wants partially supplied.

Who but those acquainted with Negro dissimulation would believe that all these pretensions to friendship covered a feud, produced by what was considered as an insult offered by some white man to the King's father, or that within two years he would have laid a plan to kill all the white men, and burn their dwellings? This, however, was the case. He put some of his agents on the Island, who at certain places on a dark night were to make an appointed signal by fire, to intimate that they had spiked the cannon: and then his warriors, who were in waiting, were to cross the river in their canoes and execute the scheme. But Divine Providence ordered otherwise. His design was exposed by some of his own subjects who profited by trading with the white men. On the Island every possible preparation was made for self-defence; but the number of troops was but sixty, and the civilians capable of fighting many less; and, if the savage hordes could have landed, they would have met with but a comparatively feeble resistance: but by throwing up rockets, blue lights, and red-hot shots by night, the King was frightened. In a few days he sent over his oldest chief to inquire wherein the King had offended the white men. He had been told that the white men were about to invade his country. The Chief was sent back with the Commandant's compliments to the King, and to inform him that the white men knew his intention, and were prepared to give him a warm reception, and would be glad to receive him to-morrow. The next day the King himself came over, declaring the whole of the information to be false, and repeating his former protestations of friendship. The Commandant took him to the fort, and demonstrated the power of the cannon over an old canoe placed in the middle of the river; also the distance a bomb-shell could be thrown from a mortar, which led him to acknowledge the hopelessness of their succeeding in war with white men, except in the jungle. He returned home and disbanded his army.

The death of the King's father in a measure illustrated the mystery of the fulfilment of some of their prophecies, and also the source of the power of their incantations. Among the various crafts somewhat related to witchcraft, some of the people are skilful in making a poison, so as to produce death in six hours, six days, or six months. In the preceding year, when visiting a town in that kingdom, the Missionary was informed that there would be a new King in six months. In reply to the question, "How do you know that?" his informant said, "A man has made a powerful greegree to kill the King, and has run away: and the King, though he knows it, cannot catch him." Soon after, Mr. Morgan learned that the inhabitants of the town nearest to the British settlement, in which, according to the custom of the kingdom, the next Monarch would reside, had found among them a young damsel, too beautiful for any man but the King, to whom they presented her to be his wife. Being the youngest wife, according to established custom, it was her privilege alone to enjoy the King's society, to cook his food, and present it, for a month. Therefore at the end of six months he was not surprised to find the prophecy fulfilled, and the virtue of the incantation demonstrated. Soon after his coronation, the new King inherited, through the death of his brother, a large number of cattle, and a hundred wives. Cattle, slaves, and wives are alike regarded as *property*. The treatment of the wives answers to this notion; for to meet the husband's convenience they are as readily sold as slaves, and more commonly given as pledges or security. A trader going down the coast leaves a quantity of European goods with a Chief, with which to procure country produce for him on his return. As security he says, "Take away with you two or three of my wives." The trader will endeavour to find some of the most respectably connected. Nothing like natural affection may be expected among any of them, as the female children are in the ordinary way betrothed in infancy. A young or an old man sees a babe on her mother's breast, and says to the parents, "I request that child for my wife." He

offers a present according to the rank of the parents, which being accepted on their part, the agreement is concluded. He is not expected to visit the child again until she is three or four years old, when she is required to take the first step in confirmation of the treaty, by retiring and eating a bowl of rice with him, the two putting their hands together into the bowl. At nine years of age he carries her a country cloth, as the first garment she has ever worn. Now she has the right to refuse further connexion with him : but if she does, she is bound to celibacy for life. If any man marry her, he and his property are at the disposal of the repudiated. The time for marriage is fixed by the girl's mother, who, to be released from an anxious responsibility, will appoint it as early as possible.

Owing to the devastations of war in every kingdom, all things appeared to be in an unsettled state. From their ancestors of more than two or three generations, neither Kings nor people seemed to have inherited anything; and the present generation appeared to be perfectly regardless of posterity. For hundreds of miles, a tree planted by a native for ornament or utility was not to be seen. Though a certain nut called *cola* is so highly appreciated among them, that a few sent by a King to a white man are always considered as a mark of great respect, which was in several kingdoms shown to the writer; yet he could never find a tree that produced them, until he raised one himself, which grew luxuriantly. Seeing the natives are so fond of this nut, which is brought from a distance, he expressed his surprise that they did not propagate the tree; but the reply was, "What is the use of my raising trees that grow too slowly to bear fruit in my life-time?" Rice is an important article of food with the natives. The cultivation of it devolves on the women, who dig the land when it is overspread with water, and sow the rice on the water. Several kinds of maize are very productive, and are grown by the men, who have no knowledge of ploughs or of the use of horses or oxen in cultivating the land, but providentially are favoured with a light sandy soil; and this the young

men of the town, mutually assisting each other, work with considerable dexterity. Having cleared the soil and sown the seed upon it, they proceed with wooden hoes, shod with iron, to scoop out furrows, a foot and a half apart, and bury the grain with their feet. During the heavy rains the furrows drain the land, and prevent the soil from being washed away. A taller-growing maize, which reaches from twelve to twenty feet in height, is sown in lines, and between the lines cotton is sown. In five months the maize is ripe, and drawn up, and soon after the cotton is fit for gathering. This is cleared, and spun by hand for the making of garments. In every town there is at least one man a hand-loom weaver. The loom, which is on a small scale, is exactly on the same principles as those lately used in most parts of England. The harness is about fifteen inches wide; a long strip of this width the workman weaves and rolls on the beam. In order to be wound round the waist, or thrown as a scarf over the shoulder, it is cut up the length of their garments, and sown together in two or three breadths on the selvage. It is dyed with indigo, which is an indigenous weed.

The spontaneous productions of the land, supplemented by the fruit of the little labour put forth by the natives, supply them with the necessaries of life: of our comforts and luxuries they know nothing. The forests abound with floral beauties, but the people are sunk so far below primitive civilization that they have no taste for natural loveliness. Artificial beauties they can admire; but to speak to them of the beauty of a flower is regarded as absurd. The Missionary, while planting some of the beautiful vincas in the front of his house, was accosted by a savage who was looking over the fence, and said, "What are you doing there, white man?" "Don't you see? I am planting these beautiful trees." "I did not know that they were good to eat." "Nor I." "I never heard that they were good for medicine." "Nor I." "They must be good for one or the other, or you would not plant them." "I assure you that I plant them to look at, because they are so beautiful."

With difficulty he was persuaded that the white man meant what he said: then with astonishment he exclaimed, "I always thought a white man had a good head, but now I am convinced that the white man is a fool. Plant a tree to look at! Who ever heard of such a thing?" The music of the feathered inhabitants of the forest, described by several modern travellers, Mr. Morgan could never hear. During nearly five years' residence, spent chiefly in the forests, with the exception of the twittering of a small linnet, he heard nothing but the harsh screaming of the parrot and other birds, accompanied with the most doleful croaking. The colours of many kinds of birds were the most splendid he had ever seen.

The Fauna of the forest, comprising antelopes and several kinds of deer, was abundant, but of little benefit to the natives, as their weapons for killing comprehended scarcely anything but bows, arrows, and spears. The same cause made wild fowl, guinea fowl, partridges, and pheasants, of scanty service. Some had muskets, but were awkward in handling them.

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For some time after the Missionary's return to England, he vainly endeavoured to find some person of influence who would gain access for him to the Colonial Secretary. In 1832 he became acquainted with that great friend of the Negro race, Dr. Robert Lindoe, who, through the influence of the Duchess of Beaufort, opened his way to the Colonial Office; where he laid before Lord Goderich, then Colonial Secretary, his plan for localizing the Foulah tribes: namely, to purchase a large tract of land from the warlike Chiefs, and, under British protection, throw it open to as many of the tribe as would, with their cattle, enter upon it; and allow them to cultivate the land in their own way, and live under their own laws, until, benefitted by Christian instruction, they desired something better. His Lordship was much pleased with the plan, but said it would be

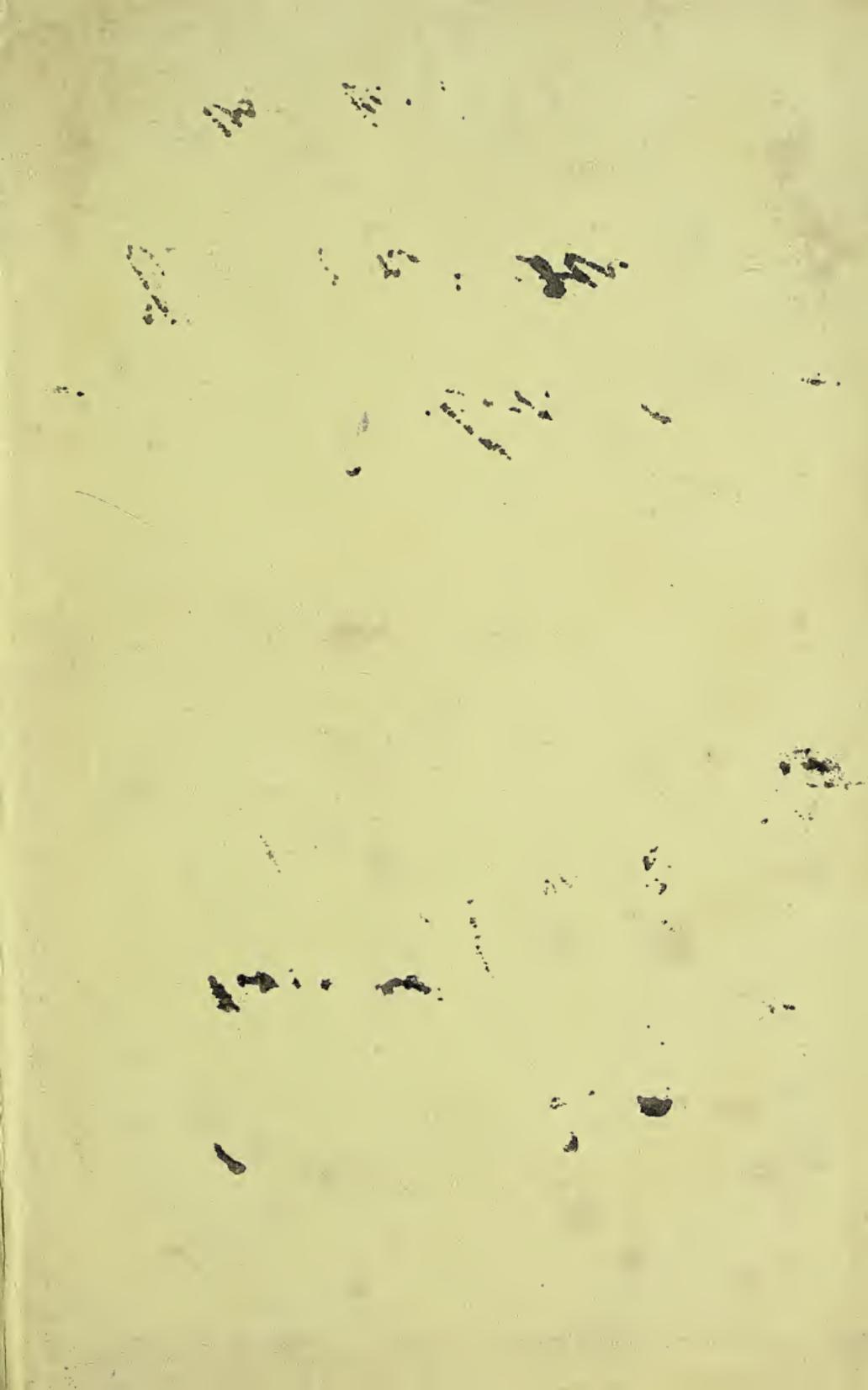
useless to propose anything to Parliament for the improvement of Africa, that would be attended with expense to the Government, as the expense incurred by Sierra Leone was a subject of great complaint: yet if philanthropists would buy the land, and make a present of it to the Government, he thought they might calculate on Government protection until the people were able to defend themselves. Nevertheless his Lordship then secured to the Wesleyan Missionary Society six hundred acres of land, that had been promised to the Missionary by his Excellency Sir Charles Macarthy, Governor of Sierra Leone, but not secured before he was slain in war with the Ashantees.

The Missionary travelled and begged in the principal towns of England, and raised a considerable sum, which, supplemented by the princely generosity of Dr. Lindoe, was sufficient to purchase the land; and the amount of the annual subscriptions which were promised for five years, was enough to carry out the design. The management of the scheme was confided to a committee of gentlemen resident at Southampton, and composed of different sections of the Church. The Wesleyan Missionary Society supplied them with agents to collect and instruct the Foulahs. The Rev. Thomas Dove and his wife were sent to take possession of the six hundred acres of land on Macarthy's Island, and instructed to take with them John Cupidon and Pierre Sallah, native preachers, resident at St. Mary's. Macarthy's Island was to be the centre of their operations, and a tract of land on the continent, lying on the south side of the Island, was to be bought. They found the chiefs ready to cede the land; but at this juncture the British Cabinet was changed, and the scheme was dropped. The result, however, has been the establishment of a successful mission on Macarthy's Island.

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