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MY
COLOURED SCHOOLMASTER
AND
OTHER STORIES



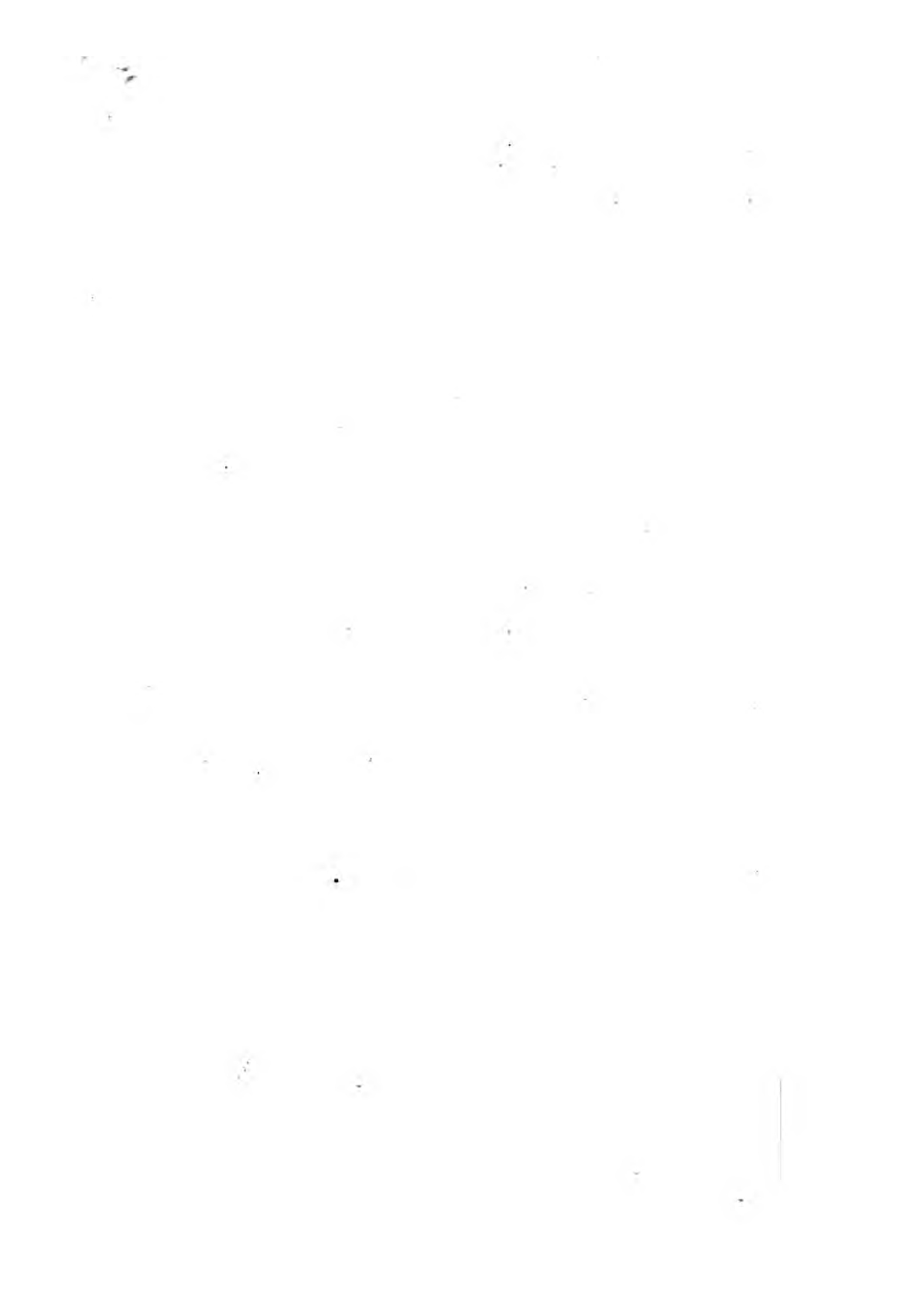
HENRY BLEBY.



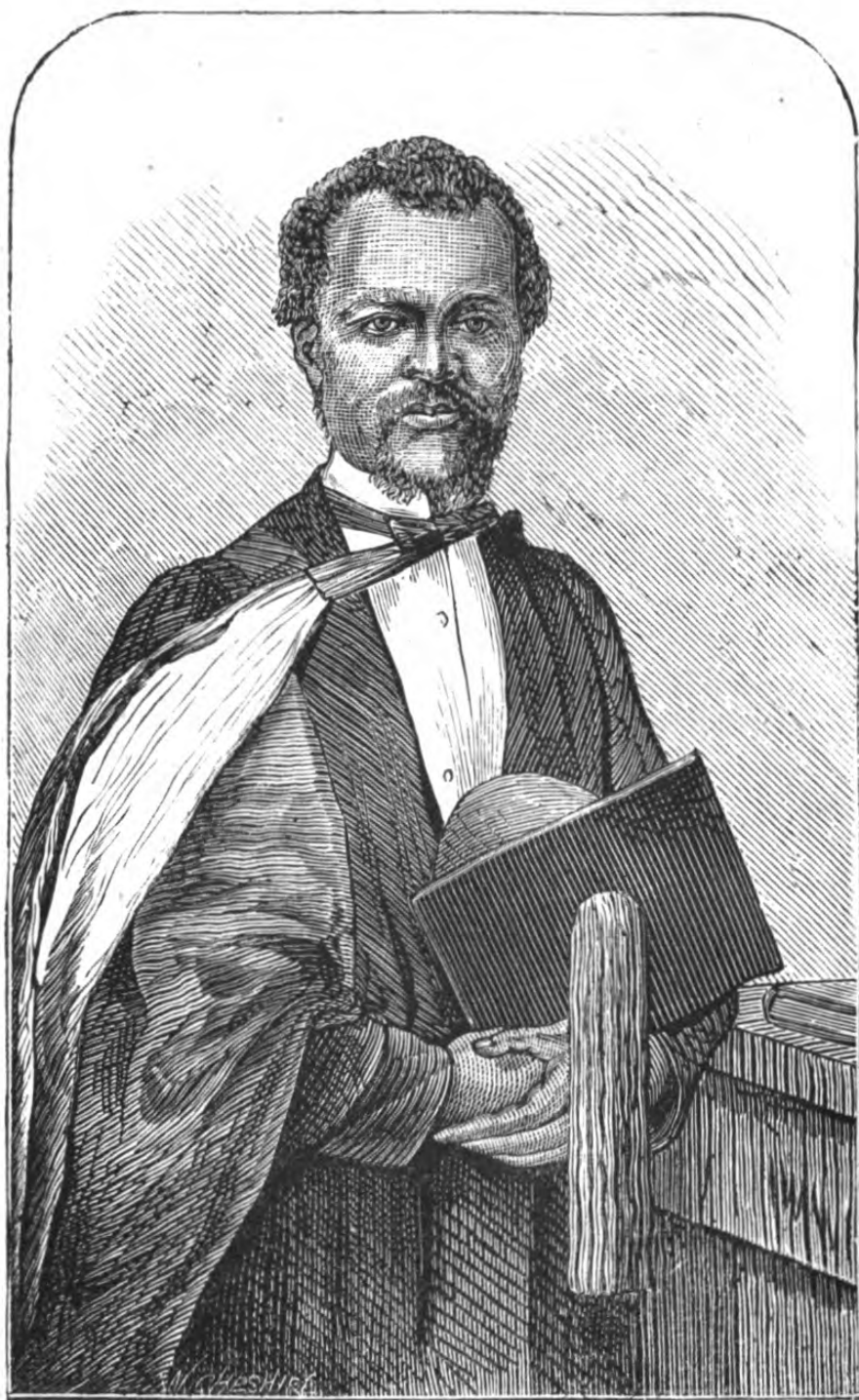
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MY COLOURED SCHOOLMASTER.

MY
COLOURED SCHOOLMASTER,
AND OTHER STORIES.

BY HENRY BLEBY,

AUTHOR OF "ROMANCE WITHOUT FICTION:" "THE STOLEN CHILDREN:"
"FEMALE HEROISM," "CAPTURE OF THE PIRATES," ETC., ETC.



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PREFACE.

“Now, Papa, please tell me a story.” This was a request frequently urged by my little daughter, between seven and eight years of age, as we took a morning walk together, in one of the sunny isles which form the eastern boundary of the Caribbean Sea. The earliest dawn often saw us winding round the base of the gentle slope on which, in the outskirts of the city, stood the pretty Presbyterian church; bent upon such a ramble in the country as we could accomplish before the fierce rays of the morning tropical sun drove us back to the shelter of home, and the attractions of the breakfast table. So it came to pass that my memory had to be ransacked, day after day, to call up the chequered experience of the past, and bring forth the fruit of my observation and reading, to gratify an omnivorous appetite for narrative and adventure, which I found to be as unceasing in its demands, on the part of the youthful companion of my early walks, as that of the Eastern Monarch, which called forth the wonderful series of tales and stories embodied in “The Arabian Nights’ Entertainments.”

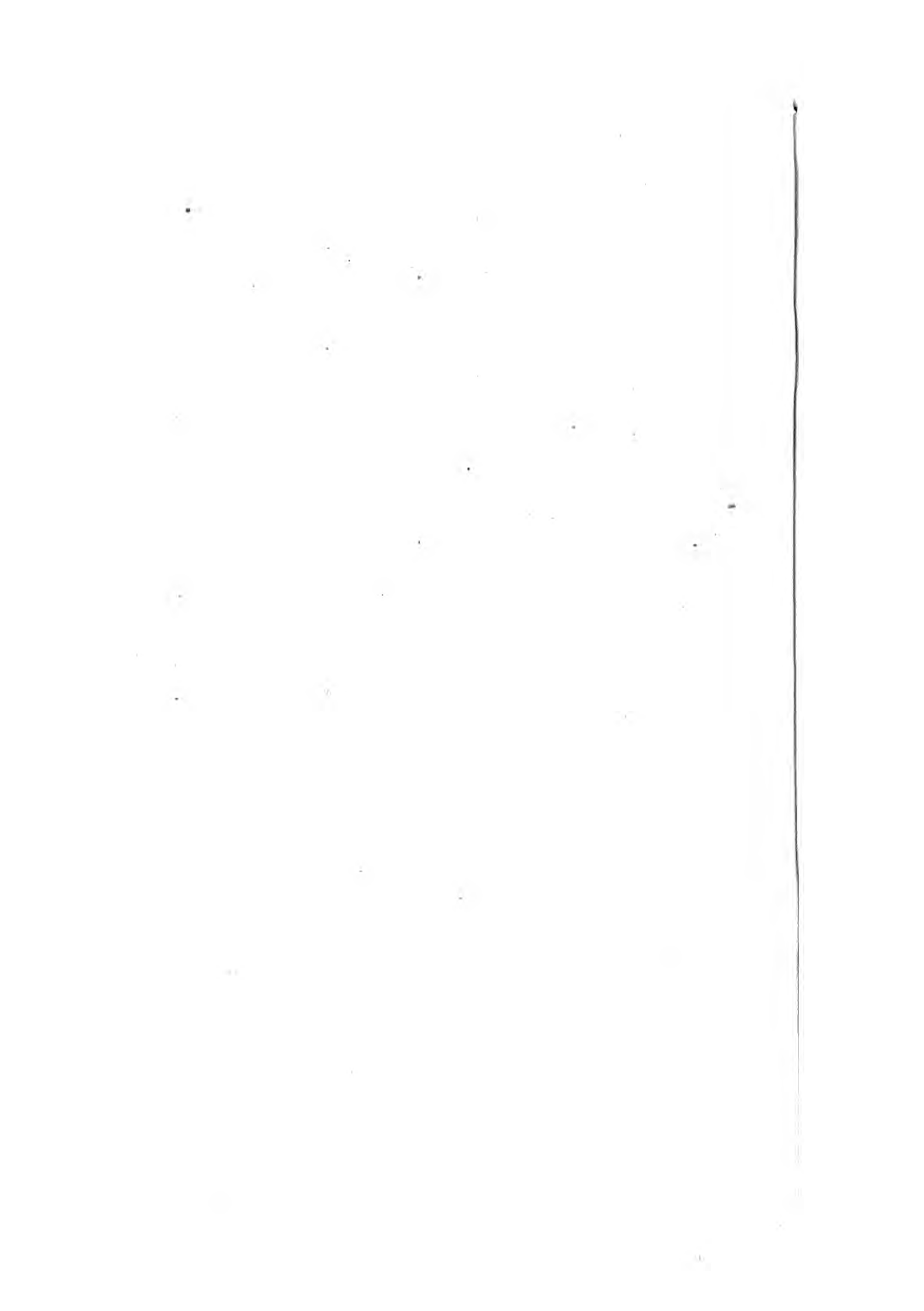
The demand continued. As younger children advanced to the age when the appetite for tales and narratives becomes developed, the cry was still, "Now, Papa, please tell us a story:" or, "Please, Papa, let us have the tale you promised to tell us." But, happily, by this time my store of incident and narrative had been increased. Failing health compelled me to spend some months in the United States of America. And as this was about the time when slavery was the all-engrossing question of the day, and the Abolition struggle was approaching its crisis, I was thrown much into the society of leading Abolitionists, and was often called upon to address large audiences on the results of Emancipation in the West Indies. In this connexion I became acquainted with many thrilling facts and incidents, which enabled me, without travelling into the regions of fancy and fiction, or calling upon imagination to furnish the materials, to meet the large demand for story-telling which was made upon me by my children, whose appetite for narrative seemed to grow continually upon that which it fed upon.

The greater part of the following tales had this origin.

H. B.

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MY COLOURED SCHOOLMASTER,

AND OTHER STORIES.

I.

MY COLOURED SCHOOLMASTER.

To combat for His glory here
The Father sent me forth ; and, lo !
The hour of victory draws near,
And conquered now is every foe ;
And I have borne me in the strife
As true and fearless warriors ought,
And bravely to the last have fought
Through all the wars and woes of life.

FROM THE GERMAN.



AS not the "Dairyman's Daughter" a Methodist, Papa? I have just been reading the book, which I think is written in a very beautiful and touching style ; and I observed that Elizabeth, the Dairyman's Daughter, seemed to be quite familiar with the hymns in our Hymnbook.

Yes, my dear, she was a member of the Methodist Society in the Portsmouth Circuit, and was brought to God through the instrumentality of the Rev. James

Crabb, a Methodist Preacher then stationed in that Circuit. It was doubtless owing to want of correct information on the subject that the pious author of that beautiful narrative represented Elizabeth as having been converted under the ministry of some nameless Missionary, who was wind-bound at the Isle of Wight on his way to New South Wales.

Has the error ever been publicly corrected?

Yes; in the "Methodist Magazine" some years ago, I remember meeting with one article or more, in which a true account of the religious experience of the Dairyman's Daughter was given. And in Dr. Abel Stevens's "History of Methodism," a most able and interesting work, in describing the introduction of Methodism to the Isle of Wight, the author does ample justice to this subject, and claims for Methodism what is due to it in connexion with the Dairyman's Daughter. The influence of Methodism extends its ramifications far beyond any human power to trace it, producing beneficent and gracious results, the origin of which is unknown and unsuspected. A case occurred not long ago, with which I was myself concerned, which serves to illustrate and confirm this fact. I refer to the case of C. J. Davis, who was called "the good black Doctor;" whose interesting history was prominently set forth in some English periodicals, such as the "Sunday at Home" and the "Family Friend," about 1871; also in a tract issued by the Religious Tract Society in the same year. No reference is made to Methodism in the articles or tract

referred to; but he was indebted to the instrumentality of Methodism, under the grace of God, for his conversion, and for the education and training which prepared him for that course of self-denying usefulness which was closed by his early and honourable death. I will just read to you the extract from Dr. Stevens's "History of Methodism," and then give you the true history of the good black Doctor, who was "my coloured Schoolmaster."

Dr. Abel Stevens says, "A single character has consecrated the Isle of Wight for ever in the history of Methodism and the regards of the Christian world." Then, after giving a brief account of the saintly person referred to, he says, "Such are only a few references to the most affecting, the most generally read of Christian idyls,—the Life and Death of Elizabeth Wallbridge, the Dairyman's Daughter, loved and wept over by millions, in the palaces of the wealthy, the cottages and hovels of the poor, the log cabins of emigrants in the frontier wildernesses of America and Australia, and in the homes of converted heathen throughout most of the missionary world. No history of Methodism that should omit her name would be complete; for, though her simple story touches no important chronological point of that history, and none of its great public facts, yet what better illustration do its annals afford of the essential spirit of Methodism, the spirit without which the letter would be dead? What better illustration of its beneficent and appointed task of bear-

ing the purifying and consoling blessings of the Gospel to the homes of the lowly? Though the beautiful vision of the Dairyman's Daughter flits but briefly across our historic track, yet she passes over it as an angel, leaving an unfading light upon her path, reminding Methodists in all the world, and probably for all ages, of the great lesson of their cause, its providential design, the preaching of the Gospel to the poor. And her life, obscure in itself, has become historical in its results: thousands have owed their salvation to its record: tens of thousands have received comfort and strength from it in their hours of extremity. It has been translated into at least thirty languages; and her grave attracts to her native island more pilgrims than go to see its unrivalled scenery, or to gaze upon the residence of the queen of her country, which adorns its beautiful coast."

As it was in the case of the Dairyman's Daughter, the narrative of whose beautiful character and peaceful death has been wept over by multitudes who never dreamt that they were perusing the blessed experience of a daughter of Methodism; so, many have read what has been published concerning the piety and heroism of the "good black Doctor" without knowing "the rock from whence he was hewn, the hole of the pit from whence he was digged." Although a native of Barbadoes, he was not, as it has been stated, born at Bridgetown; nor did he, as alleged, receive his education, or any part of it, at Codrington College.

In the early part of the year 1857, being then newly stationed in the Second Barbadoes Circuit, I went to Beulah, one of the stations under my charge, to deliver a lecture on the Solar System, illustrated by diagrams and dissolving views. I had to go early, as the preparation of gas and other arrangements necessarily occupied some time. Whilst I was thus engaged, a youth of about fifteen years of age very modestly and quietly gave a helping hand, whenever he saw that his services would be useful. I had before noticed him in the congregation several times, when I had gone to conduct the service at Beulah, and was much pleased with his intelligent countenance, and a devout behaviour in public worship which young persons of his age do not always exhibit.

I entered into conversation with him, and soon became interested. I found him to be a youth of remarkable intelligence, who had made good use of the scanty advantages with which he had been favoured. I had noticed, in the same pew where he sat, a gentlemanly-looking man, nearly black, and a pleasant-looking, lady-like woman, whose complexion seemed to be that of a quadroon. These I supposed, from their aged appearance, to be the parents of my young friend; and this I found to be the case. I soon became acquainted with them, and learnt that they were a Mr. and Mrs Davis, living at a short distance from the chapel, where they possessed a small piece of land with a house upon it; and that

they had been for some years respected members of the Methodist Church. They obtained a not very affluent living out of their little property by their own industry, planting sugar-canes, aloes, and the provisions requisite for the family, and also keeping a cow or two. My young friend, Christopher James Davis, was the eldest of a family consisting of several children.

From an early age, down to the time I met him, Christopher had been receiving instruction at our Mission School, under the care of an excellent Christian teacher, Mr. Renn Shepherd, who for a long period has exerted an influence in the training of the young in that neighbourhood, the beneficial results of which will never be fully understood until the great day shall declare them. But Christopher, when I first became acquainted with him, had proceeded in his education about as far as his good teacher was able to conduct him; and it fell to my lot, in the Lord's wise and gracious Providence, to open the door for his further advancement in the knowledge for which he cherished an ardent desire.

I found him under serious religious impressions, but not yet in the enjoyment of the peace of God, nor a member of the Church. Very soon after our acquaintance commenced he began to meet in class, and joined the Church of which both his parents were members, to their very great joy. His convictions deepened; he became an earnest seeker after

salvation ; and, before the end of the year, he experienced the great moral change which transforms the penitent sinner into a happy child and heir of God. He had already devoted himself to usefulness, as a teacher in the Sabbath School.

The more I knew of him, the more I became impressed with the persuasion that Christopher was a youth of unusual talent ; and that, if suitably trained, a future of great usefulness lay before him. Fortunately I had within my reach means available to aid in the development of this promising youth, and fit him to become the instructor of others ; and I thought it not improbable that, in due time, his way might be opened to the higher duties of the Christian Ministry, if he continued faithful to the grace of God which was in him.

I had before sent on young men to the Mico Institution, in Antigua, to be trained as teachers for our Mission Schools. There are two of these admirable Institutions in the West Indies, one in Antigua, and the other in Jamaica, which have rendered invaluable help in the work of educating the dark-skinned children of Africa in those Isles of the West. Their origin is somewhat remarkable, partaking a little of the romantic. Some time in the far-distant past, so remote that I cannot tell how long ago, a Lady Mico—probably the widow of some London magnate who had attained, by means now unknown, to the evanescent honour of knighthood—died, having, by bequest in her will, or by deed of gift,

appropriated the proceeds of certain lands in the Eastern part of London,—probably then of comparatively little value,—to be used in ransoming Christian slaves, held in miserable bondage on the coast of Barbary, carried thither by Algerine pirates and Moorish corsairs who captured them at sea. This practice of consigning men to hopeless slavery was doubtless very rife when the benevolent Lady Mico made this provision for their benefit, and continued to a comparatively modern period. The merciful design of this good Christian lady seems never to have been carried out, and no use was made of the property. Meanwhile the lands she had bequeathed came into requisition for building docks, warehouses, &c., and their value became immensely increased, far beyond anything that had ever been anticipated concerning them.

About the time that the Anti-Slavery movement in England was approaching its climax, and during the period that Lord Brougham occupied the wool-sack, the disposal of the Mico property came up for adjustment in the Court of Chancery. I do not know who were the parties or claimants in the cause; but as there were now no Christian slaves held in bondage on the coast of Barbary, since the bombardment of Algiers by the British fleet under Lord Exmouth, and the consequent breaking up of the cruel and oppressive system, it clearly was not practicable to apply the property to the purposes originally designed. But, as the nearest approach to fulfilling the inten-

tions of the donor, and as the thing most in accordance with her expressed wishes, Lord Chancellor Brougham decreed that the estate, vested in the hands of trustees, whom he appointed at the same time, should be appropriated to the education of the newly emancipated slaves in the West Indies. Accordingly an elaborate system of education, with a suitable Training Institution, was set on foot, and numerous schools were built in various parts of the West Indies. But that plan did not succeed. The schools, conducted at a very large expense, failed to prosper as had been expected; and the trustees ultimately came to the conclusion that they would most effectually accomplish their object, and fulfil their trust, if they provided for the training of good and efficient teachers, and left the management and oversight of the schools to the different religious denominations, who were already largely committed to the work of educating the young in the several West India Colonies. The result was the giving up of all the Mico schools, except those necessary for training purposes, and the establishment of two large Training Institutions, where teachers, belonging to all the religious bodies, could be trained and fitted for their work, at the expense of the Charity. One of these is situated at Kingston, Jamaica; and the other, available for all the Windward Islands and the Colony of British Guiana, is established at St. John's, Antigua. In these most useful Institutions hundreds of native teachers have been trained, under able

instructors, to take charge of schools scattered over all the West Indies. But for the aid which these noble Institutions have rendered, the state of education in the Islands would, doubtless, have been far behind what it now is.

To the Antigua Institution I resolved to send Christopher, whom I looked upon as my own protégé ; fully satisfied that, with the advantages which would be afforded to him there, he would develop into an efficient teacher of the young. I wrote to the able and gentlemanly Principal of the Institution, Mr. Oughton, who forwarded to me the papers which, under certain necessary restrictions, I was requested to have filled up by the candidate, in order that the Principal might be satisfied that he was up to the required standard in elementary knowledge. These proved to be quite satisfactory ; and, early in 1858, I sent on my young friend, with the necessary outfit of clothing, and some other trifling equipments, to commence his training. Board, lodging, washing, medical attendance, and books for study, were all supplied to him gratuitously by the Institution.

My young friend did not disappoint the expectations I had formed concerning him. From the Principal of the Institution I received from time to time very cheering accounts of his application and progress, and of the general excellence of his character and behaviour as a student. He soon outstripped all the other students in his attainments ; and at the end of the second year I received from the Principal

a most satisfactory report, accompanied by a request that I would allow Christopher to remain a third year at the Institution. To this I readily consented, and put another teacher to take charge of the School which I had designed for him. He made good use of his third year of study and training, and left the Institution with a high certificate of merit and efficiency, regarded by the Principal, and all who had to do with its government, as the most efficient and accomplished teacher who had ever passed through the Institution.

When he returned to Barbadoes, he was appointed to take charge of a school at Dalkeith in the suburbs of Bridgetown, which had been scattered and broken up through the inefficiency and mismanagement of the former teacher. At first Christopher found the work of restoring the school very difficult and discouraging; and when he had been there about six weeks, the prospect appeared to him to be so disheartening that he wrote and requested me to look out for another situation for him, and release him from the unpromising task which had been imposed upon him at Dalkeith. I replied to his letter, and urged him to persevere, and not yield to discouragement; assured that when he became a little better known to the people, he would be well appreciated by them, and soon have a large school under his care. He yielded to my advice, and remained in the neighbourhood.

My anticipations were soon realized. It became

well understood that Mr. Davis, the new teacher, was a very different man from his predecessor ; and by the end of the first quarter he had a school as large as the place he occupied for the purpose would accommodate. He soon proved himself to be a most able teacher,—second to none in the island. The school was a model of good order, and the children, under his masterly tuition, made the most satisfactory progress in every branch of study to which they were led. The Governor, Sir James Walker, showed great interest in Mr. Davis and his school, to which he was a frequent visitor.

After his return from Antigua, Christopher, who possessed in a respectable degree the gift of utterance, began to exercise his gifts in the pulpit, and became in due course an Exhorter and then a Methodist Local Preacher, taking his appointments in regular order on the Circuit Plan. His ministry was everywhere very acceptable ; but nowhere was his preaching listened to with more pleasure and satisfaction than at Beulah, where he was awakened and brought to God, and where his parents sat with streaming eyes to listen to the words of truth and salvation which flowed from the lips of the son whom they had nurtured with much solicitude and many prayers beneath their lowly roof. Surely there can be no greater earthly joy than that which swelled the hearts of those loving parents on such occasions as these.

Thoughts of devoting his life and energies to the work of the Ministry, I know, occupied the mind of

Christopher ; and we had frequent conversation and prayer together on this momentous subject. Had I remained in Barbadoes, I have little doubt that he would now have been numbered amongst the most able and useful Ministers of the Gospel in the West Indies. But about the time when he was to appear before the District Meeting as a candidate for our Ministry, I was, in the course of those changes which arise out of the Methodist itinerancy, removed to another District, and my immediate connexion with Christopher ceased,—though our correspondence continued until he went to Europe.

I dwell not upon the cause. Christopher J. Davis did not enter the Methodist Ministry ; no blame, however, attaching to him ; and I have always regretted that a young man so full of promise, and undoubtedly possessing eminent talents for usefulness, should have been discouraged, and lost to our Missionary Ministry. It is just such men that we want,—natives of the soil, men possessing the ability and untiring energy which Mr. Davis so strikingly exhibited in another sphere,—to evangelize and wake up the slumbering energies of the children of Africa in our West Indian Colonies.

Such was the Methodist history of my “coloured Schoolmaster ;” afterwards to be more extensively known and esteemed as the “good black Doctor ;” although he was not *black*, but what in his own country would be called “a Sambo,” his mother having a considerable portion of European blood.

We have now to follow Mr. Davis through the seven years which elapsed from the time that I parted with him, on my departure to British Guiana in 1864, until he finished his honourable and useful career at Sedan in 1871.

Mr. Davis became associated with some of the Plymouth Brethren, so called; and probably under their auspices he proceeded to England, in 1865 or 1866; which proved to be his final parting from the land of his birth, and his parents and kindred. It is certain that he found among his new religious associates friends who were able to afford him aid. Two of them, Mr. and Mrs. Chrimes, of Moorgate, Rotherham, made Mr. Davis, on his visit to France, their almoner to the extent of a thousand pounds: and it is probable that, amongst the wealthy members of the denomination, he found friends disposed to help him in the studies necessary to prepare him for the profession he had chosen. But, however this may have been, he obtained means to prosecute his medical studies and to graduate at Aberdeen, where he took the degree of M.D. in April, 1870.

The intellectual vigour which enabled Mr. Davis to distance all competitors at the Antigua Mico Institution, in those lower grades of study which were to fit him for usefulness as the teacher of a primary Negro school, did not fail him when he had to grapple with the more important and formidable *curriculum* of study at the Aberdeen University. In his first year he gained the Examiner's Prize for

proficiency in practical Anatomy, and likewise a Junior Scholarship in Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry. While pursuing these various branches of study with diligence and success, he devoted himself to the work of an evangelist, with great comfort to his own mind, and much benefit to his fellow creatures. He preached in London, Aberdeen, and many other places, to large congregations; and his ministry was greatly blessed. "It was my pleasure," writes a gentleman in London to his friend, "to hear Mr. Davis speak at the Rev. Gordon Calthorpe's church. I have seldom listened to a more effective speaker, whether white or black. Mr. Davis spoke fluently, with very pure and agreeable accent, and possessed an easy and pleasant manner, which fitted him to reach all ranks of society."

An Aberdeen newspaper said concerning him, "As is known to our readers, Dr. Davis was a blithe, handsome-looking man, with exceedingly frank and affable manners. He possessed considerable ability, and graduated at the University here in the spring of the present year. He was perhaps best known in this quarter in connexion with his evangelical meetings. He took a very earnest and active interest in the welfare of the poor and degraded classes, during the time of his residence here as a medical student; and, we know from thoroughly impartial testimony, was the means of doing a great deal of good. He did all this without in the slightest manner obtruding himself upon the notice of the public; and many a

good deed, which deserved to be proclaimed, was kept secret at his own express desire."

About April Dr. Davis obtained the appointment of House Physician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, where he had commenced his successful career as a medical student, and where he was held in much esteem. This appointment of a coloured youth to a most important and responsible position bears a high testimony to his ability, and shows, especially when we consider his antecedents, that he must have possessed a more than ordinary degree of intellectual power to be able to grasp such a prize. While he was a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he found a pleasant home with Mr. Holland, of Stoke Newington. At the hospital Christopher Davis soon became remarkable not only for intellectual superiority and rapid progress in professional knowledge, but for what the "Lancet" termed "his pronounced religious opinions." "Healthy indeed," says one of his biographers, "must have been the vigorous young plant that drooped not in the oftentimes impure moral atmosphere of a London hospital! Firmly rooted and grounded in Christ, and watered daily with the dews of Divine grace, it not only grew and blossomed, but brought forth fruit a hundredfold. Eternity alone will unfold the good that flowed to strong and active, to weak and dying, from those 'pronounced religious opinions.' The young physician was 'true as steel,' true to his friends, true to his God, and therefore true to himself; a man to be

perfectly trusted in and thoroughly relied on. 'Ah!' said a beloved friend of his, one day, 'if the Doctor ever made an appointment to be with you at a certain time, you felt quite sure he would keep it to the moment.' "

The medical career of Dr. Davis, so auspiciously begun, was destined to be brief; the bright promise which his early manhood gave of a career of distinguished usefulness, blighted at its beginning. Who does not remember the stirring events of 1870-71, when the Franco-German war convulsed Europe to her centre, and rivetted the attention of the whole civilized world? Wide-spread suffering prevailed in France, the terrible consequence of the sanguinary war which her rulers had provoked; famine and fever adding largely to the miseries with which the large invading armies of Germany had filled the land. The loud outcry of the sufferers passed over the Channel, and awakened a large amount of sympathy amongst the people of England. The groans of suffering humanity reached and found an echo in the tender Christian heart of Dr. Davis, who devoted his usual vacation, not to the pursuit of pleasure, or ministering to the laudable curiosity which seeks its gratification in visiting scenes and places of world-wide interest, but to the amelioration of human suffering at the seat of war.

In September, 1870, touched by the reports which reached England of the suffering condition of the wounded at Sedan, and the privations and miseries

of the fever-stricken peasantry in Eastern France, he hastened to their help. With the aid of personal friends, he took charge of an ambulance, crowded with Bavarians and French, suffering fearfully from dysentery and fever. The ambulance, when he took it, was in a wretched condition of filth; this he at once set himself to correct, and with untiring energy succeeded in putting it in perfect order. He devoted himself especially to the care of several hundred Bavarians, whom he found in direst need of medical aid and proper nourishment. Out of the funds intrusted to him by a few friends for that purpose, he entirely supported his ambulance; in which, on taking the management on himself, he found nothing but a bottle of brandy and two lemons.

Before his wounded Bavarians were well off his hands, Dr. Davis formed and carried into effect the project of soup-kitchens at Pont Mangis and Balan for the relief of the peasantry, of whose extreme want and privations he was painfully aware. He was pressed with applications on all sides by the poor, who came daily to him in great numbers in such a distressed and emaciated condition to consult him, that he concluded soup would be the best medicine he could prescribe for the majority of them. A large amount of suffering was thus relieved; and Dr. Davis not only gave time and toil to this work of Christian benevolence, but made personal sacrifices to sustain it. On one occasion, when Miss Goulden, the sister of the worthy Protestant Pastor at Sedan,

told the Doctor that there was not sufficient soup for all the applicants, he took the watch out of his pocket, which he had gained as a prize at College; giving that to be sold, rather than any of the starving people should go away without relief.

When the time for which he had left England for his holiday was expired, he returned, to terminate his connexion with St. Bartholomew's; in order that he might devote himself exclusively to the noble work which he had undertaken abroad. He travelled a good deal about the country, while in England, describing what he had seen and heard in France, that he might awaken a feeling of sympathy with the sufferers to whose relief and welfare he had so nobly devoted his time and energies. One who heard Dr. Davis speak on this subject at a meeting called to take place in the lecture hall of St. Augustine's, Highbury, during this visit to England, says: "One evening last autumn, we wended our way to the lecture hall of St. Augustine's, Highbury, to hear M. le Pasteur Goulden, the good Protestant Minister of Sedan, discourse on the devastation with which war had overwhelmed his beloved town and the surrounding villages. Finding the hall too small for the accommodation of the thronging audience, we migrated into the temporary iron church, close at hand, which had sometime been deserted for a more permanent structure. There had been a literal removal of the candlestick of this church out of its place; and in the very 'dim religious light,' which

only two remaining gas standards afforded, we first discerned the dark face of Dr. Davis, the coloured physician of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

"He, too, was lately from Sedan, where Christian compassion had drawn him, and where the sublimity of his rare and simple faith sustained an energy that never faltered or flagged, till prodigies of philanthropic valour were accomplished.

"His lithographed letters, which have been widely circulated, have spoken somewhat of those labours of love; but the extent of his usefulness will never be known. It was when Pasteur Goulden concluded his heart-rending narrative of the misery he had visited England to alleviate, that Dr. Davis took up the thread of his sad tale, and thrilled us with descriptions of scenes of horror, among which he had often fought single-handed with disease and famine. His voice had a cheery ring in it that struck the heart's deepest chords and strengthened them at the same time. It was a gift from God, which doubtless had sunk into the ear and soul of many a dying sufferer as a song in the night. Ah! had we only known that this was the last time that eloquent tongue would awaken the sympathies of a public audience for the sorrowful and the stricken, with what deeply solemn interest should we have hung upon every word!"

After a short time spent in England, Dr. Davis returned to France, probably anticipating, in accordance with his sanguine disposition, an extended career

of usefulness there, and without any idea that his course of duty and devotion was near its close. He went there to lay down his charge,

“And cease at once to work and live.”

He visited the Small-pox Hospital at Sedan, soon after his return from England; and there, in all probability, he contracted the deadly malady which was destined to remove him to the heavenly reward. When his illness assumed a serious aspect, it was made known to those in England with whom he had been most intimately associated; and the gentleman and lady who had made him their almoner to their distressed fellow-creatures to a large amount, hastened at once to Pont Mangis, to visit and comfort their friend in his last moments, where they arrived about twelve hours before the closing scene. “He died, but not until he had given cheering evidence of the power of religion to bring peace to the soul in which, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, it has been implanted and taken root; and of the glorious and blessed hope imparted to the believer in Jesus.”

Mr. Chrimes, the gentleman who, with his wife, hastened to the death-bed of Dr. Davis, says: “As he was said to be restless and unconscious, and had not been informed of our arrival, it was deemed prudent to wait until the hour in the morning when the violence of the symptoms usually abated. About ten o’clock my dear wife went softly into his room. He was moving restlessly, and rapidly muttering in

French what no one could understand. She had taken the skins and seeds from a few grapes, and, laying her hand gently on his arm, said, in French, 'Open your mouth, my dear Christopher, and take some grapes.' He did as she desired, and took the grapes one by one. She said to the nurse, 'How I wish he knew I was here!' He immediately exclaimed in a clear voice, 'O, it is my dear sister Mary, my dear adopted sister! Come here, dear sister, and take my hand. Where is my brother Richard?' He was told I was downstairs, and would gladly see him if he were able to bear it. After a short time he said, 'Not just now.' Again he commenced speaking in French; and my wife said, 'Dear Christopher, let us speak in English; it would be easier for us both.' At once he did so, saying, 'I am so glad you have come; I am very ill.' She replied, 'My dear brother, you are very ill. The Lord has laid His hand upon you; but His loving arm is around you, is it not?' Quickly he responded, 'O yes; and that is enough! and that is enough! and that is enough!'

"He then folded his hands upon his breast, saying, 'And now I am going to sleep.' The fearful malady had closed his eyes some days previously, and it was only the stillness and gentle breathing that told he slept. He now began to sink rapidly. So gentle was the passing away, that for a minute or two he was expected to breathe again; but he was 'absent from the body, present with the Lord,' and thus *le*

bon Docteur noir ('the good black Doctor') passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death to the gates of life."

Three devoted French ladies, the gifted sisters of the Rev. C. Goulden, the Protestant Pastor at Sedan, were associated with Dr. Davis in his beneficent labours to mitigate human suffering. "Accustomed," it is said, "to whatever, from a worldly point of view, seemed best worth enjoying, they cheerfully surrendered all, to follow in the blessed footprints of their Master, and diminish human suffering by a continuous effort of unselfish benevolence." One of these ladies, in a letter addressed to a gentleman who had shown far more than an ordinary degree of kindness to the dark-skinned stranger from a distant land, describes in beautiful, pathetic language the great respect shown to his memory by all classes at his funeral, and the high estimation in which Dr. Davis was held. Though somewhat lengthy, it may suitably close the sketch which I have given of the religious history, the noble character, and the honourable but brief career of "my Coloured Schoolmaster;" from which it is clearly manifest that Dr. Davis, as a Christian man, was the fruit of the Wesleyan Mission in Barbadoes; and that through Methodist agency, and under Methodist influences, those good seeds were sown in his intellectual and moral nature, which produced in him such a beautiful development of sanctified human excellence, and so rich a harvest of good works.

"Sedan, December 12th, 1870.

"DEAR SIR,

"THOUGH unknown to you, may I thus address you? When I tell you that I have worked under the direction of your dear adopted son, our dearly loved and bitterly lamented Dr. Davis, and my brother informed me that you were the gentleman who brought the Doctor (that true child of God) out of himself, to become a blessing to so many, I felt very much for you, and directly purposed to tell you in a letter something of his work, since by God's grace you lent him to us.

"He came, when the need was great, to take up work in which there was no human glory. He had great natural gifts, a beautifully clear mind, and such talent for organization as I never knew any before to possess. His kind and yet commanding manner arose from a sense that what ought to be done must be done. As it was, he was gladly obeyed by all who came near him. His great, noble heart never imposed an impossibility on anybody. You cannot picture to yourself the sunshine that lighted up sick, miserable faces, when he appeared among his patients; the weakest would make an effort to catch a hand or a friendly nod. When I first paid his ambulance a visit, I was surprised to see great suffering so beautifully relieved. In this turmoil of the cries of war every one looked so quiet; and everything was as clean as you know the dear Doctor would be himself; and that is telling you all.

"When we went with him through his fine wards, I said to my sister, 'See, this man, instead of looking dark, is like a sun to his patients! Look how they all brighten as he speaks to them.'

"I had the great pleasure of working with Dr. Davis for a fortnight. I went to him four days later than I might possibly have done, which delay haunts me now that I am not permitted to do anything more for him.

"How often the peasants he visited said to me, 'That man is not a man; he is a saint!' And so he was. He loved order, correctness, harmony, purity everywhere; and he had a sharp eye on everything, and I had to assist him in keeping things as he placed them.'

"You can have no idea how kind he was to his sick Bavarian soldiers. When they were pleased with any new dish, he would rub his hands, and say, with a charming smile, 'Ah! that is delightful!'

"He was considerate to everybody except himself. While I was with him, he sat up late, and could not be persuaded to rest sooner. Dr. Davis's ambulance was in my judgment the finest in Sedan and its neighbourhood. At first, when I spoke of assisting the Doctor at Pont Mangis, all said it was a pest-house, and not a fit place for a lady who had tired herself in other ambulances. But when I went to the Doctor to say I was too unwell to undertake the task, I could hardly say so,—so much did I feel drawn towards it.

“I shall never forget his look when my sister told him it was decided I should not come. He only replied, ‘Ah! I shall pray.’

“From that moment I had no rest; and though our pillaged, burnt-out peasants came to us like a flock of dispersed sheep, and although I was to go to the Dutch ambulance to help a charming Dutch Countess, who had come to nurse the soldiers, who were almost all French in her ambulance, (except a few Germans, who were too badly wounded to fight against my poor countrymen any more,) and though my brother, who you know is so kind, had decided I was not to go to Dr. Davis,—I was so troubled that I said to my sister in the morning, ‘That man at Pont Mangis will kill me with anxiety. I cannot bear the thought of his toiling out there alone. Shall it be said that a good man, a man of prayer, has cried for help, and his voice received no more answer than if he were in a wilderness? I cannot resist going to him any more.’ Two days after he breakfasted with me, and we observed he looked very tired. I asked whether he had found a lady for his ambulance yet. He answered, ‘No;’ and so I could not refrain from setting his mind at once at rest. I said, ‘Do you know, Doctor, I shall come to you if it please God?’ Ah! if you could have seen his face light up! How I should enjoy the remembrance of that day, could I forget I might have given that relief four days sooner! ‘And when will you come?’ he asked, and, truly as I believe guided by

God, I replied, 'Well, Doctor, to-morrow.' And I went, and do not regret going. I regret only that I went so late, though Dr. Davis was kind enough to say I was still of use to him. Well, be it as it may, I had the blessing of working under a Christian with an ancient, almost Bible-like faith,—a heroic trust that seemed to obtain as it were by force what he deemed necessary. O! dear Doctor, he did pray me out of my indecision. Then he was so gentle, so modest; and though he did not seek acquaintances, how soon he was known! Many, especially the poor, loved me for his sake. Ah! if you could have seen how I was stopped in the streets to inquire after the Doctor, when he was laid up! He would not allow me to nurse him. He said it would be nice to keep me for his convalescence, to entertain him then; but I think he only said this to tranquillize me, and prevent me from insisting on nursing him.

"You know the particulars of his death. It was a quiet going home. During his illness he seemed to think only of his sick, and those who nursed him. Alas! I was not among the latter! When asked whether he did not feel sadly uncomfortable, he would answer, with a heavenly smile, in French, 'No, I love God, I love God.' When I learned that God had taken from us this father and brother of the poor and needy, this comforter of those who wept, I felt as if war had only begun that day; for he had the faculty of making even war supportable by bringing out the fine qualities of all around. The

light he shed on everything was marvellous ; it was a reflection of his love and faith in God.

“ Strongly as I felt at first the blow of his departure, I seem to feel it more each day. It is a bereavement to which you cannot get accustomed. He seemed so necessary for alleviating sorrow, and rousing others to do the same. It was lovely to see so young a man so kind and energetic, and so full of refined Christianity, that, in his zeal for God, he offended and ruffled none ! As he prayed to the Lord day and night, so the Lord was with him night and day. Those who came near him felt this without knowing how to account for it, but at the same time reaping its benefit. Though we may not mourn for him as those that have no hope, still we live by sight too ; and it seems that lovely sight is removed when most we needed it. The Lord knows best ; but I sympathized with the women who, when they heard of his death, exclaimed, ‘ God will show us no more mercy ! He has taken our dear Doctor from us, for we were not worthy of him.’ We told them he was now in peace, in the rest he so much prayed might succeed this war. We said he was in strength and glory after feeling weak and miserable. ‘ Oh, yes ! ’ they said, ‘ he deserves it ; but we needed him so much ! Had we not trouble enough ? O ! our dear Doctor ! ’ Among richer people the feeling was similar, for he was loved by all. His death was modest, as his life and his memory will be blessed.

“I wish you could have seen, my dear Mr. Holland, the reverence with which all followed his mortal remains to their last resting-place. All who had received his soup, and all he had tended in sickness, came. He was carried at once from Pont Mangis to our church. There his coffin stood, surrounded by hundreds of poor in their best dresses. Some were in rags; for, though the French like to conceal their misery, that day they were so moved by love and gratitude as to think little of appearance. Men and women of eighty, and children of eight, all followed him through his earliest field of labour, the village of Fonde de Giovonne, where he first appeared, a great help in time of need. Then on from there to our Protestant churchyard. All that peaceful ground was thronged with mourners, and as many stood out in the road. Such silence I never heard; nor were there ever such tears as when his beautiful qualities were once more enumerated before we bade him adieu. Rich and poor alike wept true tears over him; but the poor with theirs might have been said literally to soak the ground, for he was truly and justly loved. You had indeed a beautiful son, and your loss is heavy; for my brother told me how much you loved and appreciated him.

“It rang again in my soul, and I cried anew, and said, ‘Alas! poor man! it is hard! I will write to him at once, and say how we loved and lament Dr. Davis.’ And if we who knew him for only a sad

short time loved him so well, what must you have done? God give you the consolation none else may bestow!

“Dr. Davis was more honoured in his burial than any citizen of the town. The German Commandant allowed the gates to be opened, though this is never done even for a German officer’s funeral.

“The Mayor of the town, on the news of Dr. Davis’s death, assembled the Council, proposing that all should attend his funeral, whether invited to do so or not. He himself solicited as a great favour the honour of bearing one corner of the pall, if no one else had a better right to it. Over the grave he made a most heartfelt and beautiful speech, till grief choked his voice. Dr. Davis’s coffin was carried by men to whom he had shown great kindness; and all the poor of the surrounding villages flocked around him as birds to a beautiful tree. And so he was,—a branch of the tree of life!

“Three clergymen performed the service; one an Englishman, because Dr. Davis was almost English; another a German, to speak the thanks of Germans for what he had done for them; and the third a Frenchman, to lift up his voice for my poor nation, and tell, as far as tears would allow him, what the good Doctor had been to us, and how we loved him, and would strive to follow his steps. You would forgive me for writing at such length if you knew how happy it made me to write to the gentleman who so truly appreciated Dr. Davis. I feel I can scarcely

stop when I talk to somebody who really loved him so well.

“ Few persons here knew him as I did ; for concocting plans together in agitated, sad times makes you get quickly acquainted.

“ We all feel grateful to you for allowing him to come to us. Had he only lived in our house, we would have obliged him to take care of himself. However, he was compelled to live in the midst of his work, where the Lord gathered him in like a sheaf fully ripe for eternity and everlasting bliss. We strive to say, ‘ Thy will be done ; ’ but we sigh heavily. And now, if our gratitude and love to your dear adopted child can lighten your grief, you will be somewhat relieved. Excuse my long letter ; but Dr. Davis is such a glorious theme,—that precious jewel in the crown of Jesus !

“ Yours very sincerely in the Lord,

“ AUGUSTINE GOULDEN.”

II.

THE SLAVE-BORN MISSIONARY.

A skilful workman, he
In God's great moral vineyard : what to prune
With cautious hand, he knew ; what to uproot ;
What were mere weeds, and what celestial plants
Which had unfading vigour in them, knew ;
Nor knew alone, but watched them night and day,
And reared and nourished them, till fit to be
Transplanted to the Paradise above.

POLLOK.



PAPA, have you ever known any one who was born in slavery, so to rise above his condition as to become a Minister of Christ in our Connexion ?

Yes, dear. Although such instances have not been frequent within my observation, I have before my mind one example of the kind you refer to,—a man whom I regarded so highly as to esteem it a great honour to call him my friend ; and who exhibited one of the finest patterns of Christian holiness and devotedness to God I have ever witnessed in all my life.

Will you tell us about him, Papa, and why you thought so highly of him ?

I shall have pleasure in doing so. It is only a short time since he passed away to his rest, after a



THE REV. EDWARD FRASER.

long course of usefulness extending over forty-four years. His obituary appears in the Conference Minutes of 1872.

What was his name, Papa ?

It was EDWARD FRASER, dear.

I have often heard you speak of him ; but never knew before that he was born in slavery. When was it that you first became acquainted with him ?

We were fellow-labourers together in the same Circuit in Jamaica ; and I never was associated with a colleague who more fully won my esteem, or whose character I regarded with a more profound veneration. He was an embodiment of our Methodist doctrine of Christian perfection, and a Minister fully in accordance with the New Testament pattern. He was appointed to Jamaica by the Conference of 1838 ; and in the latter part of that year, on a Sabbath afternoon, if I remember aright, I, with two or three other Ministers, went down to the wharf of the Royal Steam Packet Company to receive him and Mrs. Fraser on their arrival at Kingston, where Mr. Fraser was to be stationed, with myself and Messrs. Edmondson and Inglis, the following year. I had heard something of him before, as a converted slave, the fruit of the Wesleyan Missions, and a man gifted with talents of a superior order ; but it was not until some time afterwards that I became at all acquainted with the outlines of his history. These I did not obtain from himself. He never, to my knowledge, spoke much about himself. I think I never knew

any one more free from every thing like egotism than Edward Fraser. From others who were acquainted with him in the earlier years of his history, and from published documents in our missionary periodicals, I gained my knowledge of his origin and youth.

When I met him at the ship, I saw a man dressed in the ordinary ministerial costume, of middle height, somewhat slender, but of symmetrical frame. His complexion was that of a bright mulatto, his hair dark and woolly : but the light of a superior intelligence gleamed from his eye, while the sweet repose of his features spoke eloquently of "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" reigning within. Heaven had set its own seal upon that countenance, imparting to it, notwithstanding the somewhat thick and prominent under lip, a manly beauty most pleasant to look upon. Nor did I, during an intercourse of nearly forty years, ever see it otherwise. The face of Edward Fraser was always the bright index of a soul in sweet communion with God ; and his smile diffused a radiance over every feature which was refreshing to witness.

For about a year and a half I was associated with him as a colleague ; and during that period a friendship was formed between us, which continued—notwithstanding that our correspondence was considerably interrupted by the changes incident to our itinerancy—to the end of his useful life.

Edward Fraser was born a slave in the island of

Barbadoes, somewhere near the close of 1798; the blood both of Africa and Europe flowing in his veins. Who or what his owner was, does not clearly appear; but, happily for Edward, he was of the mercantile profession, and not a planter. Had Edward Fraser been born on a sugar plantation, his destiny would probably have been very different from what it was, and those noble energies with which he was gifted, and which were cultivated and employed with such excellent results to others, would have been wasted in a comparatively ignoble employment, stimulated by the driver's lash, and subject to all the grinding tyranny of an ignorant and brutal overseer. Born to domestic servitude in a respectable private family, either in mercantile or professional life, the condition of such slaves was vastly superior to that of the plantation Negro. Not only were they exempted from the wasting toil and privation to which plantation slaves were doomed from their birth, but they were often nurtured with tenderness and care, and treated with almost as much indulgence as if they were children of the family. So it was with the subject of this sketch. Born of a slave mother, and inheriting her condition of bondage, with all its terrible liabilities to wanton cruelty and oppression, and the inexpressible wretchedness which multitudes of the enslaved children of Africa have been actually called to endure, he was placed in circumstances of ease and comfort and privilege far above many of his compeers; and the bitterness of slavery he scarcely

tasted. "Far backward as recollection extends," he said, when he had grown to manhood, "I found myself in merciful hands, receiving more than common care." The master who owned him was in some branch of mercantile life, and he was brought up in the family under the loving care of an amiable and indulgent mistress, whose tender hands smoothed down the roughnesses of his child-life, and made his early experience of the world, that might have been so different, both calm and happy.

The same kind heart that yearned with almost maternal solicitude over the slave boy, and ministered to his personal comfort and enjoyment, also cared for the nobler part of his nature. In this she was an exception to the mass of those who were interested in the ownership of slave property. In those days the instruction of slaves was frowned upon and discouraged, from the prevailing conviction that the more nearly slaves were kept down to the condition of the unintelligent brute, the more secure would be the perpetuation of slavery, and the interest in slave property held by the slave-owners. But many of those who owned domestic slaves had no sympathy with this feeling, and gave such instruction to their domestics as was within their power. So it was with Edward's owners. With the concurrence of her husband, his kind mistress procured for her young slave an elementary education that laid the foundation of the career of usefulness which, through the blessing and grace of God, awaited him in the future. With

grateful feelings toward his benefactress, Edward, in after life, acknowledged his indebtedness to her in this respect. "Through the fostering kindness of my mistress," he said, "I was, in process of time, put to reading, writing, and arithmetic. These exercises were the more profitable because I took pleasure in them : but, on the other hand, my profit was the less from pursuing them without discipline as well as without constraint."

After this he was kindly taken in hand by a brother of his master, who was a resident merchant ; his own master being accustomed to travel in the same line. By this gentleman he was more fully instructed in writing, accounts, &c. Nor were the trouble and care lost that were thus spent upon him ; for he became an accomplished accountant, and wrote a hand of singular clearness and beauty. He also derived considerable advantage from being thrown into close intimacy with his master's son. This young gentleman had been educated for a learned profession, and had recently returned home from Oxford, where he had spent several years in the completion of his studies. "As he was ever excellent," Edward observes, "for things both intellectual and moral, the familiar conversation with which he often favoured me proved of great use to my mind."

When the gentleman, his master's brother, who had taken such a lively interest in Edward's mental development, took his departure from the island, his

promising pupil felt that he had indeed lost a true friend, and mourned over the separation. Having none now to help him in his studies, and anxious to be learning something that would be useful, he requested his master to have him taught the art of shoemaking. This request was complied with. A suitable master was found; and for three years Edward served with him as apprentice and clerk. The knowledge and skill he acquired in this capacity afterwards became very serviceable to him. "By my little skill in these different arts," he afterwards said, "I now receive such pecuniary advantage as other services permit. I now acknowledge the hand of God at every step. Goodness and mercy have followed me all my days."

When he was about twenty years of age, Edward left Barbadoes, and went with his master and the family to Bermuda. This was his owner's native country; and there he entered into new and considerable mercantile transactions, in which Edward, by the skill he had acquired as a writer and accountant, was qualified to render him valuable help. From this time Edward was wholly employed by day in his owner's counting-house; using the other craft in which he had become proficient during the leisure which the business allowed him, that he might earn a little money for his own convenience. The enterprise on which his owner had entered did not long continue to fulfil his expectations, owing to a diversion of the current of British and American

trade : and the decrease in the business of the house left Edward more at leisure to pursue those higher studies which, as the result of a great moral change which had passed upon him, had now become the engrossing passion of his soul, giving altogether a new turn to the current of his life.

Very early the young slave became the subject of religious influences and impressions, living, as he did, in a family where religion was, at least outwardly, respected, and he was subjected to wholesome restraint. When relating the history of his religious life, he said, "I can thankfully retrace the preventing grace of God in many things. I lived in a moral family ; and, being much kept at home, was longer than usual unacquainted with the examples of flagrant wickedness that abounded in our town. I was soon attracted by the services of our neighbouring church : a taste for books supplanted the love of company : I was susceptible of shame ; was not without a sense and fear of God ; and sometimes I prayed to Him in secret. As I grew up, however, and was more in the world, employed on errands and other services, I imbibed many poisonous principles, and was led into many wicked practices. I recollect here the deadly tendency of vicious and profane speech. The hearing of wickedness palliated, and godliness traduced, established in my mind a hold for temptations which afterwards surrounded me, though for the present I was not partaker of them."

The visit of a gentleman related to the family of his master, and who had been pursuing his studies in North Britain, was rendered profitable to Edward; though that gentleman was probably never made aware of the beneficial influence his good example exerted upon the young Mulatto who waited upon him. "This person was strict in pious exercises," Edward said. "I observed his secret devotions; had a religious book or two placed in my way by him; was encouraged by him to repeat the texts, &c., I heard at our church; and he condescendingly answered my puerile inquiries concerning Christ, religion, and science. According to what is said of the wicked antediluvians, 'the Spirit of God strove with me.' Hence I was quickly disgusted with gross evils; 'my hands could hardly perform the enterprise' which a corrupt heart had at times devised; and I preferred the company of such as were sober and sentimental. The religious conversation of one young man, who afterwards became a Catechist in the Establishment at Barbadoes, was particularly useful to me. We now and then went to the Methodist chapel; but I do not recollect ever receiving any very serious impressions there. I was not acquainted with any of the Society. My religious feelings were especially deepened upon occasion of the death of the gentleman who taught me book-keeping. When I saw that in the space of a few days 'the place that had known him, now knew him no more,' and considered that that place was mine

also, at an humble distance, I resolved to 'prepare to meet my God.' Accordingly I set myself to eschew evil and do good to the extent of my light. I became constant at church; and after all the care that 'The Week's Preparation' could direct, went to the Lord's table. I venture to say, I left Barbadoes a blameless Pharisee."

Arrived in Bermuda, the religious convictions which God's Holy Spirit had wrought within him were deepened, but he found no comfort. His mind was full of darkness and confusion; for as yet he knew nothing about coming to Christ by faith; and it was only after a long experience of fear and wretchedness that his feet became firmly planted upon the Rock of Ages. The account of this is best given in his own words. "In close meditation, the commandment came, convincing me of deficiency; and, not knowing the way of faith, I strove to make myself whole. I laboured to be spiritually-minded, and observed the directions of my Church about mortification during the Lent season, &c. I inquired, 'Where is God, my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?' If joy and peace belong to His people, why have I them not?—My fruitless endeavours in this way had nearly killed me: 'I became a fear to mine acquaintance; they who saw me without fled from me.' During the latter part of this course, I had been attending the ministry of a Presbyterian Pastor in the next parish. The word of this honest preacher was to me 'with power;' but while without a proper

‘communion of saints,’ I found no ease : the unfamiliar notions which I hitherto had about religion made a communication of my mind appear dreadful. At length, however, I asked this Minister ‘what I should do to be saved.’ From him I received comfort; and soon after ‘tasted the good word of God.’ But my former distress oft returned, because my comforts were held in too much indistinctness of understanding to withstand the common assaults of the evil sophister. I now began to think of the Methodists. In reading the lives of ancient saints, I had often been struck with a resemblance between them, and what I had heard of this people, especially in a way of reproach; and this, which was once an objection, now became a high recommendation. There was no community of the Methodists in our neighbourhood; so I went over to the Station at Hamilton, (1819,) and spoke to the Missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe. These persons, to my great surprise and joy, anticipated the wishes which I could scarcely express, and encouraged me with tenderness and love. Soon after they both fell sick, and could attend their charge no more.

“Not finding that establishment of heart which I expected, and assailed by a variety of temptations, I soon became remiss in communion with the Society, and suffered especially from persons who united wit and sense with levity and profaneness. I was led to suppose my former experience a delusion of folly; and, frightened from the narrow path of truth by the

little-understood and ill-directed cry of 'enthusiasm,' I fell, by swift retrogradation, more deeply into sin than ever. How truly may principles, as well as men, be known by their fruits ! Under the influence of doctrines which awhile led me to 'sorrow after a godly sort,' I was scrupulous of duty to the last degree ; but as soon as I exchanged for the more approved maxims of the world, I yielded to every temptation.

"In this case I remained but a breath ; for, coming somehow under the Presbyterian Minister's voice, I was electrified by a sermon on the extensive love of God to a perishing world : John iii. 16. Here I descried what I least expected, namely, hope for myself. I accepted the invitation, and returned that very hour to my duties ; in which, having found help, I continue to this day.

"From this time (1820) I was remarkable for vicissitude in my religious temper ; yet I continued to struggle through the acts of duty ; though, from my state of mind, every little enterprise was a martyrdom. I made progress in spiritual understanding ; and the discovery of gracious truths supported hope, and brought transient joys. Many a promise was applied to my heart, which has since been graciously fulfilled ; but, for the most part, I was 'a dry land,' and ever in uncertainty as to my 'acceptance in the Beloved.' At times I was 'slain with thirst,' 'stripped,' unable to speak or act, 'scared with dreams and visions,' &c. Once, in

reading empty Balaam's fine speeches, I was struck dumb, and choked with sobs before a company for several minutes. I had gradually a retrospective interpretation of all the Lord's past dealings with me; and my lamentation was, 'O that Israel had continued in My way,' &c. At length, in 1824, my doubts were banished, and I could say, 'The blood of Christ purgeth my conscience from dead works to serve the living God.' But suddenly the Lord arrested me, and 'pleaded' with me in a most explicit way respecting my aforesaid abuse of His grace. I was brought into the case of Joseph's brethren; and 'as in water face answereth to face,' so did my heart to theirs. O the horrors of him that is 'filled with his own ways!' I could scarcely 'rise up from my place;' when it was morning, I wished for evening; and when it was evening, I wished for morning: and, 'O that God would let loose His hand, and cut me off by annihilation!' was my frequent cry. But tender mercy appeared from every quarter. My heart was again made to feel the virtue of Christ's atoning blood; and many a token for good was given me. I hold this mercy, thank God, at the present time; and though I have not been free from temporary shocks, I have, upon the whole, increased in spiritual strength. I am enabled to 'make my boast of God,' I appreciate the more excellent way of love, and am growing up in all things into my living Head."

The young slave had now grown to manhood; and, feeling the constraining love of Christ, looked about

him to see what he could do to benefit others, and glorify the loving Saviour who, through many painful experiences, had "brought him out into a large and wealthy place, set his feet upon a rock, and established his goings." He was still a slave, but not under constraint, like many others in the same unhappy condition. He was free to devote much time to study and doing good. He began by collecting the ignorant children around him into a Sabbath evening school, and giving them instruction from the living Word, which he found to be increasingly precious, the more he knew of it. He was now a member of the Methodist Church; and his piety and gifts attracted the observation of those with whom he was associated. In 1821, three years after his removal to Bermuda, the Rev. Mr. Dunbar, who had succeeded Mr. Sutcliffe as the Minister in charge of the Circuit, appointed Edward to take charge of a Class, as its Leader: an appointment which proved to be beneficial to himself as well as to others, as the performance of the duties it devolved upon him served to lead him into a deeper, richer experience of the sweetness and power of religion.

With the concurrence of Mr. Dunbar, Edward established a weekly prayer-meeting in the neighbourhood of his residence, gathering together a considerable number of the slaves and coloured people. When giving permission for this weekly meeting to be held, Mr. Dunbar, who had not been blind to the rapidly developing talent of his young slave-friend,

said, "If you like, Edward, you can preach to them." "To this purpose," Edward said, "he spoke to me again and again; but preaching seemed a task too hard. I, however, got plain sermons, and read to this company, till an accumulation of motives led me to attempt original discourses. To this attempt the Divine unction was immediately given. Our room was constantly filled, many hearts deeply affected, and a small Society raised. At some of these meetings my own heart and mouth were so enlarged as to show me what was before unknown. Often, when I had caught a leading thought from my book, I scarcely needed to look at it more. It was in a similar way that I was led to what I did toward obtaining the erection of a chapel for this Society."

Such a light shining in a dark place was likely to attract the attention of many observers. Edward soon became well known; and, notwithstanding the great disadvantage under which he laboured as a bondsman and a mulatto, won the respect and admiration of many. In 1824, Mr. Dowson, the Missionary then in charge, in reporting the proceedings of a Missionary Meeting which had been held at Hamilton, in Bermuda, and at which the Hon. James Christie Esten, the Chief Justice of the Colony, presided, said: "With regard to Edward Fraser, a slave, and employed by us as a Local Preacher, the Chairman observed, 'His character is such as to be far above any praise in my power to give him. Gentlemen, who live nearer to him than I do, tell me

that the fruits of his instruction to the slaves and free persons of colour are very visible in the whole neighbourhood. Self-taught, he has made attainments in literature, (for of the extent of his religious knowledge I shall not attempt to speak,) that would do honour to almost any young man of his age. In fine, I think it probable there has been no such slave since the days of EPICURE; and that if that heathen philosopher had lived in our time, he would have been such a slave as I have attempted to describe.' This slave," added Mr. Dowson, "is a member of our Society, preaches twice a week, leads two classes, and teaches a Sunday School."

For several years Edward continued to be thus employed, labouring with earnest diligence and fidelity for the salvation of those around him. Those who were over him in the Lord took knowledge of him, as one who possessed eminent qualifications for the work of the Christian ministry; and thought it highly desirable that his services should, if possible, be rendered available for the benefit of the children of Africa who were held in bondage in all the British West India Islands. But Edward was a slave; and it was very questionable whether his owner would consent to part with one who had rendered himself, by his own earnest efforts at improvement, so valuable to his service. It was, however, ascertained that, if he was designed for the Christian ministry, his master would not prevent his emancipation. And to the honour of that master be it observed

that when the time came, it was not necessary that the Wesleyan Missionary Committee should buy Edward out of slavery,—which they were prepared to do. His master freely let him go, “without money and without price,” that he might devote his life and labours to the service of the Lord.

In the year 1827, Edward was recommended to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee and Conference, by the Ministers stationed in the Bermuda group of islands, to be received as a probationer in the Wesleyan ministry. In a somewhat lengthy communication addressed by himself to the General Secretaries at the Mission House in London, in which he relates his religious history, his views of Christian doctrine, and his call to the exercise of the Christian ministry, he says : “Upon the subject of my call to ‘a dispensation of the Gospel,’ you will, I am told, require especial satisfaction. It would be tedious, and perhaps it is needless, to detail all that contributes to my conviction on this head. Suffice it to say that nothing less than a persuasion of its being the will of God could induce me to touch this awful work. I protest, without affectation, that my mind is not disposed, but averse to such an undertaking : it is not of a ready wit, but ‘slow of heart :’ it is not courageous, but very timid : ‘I am a worm, and no man.’ As, therefore, my sufficiency must still be of God supernaturally, I dare not ‘go up,’ unless His presence in a fully persuaded mind go with me. Such persuasion does, however, include in its pre-

mises the approbation of 'pillars' in the Church, and a door of Providence. Should these be withheld, I desist, as one mistaken; but while they concur, my heart sounds, 'Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel!' I have had a share of 'persecutions and afflictions' in this 'work of the Lord;' and His 'taking my part' and 'delivering me out of all,' after established rules of Providence, is to me a confirmation of His call. It becomes necessary for me to mention the seals which God has graciously given me. That souls have been scripturally saved by my instrumentality, I have ceased to doubt, notwithstanding a difficulty of believing things in my own favour, arising from experience of the folly of trusting to one's own heart.

"The obstacle of my state of bondage is, I think, not insurmountable. I have made no attempt to remove it previous to this application to you, because, obliged in gratitude as I am, I know not how to excuse a willingness to leave my master and his family, until your verdict might make my call to higher duties unquestionable."

His acceptance as a probationary Minister by the British Conference decided the future career of this remarkable slave. He was in his thirtieth year when his emancipation papers were made out, and his life of comparatively easy bondage was terminated. Few, very few, of the millions of the enslaved children of Africa, either in the British Colonies or in the United States, were so highly favoured

as Edward Fraser. He tasted little of the bitterness of that cup which so many have been compelled to drain even to the dregs; and never felt the iron, as some have done, enter deeply into his soul. He received his first appointment at the Conference of 1828: his name appearing on the "Minutes," for Dominica, in connexion with the name of James Cox, with whom he had been associated as a Local Preacher in Bermuda, and to whom he afterwards became related by marriage.

In several of the Circuits of the Antigua District Mr. Fraser laboured, with great acceptance and usefulness, until about the year 1838, when, at the request of the Missionary Committee, he visited England, and rendered valuable service to the Mission cause by his labours in the pulpit and on the platform. He became very popular, and into whatever part of the kingdom he travelled, crowds flocked to listen to him, and were astonished at the powerful, polished utterances which flowed sweetly from the lips of the emancipated slave; nay, were almost inclined to be sceptical as to whether such a man had ever really been held in bondage as the property of his fellow man. And not only the multitude, as they gazed upon his dusky face, surmounted by a dark crown of woolly hair, were stirred up to the highest enthusiasm as, in beautiful, correct, almost classic language, he pleaded for the race to which, on his mother's side at least, he belonged: but the gifted and highly cultivated, men of powerful oratory, and

standing high in the ranks of literature, listened with admiration and wonder to the eloquent and graceful sentences that fell from his lips. In a report of one of Mr. Fraser's speeches before a crowded auditory in Exeter Hall, given in a weekly periodical at the time, the power and excellence of the address, and its entrancing effect upon the vast audience which crowded the Hall, were described in glowing and enthusiastic terms; and the mulatto stranger was declared worthy to stand, not only as a man and a brother, but as a powerful and effective orator, side by side with Robert Newton, who was then at the height of his fame, and regarded as one of the most eminent and eloquent preachers of the day.

After his visit to England, which extended over many months, Mr. Fraser returned no more to the Antigua District, where he was universally esteemed and loved, but was appointed to Jamaica. It was here I first made his acquaintance, and formed a friendship with him that continued until his earthly labours were finished, and he entered into the joy of his Lord.

His labours in Jamaica extended over thirty-three years, during which he occupied most of the principal Circuits in the island. And many, won to Christ through his instrumentality, will be his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. For several years the infirmities of age rendered him incapable of laborious activity: but he never became a Supernumerary. Through the loving indulgence of his

brethren, who all regarded him with profound reverence and affection, he was, for a succession of years, appointed to a station whose light and easy duties it was not difficult for him to fulfil; his mental faculties retaining all their original power, while the physical energies were enfeebled by the weight of years and the toils of the past.

At Grateful Hill, a cool mountain station, charmingly situated in the hilly part of the parish of St. Thomas in the Vale, and favoured with a salubrious and delightful climate, Edward Fraser spent the last years of his life, amidst a loving people, who deeply mourned his loss when the time came for his removal to the better land.

He possessed a vigorous intellect and a sound judgment, combined with considerable business tact, which rendered him a valuable acquisition to the District, and won for him the respect and confidence of his brethren: amongst whom none exercised a more powerful influence than himself in those matters which arose for consideration and discussion in our business meetings. He was always modest and retiring; and some who knew him best regarded his excessive diffidence as the most prominent defect in his character. He always placed himself last among his brethren, though second to none of them in ability and sterling excellence. It might have been the result of his own choice that he never filled the office; but it is my firm conviction that if he had been made Chairman of the District, and General

Superintendent of the Mission, twenty-five or thirty years ago, his quiet energy and sound judgment, and his great administrative ability, would have prevented many of those evils which have contributed to the depression and injury of the Jamaica Mission.

His sermons were well studied, richly evangelical, characterized by great originality of thought and diction, and remarkably free from everything trite or common place. So, too, with his speeches on the platform. His style was clear, chaste, quaint, sententious, impressive, and, though at the utmost distance from everything approaching to levity, calculated sometimes to provoke a smile. His Christian character and life were irreproachable. Like Enoch, he walked with God. He was a man of much prayer, and was always, in all company, serious and devout. Unselfish and unworldly, a man of meek and quiet spirit, he seemed always to exhibit a living comment upon those words of the great Apostle, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Though born and reared in slavery, he was the finest model of the true gentleman I have ever met with, and answered more fully than any one else I have personally known to the New Testament description of the perfect Christian.

He had reached the good old age of seventy-four when the Master took him home. He had been to visit a dying woman, immediately after a heavy shower of rain, when the air and every thing around was damp and moist. On his return he told Mrs. Fraser

that he felt he had taken cold. He passed a restless night ; and as his symptoms did not improve the next day, it was considered advisable to have recourse to medical aid. This produced only temporary relief : and other painful ailments, to which he had been occasionally subject, now intervened, causing intense suffering, and leaving but little room to hope that life could be much prolonged. The efforts that were made to alleviate his sufferings proved unavailing ; and it soon became evident that the faithful man of God, who had so nobly run the Christian race, was nearing the goal. "He endured suffering," said one who was with him in the dying hour, "with a most thorough self-surrender to the will of Heaven. It was a privilege to be present. His death was as grand and glorious as his life was serene and peaceful." His final utterance was a prayer that God would fill his brother Ministers with the Holy Spirit. For about six hours before death, speech failed him. Being asked, "Is your Saviour all-sufficient ? Do you feel Him to be near to you now ? Is He precious ?" he looked upwards, and, lifting up both his arms, waved them in triumph for a short time ; then letting them fall upon the bed-clothes, they settled in the stillness of death, and the good and noble Slave-born Missionary, "absent from the body, was present with the Lord."

III.

THE AUCTION SALE.

See ! 'tis an auction sale ;
We follow the gaping crowd,
And we look on the precious human goods
The crier is crying so loud.
Will you bid for a human life ?
Will you barter a human soul ?
O ! man with a mother, a sister, a wife,
Press forward and offer thy gold.

Going ! going ! gone !
'Tis nothing—that painful cry
That comes with such piercing clearness forth,
And seems to reach the sky.
'Tis only the cry of the child
That is torn from its mother's side :
'Tis only the desolation wild
Of her who was late a bride.

Going ! going ! gone !
Ay ! separate that pair
Who hand in hand thus far have come,
Soothing each other's care.
He is all that she has on earth,
And she is his heart's best pride ;
But sever them : they are Negro slaves,
And nought in the world beside.

What matters it that they weep,
That their hearts are rent with pain ?
They are only goods of the master's house,
To be sold for the master's gain.
Lead her away from him :
Why do ye seem to care ?
They are black—have they a right to feel ?
Or to breathe the heaven's pure air ?

Going! going! gone!
 A mother now to thee
 Implores that her infant may be left,
 In tones of agony.
 Why do you mind her cries?
 Why listen to her voice?
 She is a slave—what need that you
 Should make her heart rejoice?

Going! going! gone!
 The auction sale, at last,
 Is over; go tell that the mournful scene
 You have witnessed here is past.
 Tell of the broken hearts;
 Of the agony and pain;
 Of bitter partings uncheered by the hope
 Of a meeting on earth again.

Tell of the sinking soul
 That longs in vain for aid;
 Of the spirit yearning for heaven's true light,
 Deserted, alone, afraid.
 Tell of the prayer that now
 Is rising from a countless throng,
 The burden of which is evermore,
 "How long, O Lord, how long?"



WE are now ready, Papa, to hear the story about the slave auction at Savannah. Was not that the place where Mr. Wesley resided for some time?

Yes, my dear. And, probably, it was what he saw there that led him to speak of human slavery as "the execrable sum of all villanies;" and to denounce American slavery as "the vilest that ever saw the sun." I do not think it would have tended to produce in him a more favourable view of the system, had he been present at the great slave auction I am going to speak about.

Were you present at the auction, Papa?

No, my dear, but my informant was. He went there, not exactly in disguise, but carefully concealing his real character and purpose. Had it been at all suspected, by those attending the sale, that he was "a chiel amang 'em taking notes," it might have cost him his life, and would most certainly have exposed him to very rough and uncivil treatment. It was at a time when the hatred of the Southern slaveholders, against all who were supposed to be favourable to the abolition of slavery, had risen almost to madness, and rendered them capable of any degree of violence and crime. Providentially, my friend went and witnessed the whole proceeding, and returned in safety. To him I am indebted for the notes, which enable me to give you the mournful details of the story.

Savannah is a city in the State of Georgia; one of those States in which the vile system of slavery was warmly cherished and defended. There the slave auction referred to took place in 1859. Little did those concerned in it dream that the beginning of the end was so near, and that, within two short years, events would transpire in a neighbouring city, destined to lead to the utter overthrow of the iniquitous system, and to issue in "*proclaiming liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof.*" Could they have known what was impending, few of the bidders would have invested their beloved dollars in "*property*" that was soon to be "*property*" no longer.

Old Major Butler was a wealthy Southern planter, the possessor of large rice and cotton plantations in the State of Georgia. He was also a slaveholder on a large scale, having between eight and nine hundred of the enslaved sons and daughters of Africa subject to him as their lord and master, and absolutely under his control. But, like the rich man spoken of in the Gospel, this other rich man, Major Butler, died, and was buried :—what beyond that we presume not to say. He could not take his plantations and his slaves with him to the unknown land ; and so they remained behind, to be divided between his two sons, the heirs to his immense estate ; the landed and the human property together being valued at more than a million of dollars.

One of his sons, John A. Butler, did not long survive his father, to inherit the wealth that came to him, but left it to his widow ; and the estates and plantations continued to be cultivated by the slaves belonging to them as they had been before ; the widow and the surviving brother, Mr. Pierce Butler, dividing the proceeds. Mr. Pierce Butler resided in the city of Philadelphia, in the free state of Pennsylvania, living in the usual luxurious style of a wealthy Southern planter. But, through the great crash of 1857–8, and other exigencies in business, aided, no doubt, by an extravagant style of living, Mr. Pierce Butler became involved in pecuniary embarrassments, the creditors were pressing, and a partition of the property became necessary, together with a division

of the Negro stock, in order that his share of them might be sold to pay their master's debts. This was always a calamity greatly dreaded by the plantation Negroes in the Southern States, as it involved the ruthless breaking up of family ties and endearments. This evil fell upon the Butler Negroes all the more heavily as it was altogether unexpected ; for, knowing the great wealth possessed and handed down to his heirs by old Major Butler, none of them had ever for a moment dreamed that any such fate could come upon them. They, the Butler Negroes, were the very aristocracy of slavery, belonging, as they did, to such a wealthy and aristocratic family ; and surely they, of all others, must be secure from the danger of being sold and scattered for the payment of debt.

None of the Butler slaves had ever, within the knowledge of the oldest on the plantations, been sold before. They had dwelt on these two plantations ever since they were born. Here they had lived their humble lives, and here they had loved their simple loves : here they were born, and here many of them had children born unto them : here their parents had lived before them, and here those parents were resting in their lowly, quiet graves. But now the terrible calamity comes home to them, that Massa Butler is in debt, and they, his slaves, must quit the old plantations, and see them no more for ever. True, only half of the two communities of slaves on these plantations are to be taken away and sold, carried to

the shambles to be scattered to the four winds, and the other half will remain behind : but, until the time of partition comes, all is suspense and misery among them ; for none can tell who among them shall fall to the widow, and who to the debtor and his creditors ; and none can tell into what cruel hands they may fall.

The much dreaded day arrives, and the division of the stock is made. Four hundred and thirty-six slaves, from the two plantations, are set apart as the portion of Mr. Pierce Butler. These unhappy ones are to quit the well known scenes, endeared to them from their very babyhood by a thousand fond memories, and the homes, as much loved by them, perhaps, as brighter homes by men of brighter skin. All the clinging ties that bind loving hearts are to be torn asunder. And who can tell how closely intertwined were the affections of both those little bands of more than four hundred persons, living isolated almost from all the world beside from the time of their birth ? How naturally would each of these communities become one great family, each one a brother or sister to all the others ! Of the two estates to which they belonged, one was a rice plantation near Darien, in the State of Georgia, not far from the Great Okefonokee Swamp ; and the other a cotton plantation on the extreme northern point of St. Simon's Island, a small island in the Atlantic, cut off from the main land of Georgia by a slender arm of the sea.

The sale had been advertised largely for many weeks, though the name of Mr. Butler was not mentioned in any of the advertisements. Still, no secrecy was affected; and as the Butler Negroes were known to be a choice lot, and very desirable property, the attendance of persons intending to buy was very large, when the sale came on; and as the breaking up of an old family estate like the Butler's was an uncommon occurrence, the affair was regarded with unusual interest throughout the South. For several days before the time appointed for the sale, the hotels in Savannah were crowded with Negro speculators—or rather, speculators in Negroes—from North and South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana, who had been attracted to the spot by the prospect of making profitable bargains in human flesh. Very little was heard for some time, in the bar-rooms and other public places, but talk about the great sale, criticisms of the business affairs of Mr. Butler, and guesses and calculations as to the probable prices the stock would realize.

The office of Joseph Bryan, the Negro broker who had the management of the sale, was thronged continually by eager inquirers in search of information, and by some who were anxious to buy, but were uncertain as to whether their securities would prove to be acceptable. The Negroes had been brought to Savannah in such parties as could be conveniently taken care of, consigned to the care of the aforementioned Mr. Bryan, who was to feed them and

keep them in condition, as if they were cattle, until disposed of. On their arrival, they were taken to the race course, about three miles distant from the city, and there quartered in the sheds erected for the accommodation of the horses and carriages of gentlemen who were in the habit of attending the races. Into these sheds they were huddled pellmell, without any more attention to their comfort than was necessary to prevent them from becoming ill and unsaleable. Each "family" had one or more boxes, or bundles, in which were stowed such scanty articles of their clothing as were not in immediate requisition, and their tin dishes and gourds for their food and drink.

Little parties were made up from various hotels every day to visit the race course, to look over the chattels, discuss their points, and make memoranda for guidance on the day of sale. The persons forming these parties were generally of a rough breed, slangy, profane, and bearish and brutal in their manners, being, for the most part, from the back river and swamp plantations, where the elegancies and amenities of polite life are far from being developed to their fullest extent. The abilities, not to say the decencies, of civilized society were sadly neglected by the petty tyrants of the rice fields that bordered the Great Dismal Swamp; their acquaintance with the luxuries belonging to the class above them in society comprehending only revolvers and bowie-knives, and kindred delicacies.

In the sheds, already mentioned, the slaves singled out for the sale were huddled together on the floor, there being neither bench nor table in any of them. The Negroes ate and slept on the bare boards; their food being rice and beans, with occasionally a bit of bacon or corn bread. The bundles containing their scanty property were scattered over the floor, and on them the slaves sat, or reclined, when not restlessly moving about; or else they gathered into sorrowful groups, discussing the chances of their future fate. On the faces of all there was the expression of heavy grief. Some appeared to be somewhat more resigned than others to the hard stroke of fortune which had torn them from their homes, and were sadly trying to make the best of what they could not alter or control. Others sat brooding moodily over their sorrows, as if all hope had departed from them, their chins resting on their hands, their eyes staring vacantly, and their bodies rocking to and fro with a restless motion that was never stilled. Few wept; for the place was too public, and the drivers too near; though some occasionally turned aside to give vent to a few quiet tears which could not be kept back.

These unhappy groups were dressed in every possible variety of uncouth and fantastic garb, in every style, and of almost every imaginable colour. The texture of the garments was, in all cases, coarse; most of the men being clothed in the rough cloth that was manufactured expressly for the slaves. The

dresses assumed by the Negro Minstrels, when they give imitations of plantation character, are by no means exaggerated; on the contrary they are weak and far from coming up to the original as exhibited by the Butler slaves. There was every variety of hat, with every imaginable slouch; and there was every cut and style of coat and pantaloons, made with every conceivable ingenuity of misfit, and tossed on with a general appearance of perfect looseness that is utterly indescribable; bearing out the assertion, which has been sometimes made, that a Southern Negro always looks as if he could shake his clothes off without taking his hands out of his pockets.

The women, true to the feminine instinct, had made, in almost every case, some attempt to display such finery as they possessed. All wore gorgeous turbans, generally manufactured, almost in an instant, out of a gay-coloured handkerchief, by a sudden and graceful twist of the fingers: but there was occasionally displayed a more elaborate article, a turban complex and mysterious, got up with much care, and skilfully ornamented with a few glass beads, or bright bits of ribbon. Their dresses were mostly of coarse stuff; though there were some who figured in gaudy calico, a few had earrings, and one rejoiced in the possession of a string of yellow and blue beads. The little children were always better and more carefully dressed than the older slaves; the parental pride discovering itself in the shape of a yellow cap pointed like a mitre, or a jacket adorned with a strip

of red broad-cloth round the bottom, displayed on the tiny persons of their little ones.

There were a considerable number of children in the group, and they were of all sizes, the youngest being only fifteen days old. The babies were generally good-natured and well-behaved; though, when one would set up a yell, a powerful sympathy was awakened, the complaint was generally taken up by the others, and a full chorus, any thing but sweet and harmonious, would be the result. A young negro baby is not unlike an animated piece of india-rubber, and has wonderful powers of suction and crawling. They were very prevalent in the long show-room where the stock was all assembled on the day of the sale; and those of them who were old enough to possess positive powers of locomotion, were perpetually creeping away from their mothers, and getting under the feet of the visitors. They seemed to have a passion for climbing, and made strenuous exertions to scale the legs of people who did not belong to them. If a man stood still for a minute, he was certain to have a baby hanging to each leg—like a crab. They did not seem much to object to being knocked down, or rolled over, or pitched across the room, by some sulky, ill-natured fellow, or any other trifle of that sort: but it did appear to disconcert them, and to be a little more than their equanimity could bear, when, as frequently happened, some careless individual would tread heavily upon their tender fingers.

Although most of this body of slaves had been

accustomed only to rice and cotton planting, there were among them a number of very passable mechanics, who had been taught to do all the rougher sorts of mechanical work on the plantations. There were coopers, carpenters, shoemakers, and blacksmiths; each one equal in his various craft to the ordinary requirements of a plantation. The coopers could make rice-tierces and, on a pinch, rude tubs and buckets. The carpenters could do the rough carpentry about the negro quarters. The shoemakers could make shoes of the fashion required for the slaves; and the blacksmiths were competent to the manufacture of hoes and other simple tools, and to such trifling repairs in the Vulcan department as did not require too refined a skill. Although not one of all these could be called a superior, or even average, workman, amongst those who were masters of their respective crafts, yet their knowledge of these various trades was found to be of value; and this knowledge sold, in some cases, for nearly as much as the man himself. A man without a trade, who would be valued at nine hundred dollars, would readily bring sixteen hundred, or seventeen hundred, if certified to be a passable blacksmith or cooper.

There were no light Mulattoes in the whole lot of the Butler stock, and but very few that were even a shade removed from the original Congo blackness. They had been little defiled by the admixture of Anglo-Saxon blood, and, for the most part, could boast that they were as pure a breed as the best blood

of Spain. This was a point in their favour, both physiologically, and also in the estimation of those who wished to become purchasers. These sagacious speculators had got to understand, that too liberal an infusion of the blood of the dominant race was apt to carry with it a larger intelligence, a more vigorous brain, that was liable to become restless under the yoke, and prone to make inconvenient inquiries concerning the definition of the word "liberty," and the meaning of the starry flag which waved so proudly over that boasted land of the free. The pure-blooded Negroes were generally found to be much more docile and manageable than the Mulattoes, though less quick of comprehension; and this made them to be preferred by drivers, who found that they could stimulate stupidity, more easily than they could control intelligence, by the lash.

The slaves remained at the race course, some of them a week, none less than four days, before the sale. They were brought in thus early, that those who were intending to become purchasers, and desired to inspect the stock, might enjoy that privilege. During the preliminary days the sheds were constantly visited by spectators. The Negroes were examined with as little consideration as if they had been brutes indeed. The buyers pulled their mouths open to see their teeth; pinched their limbs, to feel how muscular they were; walked them up and down, to detect any signs of lameness; made them stoop and bend in different ways, that they might be certain there was

no concealed rupture or wound ; and, in addition to all this kind of treatment, put to them scores of not over-delicate questions relative to their various qualifications, capabilities, and accomplishments. All these humiliations, sometimes very disgusting, were submitted to without a murmur, and in some instances with good-natured cheerfulness, when the slave liked the appearance of the proposed purchaser, and fancied that he might prove to be a kind "master." One sad scene may be given, as the type of a score of others that were enacted there.

"Elisha," chattel marked "No. 5" in the printed catalogue of the sale, had taken a fancy to a benevolent-looking middle-aged gentleman, who was carefully inspecting the stock, with an air that seemed to indicate an intending purchase. Elisha thus used his powers of persuasion to induce the benevolent-looking gentleman to purchase him, with his wife and boy and girl, Molly, Israel, and Sevanda, chattels marked "Nos. 6, 7, and 8." The earnestness with which the poor fellow pressed his suit, knowing, as he did, that perhaps the happiness of his whole life depended on his success, was touching, and the arguments he used most pathetic. He made no appeal to the kind feelings of the gentleman ; he rested no hope on his charity or kindness, but only strove to show how well worth his dollars were the bone and blood he was entreating him to buy.

"Look at me, Mas'r ; am prime rice-planter : sho you won't find a better man den me ; no better on

the whole plantation ; not a bit old yet ; do mo work den eva ; do carpenter work too, little ; better buy me, Mas'r ; I'se be good sarvant, Mas'r. Molly, too, my wife, Sa, fus-rate rice hand, mos' as good as me. Stan' out yere, Molly, and let the gent'man see."

Molly advances, with her hands crossed on her bosom, and makes a quick short curtsy, and stands mute, looking appealingly in the benevolent man's face. But Elisha talks all the faster.

"Show Mas'r yu arm, Molly—good arm dat, Mas'r ; she do a heap of work mo wid dat arm yet. Let good Mas'r see yu teeth, Molly : see dat, Mas'r, teeth all reg'lar, all good : she's a young gal yet. Come out yere, Israel ; walk round, and let the gent'man see how spry yu be."

Then, pointing to the three-year-old girl, who stood, with her chubby hand to her mouth, holding on to her mother's dress, and uncertain what to make of the strange scene :

"Little Vandy's only a chile yet ; make prime gal by-n by. Better buy us, Mas'r ; we fust-rate bargain ;" and so on. But the benevolent-looking gentleman found where he could drive a closer bargain, and so bought somebody else, disappointing the sanguine expectations of Elisha and his dear ones.

Similar scenes were going on all the while on every side,—parents praising the strength and cleverness of their children, and showing off every muscle and sinew to the best advantage ; not with the pardonable pride of other parents, but to make them more

desirable in the eyes of the man-buyer ; and, on the other hand, children excusing and mitigating the age and inability of parents, that they might be more marketable, and fall, it might be, into kind hands. Sometimes these representations, if borne out by the facts, secured a purchase. The women never spoke to the white man unless spoken to, and then made the conference as short as possible. And not one of them all, during the whole time they were thus exposed to the rude questions of vulgar men, spoke one unwomanly or indelicate word, or conducted herself in any regard otherwise than as a modest woman should do. Through all the insults to which they were subjected, they behaved themselves with the most perfect decorum and self-respect.

One of the conditions of the sale was, that the Negroes were to be sold in families ; an arrangement that was doubtless made in deference to the remonstrances of the Anti-Slavery party in the Northern States against the abounding cruelties which characterized slavery in the South. But in practice it did not amount to much. A man and his wife were called "a family ;" their parents and kindred were not taken into the account. The man and wife might be sold to the pine woods of North Carolina, their brothers and sisters be scattered through the cotton fields of Alabama and the rice swamps of Louisiana ; while the parents might be left on the old plantation, bereft of all who were dear to them, to wear out their weary lives in heavy grief, and lay their heads

in far-off graves, over which none of their children could ever drop a tear. And no account could be taken of loves that were, as yet, unconsummated by marriage. How many aching, loving hearts were divorced by this enforced separation, will never be known until it shall be revealed at the final day. It was a separation as complete, and far more hopeless, than that made by the angel of death : for then the loved ones were committed to the tender care of a gracious Saviour ; but, in this instance, to the tender mercies of a brutal slave-driver. These dark-skinned unfortunates were perfectly unlettered, and could never communicate by writing, even if they knew where to send their loving missives. And so to each other, and to the old familiar places of their youth, they must henceforth be utter strangers ; the God who is rich in mercy, and full of compassion, alone knowing of the tears poured out in agony over the wreck of once happy homes, and the crushing grief laid upon many loving hearts.

The day of the sale at length arrived, and the company gathered slowly, as the day was wet and blustering, and the means of transport from the city were not abundant. Had it been in the North, instead of the South, a dozen omnibuses would have been running to and fro. No such spirit of enterprise exists under the blighting influence of slavery. The Negroes looked uncomfortable : the close confinement in-doors, for a number of days, and the drizzling damp weather, began to tell unfavourably

upon their condition. They moved about listlessly, and were fast losing the activity and elasticity which they had at first exhibited. The whole lot were now gathered, from the different sheds, into the long room of the building erected as the grand stand of the race course, that they might be immediately under the eye of the bidders. The room was, probably, a hundred feet long, and from twenty to thirty feet wide : and herein were crowded the whole of the slaves, with such baggage as they possessed, awaiting the call to step upon the block and be sold to the highest bidder.

On this morning, before the sale commenced, Mr. Pierce Butler, to whose extravagance, or mismanagement, the poor slaves were indebted for their impending miserable separation, made his appearance amongst his people, speaking to each one, and recognised, with seeming pleasure, by all. The men obsequiously pulled off their hats, and made that indescribable sliding hitch with the foot which passed with the Negroes for a bow ; and the women dropped the quick curtsy which was always ready for their legitimate master or mistress. Occasionally, to a very old or favourite servant, Mr. Butler extended his gloved hand, which mark of condescension was instantly hailed with grins of delight by all the sable witnesses around.

The room in which the sale actually took place immediately adjoined that in which the Negroes were assembled, and communicated with it through

two large doorways. There a small platform was raised, some two or three feet high, on which were placed the desks of the clerks, leaving room sufficient in front of them for the auctioneer, and space for exhibiting the chattels in view of all the company.

At about eleven o'clock the clerks took their seats, and the two officials chiefly concerned with the sale ascended the platform, and announced that the sale would immediately begin. Mr. Bryan, the Negro broker, superintended the proceedings; another person, named Walsh, being the auctioneer. Mr. Bryan was a dapper little man, wearing spectacles and a yachting hat, very sharp and sudden in all his movements, and a little disposed to be obtrusively officious; and as earnest in his language as he could be without actual swearing. Mr. Walsh, in personal appearance, was the very opposite of the broker, Mr. Bryan; being careless in his dress, instead of scrupulous and fastidious, a large man instead of a little one, a fat man instead of a lean one, and a good-natured man instead of a fierce and fiery one. He had a sharp eye, always on the look out, and that never let a bidding nod escape him; a hearty word for every bidder, and plenty of jokes to let off whenever the business began to get a little slack. He exhibited a florid complexion, natural, perhaps, to one whose occupation lay in a whisky country: but the skin had been taken off in spots by blisters of some sort, giving him a peely look; so that, taking both together, the peely appearance and the

redness combined, he looked much as if he had been boiled in the same pot with red cabbage.

Mr. Walsh announced the terms of sale,—“One third cash, the remainder payable in two equal annual instalments, bearing interest from the day of sale, to be secured by approved mortgage and personal security, or approved acceptances. Purchasers to pay for papers.” The buyers, who were present to the number of several hundreds, clustered around the platform, while those of the Negroes who were not likely to be immediately wanted gathered into sad groups in the background, to watch the progress of the selling in which they were so sorrowfully interested. The wind howled outside, and, through the open side of the building, the driving rain came pouring in. The buyers lighted fresh cigars, got ready their catalogues and pencils, and the first lot of human chattels were placed upon the stand by a sleek Mulatto, himself a slave, who seemed to regard the selling of his brethren, in which he was assisting, as a capital joke. The announcement was repeated that the Negroes “would be sold in families;” which amounted to this only, that a man would not be sold away from his wife, or she from him, or a mother from a very young child. There was, perhaps, as much of policy as humanity in this announcement; for thereby many aged and unserviceable people were disposed of who would not otherwise have found a ready sale.

The first family brought out for sale were described

thus in the catalogue : “ No. 1. George : 27 years of age : prime cotton planter. No. 2. Sue : 26 : prime rice planter. No. 3. George : 6 : boy child. No. 4. Harry : 2 : boy child.”

The manner of buying was announced to be, bidding a certain price each for the whole lot. Thus, George and his family were started at three hundred dollars each, and were finally knocked down at six hundred dollars each, or two thousand four hundred dollars for the four. Owing, however, to some misapprehension on the part of the buyer as to the manner of bidding, he did not take the family at this figure, and they were put up on the second day, and sold again. This time they brought six hundred and twenty dollars each, or two thousand four hundred and eighty dollars for the whole,—an advance of eighty dollars on the first sale.

Nos. 5 and 6 were Robert and Luna, his wife, who were announced as having “ goitre, otherwise very prime.” These brought one thousand and five dollars each. And so this sale of human flesh and blood,—of souls and bodies redeemed to God by precious blood, “ a price all price beyond,”—went on. It would take too much time to go through all the details of the auction. I will therefore produce a single page of the printed catalogue, to show how these things were done.

“ No. 341 : Goin : 39 : rice hand :—342 : Cassanda : 35 : cotton hand : has fits :—343 : Emmeline : 19 : cotton : prime young woman :—344 : Judy :

11 : cotton : prime girl :—sold for 400 dollars each.
 345 : Dorcas : 17 : cotton : prime woman :—346 :
 Joe : 3 months :—sold for 1,200 dollars each. 347 :
 Tom : 22 : cotton hand :—sold for 1,260 dollars. 348 :
 Judge Will : 55 : rice hand :—sold for 325 dollars.
 349 : Lowden : 54 : cotton hand :—350 : Hagar : 50 :
 cotton hand :—351 : Lowden : 15 : cotton : prime boy :
 —352 : Silas : 13 : cotton : prime boy :—353 : Letitia :
 11 : cotton : prime girl :—sold for 300 dollars each.
 354 : Fielding : 21 : cotton : prime young man :—
 355 : Abel : 19 : cotton : prime young man :—sold
 for 1,295 dollars each. 356 : Smiths' Bill : aged :
 sore leg :—357 : Leah : 45 : cotton hand :—358 :
 Sally : 9 :—withdrawn. 359 : Adam : 24 : rice :
 prime man :—360 : Charlotte : 22 : rice : prime
 woman :—361 : Lesh : 1 :—sold for 750 dollars each."

Almost every shade of character, capable of being implicated in buying and selling human sinews and flesh and blood, was represented in that assembly on the Savannah race course. There was the fast young man of Georgia, with his pantaloons tucked into his boots, his velvet cap jauntily drawn over to one side in a swaggering fashion, his cheek full of tobacco, bitten occasionally from a huge plug of that material, which resembled, more than anything else, a piece of an old rusty waggon tire,—an exquisite in his own way, but altogether an animal of a different type from the fast young man of New York. Prominently displayed was his loaded revolver ; together with a convenient bowie knife, ready for instant use in case a

heated argument should arise. Silver-haired old men were there, in white neckcloth and golden spectacles, who, with quiet step and subdued voice, moved about among the live stock, ignoring the men, as a general rule, but tormenting the women with questions which, when accidentally overheard by the disinterested spectator, awakened in that spectator's mind an almost irresistible desire to knock somebody down.

And there were to be seen all imaginable varieties of roughs and backwoods rowdies, who began the day in a *spirited* manner; but who, as the hours progressed, and their frequent visits to the neighbouring bar, where spirits and other strong drinks were being retailed, became more prolific in their results, waxed louder, and more talkative, and more violent, exhibiting a degree of insolence and brutality scarcely to be paralleled outside of the Slave States of the Union. Many have been disposed to regard Mrs. Stowe's portraiture of Legree as overdrawn and exaggerated. Had they been present at this sale of the Butler Negroes, they might have seen and heard sufficient to satisfy them that there was no excessive colouring in Mrs. Stowe's sketch of that ruffianly planter.

A party of these, and several other persons, had got into a somewhat earnest conversation on the interesting subject of managing refractory, or "sulky, Niggers." Some were for the plentiful use of the lash and cowhide in such cases; some recommended branding with a red-hot iron; while a few suggested other modes of torture. At length, a huge brute of

a man, standing considerably above six feet in height, who had taken no part in the discussion, save to express his assent by an approving nod to any unusually barbarous proposition, broke his silence by saying, in a very oracular way, and with many oaths and imprecations, "You may say what you like about managing Niggers: I'm a driver myself, and I have had some experience and ought to know. You can manage ordinary Niggers by lickin' 'em well, and giving 'em a taste of the hot iron once in a while when they are extra ugly: but if a Nigger really sets himself up against me, I can't have any patience with him. I just take my revolver and shoot him right down, and that's the best way to settle such varmint." And this brutal ruffian was talking to men who claimed the character and position of gentlemen; and his remarks were listened to with attention, and his assertions assented to by more than one in the knot of listeners!

All this time the sale was going on, and the merry Mr. Walsh indulging in many a quip and jest, to beguile the time when the bidding was slow. The expression on the faces of all who stepped upon the block when their names were called was always the same, and told of more anguish than it is in the power of words to express. Blighted homes, crushed hopes, and bleeding hearts, was the sad story to be read in many of those anxious countenances. Some of them seemed to regard the sale with perfect indifference, never making a motion, except to turn from

one side to the other at the command of the dapper Mr. Bryan, that all the crowd might have a fair view of their proportions; and then, when their sale was accomplished, they would step down from the block, without caring to cast even a look at the buyers, who now held all their life's happiness in their hands. Others, again, strained their eyes with eager glances from one to another, as the bidding went on, trying, with earnest attention, to follow the rapid voice of the auctioneer. Sometimes two persons only would be bidding for the same chattel, all the others having resigned the contest to them; and then the poor creature on the block, conceiving an instantaneous preference for one of these bidders over the other, would regard the rivalry with intensest interest, the expression of his features changing with every bid; spreading into a half smile of joy, if the favourite bidder persevered to the end and secured the property, or settling down into an expression of hopeless despair, if the other won the victory, in whose harsh features, probably, he could discern the gleaming of a coarse, brutal, and cruel disposition.

Many little ones, of all ages of babyhood, were sold; but there was nothing particularly interesting about them. There were thirty babies in the lot. It came out, among other things, at the sale, that babies were esteemed to be worth a hundred dollars to their master the day they were born; and to increase in value at the rate of a hundred dollars a year, till they were sixteen or seventeen years old:

at which age they were supposed to reach their highest value.

Jeffrey, chattel No. 319, marked as a "prime cotton hand," aged 23, was put up. Jeffrey being a likely lad, the competition was high. The first bid was 1100, and he was finally sold for 1310 dollars. Jeffrey was sold alone; he had no "encumbrance" in the shape of an aged father or mother, who must necessarily be sold with him; nor had he any children, for he was not married. But Jeffrey, being human in his affections, had cast a tender eye upon Dorcas, chattel No. 278, whom he loved with greater warmth than any other being in the world. And Dorcas, not having the fear of her master before her eyes, had given her heart's love to Jeffrey. Whether that which followed was a just retribution on Jeffrey and Dorcas, for daring to take unwarrantable liberties with their master's property by giving their hearts to each other; or whether it only went to prove that with black as with white the saying holds good, "The course of true love never did run smooth;" may not be positively affirmed. But certain it is that these two true faithful lovers were not destined to realize the consummation of their hopes in happy wedlock. Jeffrey and Dorcas had told their loves, and exchanged their simple vows, and were betrothed, each to the other as dear, and each by the other as fondly beloved, as if their skins had been of fairer hue. And who shall say that, in the sight of Heaven and all holy angels, these two humble hearts were

not as truly and closely wedded as those of any two of the prouder race who called them their slaves?

Be that as it may, Jeffrey was sold. He then hastens to find out his new master, and, hat in hand, the big tears standing in his eyes, and his voice trembling with emotion, he stands before that master, and tells his simple story, how he loves Dorcas, and is betrothed to her, and praying that his own betrothed one may be bought with him. Though his voice trembles, there is no embarrassment in his manner; his fears and anxiety have banished all the bashfulness that would naturally attend such a recital to a stranger, and before unsympathizing lookers-on. He feels that he is pleading for the happiness of the girl he loves, as well as for his own, and his tale is told in a frank and manly way: "I loves Dorcas, young Mas'r; I loves her well and true. Dorcas says she loves me, and I knows she does: the good Lord knows I loves her better dan I loves any one in de wide world—never can love no oder woman half so well. Please buy Dorcas, Mas'r. Do, my good young Mas'r. We be good servants to you, Mas'r, long as we lib. Please do buy Dorcas, Mas'r. We loves each other a heap: do really, true, Mas'r."

Thus Jeffrey pleads with his new owner for a while, and then seems suddenly to recollect that no hopes or loves of his are to enter into the bargain at all. He has forgotten to base his pleading on other ground till now, when he bethinks him that he has lost sight of the main argument. He proceeds; his

voice not trembling now, to set forth the advantage that will accrue to the new master from purchasing Dorcas, and eagerly seeks to prove how well worth a great many dollars is the maiden of his heart :—
“ Young Mas’r, Dorcas really prime woman,—A 1 woman, Sa. Tall gal, Sa, long arms, Sa, strong, bery healthy, and can do a big heap o’ work in a day. She one ob de best rice-planters on de whole plantation ; worth 1200 dollars easy, Mas’r, and fust-rate bargain at dat.”

Jeffrey’s new master seems to be touched a little by these last remarks. There may be profit made by complying with the slave’s request : so, after a few moments’ consideration, he says, “ Well, fetch out the gal, and let us see what she looks like.” Jeffrey springs away to the long room with the greatest alacrity, and presently returns, accompanied by his Dorcas, who looks very sad, but yet self-possessed, without any embarrassment at the trying position in which she is placed. She drops the accustomed curtsy, and stands, with her hands meekly clasped across her bosom, awaiting the result. After carefully scanning her from head to foot with a critical eye, he growls, rather than exclaims, in a low voice, “ Well, the gal has good p’int.” He then goes on to a more minute and careful examination of her capabilities for work, which to him is the principal consideration. He turns her round, makes her stoop and walk, and then he takes off the handkerchief, wound, turban-fashion, about her head, that he may satisfy himself

that no wound or disease is concealed by the gay covering. He carefully examines her teeth and feels her arms, and at last announces himself to be quite satisfied with the results of his observations.

At this, Jeffrey, who has stood near, trembling with eager hope, is overjoyed, and for the time a smile overspreads his dusky face. The buyer of Jeffrey then crowns the happiness of his anxious slave by promising that he will buy Dorcas, "if the price is not run up too high." The two lovers step aside and congratulate themselves on their good fortune. But Dorcas is not to be sold until the next day, and there are yet some hours to be spent in feverish anxiety.

Early next morning Jeffrey is on the alert, and, hat in hand, encouraged to unusual freedom by the greatness of the stake for which he is playing, he addresses first one and then another among the bidders; and of all who will listen to him for a moment, he begs the boon of a word to be spoken to his new master, to encourage him to buy Dorcas. All the long morning he asks in his homely way of all who know him, that they will intercede to save his betrothed from being sold away from him for ever. No one has the heart to deny a word of promise and encouragement to the poor fellow: and, joyous with so much kindness, his hopes and spirits gradually rise, until he feels almost certain that the wish of his heart will be accomplished. And Dorcas,

too, is radiant with smiles; for is not Jeffrey's happiness her own?

But, alas for the uncertainty of human hopes, especially in slave life! The trying moment comes, and Dorcas steps upon the stand. And now an unexpected turn in this little drama is disclosed: *Dorcas is not to be sold alone*, but with a family of four others! Who can describe the dismay and disappointment of the unhappy Jeffrey? He turns his eye towards his master, who shakes his head: for, although he might be induced to buy Dorcas alone, he has no use for the other four. Jeffrey reads his doom in his master's face, and turns away with a bleeding heart, the big tears of sorrow and bitter disappointment streaming down his cheeks. So Dorcas is sold; and her toiling life is to be spent in the cotton fields of South Carolina, while Jeffrey goes, with his big sorrow pressing upon his heart, to the rice plantations of the Great Swamp.

An hour after this adverse stroke of fate had fallen upon their destiny, Dorcas might be seen in the long room, sitting motionless as a statue, with her face and head hidden in a shawl. Jeffrey goes up to his new master, and, pulling off his hat, says, in a voice broken by sobs, "I'se bery much obliged to you, Mas'r, for trying to help me. I knows you would have done it if you could: thank you, Mas'r, thank you,—but it's bery, bery hard." Here the poor fellow broke down entirely, and walked away, covering his face with his old battered apology for a hat,

and sobbing like a child. He is soon after surrounded by a group of his slave friends, who, understanding the cause of his grief, with instinctive delicacy, remain quiet, with uncovered heads, round about him.

If Jeffrey and Dorcas had been as wide awake to their own interests as Dembo and Frances—two more of Mr. Butler's slaves—were, they would have turned aside this heavy blow, by taking the disposal of the matter into their own hands.

Soon after Dorcas stepped down from the block, with a heavy burden on her heart, the family of Mingo, consisting of his wife, two sons, and a daughter, was called for. Then the auctioneer announced that Dembo, Mingo's eldest son, aged twenty, had, the evening before, procured the services of a Minister, and been joined in wedlock to chattel Frances, No. 404, and that he should be compelled to put up the bride and bridegroom in one lot. By this clever stroke of policy the young couple had forestalled the fate designed for them, and evaded the misery that would have resulted from their separation.

The newly married pair were called up : and, as might have been expected, their appearance was the signal for a volley of coarse jokes from the auctioneer, and of ribald remarks from the surrounding crowd. The young couple bore it bravely, rejoicing in having outwitted their oppressors ; although one refined gentleman took rude hold of Frances' lips and pulled them apart, to ascertain her age, just as he would

have pulled open the mouth of a horse for the same purpose.

"This sort of thing it is," said one of the quiet spectators of the sale, "that makes Northern blood boil, and Northern fists clench with a laudable desire to hit somebody. It was almost too much for endurance, to stand and see those brutal slavedrivers pushing the women about, pulling their lips apart with their not too cleanly hands, and committing many another unsightly act; while the husbands, fathers, and brothers of those women were compelled to witness these things without the power to resent the outrage."

Dembo and Frances were "knocked down" for 1320 dollars each, and went to spend their honeymoon on a cotton plantation in Alabama.

The case of "Joshua's Molly" caused a little excitement during the sale. The auctioneer brought up Joshua's Molly and her family, she being a widow. He announced that Molly insisted she was lame in her left foot, and perversely would walk lame, although, for his part, he did not believe a word of it. He had caused her to be examined by an eminent physician in Savannah, which medical light had declared that Joshua's Molly was not lame, but was only shamming. However, the gentlemen must judge for themselves, and bid accordingly. Molly was then put through her paces; compelled to walk and trot to and fro upon the stage, go up and down the steps, and to exercise her feet in a variety of

ways. But it was always with the same result. The left foot would be lame. She was finally sold for 695 dollars.

Whether she was really lame, or not, was only known to herself. But to a slave a lameness, or anything that decreased his market value, was a thing to be rejoiced over. A slave in the prime of life, worth sixteen hundred dollars, or thereabout, could have little hope of ever being able, by any little savings of his own, to purchase his freedom. But let him have a rupture, or lose a limb, or sustain any other injury that rendered him much less serviceable to his owner, and reduced his market value to three or four hundred dollars, he might hope to accumulate that sum, and eventually to purchase his liberty. Freedom to the slave, without health, was infinitely preferable to health without freedom.

Anson and Violet, chattels Nos. 111 and 112, were sold for 250 dollars each, both being old, and Anson marked in the catalogue, "ruptured, and has only one eye." Violet was marked "sick." Her disease appeared to be consumption, which gave rise to the following conversation between two of the bidders :

"Cheap gal, that, Major."

"Do'nt think so. They may talk about her being sick. It's no easy sickness that she's got. She's got consumption, and the man that buys her 'll have to be a doctorin' her all the time, and she'll die in less than three months. I won't have anything to do with her—don't want any half-dead niggers about me."

Guy, chattel No. 419, "a prime young man," sold for 1280 dollars, being without blemish. His age was twenty years, and he was altogether a fine article. His next-door neighbour, Andrew, chattel No. 420, was his very counterpart in all marketable points—size, age, skill, and everything, save that he had lost his right eye. Andrew sold for only 1040 dollars; from which it might be concluded that the market value of a right eye in slavery was 240 dollars.

And so the great Butler Slave Sale went on for two long days, during which time four hundred and twenty-nine men, women, and children passed under the auctioneer's hammer. There were four hundred and thirty-six announced to be sold; but the others were detained on the plantations by sickness. The total amount of the sales was 303,850 dollars; which, counting five dollars to the pound, would be £60,770 sterling. Human flesh and blood and muscle and sinew,—human bodies and souls,—sold for £60,770 sterling! Who does not feel thankful that such a scene can never be witnessed in that Christian land again? Conscience and right have triumphed, and the beautiful flag of the stars and stripes waves now over what is truly the land of the free. Just two years and a month after the rattle of the auctioneer's hammer ceased at the Great Butler Slave Sale, those guns were fired at Fort Sumter which shattered the fetters of every slave in the Union; and the great civil conflict began, which, in the order of Jehovah's Providence, was to wash out, with the

blood of hundreds of thousands of victims, the dark, guilty stain which slavery fixed upon the flag of the North American Republic.

The sale closed ; then came the painful scenes of the last partings,—the final separation of those who were akin, or who had been such dear friends from childhood that no ties of blood could bind them closer ; of those who were all in all to each other, and for whose bleeding hearts could be found no comfort ; the parting of parents and children, of brother from brother, and sister from sister ; and, O ! most cruel of all ! the tearing asunder of loving hearts, wedded in all save the one ceremony of the Church. These scenes pass all description.

As the last unhappy family stepped down from the block, the rain ceased ; for the first time in four days, the clouds broke away, and the soft sunlight fell upon the scene. But small comfort did it bring to the sorrowful hearts at the Savannah race course. Nor was their sorrow greatly mitigated when their late owner, for whose debts they had been consigned to such a cruel fate, caused a dollar each to be distributed among them ; two canvas bags of twenty-five cent pieces, fresh from the mint, being provided for the purpose, as if to give an additional glitter to such an act of generosity.

That night, not a steamer left that Southern port, not a train of cars sped away from that Southern city, that did not bear its own sad burthen of unhappy slaves, pouring out floods of tears, wrung from them

by the pang of separation from kindred and friends, —hearts crushed and bleeding, all sad and sorrowful as human hearts could be. But the stars shone out as brightly as if such things had never been ; and the blushing fruit-trees, feeling the impulse of early spring in that semi-tropical clime, poured their fragrance on the evening air, and all was sweet and quiet around, as if man had never marred the glorious beauty of earth by deeds of cruelty and wrong.

IV.

THE HUNT.

Man finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own; and, having power
T' enforce the wrong, for such a *worthy cause*
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.

COWPER.



APA, one day, when you were reading about the gentleman,—I think you said his name was Cumming,—who hunted lions and elephants and other wild animals in Africa, you told Willie and me that the next time you took us out in the “Rockaway,” you would tell us a hunting story that you had heard about, which, you said, would interest and amuse us. I hope you haven’t forgotten.

No, my dear, I have not forgotten the promise concerning the hunting story.

Then, will you tell it us now? I shall be glad if it is a tiger hunt; for I have read some interesting stories about the hunting of tigers in the East Indies.

No, dear ; I am sorry to disappoint you, but my tale has nothing to do with tigers. It is a true story of man-hunting, which I heard while I was in America some time ago ; and I was deeply interested in the narrative, and very much pleased with the result.

It was a dreary, chilly, dark winter evening during the Christmas holidays, when three wearied travellers in the State of Illinois gladly discerned before them the welcome light of a large wood-fire, brightly gleaming out upon the night through the windows of the little inn of an obscure village which they were approaching. Two of the men were on horseback ; and when they saw the light in the distance, they spurred their jaded beasts, who whinnied with satisfaction as the cheering rays caught their vision, and, pricking their ears, quickened their pace as well as they could through the heavy mud. The third man was on foot ; and he also stepped out with a quicker movement : more, however, because that was the will of his companions, to one of whose saddle-bows he was securely fastened, than because he had any reason to welcome the end of a hard day's journey, or to indulge the hope of good tavern cheer, warmth, and food, and a soft bed for his travel-worn feet and limbs.

"Hallo, the house!" shouted one of the horsemen, as they all drew up before the door of the roadside tavern. The landlord was a thrifty Yankee, born under the shadow of the hill where lie buried that

goodly company who, for the sake of civil and religious freedom, braved, in the little "Mayflower," the dangers of the sea, and the greater perils of the rugged, iron-bound coast of New England. As soon as the call of the travellers smote upon his ear, he hurried out to receive his guests; and helping them to dismount, he ushered them, with much deference and some ceremony, into the warm and cheerful room, where they found the heaped up, glowing fire, whose gladdening light, shining through the unshuttered windows, had guided them to the spot. Two of the travellers, who had just dismounted, were now seen to be white men; the third, on foot, his hands firmly tied behind him, and led, or rather driven like a bear or a bullock,—the other end of the rope being securely fastened to the saddle of one of his companions,—was black. The descendant of a Pilgrim Father stared for a moment at the group, as they came into the bright light of his hospitable fire, and feelings to which he gave no utterance stirred his breast. But, remembering presently that he was only a landlord, and not a Pilgrim Father, he hurried off to lead the strangers' horses to the stable.

The two white men divested themselves of their great-coats, leggings, and thick woollen comforters, by which they were defended from the sharp, biting air without; showing, as they did so, a very complete armament of revolvers and bowie-knives arranged about their persons. The black man was unencumbered with any outer clothing, and but scantily

covered with only shirt and trousers to protect him from the bitter cold. His captors—for such they evidently were—removed his bonds, and gave him permission to sit in the corner of the fire-place. Supper was ordered, and was soon served in an adjoining room; but the table was placed, at the request of one of the travellers, just outside the door, so that he could sit near enough to the Negro to have him still within his sight, and almost within reach. There were several other persons present, temporary inmates of the house, forming a company such as usually gathered at roadside taverns in the country.

The man, who seemed to be the principal of the new comers, said, as he took his seat at the well-spread table, "Gentlemen, please to stop that Nigger, if he should attempt to escape." "I'll be hanged if *I* do," said a bright-looking young man from Massachusetts, who was one of the company; "I am not a Nigger-catcher. You must take care of the boy yourselves. If he should bolt, he shall have a fair start for me. I shall not lift a hand to prevent him." The two eaters bent a scowling face towards the bold speaker; but, after scanning his fair and manly proportions, and observing that he was as well armed as themselves, they turned again to their plates, thinking it was probably the most prudent course for them to be silent.

"Here, Jim," said the master, as he tossed him a bit of meat. Presently a slice of bread followed; and so, as he would have fed a dog, he fed his servant,

Jim, with the fragments of his own meal. The poor fellow ate ravenously and in silence the scraps that were thrown to him, like one that had been unacquainted with food for a long time.

During the progress of the meal hardly a word was uttered by those who occupied the room where the Negro sat, silent, submissive, and apparently dogged, in the chimney corner, a bowed, passive black heap in the blazing fire-light. The eyes of those around were often turned upon his sable, but intelligent countenance, marking the fierce, fiery glance that occasionally shot from his eyes, as he turned them for a moment upon the men in the other room. Who was he? What was he? Probably a runaway slave, some of them thought. The two white men swaggered a good deal. Their few, brief orders to the landlord and landlady, who waited upon them, were commands, and not requests, delivered in the most imperative tones. They ate their supper with the appetite of hounds, and with almost as little regard to good manners : while they seemed to bully the whole company with an air of affected superiority ; and by the elaborate display of their bowie-knives, which were just stuck into their bosoms so as to be clearly visible, they seemed to declare their readiness to fight with any body on the smallest provocation. It was clear enough that they were slave-hunters, and had succeeded in running down their prey.

Like other beasts, they became somewhat more tame after they were gorged with food ; and drawing

their chairs into the circle around the fire, they entered into the conversation going on. After a while, without being requested, they yielded to the evident curiosity of the company, who were anxious to know who and what they were, and what had brought them to that little wayside inn, in the heart of a free State, driving before them, like a sheep to the slaughter, that poor, tethered black creature whom they saw crouching down in the chimney corner.

The story was not an uncommon one in those days of rampant slavery, when the hatred which the inhabitants of the Northern States cherished against the man-stealing system became intensified to the uttermost, because of the insult offered to them on the part of the dominant slave-power, then controlling the destinies of the Union. They felt the foot of the oppressor on their own necks when the iniquitous Fugitive Slave Law was passed, converting their free States into hunting-ground for the slaveholders, and making it lawful for the master to seize upon his fugitive slave wherever he could find him amongst the homes of the free.

The two white strangers were from Kentucky. One of them, who was the chief spokesman, had lost a slave a little more than a year before. "The rascal," he said, had run away, and nothing could be seen or heard of him for many months; and it was concluded that the fugitive had made tracks for Canada,—upon which land of freedom he heaped many a bitter imprecation. However, the runaway was advertised;

and a few weeks before the time when this narrative commences, he, the owner of the slave, had received a letter from one whom he called "a good man," in Illinois, who had happened to see the advertisement. The writer of the letter said that a Negro, answering the description given of the runaway, was at that moment in the neighbourhood where he resided, held there by a law of the State, which caused to be arrested and detained for a year and a day every strange black man who might be found within her borders, and on whose behalf no white man came forward to give bonds that the stranger should not become a public burden on the State. On receipt of this communication, the bereaved Kentuckian took with him a friend,—the companion then present, whom he pointed out to his auditors,—and started at once for this community of free men who were so friendly to the interests of the slaveholders, and so ready to arrest the fugitive in his eager flight to a land of liberty. On arriving at the end of his journey, he found, to his great delight, that, in the very spirit of that glorious Union, which had for so long a period bound the States to each other, the slavery-loving inhabitants of a free State had held back his black piece of property for him, far short of Canada, to which country the renegade was making his way when he was arrested.

He and his friend were only just in time. In one day more the specified period of a year and a day would have expired, and the fellow would have been

free to pursue his journey. There was no difficulty or delay about the matter. He recognised his "boy," and claimed him as his property; and the boy evidently recognised him: and after the payment of certain fees and expenses, the intercepted, disappointed slave was given up to his owner. Having thus accomplished the object of their journey, he and his companion had turned their horses' heads homewards, bringing the runaway with them. This was their first day's journey; and a weary, discouraging beginning they had made of it.

The roads were very heavy, with a melting snow covering the deep mud of the prairies, so that their horses could not travel beyond a walk, and very slowly at that. "It was harder yet for Jim," said the speaker, pointing to the Negro; "for he waded along by our side, keeping up, or seeming—the villanous fellow!—to keep up, along with us with the greatest difficulty. We couldn't make him go any faster by any means in our power; and we couldn't, of course, leave him behind even for the shortest distance, lest he should give us the slip."

Here the narrator, who often used imprecations with which we cannot defile our pages, paused, to turn over again in his mind, in the full blaze of that cheerful fire which contrasted so pleasantly with the keen, sweeping blast of the wide prairie, the dilemma which had so vexed and troubled him the whole day. At the same time, also, the black heap in the corner moved restlessly; and, slightly raising his head, gave

a quick, intelligent glance round the listening circle, which did not pass unnoticed by the young man from Massachusetts who had so promptly abjured the character of a "Nigger-catcher," and satisfied him that the slave-hunters would be likely to have more trouble with Jim before they reached the end of their journey.

Continuing his story, Jim's master went on to say that, after dragging on for a weary while through the heavy road, he proposed to "*nip and tuck*;" which he explained as meaning that he would walk and ride alternately with the Negro, in the hope of getting over the ground a little faster than they had been doing. The plan succeeded admirably. The master descended from his horse, and Jim got into the saddle, and they got on more rapidly, to their great satisfaction. It was rather a relief to themselves to stir their blood now and then with a walk; and "the black rascal," as the narrator politely designated Jim, seemed less morose and sulky, and more willing to go, now that the four legs of a horse, instead of his own two, carried him a part of the way.

At length they approached a piece of timber: so the owner of Jim designated a strip of forest land which stretched across their way. They had hardly entered the wood, when the master observed that "the boy," who was mounted on his horse, had somehow got some little distance ahead of him, and had left his companion still further in the rear. He had hardly noticed these relative positions of the party,

when he saw "the rascal" look over his shoulder ; and then, driving his heels into the horse's sides, lashing him with the whip, and urging him with his voice, he started off at a gallop. It was plain he meant to run for it. And this time it was not only the man, but the horse also that was becoming fugitive property. It was no time for consideration, but for action : so, without waiting for the other rider to come up, he took to his own legs in pursuit. It was wise that he did so.

Horse against horse, in such a race, and the foremost would have won it ; but horse against man, in that deep, tenacious mud, stood no chance whatever. He gained rapidly upon the Negro, as the fugitive knew very well, without stopping to look behind him, by the shouts and execrations of his pursuer, which came nearer and nearer. Rushing the horse through the trees with all the speed he could get out of him, he made for a bluff which overhung a creek just ahead of him. His master had nearly overtaken him before he reached it, when, seeing, what he should have seen before, that his only chance of escape was to trust to his own speed, he threw himself from the saddle and sprang over the bluff. It was a precipitous, almost perpendicular, descent of nearly forty feet ; and to go down it was at the risk of neck and limb. But the slave did not hesitate for a moment ; neither did his master. One was in pursuit of liberty and happiness : the other in pursuit of his " Nigger," his " property." The love of natural right was strong

in one: the love of constitutional right—so called—was strong in the other. Down they went: they jumped, they scrambled, they rolled, they tumbled, and came pretty closely together to the bottom, sorely bruised and breathless, but not quite stunned, and with no bones broken. Then the master, who was the first to gain his feet, fell upon the man; and the man, twining upon him with all the energy left to him, grappled with and fell upon the master, each bent upon doing for the other, if he could, what a forty-foot tumble and roll had failed to accomplish.

They fought desperately, but briefly; for natural right in this case proved stronger than constitutional right, and the black man soon got the white man under him. But there ended Jim's advantage. Had the contest continued to be, as it began, a simple trial of muscular power, Jim would have come off conqueror; and what would have been the result to his opponent none can tell. But the master contrived to get out his bowie knife, which at once turned the struggle in his favour, and the slave succumbed. Had he not been a slave,—property,—“the instrument of civilization would have been sheathed in his body,” said the master. But even in that moment of desperate conflict and terrible passion, the slaveholder remembered that a Negro like Jim, sound in wind and limb, was worth fifteen hundred dollars. The remembrance of this fact weighed with him as no moral consideration whatever would have done, and restrained him from inflicting bodily harm upon his

slave, who had committed what was the *capital crime* of slavery, in laying violent hands upon the sacred person of a white man.

So the late combatants stood up, conqueror and conquered; and the master at once proceeded to take measures for preventing any further violence or attempt to escape on the part of the slave, by tying his hands firmly behind his back. Then climbing up to the higher land, from which they had descended with so little ceremony, they found the horses and the other traveller, and went on their journey. But it was "nip and tuck" no longer. The captor led his captive securely tied by the rope to his saddle bow.

Having given this account of himself and his fellow travellers, interlarded with a multitude of expletives and execrations, and graced with vulgarities and grammatical solecisms which I have thought it best to exclude from the recital, the master turned with a scowl and an oath toward his captive, and said:

"Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself, Jim, for giving us all this trouble?"

"No, Massa," said the slave, quietly, but firmly.

"Do you mean to say you're not sorry for what you have done, you black rascal?" exclaimed the exasperated master.

"Not a bit, I'll do it again, if I can get the chance," returned the other in the same subdued, firm tone.

"What do you want?" said the white man, with a volley of curses, for he was now very angry. "Have

I not always treated you well? Didn't you have enough to eat, and enough to wear, when you were in old Kentuck?"

"Yes, Massa."

"What the mischief, then, do you want?"

The black man raised his head erect. A visible change came over his swarthy face, which glowed with animation. Out of his large eyes shot a gleam of light, and he said:

"I want my LIBERTY, and I *will* have it."

"I'll take care of that," said the master, who could scarce restrain the fierce vindictive passion with which this colloquy with his slave had inspired him, together with the manifest sympathy which existed toward the unfortunate Jim on the part of all who had been listening to the story. As he looked upon the surrounding auditors, the suspicious master thought he saw that in their looks which warned him that it would not be well to trust his slave to spend the night any where at the tavern, even though it might be in the room occupied by himself. On making inquiry, he ascertained that there was a tolerably strong gaol in the village. Thither Jim, securely tied, was conducted for safe keeping, and consigned to the tender mercies of the hard-visaged functionary who held the office of gaoler, and who, with a ferocious grin, intended for a smile, assured Jim's anxious master that the runaway should be so disposed of, that, without fail, he would be forthcoming in the morning.

The gaoler fulfilled his pledge, allowing his prisoner no chance to escape; and soon after dawn the captive was summoned from the close cell in which he had been locked up for the night, and handed over to his master. He was then led away, with his hands strongly tied behind him, as before : the master keeping fast hold of the other end of the rope, while his travelling companion kept a close and watchful guard over the slave. So they travelled slowly on, until the winding of the road shut them in from the gaze of those who watched their departure from the gaol.

On the evening of that same day, there arrived at the next village, some thirty miles south of the scene of this narrative, two growling Kentuckians on horse-back, one of them with an empty rope hanging at his saddle-bow. And, sure enough, they prove to be our quondam friends, the slave-hunters with whom we have formed an acquaintance. They cursed and raved like madmen, for they had "*lost a nigger.*" They had him tied, they said, fast enough till towards night, when he begged that the knot might be loosened a little, to give him some ease in walking ; for he *seemed* nearly beat out. This was done, and Jim appeared to be very thankful for the relief which had thus been afforded to his pained and swollen limbs. They were wading heavily through a terrible piece of forest road, "in timber," as they expressed it ; and it was growing dark. The "boy" was hardly six feet from them. Suddenly he "broke,"

for he had somehow contrived to get the knot untied ; and he was out of sight in an instant, before they could dismount from their horses.

They went back and searched for him that night, and beat the bush till it was too dark to look any longer. They continued the hunt for several days with all the help they could gain from professional slave-hunters and dogs. They offered large rewards for the capture of the "boy." But after spending all the Christmas holidays in this melancholy and unprofitable pursuit without success, they had to abandon the hunt. The Negro was never found, except by the man who really owned him ; and that man's name was JIM. To him, doubtless, a happy Christmas and New Year shone out of the north star, as he followed its friendly light over the prairies and through the woodlands of Illinois ; until, safely gaining the Canadian shore, he could show his face among white men in that land of freedom, where tens of thousands of fugitives from America have, under the protecting shadow of the British ensign, found a refuge and a home. Jim was never seen again in the slave land.

V.

SELLING THE MASTER.

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law designed.
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it shall for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er all the earth
Shall bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
When man to man, the world all o'er,
Shall brothers be, and a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.



Do you remember, Papa, when you told us about the slave auction in America, you said you knew a funny story about the boot being on the other foot, and, instead of the master selling his slave, the slave was clever enough to sell his master? Is it a true story? Did it really take place?

Yes, my dear; I believe the incident actually occurred. I heard it from reliable friends, who seemed pretty well certified as to the facts.

Will it be too long a story to give us now? Willie and I would be so glad to hear it; for it seems to be a very strange and funny thing that a slave should be able to put his master on the block and sell him, as you described them doing at the great slave sale about which you told us. I cannot imagine how he could do it.

The master in question was not put upon the block; for the sale could not so easily have taken place in that way. But the slave was sufficiently adroit to sell his master, notwithstanding, and obtained the money for him, which he turned to his own advantage.

But was it right for him to do so?

It cannot be right, my dear, to practise deception under any circumstances. We may not do evil that good may come. But slavery is a monstrous wrong, and thoroughly blunts the moral sense of all who come under its influence, both the enslaved and the enslavers. Amongst the slaves, who were purposely kept back from all instruction, we could not reasonably expect to find a very strong sense of moral rectitude. It was not, therefore, surprising that when the prospect of obtaining their freedom presented itself, some of the more intelligent among them did not scruple to have recourse to very questionable means, and deceive their owners, in order to secure the much coveted boon. I have heard, and will tell you some time, of a slave riding off with his master's horse, and another getting away to a free country by

appropriating his master's boat, with such stores as he could lay hands upon. And so in the case I have to relate, the slave, who was a man of not very reputable character, making no pretensions to religion, and far from being over-scrupulous, saw little wrong in selling his master to secure his own freedom, and appropriating the proceeds of the sale to his own purposes. There was much in the transaction from which a truly conscientious man, like Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," would have shrunk. But the man I speak of was one of those who are scarcely influenced at all by the restraints of conscience. I should not have time to finish the story now ; so we will reserve it for our return.

The horse's head was no sooner directed homeward than the demand was made, " Now, Papa, please tell us about the slave that sold his master." To a small, but greatly amused and delighted auditory, I related the following narrative.

Some years ago, there was residing, somewhere on the sea-board of Virginia, a noted slave-dealer, named Matthew Hobson. Virginia had for some time, as its once fruitful soil became exhausted, become the most famous state in the Union for raising and selling slaves. Consequently it abounded with slave-dealers : a class of men whose business it was to purchase and sell human beings, and traffic in the miseries of the oppressed. These slave-dealers were generally amongst the most degraded, heartless, and cruel of all who were mixed up with the unhallowed system

of slavery, and were held in almost universal contempt. Even by the slave-holders themselves, who frequently had dealings with them, they were greatly despised. Matthew Hobson occupied a distinguished position in this non-respectable community. He was well known as a man utterly destitute of all the softer and kindly attributes of humanity, possessing a heart petrified, under the terrible influences of slavery, to the hardness of the nether mill-stone. He could look unmoved upon any extremity of human agony, and feel not the slightest compunction in flogging the life out of any poor, unfortunate wretch that fell into his power, who dared to show any resistance to his savage will. All along the Virginia coast he was renowned for remorseless cruelty, and had the unenviable reputation of being an accomplished "*breaker in of bad flesh.*"

Whether any portion of Negro blood really flowed in the veins of this ruffianly oppressor could not be ascertained; but his complexion would justify the suspicion that he had "a lick of the tar-brush," as men sometimes say when they wish to convey the impression that an individual is not purely white, but has a mixture of African blood. His complexion had so much of the Negro cast that his surname dropped out of use, and he became universally known and spoken of as "Black Mat."

In carrying on his nefarious business, he once purchased a bright Quadroon youth, by the name of "Sam." Hobson obtained him at a low price, because

of the numerous unlovely qualities of the slave. He had a bad character for thieving, lying, and drunkenness, and possessed a talent for trickery, cheating, and mischief in general, which no amount of punishment could arrest. He was represented as irreclaimably vicious,—a “Topsy” in masculine form, and with a lighter complexion,—and had proved to be such a source of worry and trouble to his owners, that they were glad to get rid of him at any price. He was, therefore, transferred to Black Mat, and at so low a figure that the shrewd worthy thrust his tongue into his cheek as he chuckled over his bargain, and mentally resolved that “he would soon find the means of taking all that kind of nonsense out of the lively youth.”

By way of carrying this purpose into effect, and to impress his newly acquired property with a salutary fear of his savage temper, Black Mat took an early opportunity of administering to the frolicsome Quadroon a severe admonition with the heavy cowskin which was seldom out of his hand. This “striking” proof of Mat’s interest in the welfare of his newly acquired slave was often repeated, with the view of exorcising and casting out the spirit of fun and mischief with which he seemed to be possessed. But, though it made Sam more careful to avoid arousing the ire of his savage master, it failed altogether to suppress the vivacity of the youth ; while it awakened within him a strong determination to be avenged, in some way or other, upon the dark-visaged tyrant into

whose hands he had fallen, and to free himself from the galling yoke which he was unrighteously made to bear. He soon found out that Mat, his new owner, was a dull, heavy, stupid fellow; and felt no doubt that, adept as he himself had long been in all kinds of trickery and practical joking, he would be able, in the long run, to outwit the surly tyrant, who, though he prided himself on being a white man, was yet really darker-skinned than the unfortunate one whom he abused and trampled on as his slave.

While to outward appearance very subdued and submissive, many a scheme of vengeance was pondered in the head and heart of the young Quadroon, of which Mat never had the slightest suspicion; but these all turned out to be impracticable. Clever as he was, and always fertile in expedients, he could easily have run away and made his escape good to a free land. But that did not satisfy him. It was not enough that he should deprive Black Mat of his services as a slave; he must have a more signal revenge on the man who had wantonly inflicted upon him so many indignities. At length the fair opportunity for which he had been so long and so eagerly watching presented itself, and he was not slow to take advantage of it.

Hobson, purchasing human flesh wherever he could do so profitably, at length made up his gang of slaves for the market, and shipped them at Norfolk,—the Quadroon youth, Sam, among them,—with large expectations of profit from their sale at New Orleans,

where the demand was great for all descriptions of human chattels, both for labour and for viler purposes. The barque arrived safely in the Mississippi ; and was brought alongside the wharf, or "levee," as it is called, at New Orleans. In order that Sam might bring a good price, he was togged off in a good suit of clothes, calfskin boots, a silk hat, and kid gloves : Mat's purpose being, by all this external show, to dispose of Sam to some rich Louisiana planter as his body servant or valet. Mat fully expected to realize at least fifteen hundred dollars for such a fair, likely slave. Sam, thus fully dressed in gentlemanly attire, was directed to go ashore and show himself ; the master intending shortly to follow him. The youth strutted up and down for a while on the levee ; when, taking advantage of his master's attention being fully engaged by persons who had gone on board the barque to look at his gang of working Negroes, he walked slowly away, unnoticed, and found his way to the Alhambra, a place where the sale of slaves was actively going on. As fair-complexioned as most of those who crowded the place, he stalked about among them with the air of an equal, and apparently as much interested in the traffic going on as any slave-dealer or slave-owner of them all.

Hearing a portly-looking gentleman making anxious inquiries from one and another about a good body servant whom he wished to purchase, Sam became interested in his movements ; and the idea presented itself to his active mischief-loving mind, that now,

perhaps, he might have his revenge upon Black Mat. He placed himself in a favourable position for it, and presently the gentleman directed the inquiry to him, whether he could tell him where to obtain a good body servant, as he was anxious to procure one. Affecting an independent swagger, Sam, after putting a few questions to the gentleman, replied :

“My dear Sir, I think I have got just the boy that will suit you.”

“Ha !” rejoined the planter, with much eagerness, “I am glad to hear you say so ; for I have been looking for one for several days. What is the boy like ? What do you ask for him ?”

“I will let you have him for nine hundred dollars,” said Sam ; “and he is very cheap at that. He has every quality for the place you want him for, if I understand you aright. He can shave, dress hair, brush boots, and is, besides, quite polished in his manners. I should have asked fifteen hundred dollars for him, but for one fault.”

“Ha !” ejaculated the planter ; “and pray what kind of fault is that ?”

“Why, Sir, it is a very ridiculous one. He imagines himself to be a white man.”

“A white man !” exclaimed the planter, laughing ; “that is a queer conceit indeed. But if he has no worse fault, I can soon cure him of that. I have had considerable experience in managing and training gentlemen of colour. He won’t hold that conceit long if he comes into my hands.”

"Oh, Sir, there is but little doubt that he can be cured," replied Sam, "though you may find some trouble with him at first. I have never been very severe with him."

"Well, Sir, you appear to be a gentleman," said the planter, who was so anxious to secure the servant he required as to be unduly confiding, and too ready to close a bargain with a stranger; "I will take him on your recommendation. Where is he now?"

"He is on board the barque——," mentioning the name of the vessel. "Yonder she is at the wharf," said Sam, stepping out, and pointing in the direction of the levee. "You can see the boy at any moment; but I will not go with you on board, as I do not care to see the poor fellow again before we part."

"Very good," exclaimed the planter, "I am pleased with your honesty and candour; and to save time, here is your money. Here is the nine hundred dollars; please give me a bill of sale." Suiting the action to the word, he opened his pocket-book, and took out the sum in bank bills.

Sam got the clerk to draw up a bill of sale, to which he affixed the signature of "Samuel Hopkins," his own name; for amongst his other qualifications was the power to write well. Then pocketing the nine hundred dollars, he told the planter to go to the barque, and to ask the Captain for "Black Mat," and to show him the bill of sale. Excusing himself from accompanying the gentleman to the vessel on the plea of business elsewhere, he bade him good

morning, and hastened with what speed he could to another part of the river, where his keen eye had, early in the morning, detected the Blue Peter,—the signal for sailing,—flying at the foremast of an English ship. He made his way on board, and, being evidently flush of cash, and fair as most Europeans, no one suspected his real character, and he had no difficulty in securing a passage to Europe as a white man, for which he paid. Stepping ashore again, he speedily supplied himself with a travelling trunk and necessary clothing for the voyage, and then found an unsuspected place of security in the state-room, for the use of which he had paid out of the money obtained from the sale of his master.

The pury planter was not in a hurry to claim his new purchase, as he considered all safe with the bill of sale in his pocket, and had no suspicion whatever as to the *bonâ fide* character of the transaction. Meanwhile, the ship in which Sam had hidden himself weighed anchor, and proceeded down the river with a steam-tug; every hour lessening the danger of pursuit. But having discharged some other business engagements, Mr. —, the purchaser of Black Mat, found his way to the levee, and went on board the barque, which he readily found, to claim his newly acquired property. Finding out the Captain, he introduced his business, and requested to see the boy, Black Mat. He was somewhat taken aback to see a person rather different from what he expected, when the Captain pointed to Matthew Hobson, who sat on

the quarter-deck, quietly smoking his cigar, and superintending the debarcation of part of his gang of slaves, for whom he had already found purchasers.

"Are you Black Mat, my fine fellow?" asked the planter, addressing the slave-merchant.

"Folks call me so to hum," was the reply, in no very amiable tone; "but my name is Matthew Hobson; and I should like to know what you want, and why you take the liberty of addressing me in that way?"

"I'll tell you what I want, Mat; I want *you*. You're a likely-looking fellow, and will just suit me. I want a fellow that can shave, dress hair, and clean boots, and wait sprightly at table; and all this, I am told, you can do."

"Look you here, stranger," said Mat, with an angry growl, firing up, and taking the cigar from his mouth, overwhelmed with astonishment; "may be you don't just know who it is you are speaking to."

"Yes, I do, though. You are my property. I bought you of your master, Samuel Hopkins, this morning, and paid for you; and here I have the bill of sale," producing from his pocket the document for which he had paid so dearly.

"You bought *me*!" exclaimed Mat, standing up at full length before the planter, and using language too profane to be repeated here; "you bought *me* from Samuel Hopkins! Why, Sir, I am a white man; and Samuel Hopkins, as you call him, is one of my slaves!"

"Come, come now," calmly said the planter, "that won't do. I know all about you, and your pretending to be a white man. You won't humbug me with your conceits. I'll soon whip them out of you, Sir. I'll teach you" —

Before, however, he could explain the nature of the lesson he purposed imparting to his refractory purchase, Mat suddenly drew back, and then, with the rapidity of lightning, planted a blow on the ruddy nose of his would-be master, which surprised and staggered him, and nearly laid him prostrate on the deck. Before Mat could repeat the blow, his opponent, springing upon him, seized him firmly by the throat, bellowing loudly for the police. A police officer happened to be on the levee, close at hand, who, hearing the vigorous outcry of the planter, hastened on board the barque, and separated the combatants. The stranger made his complaint to the officer concerning the violent and unprovoked assault which had been made upon him by "that black rascal," pointing to Mat, whom he claimed as his slave; at the same time producing the bill of sale to support his claim. The Captain of the barque endeavoured to interpose, saying that there must be some mistake about the matter. This was clear enough, the officer thought; but where the mistake lay was not so easy to determine. Mat's claim to be a white man was, in the officer's estimation, a very suspicious circumstance; for he was nearly as black as any of the Negroes who were looking on. He

knew the planter well to be a highly respectable gentleman; and having no reason to doubt his account of the matter, sustained, as it clearly was, by the paper he held in his hand, he concluded to take the refractory slave into custody.

Black Mat became almost mad with fury when matters took this turn, and was disposed to show resistance, until another officer made his appearance on the scene, when he was borne off, securely handcuffed, to the calaboose. There he was detained as a slave, amongst a number of other slaves who were imprisoned there, until the Captain of the barque could hunt up some evidence to prove that he was Matthew Hobson, a white, free-born citizen of the United States, by which time the day was far gone; for all this occupied some hours.

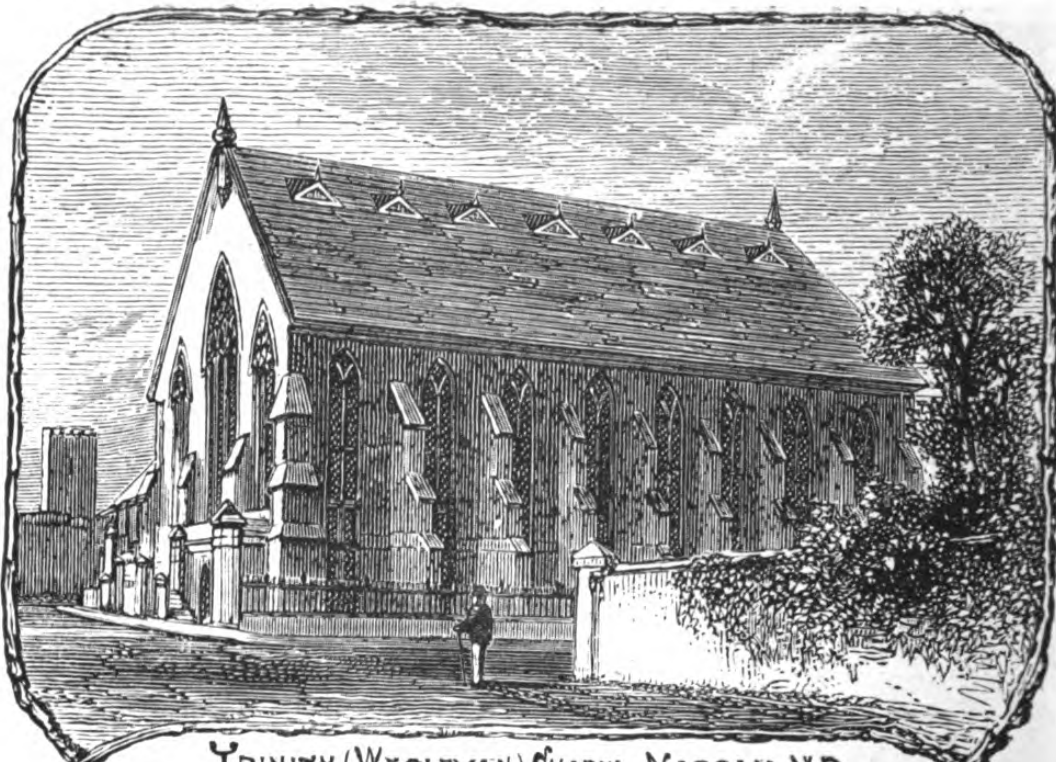
The delay thus occasioned was favourable to Sam's escape. No suspicion arose concerning his getting away from the country, so quietly and promptly had it been effected. He had some apprehensions that his flight might possibly be traced, until the pilot left the vessel, the tug cast them off, and the ship, with a fair wind, spread her sails upon the ocean; then he felt secure. Meanwhile Black Mat, burning with deadly revenge, and bent upon "flogging the life out of the scoundrel," as soon as he effected his own deliverance, set himself to recover the fugitive; sparing no trouble or expense to find out where he was concealed. All these efforts, of course, were vain. Not the slightest trace of the Quadroon could

be found. From the moment when he bade his friend, the planter, good morning, he seemed to have disappeared, as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. Secure under the protection of the British flag, and regarded by all on board as an American Southern gentleman with plenty of money, Sam was on his way to a free land. He had obtained his liberty, at the same time taking revenge upon his savage master. Black Mat lost his slave; and the fat planter lost his money, laughing good-humouredly at the cleverness of the impudent fellow who had "sold" him and his master too.

Nor did Mat ascertain what had become of Sam, until he received a letter from the froward youth, written on the European side of the Atlantic, which threw some light upon that dark subject, and caused him to gnash his teeth with unavailing rage. Mat's equanimity was greatly ruffled, and he was not a little puzzled by the line of argument which Sam used to justify what Mat considered a horrible outrage against all custom and propriety,—the selling of a white man as a slave. "If I hadn't sold you," Sam wrote, after telling of his safe arrival in England, "you would have sold me; and if the fat gentleman that bought you had not been anxious to get profit by engaging in a cruel and wicked traffic, he would not have lost his money, and I should not have got the means of paying my passage as a white man to this free country. If it was right for you to sell me as a slave, which you intended to do, because

I have colour in me, then it must be right for me to sell you as a slave; for you know that my skin is a good deal whiter than yours. I hope you and the master I provided for you have settled matters cleverly."

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TRINITY (WESLEYAN) CHAPEL NASSAU N.P.



VI.

THE HURRICANE.

Oft o'er the Eden islands of the West,
In floral pomp and verdant beauty drest,
Rolls the dark cloud of God's awakened ire;
Thunder and earthquake, whirlwind, flood, and fire,
Midst reeling mountains and disparting plains,
Tell the pale world, the God of vengeance reigns.

MONTGOMERY.



WHEN we were driving through the Garrison at Bridgetown a little while ago, you remember, Papa, that you pointed out to us a monument that was erected there in memory of a number of soldiers who were killed in a hurricane, which, you told us, occurred very soon after your first arrival in the West Indies. We would thank you very much if you would tell us something about hurricanes, and especially about that one in which so many soldiers lost their lives, and which you said caused such wide-spread destruction throughout the island.

Listen then, my dear, and I will do what I can to meet your wishes.

During the night between the 10th and 11th of August, in the year 1831, when I was just recovering

from a severe attack of yellow fever, and was still very much debilitated, I was being conveyed by sea in a large canoe with six oars from Montego Bay to Lucea, on the north side of Jamaica. There I was to commence those missionary labours which had so nearly been cut short before being well begun by the fearful *vomito prieto*, or yellow fever, which has been such a deadly scourge in this Western Archipelago.

Under the even stroke of the oars the canoe moved gently through the placid waters, as I lay softly reclining on a mattress, well screened from night dews by ample covering and a well-spread awning. But how little did I dream that, during the hours occupied in this journey, fearful havoc of property and life was going on in one of the smaller islands to windward, and the terrible hurricane, in its dreadful sweep, was leaving everywhere as it passed desolation and ruin! At that very time Barbadoes was being swept from shore to shore by the death-dealing blast, and the morning sun arose upon many ruined families who, the night before, rejoiced in comfort and plenty, and shed its rays upon hundreds, mutilated, dead, or dying, who, when it last sunk in the west, were exulting in robust and vigorous health.

In the West Indies, a certain portion of the year is regarded as the hurricane season, extending generally from July to October. From a list of these desolating storms I find that, out of forty-seven, which had been experienced among the Islands, and of which a record had been kept down to 1849, one took place

in June, four in July, eighteen in August, twelve in September, and twelve in October. They occur commonly in the three great oceans, the Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific; but are seldom found within less than five or six degrees of the Equator.

Hurricanes are circling storms, or monster whirlwinds, varying in their diameter from fifty to five or six hundred miles, revolving around a centre, or vortex, up to a certain distance, within which there is a calm so perfect that when a lighted candle has been carried into the open air, while the centre of a destructive hurricane has been passing over, the flame remained perfectly steady and unflickering. The place of this centre of rotation, together with the whole body of the storm, advances steadily along a definite line, with a velocity varying from two to thirty miles an hour, leaving in its track stupendous marks of its desolating force. It has been ascertained that they revolve in opposite directions on different sides of the Equator. In the northern hemisphere, the motion of the wind in these rotatory storms is retrograde,—*i.e.*, contrary to the motion of the hands of a clock. In the southern hemisphere, the motion is reversed, and it revolves in the same direction as the hands of a clock,—from left to right.

One remarkable feature of these whirling storms is, their increasing violence in the neighbourhood of their centre, or vortex; and woe to the unhappy mariner whose ship is caught in one of them. Those who have bought experience dearly, by passing

through the centre of a violent hurricane, describe the cross, confused sea there as being tremendous, and unlike anything they have known elsewhere. Raised by gusts from every point of the compass into pyramidal heaps, the agitated waters strike the vessel on either side, and with a force similar to that of a heavy surf beating over a reef. As the centre of the storm passes over, the wind will suddenly cease and the clouds disperse for a short delusive interval; and then, as if it had only rested to acquire fresh power during the transient calm, it resumes its violence with tenfold power. On the 1st of October, 1866, the vortex of a destructive hurricane passed over Nassau, in the Bahamas. First, the wind blew from the east and north-east with great fury; then came a lull, the calm becoming so perfect that a lighted candle could be borne across the street without any disturbance of the flame. This lasted for an hour and a half; when, the centre of the storm having gone by, the wind came on from the opposite quarter,—the south-west,—and continued to blow with more than its former fury for several hours. Then it died away, leaving hundreds homeless, many a Christian sanctuary reduced to a heap of ruins, and the shores and harbours of the colony strewn with wrecks. A new and handsome Methodist chapel at Nassau, which had been finished and opened a few months before, though built of solid masonry, was destroyed, requiring an expenditure of several thousand pounds for its restoration.

It was one of these revolving storms that visited Barbadoes on the 10th and 11th of August, 1831. The centre passed a little to the north of the island, and consequently the land was swept with its utmost force by that inward circle near the centre that revolved with the greatest velocity. On the 10th of August the sun rose without a cloud, and shone with its utmost splendour, no part of the heavens indicating, in any direction, the approach of that fierce conflict with the elements which was, however, close at hand. About ten o'clock in the forenoon, the gentle breeze, which had all the morning been tempering the ardent heat of the season with its refreshing sweep, died away, and was succeeded by a calm. This, after enduring for less than an hour, was followed by strong winds blowing in puffs from the north-east. An alternation of calms and sudden blasts of wind prevailed until noon, when it was observed that the atmosphere had become uncommonly sultry and oppressive. Still there was nothing different in the weather from what it usually is at the same season of the year.

In the afternoon, after a succession of calms and fierce gusts of wind, continuing for several hours, signs of the approaching tempest began to exhibit themselves; though few persons understood them sufficiently to be apprehensive of danger. The use of the barometer was then but little known, and few were in possession of this valuable instrument. Had it been then as now, when almost every planter's

house in the island is furnished with this useful monitor, the sudden falling of the mercury would, for many hours before it came, have admonished the inhabitants that the hurricane was marching upon them in all its destructive power. About five o'clock, dense, dark banks of clouds gathered in the north, and the wind commenced to blow strongly from that point, bringing with it heavy showers of rain. This was succeeded by an ominous stillness, which lasted for about half an hour. A dismal blackness rested upon the horizon all around; but towards the zenith there was an obscure circle of light, subtending about 35 or 40 degrees, which had a curious effect as the night drew prematurely on.

As the evening advanced, although the weather was fair and the wind moderate, with only occasional strong gusts from the north, the lower and principal stratum of clouds was observed to be passing with great swiftness to the south, and the higher strata of scud rapidly flying to various points, indicating to the intelligent observer an unusual commotion in the atmosphere. This continued until a little after nine P.M., when the wind began to freshen from the north, bringing with it still more heavy showers of rain. An hour later, vivid flashes of lightning appeared in rapid succession both in the north-east and the north-west, and then came fiercer squalls of wind and rain from the north, with brief intermediate calms, until midnight. Then it was that the hurricane which all these signs had heralded burst upon

the devoted land, fearful in its power and grandeur, and the terrified inhabitants tremblingly realized the presence of their terrible foe.

About midnight a fearful gale began to blow fiercely from the north-north-east, increasing every moment in its fury, and accompanied by continued flashes of lightning, which were awfully grand,—one flash rapidly following another with scarcely any appreciable intermission. Until one or half-past one the raging storm increased, blowing all that time from the north. Then it suddenly shifted, and burst from the north-west, and intermediate points, with a fury far surpassing any thing that had gone before, and which it would be impossible to describe. “At a little after two,” says an eyewitness, “the astounding roar of the hurricane, which rushed from the north-north-west, cannot be described in language. About three o’clock the wind occasionally abated, but the intervening gusts proceeded from the south-west, the west, and west-north-west, with accumulated fury. After five o’clock the storm abated a little now and then for a few moments, rendering clearly audible the falling of tiles and building materials which had been carried up by the last gust to a lofty height.” There is no poetic licence or exaggeration in the following lines by Granger in his poem on “The Sugar-Cane :”—

“The North flies forth, and hurls the frightened air
Not all the brazen engineeries of man,
At once exploded, the wild burst surpass.

Yet thunder, yoked with lightning and with rain,
Water and fire, increase the infernal din.
Canes, shrubs, trees, huts, are whirl'd aloft in air.
The wind is spent, and all the isle below
Is hush'd in death."

The phenomena attending this fearful visitation in Barbadoes would seem to sanction the opinion of some who are learned on the subject of winds and storms, that "hurricanes originate in a region where the atmosphere is highly charged with electricity as well as vapour, and a vast quantity of electricity is developed during the passing of these rotary storms." From the time the hurricane really set in and began to rage in its fury, the upper regions of the heavens were illuminated by incessant lightning; but this quivering sheet of blaze was surpassed in brilliancy by masses of electric fire, exploding in every direction. Fiery meteors were seen falling from the heavens. One in particular, of a globular form and a deep red hue, was observed to descend perpendicularly from a vast height. It evidently fell by its specific gravity, and was not shot or propelled by any extraneous force. On approaching the earth with accelerated motion, it assumed a dazzling whiteness and an elongated form; and dashing to the ground in Beckwith Square, it splashed around in the same manner that melted metal would have done, and was instantly extinct. In shape and size it appeared like the old-fashioned, barrel-shaped, glass candle-shade, then commonly in use in the

West Indies ; and its brilliancy, and the spattering of its particles on coming in contact with the earth, gave it the resemblance of a body of quicksilver of equal bulk. An eyewitness states, "At the time the centre of the hurricane was passing close to the north of the island, a number of meteors might be seen falling from the heavens ; the lightning played frightfully between the clouds and the earth, with novel and surprising action ; the blaze of lightning that issued downwards to the earth, was returned from the earth upwards ; and during the remarkable phenomenon the earth appeared to vibrate in a manner and in a time answering to the action of the lightning.

"The moment after this singular alternation of lightning and falling meteors, the hurricane, which had lulled for a brief season, again burst from the western points with violence prodigious beyond description, hurling before it showers of missiles, the fragments of every unsheltered structure of human art. The strongest houses were shaken to their foundations, and the surface of the earth seemed to tremble as the destroyer rushed over it. No thunder was at any time distinctly audible ; but that might be owing to the everlasting voice of the hurricane, and the horrible roar and raging of the yelling ocean, whose frightful waves threatened the town with the destruction of all that the other elements might spare. But, during an occasional lull of the storm, the clattering of tiles, the falling of roofs, and walls, and houses, and the

combination of a thousand other sounds of ruin and distress, made a hideous and appalling din."

When the day began to dawn, the extreme fierceness of the storm had passed over, but the wind gradually abated as it drew round to the south and south-east; and at nine o'clock there was calm weather, and a gentle sea breeze blowing sweetly from its usual quarter. The storm-fiend had done his work and disappeared,—passed on to spread destruction and death and ruin in St. Vincent, and St. Lucia, and the other islands that lay in his passage to the warm waters of the Gulf Stream; for which the hurricane seems to have some mysterious affinity. Maury says, in his "Geography of the Sea," "The fact that hurricanes prefer to place their feet in warm water, and that in all seas where they prevail, warm, settled currents are also found, which appear to arise from the disturbance which the solid crust of the earth causes in the regular flowing of the waters of the sea, induces us to suspect that there is a certain relation between the hurricanes and the warm currents; and that, in the economy of nature, the hurricanes in the atmosphere, and the warm rivers in the sea, work together to restore the disturbed equilibrium in nature, which can be done in no other way than this, and along the way which they, as it were, mutually agree to follow together."

"The want of knowledge," says Jansen, "prevents me from venturing to penetrate into the hidden chambers out of which the whirlwind comes; for the

circulation of the atmosphere must, like the revolutions of human society, bring all the natural forces into commotion, and they, in the strife which they wage, become renewed and strengthened to perform their appointed work for the universal welfare, and pass away, like the all-destroying meteor, after having accomplished its terrific mission. The strife—if indeed I may call the opposite workings in nature strife—is violent, terrible. The monsoon has attained its greatest strength, the disturbance in the circulation of the atmosphere has reached its utmost limits, the vapour and the heavy clouds act in harmony no longer, and with wild violence the uproar, nursed in silence, breaks forth. ‘The way for the lightning of the thunder’ is broken up.”

Sad indeed was the scene which the morning light disclosed after that eventful night, and when the destroyer had passed away. The careenage was crowded with wrecks. Two vessels only remained afloat, while numbers were to be seen capsized, or thrown on their beam-ends in shallow water; the whole surface being covered with floating wrecks of every description. The water itself could not be seen; but an undulating mass of lumber, staves, barrels, trusses of hay, boxes, cases, and every kind of merchandise that was buoyant enough to float. All the ships that were riding at anchor in the open bay when the gale came on, had slipped their anchors and put to sea, preferring there to meet the fury of the tempest, rather than to be cast hopeless, helpless

wrecks upon the land. All around the coast, the sea, lashed into mountain waves, such as none living had ever looked upon before, was breaking in torrents of rolling surf upon the rocks, exhibiting a scene of real grandeur to those whom the wide-spreading calamity of the night had left sufficiently free from suffering to appreciate the sublime and beautiful.

Inland, a most distressing picture of ruin presented itself in every direction. The town was in ruins, many of the inhabitants lying bruised, mutilated, and bleeding, where roofs and walls had fallen in and crushed them; and not a few, spared the hours of excruciating agony which fell to the lot of some of their neighbours, had the life crushed out of them at once, and were dug from beneath the ruins under which they lay, only to be placed in such humble coffins as could hastily be procured, and so hidden away in the dust of the neighbouring churchyards. The whole face of the country was laid waste. Scarcely a sign of vegetation was to be seen, except here and there a few patches of sickly green. The surface of the ground appeared as if a desolating fire had run through the land, scorching and burning up the productions of the earth.

Multitudes of trees were blown down, torn up by the roots with the force of the hurricane, as if some mighty leverage had been employed to tear them out of the earth; while the few that remained standing, stripped entirely of their boughs and foliage, looked as if they had passed through the blight of

winter. The handsome residences of the city merchants, situated in the outskirts of the town, and embosomed amid thick groves of fruit or ornamental trees, now stood naked and exposed, in many cases exhibiting roofless, shattered walls and heaps of ruins. The massive barracks at the east end of the city had shared the same fate. The beautiful trees which adorned the wide-stretching parade-ground lay uprooted in all directions, or stripped of their branches and verdure. Several of the long stone buildings, and the hospital, were blown down or unroofed; and a considerable number of the soldiers and hospital patients were killed or wounded in the falling buildings. The handsome monument, erected to the memory of those who perished in the storm, stands near the site which was the principal scene of the disaster.

The country in all directions was, in the course of an hour and a half, swept nearly clean; the wind-mills and boiling-houses of the sugar estates, and the mansions of the resident proprietors, with all the other buildings, were thrown into ruinous heaps; and thousands of the Negro huts were literally blown away. The cane-fields were blasted as if a devouring fire had passed over them, leaving many, who, twenty-four hours earlier, were possessed of comfort and affluence, and rejoicing in anticipation of a profitable harvest, bereft of everything except the bare land and their slaves.

The destruction of human life, to say nothing of

horses and cattle, was very great. Nearly fifteen hundred perished in the hurricane, and many were injured who ultimately recovered. On the estate of a Mr. Hollinshead twenty-two persons were killed in a moment, and buried beneath a falling building; and at an estate called Mount Wilton eighteen were killed at once in a similar manner. At this same plantation the body of a woman was found dead in a cane-field about 180 feet from the Negro quarters, and her head was discovered in an adjoining field, 60 feet from the body. The head had been severed from the trunk by a slate blown from the dwelling-house of Bloomsbury estate, nearly a mile distant. With such irresistible force had it been driven by the fury of the wind, that—the slate striking her on the neck—she had been decapitated as cleanly as if by the stroke of a keen axe. A great number of broken slates were found scattered over the field in which the headless trunk was discovered. The churches and places of worship that were left standing were converted into hospitals, and places of temporary shelter for the multitudes that were left destitute of a home. The dead, as they were dug out from the ruins which had crushed them, were, with all convenient dispatch, consigned to their last resting-places in the cemeteries which surrounded the places of worship in the town; public attention having not yet been directed to the evil of depositing the remains of the dead in the midst of the living; while the mutilated and the wounded received such attention

to their hurts as could be afforded them in the pews and galleries within the walls.

For several days, to the other miseries of the inhabitants were added those of starvation. Nearly all the provisions in the island were destroyed, or rendered useless; and the population being very dense, they were soon utterly destitute. But the neighbouring colonies, with kindly sympathy, hastened to relieve the increasing distress. As soon as tidings reached them of the calamity which had swept over Barbadoes, and the extremities to which the inhabitants were reduced, the people in Grenada, St. Vincent, Trinidad, and Demerara, chartered vessels and loaded them with all kinds of provision that were at hand. Corn, rice, salt-fish, beef, pork, plantains, yams, coffee, and cocoa, with a supply of lumber, shingles, &c., &c., soon began to arrive, to the great relief and joy of the suffering multitudes. The change was as great as that which took place in Samaria after the Syrians raised the siege and fled, when a measure of flour was sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, where the day before had existed the extremity of famine. It was a sudden change, from what seemed to be inevitable starvation, to plenty and comfort; and many thanksgivings were sent up by the sufferers to Almighty God, who had graciously remembered them, and stirred up others to remember them, in the time of their distress.

The loss of property was very great, exceeding

that caused by a similar visitation in 1780, which was estimated at a million and a half sterling. But wonderful indeed are the recuperative powers of these Isles of the West. In the course of a year or two, the mills and other estate buildings were restored; the planters inhabited their own homes; the well-cultivated fields waved luxuriantly with rich saccharine harvests; and little remained to tell the stranger of the great storm of 1831, except here and there a few shattered ruins of buildings, which the owners had not been able to restore.

The hurricane was not without some good effects of a religious character. Some, who narrowly escaped with their lives, were startled, and led by the peril in which they found themselves to think and care about their souls, and determine to "flee from the wrath to come." While stationed in the north-western part of Jamaica in 1837, I met with a devoted Christian woman who had been brought to God, in Barbadoes, through the terror inspired by the hurricane of 1831. A fine-looking coloured woman, she had been living a gay and careless life, devoted to the love of dress and worldly pleasure; and God was not in all her thoughts. When the fierceness of the storm came on, and the house she was in began to rock, she hastened to hide herself in the cellar, and was there literally buried beneath the ruins, which soon fell over her and cut her off from the hope of escape. Providentially the roof and walls fell in such a way as not to crush her, and so as to

leave a small open space around the spot where she was crouching in a corner. Buried alive, and cut off from all human intercourse, the guilty past arose before her, and she stood face to face with her sins. She felt then, as she had never felt before, the evil of her past life, and the wrath of God abiding on her. Then and there she began earnestly to cry to the Lord for mercy, and resolved that if her life were spared, it should be from that time devoted to Him. After the wildness of the storm subsided,—of which, however, in her grave of the living she knew nothing,—the smothered sound of her voice at length reached the ears of those without. She was rescued, and immediately placed herself in the communion of the Methodist Church. Shortly after doing so she found peace with God. Married to a white man, an officer of the Customs, she came to Jamaica with her husband, who was appointed to a vacancy there. For some years she exercised a powerful influence for good, and, in the capacity of Class Leader and Sabbath School Teacher, was instrumental in winning many young persons to Christ. And here she finished her course, passing away in joyful triumph to the presence of her Lord.

VII.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions ; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam Earth, and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers,

SHAKSPEARE.



HAVE you ever felt an earthquake, Papa?
—was the inquiry presented to me by
my little daughter one day, as we set
out on a long drive to one of my distant
stations.

Yes, dear, many times ; especially when
we were living in Antigua, where shocks
of earthquake are more frequent than in any of the
other West India Islands in which I have been
stationed. I have felt as many as three severe shocks
in the course of a single week. I experienced several
shocks while I was in Jamaica. One of them I
remember distinctly. I was walking in the street,
when the earth began to reel in a very extraordinary
manner, and a loud rumbling noise was heard, as if
a number of heavily-laden wagons were being driven
fast over rough roads. I at once apprehended that

it was an earthquake, and expected every moment to see the houses begin to topple over into the street. It was a rapid, undulating motion, reminding me of the rolling waves of the ocean. But it soon passed away, and beyond the cracking of walls in several places, and the shaking down of glass-ware and crockery, little damage seemed to have been done. But, after the lapse of two or three weeks, we received the intelligence that Cape Haitien City had been shaken down into a heap of ruins by the same earthquake, while several thousands of persons had been buried alive under the mass of falling stones and débris. Our Missionary, Mr. Bird, who was at that time residing at Cape Haitien, had a narrow escape, with his wife and infant child; the house falling in such a way that, while Mr. Bird was thrown unhurt into the street from the piazza in which he was sitting at the time, his wife and child were so protected by the fallen timber sloping over them that they also escaped unharmed.

What is it that causes earthquakes, Papa?

Some have supposed that atmospheric influences are, in many instances, the causes of earthquakes; but although we know so little that is certain on the subject, the most reliable hypothesis appears to be that they are due to the same agency which produces volcanic eruptions. Earthquakes are most frequently and powerfully felt in those parts of the world where volcanic phenomena most abound. Numerous active volcanoes exist in South America, and through nearly

all the West India Islands we find extinct craters, or other unmistakable evidences of volcanic agency, actually present, or having been present in past ages. I climbed once to the summit of the Souffrière, a volcanic mountain in the island of St. Vincent. There I beheld an imposing spectacle. Before me lay an immense crater, forming a lake of clear water, with sloping banks lined with trees so far down that I could not, by the exertion of my utmost strength, throw a stone over the trees from the crater's edge to reach the water. The lake appeared to me to be scarcely less than a mile in width. Close by was the now extinct crater formed by an eruption that took place in 1812, by which a cloud of ashes was sent to Barbadoes, ninety miles to windward. This cloud was so dense, that from sunrise to sunset it was dark as midnight. You may imagine how greatly the people were alarmed, as none of them were able to account for such a phenomenon. This new crater was filled with fog when I visited it, so that I could see only a few feet down below the brink.

That was a fearful earthquake that took place in Jamaica, which, you told us, caused the destruction of Port Royal.

Yes. It is generally regarded as one of the most terrible visitations of the kind on record. It caused an immense loss of life and property. The Governor and all the principal officers of the Government, together with all the public records of the island, were swallowed up.

Did you, Papa, ever witness an earthquake that caused a great amount of damage and loss of life?

No, dear, except the one I have referred to, which destroyed the City of Cape Haitien. I felt that shock, but far away from its centre; which, from the ruin entailed upon that unfortunate city, appears to have been somewhere on the north side of the island of Hispaniola, now divided into the Republics of Haiti and San Domingo. But, in 1843, I visited Antigua, shortly after the terrible earthquake which occurred in the Windward Islands, on the 8th of February of that year, and beheld the wide-spread desolation it had caused in that island, and the heaps of ruins which remained of the shattered buildings on every hand. This gave me a more impressive idea of the terrible effect of an earthquake than I had ever conceived before.

I should be glad to hear about it, Papa, if you have no objection.

Well, dear, I will endeavour to gratify your wish. I was then stationed in Jamaica. That year my health had given way under the pressure of increased labour. I had been obliged to give up my colleague to supply a vacancy in a distant Circuit, where a valuable Missionary had been removed by death; and, to meet the demands of the several stations under my care, I had to take upon me an amount of preaching and travelling which broke me down; and, by the medical gentlemen who attended me, it was considered necessary for me to take a voyage for

the restoration of my health. The Royal Mail steamers afforded me a favourable opportunity for doing so : I resolved to visit some of the Windward Islands, and spend a week or two in Antigua and some of the other Islands in that direction.

When I landed at English Harbour, in the first-named island, the ravages of the earthquake immediately attracted my attention. At this place was situated the principal dockyard in the British West Indies ; which, during the long war that ended in the overthrow of the first Napoleon, was largely resorted to by the ships of the British navy. Innumerable sums had been expended in the erection of docks, and buildings for all kinds of naval stores. It is at English Harbour the Royal Mail steamers call to deliver and take off the mails, and to land or receive passengers. As I set my foot upon the shore, I found myself surrounded by ruins on every side. The spacious stone wharves were all torn and rent ; in some places they had sunk down to the level of the sea ; in others they had been heaved up, presenting an appearance as undulating as the waves of the ocean. The earth all around was completely ploughed up, and exhibited many deep and broad fissures. The massive stone and brick buildings around the yard were shattered. In one direction, the fine building occupied as the officers' quarters could be seen severely rent ; in another, the sail and cordage stores cracked from top to bottom ; while in yet another direction the Superintendent's office was

only a mass of ruins ; and the fine, capacious cisterns, intended to supply the navy with water, and especially valuable in a country where there are neither streams nor water-springs, were torn to pieces, and rendered utterly unserviceable.

Several of the massive, circular, stone pillars, measuring twelve feet in circumference, which supported the extensive shed called the Boat House, were shattered or thrown down ; while all the miscellaneous buildings, required for the service of the dockyard, showed only masses of tottering, crumbling walls, some of them sunk into the ground. As I stood and surveyed the wide-spread ruin, I thought of the words spoken by Isaiah : “ And they shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of His majesty, when He arises to shake terribly the earth.” On this spot alone, in a very few seconds, the earthquake inflicted damage which thirty thousand pounds sterling would not repair.

On a high hill called Shirley Heights, but commonly known as the Ridge, rising abruptly from the basin around which the spacious docks and stores were erected at English Harbour, stood the principal military station of the island. Here also the power of the earthquake had been terribly felt ; and the commodious barracks and store-rooms, built on that elevated spot for the accommodation of the troops, were shaken down into heaps of ruins, or so severely rent and shattered as to be quite unfit for occupation.

At the outermost point of Shirley Heights, and almost overhanging the sea, stood the signal post, visible in almost every part of the island. Near to this stood a solitary building, designed for the accommodation of the signal men, whose duty it was to telegraph the approach of vessels to that part of the island.

This building fell with the first shock of the earthquake. Two men, who were its inmates at the time of the earthquake, rushed out as the building began to totter, forgetting, in their consternation, a baby who was also in the house, not four months old. They were scarcely across the threshold when the structure fell, burying beneath the ruins the sleeping infant. As the first shock passed away, the horror-stricken father remembered his child ; and calling to his assistance some of his friends, they commenced at once to remove the heap of stones and rubbish, in order to disentomb the crushed body of the little one. While they were proceeding with their work, a faint cry was heard ; and, carefully removing the stones, they found, to their great surprise and joy, that the child had been wonderfully preserved from harm. Several long pieces of wood had fallen across it in such a way as to form a kind of arch ; and thus the stones were caught, and prevented from crushing the tender frame of the slumbering child. When the mass of timber, stones, and mortar was cast aside, there lay the child in perfect safety, having suffered no damage except a slight scratch upon one of its cheeks.

The boats and ships in the Harbour were fearfully affected by the shock, and for ten minutes the island could scarcely be seen by passing vessels, on account of the clouds of dust arising from its falling buildings. When the earthquake first commenced, the island was seen to shake like a tree in a gale of wind. The hills which encircle English Harbour were also perceived to part asunder; and at a place known as Hatton's Hill the effects were terrific. The whole of the eminence so named, which rises in a somewhat conical form, was rent into yawning fissures, to the extent of eighteen or twenty acres. The spot had been occupied as Negro provision grounds; and in one place a portion of their well-cultivated gardens slipped from the brow of the hill, and, still covered with its vegetable productions, plantains, bananas, &c., filled up one of the chasms cleft in the solid ground. Upon the margin of the sea another chasm presented itself. The solid rock was rent asunder, as if cut through, in extent forty feet long, thirty feet deep, and seventy feet wide. A large tree which stood upon the spot was removed thirty or forty yards, and brought up, all standing, upon the edge of the abyss. A peculiarly shaped rock, well known to mariners by the name of "Ship's Stern," and which had proved for a long time a sure landmark to pilots, was shivered to pieces.

Soon after landing at English Harbour, I met with Mr. George Black, an intelligent Methodist Class-leader and Local Preacher, who for some years

filled the office of principal Police Magistrate of the island. He gave me a hearty welcome to his house, where I was introduced to his wife and a most interesting circle of children. Through Mr. Black's kindness I obtained the means of proceeding in a comfortable vehicle to St. John's, the chief town of the island. Shortly after leaving English Harbour we came to Falmouth, where the Episcopal church, with several other buildings, lay in heaps, overthrown by the earthquake. The town was in ruins. The parsonage was shaken down, and the tombs in the churchyard were rent open, as if the resurrection morn had begun to dawn.

On the day that the earthquake occurred, a burial was to have taken place, concerning which some remarkable circumstances were related. The deceased person had lived within a few yards of the burial ground. He was a man who had borne advancing age so well, that one of his friends remarked jocularly that "it seemed as if he would never grow old." To this he replied more than once, "No, I shall not live to grow old; and when I die there will be no church standing to bury me in, nor any one to fill up my grave." Strange fulfilment of his words! When the earthquake took place, his corpse lay ready for interment, and his grave had been prepared within the walls of the adjacent church. The church was overthrown, and the grave filled with and buried beneath the ruins. Such a superstitious fear seized upon the minds of the gravediggers, by

this remarkable fulfilment of the words which they had themselves heard from the lips of the departed one, that no persuasion or reward could induce them to prepare another grave ; and it was only by resort to enforced convict labour that, after considerable delay, a last resting-place for the dead could be provided.

Proceeding on my journey, I soon passed a remarkable-looking church, built of green stone, but reduced to a heap of ruins ; and everywhere on my way marks of the terrible visitation met my eye. Here and there a wooden building was found standing, thrown sadly out of the perpendicular ; but almost every structure built of more solid materials was either entirely overthrown, or fearfully rent and shattered. When I arrived at the part of the island laid out for sugar cultivation, instead of the cheerful-looking windmills, with their white sails flying swiftly round, under the impulse imparted to them by the refreshing breeze ; the circling smoke of the boiling-house, and the white pleasant-looking dwellings of the estate managers ; nothing met my gaze but crumbling heaps of stone and rubbish ; one wide scene of desolation and ruin. At Monk's Hill, round the foot of which our road lay, where imposing solid fortifications were erected in 1705, the stupendous ramparts were shivered, and the flag-staff cast down from its place ; while, below, a huge rock, which had probably reposed for centuries on the spot which it occupied on one side of the road, was hurled right across to the other side.

When I reached St. John's, one of the prettiest towns in the West Indies, every street showed marks of the earthquake's power, and large numbers of ruined buildings surrounded me as I drove along. I received a kindly greeting from the two Wesleyan Ministers stationed there, finding them in the midst of workmen, engaged in propping up and repairing the shattered Methodist chapel, one of the largest and costliest structures of the kind in these Isles of the West. From them I obtained a more precise and detailed account of the calamity than I had heard before.

The session of the Annual District Meeting, at which all the Ministers from the several islands included in the District were present, had been brought to a conclusion the day before. Some of the Ministers had already taken their departure. Others were in the act of bidding adieu to the resident Mission family; when, about twenty minutes before eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the Mission house began to reel and tremble beneath their feet; and their ears were almost deafened by those loud, indescribable, subterranean noises which usually accompany violent earthquakes. I know nothing among earthly things that is more appalling than this sudden roar of the earthquake. The Missionaries stood looking at each other in mute astonishment for a moment; then, finding that the motion of the earth continued and grew more violent, they rushed into the street. Here they were speedily joined by hundreds of persons,

running together from all parts of the town, pale with fear, and rending the air with their cries, prayers, and lamentations. At this moment the fine large chapel, close at hand, and towering over the adjacent buildings, shook like a leaf, and then gave way. All the upper parts of the building descended first, and were followed instantly by many of the sawn stones which formed the massive facing of the front. Simultaneously with this there arose immense clouds of dust from every part of the town, and the crash of falling buildings was heard, blended with the piercing shrieks of the people, and accompanied by a dreadful heaving and trembling of the ground, which awakened a general apprehension that all were about to descend into a common grave. God's mercy restrained the power of the mighty agent which had been at work. But what shocking, wide-spread ruin had been wrought in the short space of two minutes and a half! The buildings of a whole city—nay, of a whole country—had been brought down into unsightly heaps. Happily it took place in the day, when all the people were stirring, and had time, after the first warning, to rush out of their trembling and falling dwellings into the open air. If it had occurred in the night, the destruction of life would have been fearfully great. As it was, however, only a few were buried beneath their shattered houses, while some very narrowly escaped with their lives.

When the dust cleared away, the extent of the mischief became visible. Almost every piece of

masonry in the town was found to be in ruins. The cathedral church, pleasantly situated on a rising ground, so as to be an excellent landmark for mariners, was almost destroyed; and our own spacious Ebenezer chapel was so greatly injured, that it was doubtful whether it could ever be used again as a place of worship without being rebuilt from the ground. The walls, though of unusual thickness, were fractured in several places from top to bottom, and through and through. The arches of the doors and windows were most of them dislocated; and in some places the walls bulged out far from the perpendicular, so as to present the appearance of being ready to fall beneath the pressure of the ponderous roof. By cradling the roof, *i.e.*, placing a framework of heavy timber beneath it, so as to sustain it entirely, and bear it up quite independent of the walls, the damaged parts of the masonry were taken down and rebuilt, and all the injuries which the structure had sustained were repaired. This was done chiefly through the liberality of the Methodist Societies elsewhere, aided by a considerable grant from the local legislature; for the people on the spot, impoverished, in many instances, by the destruction of their own dwellings, could do little to assist in the restoration of their own beloved sanctuary.

All the massive stores and dwellings of the merchants, and other residents of St. John's, were either entirely levelled with the ground, or so racked and torn as in many cases to require immediate demoli-

tion by the authorities, in order to secure the public safety. The tombs in the burial-grounds were many of them torn up entirely, and others split in sundry pieces. The handsome court house, which was an ornament to the place, was shattered so as to require rebuilding; while the police office, the barracks, the arsenal, and the gaol, were all greatly dilapidated. The prisoners who were at the time confined in the gaol behaved in a remarkable way; for, when the gaoler saw that the building was so injured that the prisoners in their cells were in danger of being crushed to death by the falling of the shattered walls, he unlocked all the doors to give them an opportunity of saving their lives. Not one of them took advantage of this opportunity to make his escape. Those who were sentenced to labour in the street gang came in the morning, without compulsion, to their work; and they continued to do until arrangements could be made for their security. A girl who was in the felons' department, committed for trial under the charge of murder, after visiting her friends and spending some time with them, returned to her prison as a bird to its nest.

"It is impossible," said an eyewitness, "for pen to describe, or tongue to utter, the devastation to be seen in every street of the capital. The private dwelling-houses, which were of stone or brick, were in a most appalling state. Some of them were levelled with the ground, and all the rest rendered untenable. Almost every kitchen and oven was destroyed.

The cisterns, on which the inhabitants depended solely for their supply of water, were nearly all cracked and rent; creating fears of a serious drought, following and aggravating the greater calamity. The appearance of the streets was most sad and pitiable. Bricks and stones blocked up the pathway; window forced out of their places, and held by a single pin, or crushed beneath the tumbling walls, met the eye in one place; in another might be seen part of a wooden portico hanging in unsightly fragments, or a quantity of green blinds crushed to pieces, the remnants of what had been once a pleasant balcony. Shattered furniture of all kinds, and heaps of smashed glass and crockery; broken lamps and shivered mirrors; pieces of costly china, and ragged remnants of handsome curtains, strewn the streets, and testified of the enjoyment and comfort which had been so fearfully and unexpectedly interrupted. Huddled together in shapeless confusion were stables, coach-houses with shattered and broken carriages, pig-sties, rooms and pigeon-houses, all uplifted and overturned in a moment by a force which nothing human or earthly could resist."

The loss to the Wesleyan Mission was not limited to the Ebenezer chapel. One of the Missionaries, writing soon after the calamity took place, reported, "Our Parham chapel is not much injured, but the Mission house is seriously damaged, and the out-houses, fences, &c., are all down. The stalls and other out-rooms in St. John's are in ruins; and the

Point chapel, which cost about £250 sterling, will require £100 to repair the damage it has sustained. Sawcolts chapel is badly injured. The Bolans chapel is laid flat upon the ground, and the adjacent Mission house so much injured as to be incapable of being repaired. The Willoughby Bay chapel, a large stone building, is entirely overthrown, and the Mission house also much injured."

In Antigua, owing to the fact that the earthquake occurred at a time when the people were all astir, only about eight persons were crushed beneath the falling buildings.

At Montserrat, the nearest island to Antigua, several persons were crushed to death, the chapels and other public buildings overthrown, or greatly damaged, and scarcely a stone or brick building left fit for use. Our two Missionaries had left Antigua early in the morning, on their return home to Montserrat from the District Meeting, with a good, favourable wind. "While on our passage," said one of them, "not yet very distant from Antigua, we experienced the tremendous shock of the earthquake, which caused our vessel to reel and shake in a most fearful manner. After the shock had passed, and I had breathed a short prayer to heaven, I looked toward the little isle that contained our house, anxious for the safety of my beloved wife and children whom I had left there. The land was covered with clouds which assumed a red appearance; and as we drew nearer, we could perceive columns of smoke arising

from various directions. Fearing that great calamity had fallen upon the island, the rest of our voyage was performed in great anxiety. Two boats came off, and from the boatmen we learned that great destruction of property had taken place, and that our chapel and Mission house were in ruins. But my heart was relieved of a heavy burden when I learned that my family were all safe, having found a refuge from the ruined house in a small wooden structure in the yard."

In St. Christopher's (commonly called St. Kitt's) the injury inflicted by the earthquake was only somewhat less than in Antigua. "The damage done is immense," wrote an eye-witness at the time. "In the town some of the finest stores are but a mass of ruins, or fearfully rent and torn, solid blocks of stone being cracked through and through. In many parts the earth is torn open, exhibiting deep and wide fissures. The massive stone walls of St. George's church (built by the French during the time they had possession of the island) are rent from top to bottom, and part of the roof has fallen in. The handsome, new Moravian church, and the large substantial Wesleyan chapel, are both seriously injured; and all the public buildings of the town, if not destroyed, are rendered useless. From all parts of the country news has arrived of havoc and devastation. Upon the estates, windmills, steam-engines, boiling-houses, and the dwelling-houses of managers and proprietors, have been overthrown by the

dreadful rocking of the earth. Bevon Island estate, in St. John's parish, presents a woful appearance. The whole of the estate works, together with the "great house," were lifted up from their foundations, and hurled over the cliff into the mountain stream below. Fort George, at Brimstone Hill, felt the shock in a serious manner; while the mountain itself is largely despoiled of its beauty by the rents and landslips which have taken place. From Mount Misery, the highest point of the island, and an extinct volcano, a long spiral cloud of white smoke was seen to ascend during the time of the earthquake; and the sulphurous spring, situated in its centre, bubbled over, as if powerfully acted upon by some force from beneath. At Johnstone's, or French River, is a spot where there is a large natural basin formed by surrounding rocks, through which a pleasant stream of water flows in its passage to the sea. This place is largely resorted to by the washerwomen of the town, because of its convenience and its privacy; and here they may be found, and their busy tongues heard, at all hours of the day, as they cheerfully pursue their occupation. There were ten of these washerwomen gathered at this place of resort, all busily employed, when the earthquake came on. Seven of them, leaving their clothes in the water, scampered off into a more open place the moment they felt the first shock. The other three, not having the same presence of mind, and overwhelmed with terror, stood fast where they were at work, and lost

their lives. An immense rock, shaken down from the cliff, fell into the basin, and all three were crushed to death."

The Dutch island of St. Eustatius, not far distant from St. Kitt's, was seen to shake and tremble like an aspen leaf. Nevis also, which is separated from St. Kitt's only by a very narrow channel, shared in the common destruction. In many parts the earth was rent open, large cliffs toppled down, and the island was reduced in a few moments to a sad scene of desolation. As in the adjacent islands, every stone building was shattered or overthrown; and confused heaps of stone and mortar, mingled with shivered fragments of all descriptions of household furniture, were to be seen all scattered around, where comfortable mansions had occupied the ground. Both in St. Eustatius and Nevis, our own Mission chapels were greatly shattered, requiring large sums for their restoration.

Dominica felt the shock severely. Mills and sugar works were destroyed; large cliffs shaken down, so as in many places to render the roads impassable; and a considerable number of lives were lost. Our stone chapel at Prince Rupert's was completely demolished.

But it was upon Guadaloupe, a beautiful island belonging to the French, and situated between Antigua and Dominica, that this fearful calamity fell with the greatest severity. This is one of the largest of the Caribbean group of islands, and also one of

the most populous and highly cultivated. It has a volcanic mountain, called the Souffrière, rising upwards of five thousand feet above the sea. This mountain continually sends forth, through various apertures on its sides and summit, a thick black smoke, which testifies of the volcanic agencies that are in operation beneath. In 1837 it emitted an eruption of mud and water. Possibly it was to this agency that the earthquake of the 8th of February was to be attributed, which entailed such a fearful amount of evil upon this and neighbouring islands. The whole island was shaken violently to its centre; and hundreds of magnificent sugar works on the north side, with the splendid mansions of their proprietors, crumbled in a few seconds into hopeless ruin.

Most terrible, however, was the destruction entailed upon Pointe à Pitre, the capital of the island. The whole city, built almost entirely of stone, was laid in ruins; and so sudden and violent was the shock, that, before the terrified inhabitants could seek for safety by moving into the streets and open air, nearly four thousand persons were buried beneath the massive, crumbling walls. Six hundred were extricated, dreadfully mangled; all the rest had been hurried into eternity. In one street, the ruin was so complete that, of all its inhabitants, only one woman escaped with life. Some who did rush into the street met their fate there. The streets being narrow, and the houses standing close together, when they fell,

the streets were at once filled and blocked up with the stones and rubbish, burying not a few beneath them. Some of the streets were covered with the débris to the depth of ten feet; and a large body of labourers, after working for three days, only succeeded in opening a passage sufficiently wide for one person to pass at a time.

Soon after the earthquake, fires broke out in various directions, adding greatly to the consternation and sufferings of the inhabitants, who were thus bereft of every little shelter which the earthquake had spared. Fanned by the sea breeze, with none capable of making an effort to arrest their progress, the flames spread until they had devoured everything combustible which they could reach. Some of the crushed bodies of the victims were dug out and decently interred; but, at length, the rapid progress of decomposition in that tropical climate rendered the discharge of this duty so offensive, and even dangerous, that it was abandoned. Multitudes were therefore left to decay where they had been crushed and buried beneath their fallen houses.

The shock was felt severely at sea. The steamer "Thames," one of the ships of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, was passing Antigua at the time of the earthquake. Captain Haste, her commander, says, "The ship was suddenly brought up as if on a reef of rocks, to my own great dismay, and that of all on board, and continued for several minutes to jump and kick as if beating on rocks." The brig

“British Queen,” Captain Kennedy, from Whitehaven, lat. $7^{\circ} 3' N.$; long. $58^{\circ} 45'$, ship going six knots, felt a severe shock of earthquake, which stopped her way when about 160 miles due east of Antigua, whither she was bound; date 8th of February. It lasted about four minutes. A French brig, bound for St. Thomas, was off Tortola, and felt the shock so severely that the captain thought at first that the vessel had struck upon a rock.

On the same day that this earthquake occurred in the West Indies, February 8th, the waters of the river Tiber, which washes the ancient city of Rome, rose suddenly to an immense height, so as to inundate the houses near its banks to the first story. In Portugal loud subterranean thunder was heard; and soon after the earth opened and sent up large volumes of water, which overflowed the country for some miles.

The great earthquakes which happened in 1797, and which continued more or less for the space of seven months, commenced on the 8th of February, and those awful visitations of the same nature which occurred in 1833 also began on that date,—February 8th.

How true it is that we know not what a day may bring forth! On the morning of that day there was no indication of the ruin that was impending over Antigua. The sky was clear; the sun rose in unclouded glory, and beautiful tropical brightness overspread the landscape. A few white, fleecy vapours

were skimming along the heavens, while upon the distant mountain tops rested a few darker clouds. All was bright and tranquil, and not the slightest indication was anywhere to be seen that the hand of the Lord was uplifted to shake terribly the earth. Housewives set their dwellings in order, without a thought of the dreadful disorder in which they were so soon to be involved. Business men went to their employment, without a thought of the painful interruption they were soon to experience. Many cooks had deposited the family dinners in the oven, little dreaming that they were never to be eaten; that ovens and their contents would be buried together beneath the shattered fragments of the surrounding buildings !

Of all the visitations to which those tropical islands are exposed, none are so appalling as the earthquake ! When the hurricane sweeps over the islands with desolating fury, its approach for some hours is heralded by various phenomena which are well understood ; but no sign gives warning of the earthquake's coming. The ground is trembling violently beneath their feet, and buildings are falling into ruin, and souls are half-way into eternity, in many instances, before the idea is realized by the frightened people that it is the earthquake which is exerting its tremendous power, and sweeping the land with the besom of destruction. So will the grand solemnities of the last day steal upon a thoughtless and slumbering world : " In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at

the last trump : for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and " the living " shall be changed." " The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

VIII.

THE BURNT STEAMSHIPS.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down ;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's black locks, and beauty's flowery crown !
Yet must thou hear a voice, " Restore the dead ! "
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee ;
" Restore the dead, thou sea ! "

MRS. HEMANS.



ONE of the most terrible of disasters is that of a ship taking fire at sea. The burning of the " Kent " East Indiaman, many years ago, acquired a world-wide fame, chiefly through the medium of the British and Foreign Tract Society, who published a narrative of that tragical event in tract form, thus bringing it to the knowledge of thousands who might never otherwise have heard of it at all. Since then, many heart-rending accounts of ships destroyed at sea by fire have harrowed the feelings of the public, abounding in instances of hair-breadth escape, and terrible sufferings endured by survivors. So perished the " Amazon," about the 2nd of January, 1853, in the Bay of Biscay : a noble ship of 3,000 tons' burthen, newly built, belonging to the fleet of the Royal Mail Steam

Packet Company : her Captain, with many of her officers and crew, and a large number of passengers, amounting in all to 102, perishing with her, either by drowning or by fire. On September 13th, 1858, the "Austria," a large Hamburg steamer, was destroyed by fire in the middle of the Atlantic. She had in her first cabin 68 persons, of whom 19 were children : in the second cabin there were 111 passengers, including 8 children : the steerage carried 241 passengers, 30 of them children : the crew, including Captain and officers, numbered 103 : so that there were in all 523 souls on board the ill-fated ship, of whom only 67 were saved ; leaving, as the number of those who were drowned, suffocated, or burnt to death, no less than 456. This shocking calamity was caused by very culpable negligence on the part of the chief officer and the boatswain ; who, being instructed by the Captain and surgeon to fumigate the ship, went about it in such a careless, bungling, and unskilful manner as to set the ship on fire : and there being no adequate provision at hand to meet such an emergency, the attempt made to extinguish the flames was of a very feeble and fruitless character. The total destruction of the ship and cargo, with 456 human beings, was the fearful result.

It is difficult to conceive of a condition more fearful than to be on board a burning ship, in a rough and angry sea, with scarcely a hope of rescue : the only alternative being that of passing speedily and

painfully into eternity through a burning fiery furnace, or of sinking down into a watery grave.

It was on the 16th of August, 1873, in the afternoon, that some of the coloured inhabitants of Eleuthera, being on the north side of the island, nearly opposite to Gregory's Town at Pitman's Cove, discovered a strange-looking object in the distance, floating on the broad Atlantic, whose massive waters, in stupendous rollers, there break, with a roar like thunder, on the rock-bound coast. After gazing for awhile upon the distant, tiny object which had arrested their attention, and which seemed gradually to approach nearer, they discovered it to be a boat tossing on the waves, with some female garments apparently hoisted as sails to impel her along. When she came in a little closer, they found, to their surprise, that she was full of people. Such an unusual spectacle as a small open boat, approaching that side of the island from the broad ocean, which extends uninterruptedly to the far distant shores of North America, greatly excited their wonder and curiosity; and they hastened down to the beach, to meet her, and to assist her passengers in landing. Fortunately the voyagers had lighted upon a portion of the iron-bound coast where there was a small strip of sandy beach. There they ran the boat ashore; and, assisted by those who had come from the land to their help, safely gained the dry ground through the raging surf; rejoicing to find themselves, after passing through many perils, once more in a place of safety.

A short time sufficed to gratify the curiosity of those who had hastened to the rescue. They learnt from the report of the strangers, that the boat was one of six that had escaped from a steamship which had been burnt in mid ocean, in the early morning of the day before; and that they had run at least a hundred miles before they had made the land, stripped of every thing they had in the world by the calamity which had so suddenly overtaken them. The Captain of the lost ship was among the twenty-two persons who crowded the small boat; six of whom were passengers; all the others belonging, in various capacities, to the steamer. Having had scarcely any food or water for more than forty hours, they joyfully and gratefully received the aid which the hospitable inhabitants eagerly extended to them; and as soon as they recovered their strength a little by refreshment and rest, they set out and proceeded to the village, where old and young vied with each other in ministering to their comfort.

The unfortunate steamer was the "Bienville," in the service of the Pacific Mail S. S. Company of New York, commanded by Captain Jeff Maury. She left New York at midday on the 10th of August, bound for Aspinwall, with a general cargo and sixty-two passengers; her crew, all told, amounting to sixty-five. Everything went on well, until the ship was in N. latitude $25^{\circ} 12'$ and W. longitude $74^{\circ} 15'$: when, at four o'clock on Thursday morning, the 15th, the terrible alarm of fire resounded through

the ship, and all hands, in such garments as they could hastily seize upon, rushed to the deck.

Smoke was seen issuing from the hatch below the steerage-deck, accompanied by a strong smell of burning wood; and the alarm was immediately given to the officer in charge and to the Captain, who hastened to the spot where the startling discovery had been made. The engines were stopped, by order of the Captain, and the forward hatch slightly raised; but such dense volumes of smoke rushed out as to make it manifest that the fire had already gained terrible power, and that it was quite impossible for any person to go below to ascertain where the conflagration was chiefly raging. The hatch was again promptly put down, and all openings to the lower decks closed and battened, to keep the devouring element in check. The pumps were set to work, sending streams of water below; and steam was turned in great volumes into the hold, with the vain hope of subduing the terrible enemy that had seized upon the vessel, threatening all she contained with speedy destruction.

For a little while the fire seemed to be smothered; and a momentary hope was inspired that the ship might be saved. But, after a short use of it, the donkey engine connected with the pumps broke down, thus cutting off all further help from that source. Hand pumps were then put in use, and lines of men and women were stationed to pass buckets of water, the contents of which were poured down through the ventilators over the boilers, and

through every available opening. These measures sufficed only to check for a moment the progress of the fire. It soon became evident that the chance of saving the vessel was very small, and that the only hope of safety remaining to the crew and passengers was to take to the boats and the life-preservers provided for the ship, and face the perils of the rough rolling sea, agitated as it was by a strong south-east wind.

The Captain, in this extremity, manifested a degree of prudence and self-possession not always to be seen in such cases. He ordered all the boats to be got ready with as much haste as was consistent with good order. Suffering none to crowd into any boat except the men who were appointed to act as the boat-keepers, he had them all lowered in succession; carefully superintending the operation himself, that the boats might not, as is too often the case on similar occasions, be staved and knocked to pieces in the hurry of launching, and so rendered useless. There were seven boats in all in the ship; scarcely enough to afford a reasonable chance of conveying nearly one hundred and thirty persons more than a hundred miles to the nearest land. But these afforded the only possibility of escape. All of them, through the good management of the Captain and officers, were lowered in safety, except one,—a life-boat,—which a heavy sea dashed with violence against the ship, as she descended, and so became a total wreck. The destruction of this boat was a grave calamity;

but there was no time to mourn over it, as the fire was making terrible progress, and the flames were beginning, in various places, to burst through the deck.

All the passengers were directed by the Captain to assemble on the after-deck. Then, taking his place at the gangway, he had the boats, which were all pulled to windward of the ship as soon as they were launched, successively brought alongside, placing in each such a proportion of the passengers, male and female, as he thought advisable. He then added to them as many of the officers, sailors, and firemen, as would be sufficient to manage the boat, so that each boat might be sufficiently manned. Everything was done with despatch, but with the utmost coolness and good order; for the self-possession, firmness, and quiet energy of Captain Maury inspired the conviction in every mind that all would be done that was possible to be effected for the general safety. Many a fearful glance was directed to the parts of the ship where flames were bursting out; but all waited their turn, exhibiting nothing like panic, and producing no confusion. When summoned to the gangway, they were lowered carefully down, and took their places in the boat as they were directed. Thus no time was lost; and each boat, as it was filled, according to its size, and in proportion to the whole number of the passengers and crew, was directed to lie off and on alongside, until the last were compelled to abandon the doomed ship.

The safety of most of the passengers thus provided for, as far as was possible, the Captain and all the chief officers, with several passengers who remained with them for the last boat, turned their attention again to the ship, to ascertain if anything could yet be done to arrest the progress of the flames. But they found that, while they had been occupied with the boats, the fiery element had gained the mastery far beyond their control, and was now seizing upon every part of the vessel. They remained on board until the flames were bursting through the deck in all directions, and they were nearly choked by the vast volumes of black smoke which the wind drove aft towards them. It was time for them now to look to their own safety : so descending, twenty-two in number, into the boat, they pulled off from the ship, and left the "Bienville," which had so recently been to them all a comfortable shelter and home, a burning furnace in the midst of the sea.

Leaving her to her fate, and proceeding to the other boats, the Captain gave the necessary sailing directions to those who were in command of them ; approaching each as nearly as he could for that purpose. He estimated the nearest land to be Watling's Island, one of the Bahama group, and supposed it to be nearly, if not perhaps more than, a hundred miles distant. Thither he directed them to steer as well as they could ; feeling assured that if they could not make Watling's Island with the prevailing wind, yet, if they managed to keep afloat, they could scarcely

fail to fall in with one of the numerous islands and cays forming the Bahama group, which were thickly scattered over those seas. Five of the six boats contended successfully with the perils of this comfortless and hazardous voyage over a turbulent sea. The other floated ashore on the north side of Eleuthera, a wreck, with nothing in her except a sock which had belonged to one of her hapless passengers. What became of them we shall only know when the sea gives up its dead on the morning of the general resurrection. Of the one hundred and twenty-seven persons who embarked in the "Bienville," eighty-four, through the excellent management of the Captain, and the care of a gracious Providence, were saved in the boats. The remaining forty-three either found a watery grave, or became the prey of the ravenous monsters of the deep which abound in tropical seas.

The first boat, but the last to leave the burning ship, contained the Captain, mate, chief engineer, purser, and other officers and persons connected with the ship to the number of sixteen, and six who were passengers in the ill-fated vessel. After giving the necessary instructions to the other boats, and directing them to follow his boat as closely as possible, the Captain steered his course for Watling's Island. But all hope of keeping to the point necessary to reach that island was soon abandoned. The wind blew strong from the south-east, and a heavy sea was running; so that it was impossible, in such a small

boat, to make any course otherwise than directly before the wind and sea. Even then it required a most vigilant look-out on the part of the Captain, who took the helm, to keep the boat from being filled and swamped by the wash of the sea. Immense waves came rolling on, one after another, threatening to overwhelm and swallow up the tiny craft. Nor could the most incessant care, and dexterous management of the helm, prevent the water breaking over the boat. Constant baling, however, kept the water down; though all were continually drenched from head to foot. This, though far from pleasant, was in some respects a convenience; as their wet clothes served to counteract in some measure the scorching influence of a tropical sun, whose fervid rays, beating down upon them without any interruption, caused intense thirst, and produced no small amount of suffering.

There was no sail or mast to the boat, but a small piece of old canvas had been thrown into her; and this, fastened to an oar, with some female garments to eke it out, did good service as a sail, and was as much as the strong wind would permit the overladen boat to carry. Some hours after they left the ship, they encountered a heavy squall of wind and rain. Their little strip of sail was lowered; and for a while they all feared that the effect of the squall, in increasing the violence of the sea, would render them unable to contend with it. But the fierce wind subsided a little, as the squall passed to leeward; and

the rain served to revive the whole boat's company, by allaying the burning thirst which was stealing over them. As the night drew on, all became sensible of overwhelming fatigue : some from the constrained and cramped position in which they were compelled to sit, with no room for the slightest movement of their limbs ; while others were worn out with rowing, and with baling out the water which broke continually over them. A bright moon, only three days from the full, served to relieve the anxiety and lessen the danger of the night. But still its slow hours passed very wearily along ; and as neither the wind nor the sea abated any thing of their violence, the sense of imminent danger overcame the disposition to sleep, and made it a period of intense suffering to them all.

At length, to the unspeakable relief of the weary voyagers, a brightening appearance in the eastern sky betokened the approach of dawn ; and as the light advanced, all eyes scanned the horizon, as far as their crowded and cramped condition permitted, in hope of discovering land, or some friendly sail, to rescue them from their peril. But nothing, except the broad, boundless, rolling ocean, and the dark blue sky, met their view ; and soon the sun, rising high in the cloudless firmament, began to pour down upon them its intense heat, producing a sickening effect, and almost causing them to regret that the cooling shadows of the night had passed away. This, however, was happily not destined to continue long. About ten

o'clock, the keen, practised eye of the Captain discerned, far away over the bow of the boat, signs of land; and after a short season of suspense and anxious hope, the dark, cloud-like outlines of some low hills became clearly visible, and all hearts bounded with joy in the hope of soon being delivered from their unpleasant situation.

The head of the boat was kept towards the land, and soon a long line of shore, stretching east and west as far as they could see, greeted their longing sight. This the Captain recognised, as they approached nearer, to be the Island of Eleuthera, one of the Bahama group. Although they had done their best to improvise sails, by pressing into service such garments of the passengers as could be rendered available to catch the breeze, their progress was slow; and it was not until the land had been in sight nearly six hours that, about 3.30 P.M., they ran the boat upon the white, sandy beach. They received help in landing from a coloured man named Boston Johnson, and several others, who had, with mingled surprise and curiosity, been watching for some hours their slow and weary progress towards the shore.

Though stripped of everything they had possessed,—for all had been left behind, there being no time to save anything, and no room for aught beside themselves in the overcrowded boat,—the occupants of the boat were devoutly grateful for the preservation of their lives; and felt that they owed it to the care of a merciful Providence that, after the horrors of

the past two days, their feet again rested upon the solid land. They were met by the people of the nearest settlement with generous hospitality. As soon as all were landed and seated upon the beach, a supply of water was brought to them, which of all things they most needed; and when, after a short rest upon the sands, they could muster strength for the journey, they were escorted across the island to Pitman's Cove. Those who could walk did so; others were supplied with horses; and all soon arrived safely at the little settlement at the Cove, called Gregory's Town. There everything the people possessed was cheerfully offered to the acceptance of the suffering strangers; men, women, and children emulating each other in acts of kindness, and in ministering to the wants of those who had so unexpectedly been cast upon their care. Food and raiment were plentifully supplied; and the wearied ones rested for the night; the very best accommodations the village afforded being placed at their disposal. On the following morning, the sloop "Shannon" was engaged to carry them to Nassau; where they arrived safely at eight o'clock in the evening, and were comfortably and amply provided for by the American Consul, until they could be sent on by some vessel bound for New York. The distance travelled by them in the boat, from the burning "Bienville" to Eleuthera, was, according to the Captain's estimation, nearly 150 miles.

At Nassau, Captain Maury speedily obtained the

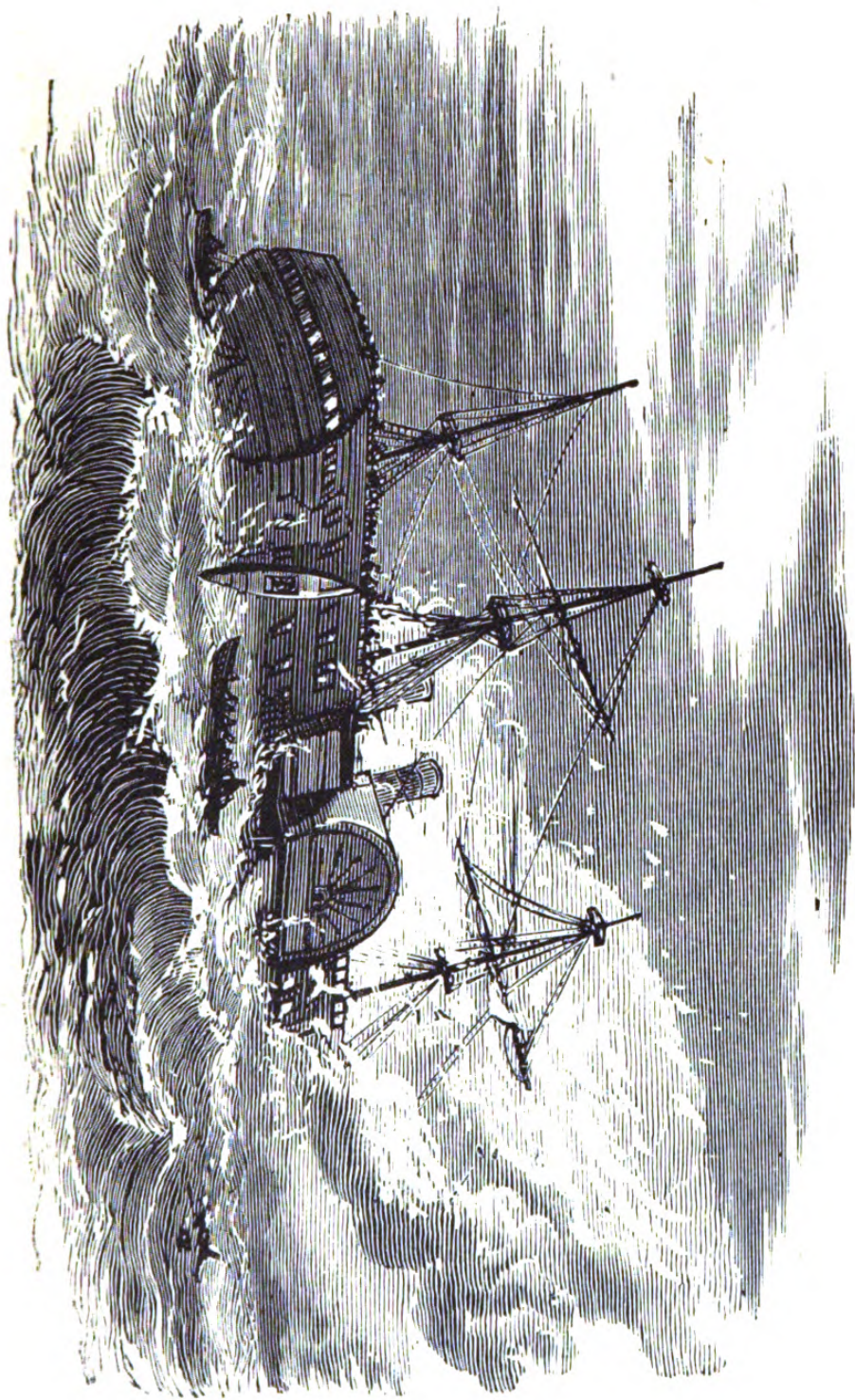
use of a small steamer, and started in search of the other boats. But after several days he returned, not having succeeded in falling in with any of them, or gaining any intelligence concerning them.

The second boat, that left the ship at the same time as the Captain, was crowded with twenty-two persons, including the surgeon, chief steward, first assistant engineer, and seven others belonging in different capacities to the ship. There were also in her twelve of the passengers : a German, with his wife and four children ; an Irishman, with his wife and two children ; and an Irish and an English woman. When this boat had received its freight of human beings, crowding it to its utmost capacity, they pulled away, according to the orders given, to a little distance from the ship, until the Captain and others were ready to leave the burning vessel. When all the preparations were completed, and the Captain's boat started, they followed her, as they had been directed, and kept her in sight all day. But when night came on, they lost sight of her, and saw her no more. They endeavoured to steer the course which the Captain had given them ; but they found it impossible, as he also had. They were obliged to run before the wind and sea, to save the boat from swamping ; for the heavy waves broke over them continually, keeping them all thoroughly drenched. The course they were compelled to take was, as near as they could guess, a little south of west. As it grew dark, they saw one of the boats behind them ; but

lost sight of her during the night. They had no sail, but hoisted a coat with two oars, and ran with that makeshift for a sail all night; making pretty good way, as the wind blew very strong.

Overcrowded, wet, hungry, thirsty, and threatened every moment with being engulfed by the raging sea, they spent a night of great suffering. The return of day brought them but little relief; for it was soon followed by the terrible scorching of a tropical sun: nor was there, when day broke, any appearance of land, or a single sail in sight, to inspire the hope of deliverance. They kept on their course, comforting and cheering each other as well as they could, while hour after hour passed away; and they began to fear that another night was to be spent, tossing about on that rough and stormy sea. About four o'clock in the afternoon, some light, cloudy appearances on the distant horizon attracted the attention of the officer who was steering the boat; but he said nothing, fearing to excite hopes that might prove to be unfounded. However, he kept his eye in that direction, until the appearance of land became too decided to be mistaken; and then the joyful news, "Land ahead," spread through the boat, chasing away the gloom and despair that were fast settling down upon them.

The sun set; but the moon's bright rays enabled them to keep in view the land, which every moment became more clearly defined in its cheering outlines. Four hours had elapsed since the discovery of land



had been announced, and now they drew near to the shore; but heavy breakers, thundering on the rocks, bade them beware how they approached. After running for a mile or two along the coast, the boat struck a rock, and had a narrow escape from becoming a total wreck. After this it was considered safer to lie off from the land until daylight. During the night they were overtaken by a fierce squall of wind and rain; but amid all their discomfort they were cheered with the thought that a friendly shore was near at hand. As soon as daylight broke, they stood in for the land; but found it to be a rock-bound coast which it was dangerous to approach, and against which the stupendous rollers of the Atlantic were dashing with deafening roar. Running along the shore for some miles, they discovered, at length, a small strip of sandy beach; and being completely exhausted, they resolved to run the boat ashore there. With the utmost caution they approached the shore, hoping to run in on the top of one of the rollers. But, before they were carried safely in, a massive wave broke over the unfortunate boat, and filled it with water. The women jumped up, intending to scramble to the land; and just then another heavy wave breaking over them, the boat **was** immediately capsized, and all that it contained **were** thrown into the sea. As the waters retired, knowing there was not a moment to lose before another roller would be upon them, as many as could do so rushed with all haste up the beach. Several gained high water-

mark : others were overtaken and thrown down by the breaker, but ultimately escaped : but others, less fortunate, were carried away by the undertow, and never seen again. After all their hairbreadth escapes and painful sufferings, the German and three of his children, the whole of the Irish family, and the English woman,—nine persons in all,—found a watery grave, and perished, almost within the reach of safety.

The survivors, who had escaped from so many dangers, after lying for some time completely exhausted upon the sand, started off by a narrow path which led from the spot, in search of help. After proceeding a short distance, they met a little coloured boy, from whom they learnt that they had landed on the north side of Eleuthera, and that they were only a short distance from Gregory's Town at the Cove, where the occupants of the first boat had found shelter and help the day before. The boy soon procured for them some food and water, of which they all stood greatly in need, and then proceeded to the village, to give notice of this new arrival of destitute strangers. Horses were immediately sent for the use of the more feeble ; and in due time they were conducted to the settlement on the opposite side of the island, which, in this part, is very narrow. As in the case of those who had arrived the day before, the inhabitants of Gregory's Town received them with every demonstration of kindness. Every thing was done by the sympa-

thizing people to succour the destitute travellers, by supplying them with dry clothing, food, lodging, and whatever else they required which it was in the power of the villagers to bestow. "Every one of our party," wrote one of the sufferers, "will always remember with the greatest gratitude landing at the Cove, Eleuthera, and the great kindness we received there."

The next day, the schooner "Ripple," engaged for the purpose, conveyed this second rescued party to Nassau; where the American Consul promptly extended to them all the assistance they needed.

Another boat, No. 3, left the "Bienville" at the same time as the others. Being much smaller, she had on board only ten persons: three passengers, and seven belonging to the ship's crew. Too small to contend with the fierce wind and heavy sea, she was driven, after parting with the Captain, more to the westward. After enduring the same privations and sufferings as their shipmates in the other boats, through a period of nearly three days, and two whole nights, the occupants of this boat made their way, in a starving condition, to an uninhabited island named Russell's Island, where they landed. Here they were discovered very shortly by some workpeople, and taken by them in their boats to their home at Spanish Wells, where their necessities were ministered to with all kindness by a loving, Christian people. When they had recovered sufficiently from the prostration induced by want of food, they were taken

down to Nassau, to rejoin there those of their companions who had arrived before them.

The boat, No. 4, that left the "Bienville" with Captain Maury, had on board fourteen persons; eight passengers, and six who belonged to the ship. On the second day they also arrived at Eleuthera, making the land near a settlement of poor coloured people, called James Cistern. They also were treated by the simple-minded inhabitants with all the generosity it was in their power to show, and sent, as soon as practicable, to Nassau.

The fifth boat that left the "Bienville," filled with passengers, was known as the starboard quarter boat; and no less than thirty-one persons—twenty-seven males and four females—were crowded into her. With this cargo of living freight she drew off from the ship, under the command of Mr. G. W. Baffey, one of the officers of the steamer; and, according to the Captain's orders, pulled round the bows to windward. The boat leaked badly, and two men were kept constantly at work baling out the water with saucepans; there being no room, from its overcrowded state, to use a bucket. After being afloat about fifteen minutes, with the other four boats that had received their complement of passengers, all resting on their oars as well as the rough sea permitted, they observed a boat pulling off from the ship toward them, and making signals which they interpreted to be a recall. Accordingly they turned, and pulled in the direction of the ship; and the boat

soon came up with them. Giving them a compass, the bearings and distance of the land, and some hastily written instructions for their guidance, the officer in charge of the boat stated that, as the life-boat was broken and utterly unserviceable, and there were still eighteen men in the burning steamer, he had been ordered to distribute some of those he had with him amongst the other boats. He proposed to put three on board this already over-laden boat, which, being capable of carrying only twenty-five with safety, had now on board thirty-one persons, and was already fearfully low in the water. None remonstrated, though all saw and felt the danger. The three crowded into the boat, and the effect followed that had been apprehended : she swamped, capsizing as she went down ; and the whole thirty-four persons who were in her were left struggling in the waves. A prudent foresight had furnished all the passengers with life-preservers, one being placed under every passenger's mattress ; and when the alarm was given, they had all taken care to secure and array themselves with these cork jackets, which, although of a very poor and cheap quality, enabled them to keep themselves afloat, with comparative ease, when thus thrown into the sea.

The other boat could render them no assistance ; for she was already at some distance, pulling away to the ship, leaving the people in the water ; none of her crew, probably, observing the accident which had occurred. Some of these unfortunate people,

utterly helpless, drifted away at the mercy of the waves : others endeavoured to swim to the nearest boats ; while some clung to the mast which floated out of the swamped boat. The remainder, some fifteen in all, were clinging to the boat herself, which did not go down, but turned over when she swamped, their cork jackets enabling them to keep afloat. Two of these were women ; and all had life-preservers on, except the stewardess, and three others, who were officers belonging to the ship. The three officers did all they could to persuade those who were hanging on to the boat to let go their hold, in order that they might right her and bale her out. But these appeals, as might have been expected, were vain ; for the poor creatures felt that to let go would be certain destruction ; and accordingly they drifted, boat and all, at the mercy of the waves. After some time, one of the men caught sight of a boat not far away ; and they strove with the oars, which they still clung to, to push their submerged boat in that direction. After two hours of hard labour, they succeeded in coming up with her, and found her to be the wreck of the life boat, which had been broken in two in the attempt to launch her. She was full of water ; and clinging to her, with the help of their life-preservers, were five of those who had swum away from the swamped boat. There was nothing in her but a bucket, lashed underneath one of the thwarts. Of this they took possession : and now that there was something to

cling to for safety, those who were hanging on to the upturned boat let go their hold, and clung to the wreck, while the other was being restored to her right position. It was the work of only a short time for the skilful, earnest men who addressed themselves to the task to right the boat, and, with the help of the bucket they had obtained, to free her from the water. All hands then got into her; but, after picking up all they could find around, they were grieved to see that no less than ten were missing, of those who had been thrown into the water by the swamping of the boat. Their fate can only be surmised. Some, doubtless, sank before the baling out of the boat could be effected; while others, probably, drifted away in their life-preservers, to die a lingering death, out of sight of those who were labouring so earnestly for their rescue.

It was an hour past mid-day before they were ready to follow the other boats, which had already taken their departure, and had been for some time out of sight. A broken oar served for a mast; and a sail was constructed out of two short strips of canvas, found on the bottom of the broken boat, two skirts, furnished by the lady passengers, and a shirt, given up by one of the men. Another skirt enabled them to construct a jib; and thus equipped, without food or water, they started on their voyage in the direction in which they knew the Bahama Islands lay. At this time they were about two miles from the ship, which had become one mass of flames.

Those who sat in the boat with their faces turned in that direction, kept their eyes fixed upon the appalling spectacle as they moved away ; and scarcely an hour elapsed when they saw a tremendous explosion, immense fragments of timber being cast into the air ; after which the " *Bienville* " went down, and was seen no more.

All the afternoon they endeavoured to keep the course which had been prescribed to them, with the view of reaching Watling's Island, supposed to be the nearest land. But as it was with the other boats, the heavy wind and sea drove them to the westward. All night they were compelled to run before the wind ; the heavy waves breaking over the boat, and threatening their safety continually. The boat was leaky, and every large roller half filled her ; so that they were baling constantly all night to keep her afloat. All the next day they pursued their course, until about an hour before sunset, when, to their great joy, land was sighted. But it was not until eight o'clock they came near enough to discover that reefs ran all along the shore ; and in the dim moonlight they could discern no opening for their boat to pass through. The morning did not relieve the prospect much : they could find no safe passage through the breakers, though they ran for miles along the inhospitable coast. At length, about three o'clock in the afternoon, an opening was found, through which they were able to reach the land, and run the boat ashore.

There was no appearance of any human habitation anywhere within reach of their vision. After resting awhile, and securing the boat, they all started in search of shelter, water, and food, of which they had been totally destitute for more than two whole days. When they had walked some five or six miles, night came on, and, with it, a fierce squall of wind and rain. Fortunately one of the party had taken up the bucket and brought it with them, thinking it might perhaps be useful. In this they caught some rain water, which served in some degree to quench their burning thirst. As soon as day broke, they pursued their way, still through a country that seemed to be desolate; and it was not until about an hour after mid-day that they fell in with houses and human beings. They were then informed that their land-fall was the island of San Salvador, long supposed to be the land first made by Columbus in his memorable voyage in the year 1492; though it is now generally understood that it was Little San Salvador, or Watling's Island, that first greeted the eye of the great navigator. The people with whom they met supplied their wants in the best manner they were able, furnishing them with food and water. They then conducted them to Arthur's Town, the principal settlement, where the resident Justice, and all the people of the little town, extended to the strangers the most generous hospitality. As soon as the needful arrangements could be made, they were sent on to Nassau; where it

afforded them no small joy to meet again many of their fellow voyagers, who, like themselves, had been providentially saved from the burning ship, and from a watery grave.

One of the passengers in this boat said, in a letter that found its way into the Nassau newspapers, "I do not believe that it is possible for people to behave better than our company did throughout these trying scenes. From first to last there was not a single murmur or complaint; not a word about hunger or thirst. Quietly and silently, each one did what he or she could for the good of all. The conduct of the officers who were in the boat is deserving of all praise. These men, by their quiet bearing, courage, vigilance, and activity, inspired us all with confidence and hope; and their nautical skill and experience enabled them to guide our leaky, over-loaded boat, with its defective means of sailing, safely to land."

The sixth boat that left the burning steamer had twenty-four persons in her, pressing her down very deep in the water. The hopes that were cherished for awhile, that she, too, had made one of the islands in safety, were destined to be disappointed. The whole of her unfortunate passengers must have been swallowed up by the raging sea; for, after the lapse of some days, the boat, as before stated, was washed ashore on the north coast of Eleuthera, sufficiently indicating the fate of those who had left the burning ship in her. Forty-three of the 127 human beings who were in the "Bienville" when she took fire, lost

their lives, and eighty-four were saved. The safety of these was doubtless owing a good deal, under God, to the excellent and judicious arrangements made by the Captain. On many similar occasions, all chance of safety has been cut off by the absence of discipline, and the want of firmness and self-possession on the part of those in command; numbers rushing to the boats and swamping them by over-crowding, or else rendering them useless by the rash and unskilful manner in which they have been launched. All this was prevented on board the unfortunate "Bienville" by the Captain's coolness and prudence, in taking the whole of the arrangements, concerning the boats, and the saving of the passengers, into his own hands. None were permitted to enter a boat but those who were ordered into it. Under his own direction and personal superintendence the boats were lowered in succession, then filled with their proper complement of passengers, and ordered to their proper station ahead of the burning ship. With the flames raging all around him, Captain Maury coolly wrote out the necessary directions for the several boats. All the passengers had found themselves supplied with life-preservers in their respective berths, which they put on as soon as the alarm was given. But for these prudent measures, the calamity might have been fearfully intensified, and the loss of life considerably increased.

The fire is supposed to have been caused by the boilers not being sufficiently protected by the felting

which is commonly used for that purpose. In consequence of this, the surrounding wood-work became ignited, and the noble steamer fell a helpless prey to the devouring element.

Two months had elapsed, and the excitement caused by the successive arrival of the vessels containing the rescued passengers and crew of the "Bienville" was dying out. All who had been so providentially preserved, after being supplied with necessary clothing by a handsome public subscription amongst the inhabitants of Nassau, had been forwarded to New York; when another similar calamity, still nearer to our own shores, and attended by yet more fatal results, filled many hearts with sorrow, and served to picture in painfully vivid colours the perils attendant upon travelling by sea.

On Monday, October the 21st, the monthly steamer, bringing the European and American mails, became due at Nassau: and as the steamers belonging to the Atlantic line were large and swift, they frequently made their appearance in the offing at daylight on the fourth day after leaving New York. The "Missouri" had been advertised to leave on Thursday, October 17th, and consequently was looked for at Nassau on the morning of the 21st. Many eyes were directed to the two signal posts at Fort Fin-castle and Fort Charlotte during the day, expecting to see the well-known signal for the mail steamer; but none appeared. Something might have occurred to postpone her departure for a day, as had some-

times been the case before ; and she would certainly, many thought, be signalled on the following morning. But Tuesday came, and no signal for the packet floated from either of the signal posts : the offing was all clear to the north ; nor was there the slightest appearance of the column of smoke which usually first indicated the steamer's approach. Tuesday passed : Wednesday dawned, and also passed away, without the steamer putting in an appearance. Then speculation became rife as to the cause of her non-arrival. The weather was stormy, and strong gales prevailed. The "Missouri," being the oldest vessel in the Company's fleet, might have broken down, and her engines become unserviceable, and she was probably endeavouring to complete her voyage under sail. That would sufficiently account for her being so late. Or, the weather being so rough, she might have gone direct to Havana,—the place to which she would proceed from Nassau,—and would bring us our mails on her return, and at the same time wait to carry our return mails on to New York.

Thursday came, then Friday, and still no steamer signal graced the signal post. The more sanguine thought, "O, we shall see her on Monday, on her return from Havana :" but many settled down into the sad conviction that some calamity had befallen the "Missouri," of which we should hear in due time. Still all were looking forward with earnest expectation to Monday ; but we were not destined to be kept so long in ignorance of the cause of the delay.

I had just finished the public service in our Trinity church, on Sunday evening, and was crossing the street from the church to my residence, when a lady of the congregation stepped up to me, and said, "O, Sir! sad news has arrived. The 'Missouri' has been burnt off Abaco, and the schooner 'Spy' has just come in with some of the escaped passengers. A great many lives have been lost; but Mr. Culmer and Mr. Tunnell" (two of our friends) "have been saved, and are amongst the passengers in the 'Spy.'" Thus the suspense in which we had been kept for a week was painfully terminated; and we soon became acquainted with the details of the tragedy of the "Missouri," in which about eighty human beings were swept into eternity, at an unexpected moment, by a horrible death; their only choice being between burning and drowning. Six hours more, and they would have reached Nassau. But two hours more, and they would have sighted Abaco.

This shocking calamity was caused by the most culpable negligence: and negligence of the very same kind as that which led to the destruction of the "Bienville" in the same waters, only two months before. On the day that the "Missouri" was advertised to sail from New York, it was discovered that she required to have her boilers packed with felting, to prevent the dry woodwork of the vessel being ignited by the heat from them. Orders were given for this to be done; and the ship was detained until the following day for the purpose. Some felting *was*

put about the boilers during the night; but, according to the testimony of many of the survivors, it was done in a hasty, careless, and inefficient manner, so as to be of very little service. It was, indeed, only a pretence of doing what, for the safety of the ship and passengers, should have been done with all possible care. Had it been properly done, the catastrophe would have been averted; for it was actually at this point that the fire originated; those very consequences accruing which the application of the felting should have prevented.

The vessel had been at sea nearly four days, and was in latitude $26^{\circ} 58'$ N., longitude $76^{\circ} 57'$ W., within twenty-five miles of Abaco, the first land made by steamers going from New York to Nassau; and in six hours it was expected she would deliver her mails and passengers at the capital of the Bahamas. On board that ill-fated ship, hearts were rejoicing in the anticipation of an early and happy meeting with beloved friends, from whom they had long been separated, but whom, alas! they were destined never to see again. Others, who were proceeding beyond Nassau, were looking forward with pleasure to a few hours' run ashore in a country new to them. All now recovered from the effects of their sea-sickness, a goodly company were gathered around the breakfast tables, amused, rather than disturbed, by the effects among the plates and dishes, cups and saucers, produced by the heavy rolling of the ship in that rough, tumbling sea. Suddenly a cry of "Fire"

was heard. The chief steward snatched up a bucket of water, and ran with it toward the engine-room ; but soon returned to the saloon, and reported that the fire was all put out, and that there was nothing more serious than the burning of a bunch of matches. He had scarcely uttered the words, when a distant cry of "Fire! fire!" was heard, proceeding apparently from the engine-room, and the rush of many feet upon deck. In a few moments the saloon was deserted. All, now thoroughly alarmed, rushed at once to the deck, to ascertain the extent of the danger, and to help in extinguishing the fire. A very short time served to show that the danger was great ; and that the terrible enemy which had broken out upon them, had taken fearful hold upon the doomed ship. The flames were already bursting out in various directions ; and there scarcely appeared to be any hope of putting them out. Every moment the fire, fanned by the strong breeze, which amounted to half a gale of wind, acquired additional power, and spread with alarming rapidity.

The Captain who had the "Missouri" under his command was not by any means equal to such a fearful occasion. When the alarm was first given, he issued a few feeble directions for putting the fire out, and commanded the engines to be stopped. But as the fire spread rapidly over the ship, he became panic-stricken, and apparently utterly unable to comprehend the terrible nature of his position. To some of the passengers he seemed altogether to have lost

his reason, and to be entirely destitute of the self-possession so important to a commander in such a pressing emergency. He appeared to be incapable of any thought or concern about saving the lives exposed to such peril in the burning ship; and gave no directions concerning the boats; but simply left every one to do what he could for his own safety. He seemed altogether to forget that there were a number of ladies on board, dependent upon him for their lives. Had he retained due self-possession, and laid himself out to secure the rescue of the crew and passengers, with the same energy and coolness which characterized the Captain of the "Bienville" under similar circumstances, there is little reason to doubt that all the passengers and crew might have been saved, and himself rescued from the horrible fate which befel him, in being consumed in that burning ship. If he had seen to the careful lowering of the boats and the passengers, when the danger became imminent, as the Captain of the "Bienville" did, there was plenty of time, and there would have been sufficient boat accommodation for the rescue of every human being in the unfortunate vessel. And being only twenty-five miles from Abaco, the boats could easily have proceeded thither, and reached a friendly shore, as one of them actually did, before the night set in. The stopping of the engines was a great mistake on the part of the bewildered Captain. Had the ship been kept on her course, they might have sighted Abaco long before it became necessary for

all to abandon the vessel. But the utmost disorder and confusion prevailed : no authority was exercised, and no intelligible directions were given. Some of the boats were left hanging in the davits until the fire destroyed them ; and those which were launched, were let down in such a hasty, bungling manner, that, with one exception, to be presently mentioned, they all swamped in succession, and filled with water. When the first boat was lowered, more than thirty persons, chiefly belonging to the ship, jumped into her at once, all anxious to save their own lives, and caring for none besides ; but, owing to some mismanagement, one end of the boat fell into the water, while the other remained suspended in the air. All but nine were thrown into the raging sea, and soon found a watery grave : the others clung to the boat until some person cut the davit ropes, when the boat, full of water, and the nine persons in her, went clear of the ship.

One of the passengers, Mr. James Culmer of Nassau, accustomed to a seafaring life, and familiar with its dangers, retained his self-possession amid the confusion and danger. When he saw how panic-stricken and incapable the Captain was, and that there was no order or discipline, nor any attempt made to save the passengers and crew, he thought it time to act for himself. Under his direction, assisted by several of the crew, one of the boats was lowered, himself and ten other persons being in her ; and under his skilful management she got clear of the ship, although

a very heavy sea was running, which rendered the management of a boat very difficult. Before she got quite clear, another of the passengers got into her. Mr. Wilbur Tunnell, also a merchant of Nassau, unable to get help in an attempt he was making to launch a boat, perceived Mr. Culmer in the boat which he had just succeeded in launching; one of the men being then in the act of sawing with a dull knife the only rope which held her to the ship. He saw at a glance that this was his only chance of safety. Having been providentially induced to sharpen his pocket-knife the day before he left New York, it was but the work of a moment to sever a piece from the nearest rope; and tying it to the taffrail, he slid down it, and dropped into the sea. By this time the dull knife had severed the boat's painter, and she had proceeded some little distance from the ship; but, swimming towards her, he was perceived by Mr. Culmer, who waited for him, and he was soon hauled in, making the whole number twelve, and loading the little boat to her utmost capacity. They then pulled off to a safe distance from the burning "Missouri"—the only boat that was not filled with water in launching.

When last they saw the Captain, he was standing, with two or three others around him, on the hurricane deck; but seemingly making no effort to save the ship or the passengers: among whom were several ladies and children, with their nurses. These all met a terrible fate, owing largely to the incapacity and

helplessness of the man to whom their lives had been entrusted. After they had cleared the ship, Mr. Culmer and his companions saw at some distance a boat turned bottom up, and two men astride upon her keel; and also another with nine men in her, but full of water. They strove all they could to pull to the upturned boat, that they might rescue the two men from their perilous position; but the sea was so heavy, they could not make head against it; and after two hours' hard pulling, they were obliged to give up the attempt, and leave the poor fellows to their fate. They came up, however, with the other boat, and perceived that she was full to her gunwale with water; but, being a species of life-boat, she could not sink. Some of the men in her wished Mr. Culmer and his companions to take them into their boat. That, however, would have been to insure the destruction of the whole; but, having in their boat two buckets which had been thrown in when she was launched, they threw one of them across, and thus furnished the others with the means of setting their boat free from water. Some distance off, they saw another of the boats, evidently full of water, with, as they supposed, some fifteen or sixteen persons in her; but it was impossible to reach her, so as to render them assistance. They remained near the ship for several hours, that, if possible, they might render help to any who might throw themselves from the burning vessel. But none did so. Most of the passengers and crew must have been already lost,

in the clumsy launching of the boats, into which they crowded in great numbers, without order, intent only on securing their own safety.

When it became apparent that they could do nothing for the rescue of those who still remained in the doomed vessel, they resolved to proceed in the direction of Abaco. Mr. Culmer, as an experienced navigator, was requested to take command of the boat, which it required all the skill he possessed to guide through that heavily rolling sea. Having a bucket to use for the purpose of baling, they were able to keep her pretty well free of water. After five hours' hard rowing, their eyes were gladdened with the distant sight of land; and in two or three hours more they hauled the boat upon the beach, and, cold, wet, and hungry, laid themselves down to rest upon the sand. The land they had made proved to be Great Guano Cay, one of a large number of small Cays, or Islands, running all along the eastern coast of Abaco, and extending for nearly a hundred miles.

When morning dawned, the boat was launched again, and brought round to the other side of the Cay; and when all were embarked, they set off, hoping soon to reach Great Harbour, a small settlement on another of the Abaco Cays. They had not made much way when, to their great joy, about two o'clock, a schooner hove in sight, and they were glad to see that she was coming in a direction which would enable them to hail her. She proved to be

the "Spy," proceeding to Great Harbour; and speedily taking them aboard, the crew ministered to their wants from the limited stores of provisions at their command. They soon reached the settlement, and reported the loss of the "Missouri;" and their first care was to despatch vessels to search for the wreck, and for the boats they had left drifting about her. But these returned, after two or three days' absence, without having fallen in with any of the boats, or discovered any remains of the steamer. The twelve survivors then engaged the "Spy" to carry them to Nassau, bearing with them the conviction that of the ninety-seven persons, crew and passengers, who were on board the ill-fated "Missouri," they alone survived to relate the sad story of her destruction, and tell how more than eighty human beings, who might, with ordinary prudence and coolness on the Captain's part, have been rescued and borne safely to the not-far-distant land, all met with a sudden and horrible death through the unmanly terror to which he gave himself up in the time of peril,—himself falling a victim to his own cowardice. The "Spy" arrived at Nassau about eight o'clock on Sunday evening, and the news rapidly spread through the city that the "Missouri" had been burnt off Abaco.

Mr. Culmer and Mr. Tunnell had both, providentially, left their wives and children in New York, to come on by the following monthly steamer. The "Missouri" was generally regarded as the slowest,

and the least safe and comfortable, of the whole line. These ladies, both of them members of the Methodist Church in Nassau, had therefore thought it best to wait for the "Moro Castle," which was the steamer up for the next trip, and which was esteemed the best and safest of the Company's fleet. Who will say that the impulse which determined them to delay their departure was not from above,—an answer to the many prayers which had gone up for their safety to the wise and loving Disposer of all earthly events? Had they been in the "Missouri," they would, in all probability, have perished; for neither woman nor child was rescued: and it is very likely their husbands would have perished also, in the attempt to save them; for, unencumbered as they were, they both may be said to have escaped with the skin of their teeth.

Great was the sorrow produced in Nassau by the catastrophe of which they brought intelligence; several families being plunged into deep distress by the loss of relatives whose arrival they had been fondly anticipating; and who had safely crossed the Atlantic from Europe, to perish almost within hail of the homes they were hastening to fill with gladness. More than two weeks had elapsed, and no intelligence had arrived to warrant the expectation that any besides the twelve who had found their way to Abaco had been saved from a watery grave. Then the news spread through the city that another schooner, the "Quick," had arrived from Abaco, having on

board some more persons who had escaped from the "Missouri." This turned out to be true, and four more were added to the list of the saved: Mr. Freney, assistant engineer, and three of the firemen of the lost vessel. These had wonderfully escaped the dangers of the sea, after passing through the greatest extremity of suffering and horror.

The four new arrivals turned out to be part of the nine who had saved themselves from being thrown into the sea, as more than twenty others were, when the boat which they were attempting to launch was left for some time hanging with one end in the water and the other in the davits. Some person cut the rope, and let her fall into the sea; and she was full of water when she went clear of the ship; those who were in her being up to their waists in the water. From the boat under Mr. Culmer's care they received a bucket, which was thrown to them by Mr. Tunnell. They would have taken in the two men whom they saw drifting about astride the keel of the overturned boat, but they declined the offer: the two men thinking their position, almost hopeless as it was, less dangerous than that of the others in a boat full of water. One of the two, however, was prevailed upon to swim off to them: upon which, one of their own number threw himself into the sea, and, swimming off, took the place that had been vacated on the bottom of the capsized boat. Strange to say, while many perished, both these men were ultimately saved.

They made diligent use of the bucket to bale out their boat, but with little effect : for the sea was so heavy that the water washed into the boat as fast as they could throw it out, the waves breaking over them every minute. They saw Mr. Culmer's boat take her departure in the direction of Abaco, and took notice in what quarter the land lay ; but they remained in the neighbourhood of the burning "Missouri" to see the last of her, and at nightfall pulled in as near as they could venture, in the hope that she might prove a beacon, and attract some passing vessel, by hailing which they might get picked up. They sat and watched the steamer, now one mass of flame from stem to stern, but could see no sign whatever of any human being left on board. While all eyes were fixed on the appalling spectacle, and they were mourning the sad catastrophe by which they had been so unexpectedly cast as waifs on the broad ocean, the burning mass suddenly reeled, sending up a shower of sparks and burning fragments, and then went hissing down, head foremost, into the fathomless deep, disappearing almost in a moment from their earnest gaze. This they computed to have taken place between seven and eight o'clock, as the darkness had not long closed in.

Having now no motive to remain there in mid ocean, they turned the bow of their boat to the direction in which Mr. Culmer's boat had steered ; and having four oars, they laboured all night, taking the oars in rotation, to get the boat along. They

made but little way, in that heavy sea, with their water-logged boat; and what they did make was chiefly owing to the wind and sea being somewhat in their favour. Through the dreary hours of the long night they toiled; and the morning broke with the same heavy sea breaking over them continually, and rendering it quite impracticable to clear the boat of water. The next day they were cheered with the hope of deliverance; for they saw a vessel in the distance, and endeavoured, with all the energy of which they were capable, to put themselves in her way. They thought they had come within a mile of her, and shouted with all their might. Stripping off their clothes, they hoisted them on the oars, as signals to attract the notice of the ship. But it was all in vain. To their great discouragement, she passed them by without discovering them, and gradually disappeared, leaving them almost in the bitterness of despair.

Three days had now passed without discovering land, and the fourth dawned upon their increasing wretchedness. Their sufferings were terrible; for they had been entirely without food or water from the time they left the ship. With several, reason began to give way under the fearful pressure of the misery to which they were subjected; and two, in raging frenzy, threw themselves into the sea, and found relief from their sufferings in a watery grave. Two others, exhausted by hunger and thirst, which were aggravated by the fierce rays of the unclouded

sun, sank under their privations, and died in the boat the same night; thus reducing their number to five. On the fifth day, the wind and sea moderated, and gradually fell to a perfect calm; and then, for the first time, they were able to free the boat of water. They had to use their hats for this purpose; for the bucket which had been given them had been thrown overboard by one of those who went mad; and the sea being so rough, it could not be recovered. It was a slow process; for they were too much enfeebled by want to be capable of the exertion required either to clear the boat or to use the oars. They had among them three life-preservers, from which they ripped the canvas, and, in the best way they were able, made it into a small sail, which they spread when the breeze arose. They were all too thoroughly exhausted to do much in the management of the boat, except to keep her, as well as they could, before the wind, and in the direction of the land. That evening, another was relieved from his sufferings by death, leaving four only of the nine who had made such a desperate effort for life.

After this, three more were added to those days of suffering and despair, before deliverance came. Whether the survivors resorted to the last revolting expedient to sustain life during that period, and used the remains of their dead companions to escape from the extremity of hunger they were enduring, was never positively affirmed; but one who, like them, had escaped from the ship, inferred as much from

the conversation he afterwards held with them on the subject. Nor is it probable that they would have retained so much vigour as they really possessed when they, at last, made the land, had they not found some means of warding off the starvation under which the others had actually sunk in death. But we draw a veil over the horrors of those last miserable days, concerning which the surviving sufferers were very reluctant to speak. It was the eighth day which they had spent in the boat, and they were all lying down as well as they could, when one of them, lifting his head a little above the gunwale, beheld in the distance something which immediately caught his attention; and looking again more earnestly, he saw that they were close to the land for which they had been seeking until hope itself had well-nigh died out. He immediately aroused his companions, and pointed out the welcome object, to their great delight: the intelligence coming upon them as life to the dead. The boat was steered direct for the land; and before the darkness of the night had fully set in, they ran her upon a clear, sandy beach, and were soon all safe on the shore. For awhile they stretched themselves like dead men upon the sand, until they had recovered sufficient strength to walk. They then searched about them, and came upon several houses, all of which were without inhabitants. They also fell in with a well of good water, of which they drank as men would be likely to do who for nine days had not received a drop of water across

their lips. After this measure of refreshment, and cheered by hope, they lay down again, huddled close together, until daylight came, when they renewed their search for food. To their great joy they found an old pot and a box of matches, in one of the deserted tenements; and around them they saw a quantity of wild tomatoes. Some of these they hastily devoured raw; and then gathering a quantity of them, and having made a fire of brush-wood, of which there was plenty close at hand, they boiled the tomatoes, and made a hearty and refreshing meal, by which they were warmed and strengthened not a little. After this they succeeded, though with some difficulty, in launching their boat, and set out, in hope of reaching the mainland of Abaco, which they could discern in the distance; for they also had made their land-fall on one of the Abaco Cays. But they were too much exhausted to accomplish their purpose, and had to return to the little island, (which they afterwards learned was called Powell's Cay,) on which they had first landed. Here, satisfying their hunger again with the boiled tomatoes, they passed another night.

The next morning they resolved, exhausted as they were, to make another attempt to reach the mainland. But while they were lying by the boat, in almost a dying condition, they observed a sloop, passing at no great distance from the Cay. They hoisted their clothes on the oars as signals, and were fortunate enough to attract the attention of those

in the sloop,—Mr. W. Curry, the owner, and his son, who hastened at once to their assistance. Taking them all on board, he supplied their most pressing wants, giving to the strangers such food as he had on board. Then sailing at once to Green Turtle Cay, the principal town of Abaco, he shortly placed them under the care of the American Consul. They remained there seven days, to recruit their strength, and were then sent on to Nassau, where a passage was soon provided in one of their own Company's steamers for their return to New York.

It was supposed that the list of those saved from the "Missouri" was now complete, and that all, except the sixteen who had been brought to Nassau, had found their graves in the depths of the ocean. But about five weeks after the destruction of the steamer, another poor, half-starved creature was brought to the city, having been found on one of the Abaco Cays by a schooner that was passing by. His name was Richard Smith, a fireman belonging to the "Missouri;" and he proved to be the man of whom we have before spoken, as having jumped out of the boat whose fortunes have just been described, to take the vacated place on the keel of the upturned boat.

Scarcely a ray of hope was left that this man, and the other who was on the keel of the boat, could be saved, considering the extremely perilous condition in which they were placed: on the bottom of a capsized boat, exposed to the direct rays of the sun,

in a very rough sea, and without food or water, or an oar, or anything that could in the least help them to get the boat to land. It is hardly possible to conceive of human beings in a situation more hopeless. But they held on, hoping that a vessel would pass within hail, and pick them up. Thus they continued, drifting at the mercy of the waves, until the fourth or fifth day; when the weather moderated, and the sea became somewhat smoother, and they were able, weakened as they were by destitution, to right the boat by turning her over. With their hats and shoes they contrived to free her pretty well of the water; which, however, they found it impossible to do until they had plugged up some holes in her bottom. Then they could only drift wherever the sea might carry them; for, without a rag of sail, an oar, or anything to steer or control the boat, they were perfectly helpless. It was well the current bore them to the westward, for the land lay in that direction; and on the seventh day they went ashore on Walker's Cay, the last of the chain of Cays running west from Abaco. The Cay was desolate; not a human habitation to be found; but they sustained life by catching crabs, whelks, and such other shellfish as they could lay their hands upon. After a diligent search, they found that there was no water on the Cay; but a shower or two of rain furnished them with a supply, sufficient to allay, in some measure, the torments they had endured from thirst. They also constructed a hut with boughs and brush-

wood, which served to shelter them from the intense heat of the sun and the night dews.

On the seventh night after their landing on that desolate island, one of them sank under the privations and sufferings to which they had been so long exposed, and, after a brief illness, ceased to breathe, leaving Smith alone. In the morning, having no means of digging a grave, he performed the last act of kindness to his companion by burying him, as well as he was able, under a pile of sea-weed and brush-wood which he collected for the purpose. Day after day passed, and no opportunity of escape presented itself, until he had endured the wretched solitude in which the death of his companion had left him for eight days; often casting his eyes to the mound under which his fellow-sufferer's remains were mouldering, and wondering, if he, too, fell a victim to privation and exhaustion, what friendly hand would put his body out of sight, and do for him what he had done for his departed friend! But on the eighth day after the death of his companion, on leaving his lonely hut, he discerned, to his great joy, a schooner passing the Cay, and not very far from the land. He hailed her, and was heard; and a boat was sent off, which took him aboard. She bore the appropriate name of the "Ebenezer;" and her Methodist Captain performed towards the forlorn one the part of the Good Samaritan; ministering to his need, and showing him all brotherly sympathy and kindness. Instead of pursuing her voyage, the

schooner's head was immediately turned round ; and a few hours sufficed to bring the rescued man to the town on Green Turtle Cay. In a few days Richard Smith was able to proceed to Nassau, where I received from his own lips the narrative of his terrible sufferings, coupled with the assurance that the life, which God had so wonderfully and mercifully prolonged, should be consecrated to the service of Him, whose hand alone had rescued him from a watery grave, and given him further space for repentance and salvation.

IX.

MY BLIND FRIEND.

These eyes,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward.

MILTON.



APA, the letter for Mr. Wedlock you left here to be sent by the mail was not forwarded, because the packet brought the news of Mr. Wedlock's death. I suppose you would see the account of it in the newspapers.

Yes, my dear, I saw the notice in the "Watchman," when I arrived at Berbice. My poor blind friend now sees the King in His beauty, and gazes on the splendours of the world within the veil. My letter was one of condolence, in answer to one I received from him by the preceding mail, in which he gave me an account of the death of his wife, with whom I had been acquainted for many years, and whom I had greatly esteemed.

What was it that occasioned the loss of Mr. Wedlock's sight? Where did you form an acquaintance with him? And how was it that he continued in the ministry so many years when he was blind? He must have found it difficult with such an infirmity to preach and attend to other duties. We shall be very glad if you will tell us the whole story, which I am sure must be very interesting.

This conversation occurred in British Guiana, in South America, on my return home to George Town, Demerara, after a visit to Berbice in the same province. Expecting the steamer from Europe to arrive and depart with the mails during my absence, I had left the letter in question to be sent on; little expecting that the steamer would bring tidings of the death of the friend to whom my letter was addressed. The requested story is embodied in the following narrative.

My intimacy with its subject commenced in Jamaica in troublous times, and dates from the year 1832, which was to me a somewhat eventful year, not unfraught with danger; while it was a season of much anxiety to all the Missionary labourers then stationed in the island. When that year dawned, an alarming and wide-spread insurrection amongst the slaves in the north-western part of the island was in progress; and from the windows of the Court House at Lucea,—whither I had been summoned by the authorities, in common with all the male residents of the town, in order that we might be prepared to

repel any attack that might be made upon it by the insurgents,—I could see the horizon in various directions lighted up with the bright glow of burning plantations. These had been set on fire by the insurgent Negroes, in the vain hope that by desolating the country they would drive away the whites, and secure their own freedom.

The events that followed—showing how the exasperated planters, never favourable to religion or its Ministers, conspired to destroy Missionary places of worship, and drive the religious instructors of the slaves from the Colony, and how their violence and cruelties to the Missionaries and the slaves recoiled upon themselves, and led to the almost immediate abolition of slavery in the British Colonies—would occupy too much time to relate here. Suffice it to say that all this is sufficiently detailed in two of my books, published a good many years ago,—“The Death Struggles of Slavery,” and “Scenes in the Caribbean.”

I happened to be living in the midst of the disturbed district, and consequently was more exposed to the rage of the persecutors than most of my brother Missionaries. Four times during that year I had narrow escapes from the violence of unreasonable and wicked men who sought my life. One of them, a Clergyman and Rector of the Episcopal Church, was only deterred from shooting me, and swearing it was done by accident, by the threat, on the part of one to whom this ruffianly Clergyman mentioned the infamous proposal, that he would not fail, in the

event of such an accident, to reveal what had passed between them. Another was the occasion on which a large body of the planters broke into my house, covered me with tar, and endeavoured then to set me on fire. These assailants were baffled in their evil purpose by my wife dashing the candle from their hands twice; immediately after which they were beaten off by a few young coloured men, who came to the rescue, and put the cowardly host to flight.

Twice during the same year I was in imminent danger of drowning. The first time I was overtaken, when far out at sea in a canoe, by a heavy "norther," which raised a tremendous sea that broke over the canoe continually, and we could only keep her afloat by constant baling with our hats. The second occasion was a short time before my first meeting with Mr. Wedlock. As I could not exercise my ministry in the Circuit to which I had been appointed, where all our chapels had been destroyed, and fierce persecution still raged, I had been requested by the Chairman of the District to remove to Stony Hill, where the resident Minister's health had broken down, and he had been compelled to remove. On my way round the island, after having our sloop fired into by the planters from the shore as we lay at anchor in a calm, and after being at sea six days, baffled by light winds and calms, we encountered a hurricane. Before the storm broke upon us in its fury, we managed to get into a sheltered spot behind a line of reefs, where, with difficulty, we held on as it were in the very jaws

of destruction, with a rocky coast close at hand to leeward, while a number of vessels foundered or were driven on shore. It was a fearful night. When the morning dawned, and I could see several vessels not far off going to pieces on the rocks, with their exhausted crews clinging to the wrecks, how thankful was I to that Almighty Goodness which had, almost against hope, saved our little vessel and her crew and passengers from perishing in the storm! You will find some particulars concerning this deliverance in one of my Caribbean Sketches, originally published in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine" for 1853, and afterwards in the little volume which I have before alluded to.

It was a few days after this deliverance that I first met with Mr. Wedlock, between whom and myself a friendship was formed which continued until he passed within the veil.

I was sitting at breakfast with my wife, in the small sitting room of the Mission House at Stony Hill, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs in the stony road, which passed near the front of the house, caused me to turn my eyes to the windows, which were open in that direction. Through the tall plume-like bamboos which formed the fence between our Mission premises and the road, I saw a stout man mounting the hill on a roan-coloured horse, which appeared to me too small for such a weight as he was called to bear. The rider pulled up at our gate, which he opened, and, passing through, began

to climb the short steep ascent on which the house and chapel stood. His dress proclaimed him to be a Minister ; and I left the table and went out into the yard to greet my visitor, who announced himself as Mr. Wedlock, from Grateful Hill,—a Mission station some nine or ten miles further on in the interior of the country. After mutual salutation, he went on to say that, having heard of our arrival at Stony Hill, he had ridden over to bid us welcome to the neighbourhood, and to form acquaintance with me and my family. My boy groom took charge of his horse, and led it to the stable, while I conducted my visitor to the house, and introduced him to its mistress and to the breakfast table.

A few moments sufficed to put us on a friendly footing with each other. When breakfast was finished, and we had knelt together at the family altar, we spent some hours in comparing notes, and talking over the chequered experiences of the past. The persecutions and troubles, with which we and our brethren were then contending, formed the principal subject of conversation between me and my guest, until the lengthening shadows of evening warned him that the time for his return home had come ; when he bade us a hearty farewell, and took his departure. Thus commenced an acquaintance which ripened into a firm friendship, productive of a large amount of mutual enjoyment, and continuing through the changing scenes of more than thirty years, until interrupted by death.

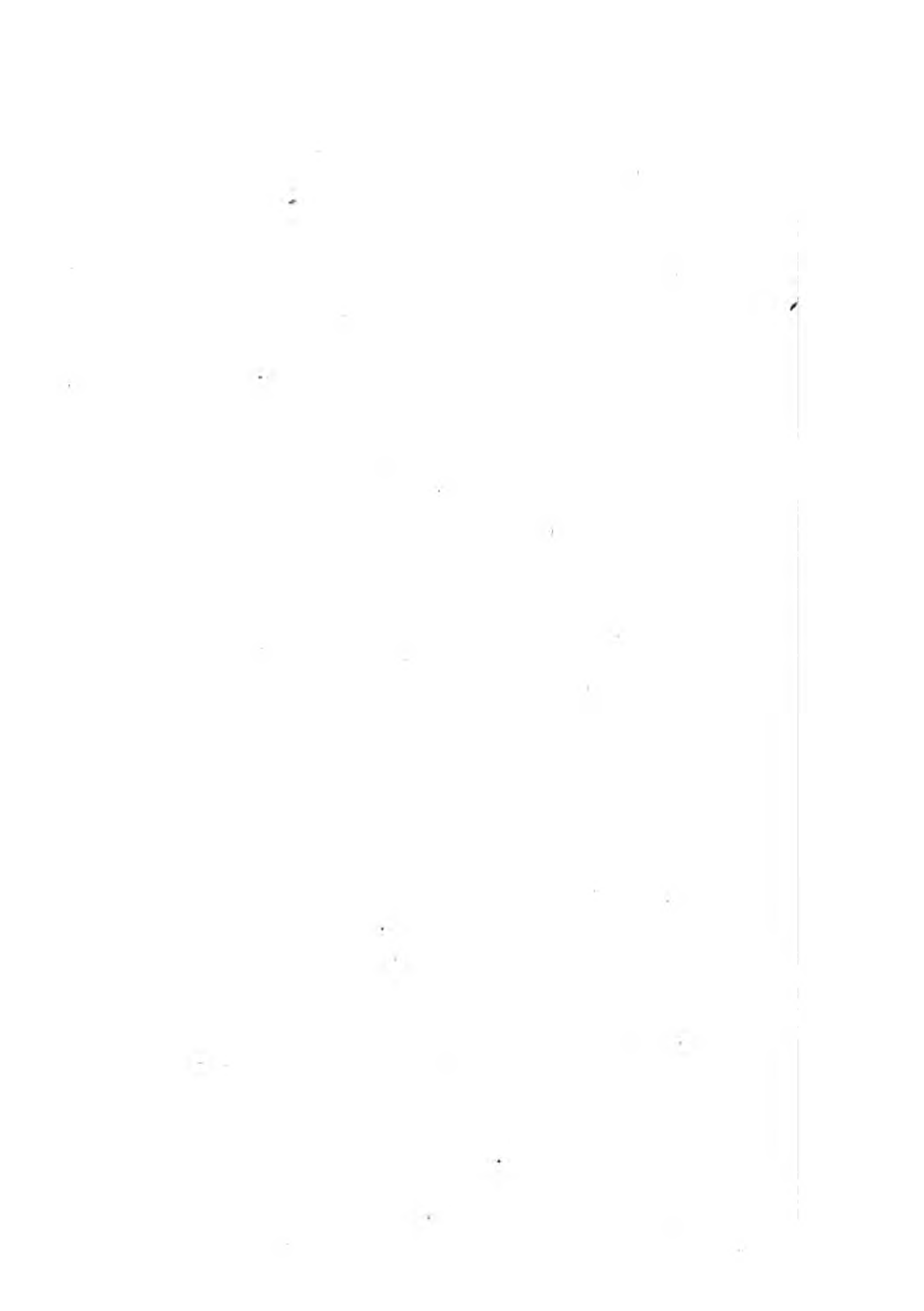
My new friend was a somewhat stout and heavy man, with considerable muscular power. I observed that he halted slightly in his walk, which he informed me was the result of having, when a boy, had his thigh broken by the kick of a horse; and the fracture having been unskilfully set had produced the effect I have referred to. He had a pleasant countenance; but his good looks were somewhat lessened by an injury done to one of his eyes accidentally while a youth, which nearly, or entirely, destroyed its power of vision, while it produced a slight degree of disfigurement. But his countenance was always pleasant to look upon; for no evil disposition or sour, sullen temper had set its impress there; but genial good-humour and the indwelling peace of God shone out, and, diffusing themselves over all the features, called up the remembrance of the wise man's saying, "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." (Prov. xv. 13.)

My station lay directly in his way to the city (Kingston); so that, whenever he had occasion to go there, my house was always his stopping-place, where he could take a bed either going or returning, and thus lessen the fatigue of the journey. The unsettled state of things in the island, and the necessity for frequent consultation with brethren, rendered such journeys somewhat frequent.

By the arrangement of our District Committee, it became my duty frequently, on the Sabbath, to supply one of the stations under Mr. W.'s care; and the little



THE REV. W. WEDLOCK.



sanctuary being only two or three miles from his residence, by a short cut, I was accustomed to proceed thither when the work of the day was ended, and spend the evening and a portion of the following day in pleasant intercourse with my friend and his family. It so happened that when Mr. Wedlock removed from Grateful Hill to Montego Bay, in a distant part of the island, I was again his neighbour, being stationed at Lucea, an adjoining Circuit. And when he afterwards was transferred to Spanish Town, I was stationed in Kingston, the neighbouring Circuit. So that, during nearly the whole of the time he spent in Jamaica, we were thrown into frequent intercourse, which assumed a more brotherly and confidential character as the years rolled on : and after suffering much from the interested and unscrupulous upholders of the unhallowed system of British Colonial Slavery, we rejoiced together in witnessing its final overthrow. We both of us saw the glad day when, on the first of August, 1834, slavery ceased in the British Colonies, and the semi-slavery of the apprenticeship took its place. But, before the final extinction of slavery, in the abolition of the apprenticeship system, was completed on the 1st of August, 1838, that affliction came upon Mr. Wedlock which terminated his Missionary career, and sent him home to England, deprived of the blessing of sight, to labour all the remainder of his days in darkness and painful privation.

In the exchange of mutual confidence, I learnt the

particulars of Mr. W.'s earlier history. He was born of godly parents, Jan. 21st, 1804, at Helstone, in the county of Cornwall, and brought up under sound and healthy religious influences. His parents were both members of the Methodist Church, and carefully trained their family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The influences of family worship, careful Sabbath observance, firm, but loving, discipline, and parental piety, were all brought to bear upon the children of the household, and prepared them for an efficient and faithful discharge of the great duties of life. Upon William these influences never ceased to operate. It was there, in the home circle, that his character was formed, and there the impulse was given to his future life, so fruitful in works of righteousness, and so abounding in usefulness, bringing glory to God in the highest, and salvation and blessing to the souls of men.

He was brought to God, and made happy in the enjoyment of the blessings of salvation, when he was about fifteen years of age. A narrow escape from drowning served to produce more serious impressions than he had been hitherto cherishing, concerning the nearness of death and the safety of his soul. Whilst near the brink of a river, his foot slipped, and he fell into the water, from which he was rescued by one of his companions, after he had twice sunk, and when he was on the point of drowning. From this time he felt the necessity of being prepared for death : his sins became a burthen, and he felt that he could

do nothing to save himself. Under the ministry of the word his convictions gradually deepened, and he became very wretched, seeking the Lord with great earnestness of spirit. He was apprenticed to a Christian man, who took a lively interest in his spiritual welfare when he discovered his state of mind. One day, about the time of his attaining his fifteenth year, his distress was very great, and his pious master sent for the father of his apprentice to comfort and help his son. All three retired into an inner room to wrestle with God; and whilst his master was praying, William was enabled to believe in Christ, and to his great joy and happiness obtained the witness in himself of the forgiveness of his sins. This blessing he retained to the day of his death, often referring with expressions of thankfulness to the hour when, in that inner room, the mighty change came over him, which made him a child of God, and enabled him to say, "O Lord, I will praise Thee: though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me."

He became at once a member of the Methodist Society in his native town, and soon won the esteem of those with whom he was associated by his amiable disposition, his religious zeal, and his generally unblamable conduct. He gave himself to reading and study at every opportunity he could find or make; for he hungered and thirsted after knowledge. It soon became evident that the young convert had talents for usefulness, and that he had remarkable

fluency and power in prayer. He began to accompany the prayer-leaders to the adjacent hamlets, and to take part in the meetings. His wonderful power in pleading with God was remembered in some of these places for many years. At these meetings he first began to speak in public concerning the things of God, and exhort sinners to "flee from the wrath to come." When about seventeen years of age, he was received on the Plan as a Local Preacher on trial; and, having passed through the probationary stage, was admitted fully as an accredited member of the body of Local Preachers.

For about seven years he exercised his gifts in this capacity, first in the Circuit in which he was born, and afterwards in the Great Queen Street Circuit in London, to which city he was removed in the order of Divine Providence. Here also, in addition to his duties as a Local Preacher, he found occupation as a tract-distributor, Sabbath School teacher, and visitor of the Strangers' Friend Society; winning by his piety and devotedness the esteem both of the Ministers and of the members of the Church.

Having, after the usual examinations, been recommended as a Candidate for the Missionary work of the ministry by the Quarterly Meeting of the Circuit, and by the London District Meeting, he was accepted by the Conference held in London in 1828; and appointed to labour in Belize, in British Honduras, on the Continent of America. This was a new Mission, commenced in 1825. The first Missionary

appointed to it, the Rev. T. Wilkinson, succumbed to the deadly fever prevailing there, and sank into the grave after only about eighteen months of hallowed toil. The principal occupation of the place was mahogany-cutting, and the population consisted of a mixture of Whites, Negro slaves, and Indians, amongst whom depravity and wickedness prevailed to a fearful extent. As soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, the vacancy caused by Mr. Wilkinson's death was filled up, and the Rev. Thomas Johnson was sent out to preach amongst this medley of sinners "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Before six months had passed, he also fell a victim to the unwholesome climate, and his efforts and schemes of usefulness were all cut off. Both these young Missionaries went out alone; and, considering it unadvisable to send more unmarried men to live and die in solitude in such an unfavourable climate, the Wesleyan Missionary Committee wisely resolved that the next occupant of the station should be a married man. Mr. Wedlock was chosen for the Mission, and accordingly, having been ordained at Great Queen Street Chapel on December 17th, he sailed from Gravesend on the 30th of the same month, accompanied by his wife, to whom he had been recently united.

The young couple arrived at Belize on February 18th, 1829, and at once entered upon the work of the Mission. Mr. W. found that persecution, combined with the want of pastoral care and oversight

for nine months, had greatly reduced the Society. But over the graves of the dead, for whom he had been baptized to the work, he dedicated himself anew to the service of God, and energetically commenced his work in the settlement. The Sabbath and week-day services were re-established, the prayer-meetings restored, the Sabbath School re-organized, and the Gospel was preached with such fervour and ability that the chapel was speedily filled, while crowds remained outside. But, never losing sight of the great end of preaching, Mr. W. said, "I cannot rest in having good congregations: I want to hear men and women inquiring the way to Zion." He visited the vessels that came into port, and, when opportunity served, sent on tracts and books in the Spanish language to the settlers along the Mosquito Shore. He proceeded up the rivers,—the Belize and the Siboon,—to visit the logwood and mahogany cutters, and that he might carry the Gospel to the neglected and depraved settlers and labourers scattered along their banks. Most of these were Negro slaves: and here he first came in contact with the evils of the slavery system. His righteous soul was moved within him by what he witnessed of its cruelties and manifold evils, and he became the firm, uncompromising hater of slavery, saying, "Not for all the wealth that sinews bought and sold could bring, would I be the owner of a slave for one hour."

After labouring three years successfully at Honduras, he was removed to Jamaica in the early part

of 1832, and took charge of the station at Grateful Hill, where he and his family, at a healthy mountain location, soon recovered from the debilitating effect of a three years' residence among the poisonous malaria which always exhales abundantly from the swamps and rivers of Honduras. It was soon after his removal to this new sphere of toil, that our acquaintance and friendship commenced in troublous times, as before related.

At this juncture, "the Colonial Church Union," so called, was in the full vigour of its nefarious work. This was an association which comprised nearly all the white slave-holders and planters in the Colony, who had combined together and pledged themselves to put an end to all Missionary instruction of the slaves, and to drive all the Missionaries from the Colony. From those who belonged to the Episcopal Church of England, these evil-minded men knew they had nothing to fear, as to the safety of the cherished system which was the source of all their wealth; for some of the Episcopal Clergy were themselves amongst the most cruel oppressors of the children of Africa; and one of them, the Rector of a large parish, was well understood to have been the most active in the formation of this persecuting league, and hounding them on to deeds of violence and wrong. Already the Methodist chapels at Falmouth, Stewart's Town, St. Ann's Bay, Ebenezer, Ocho Rios, and Oracabessa, had been razed or burnt; and Messrs. Whitehouse, Box, Murray, Greenwood,

Rowden, and Barr, all Wesleyan Missionaries, had been made to experience the abominations of the loathsome prisons of the island. My own house had been broken into by a planter mob, and the attempt made to set me on fire, as before related; while many of our faithful slave-members were subjected to horrible tortures by the cartwhip, and not a few of them hurried to a bloody grave.

But in that part of the island in which our older Mission stations were chiefly situated, there had been raised up a powerful body of intelligent free coloured people, of whom the persecutors stood in salutary fear, and who kept them in check, and prevented further destruction of Mission property. Then came the removal of that incompetent and time-serving Governor, Lord Belmore, and the appointment of the Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Marquis of Normanby, who by great prudence and courage, and with a strong hand, suppressed and scattered the fraternity of evil-doers, who had well-nigh plunged the island in the evils of civil war. Still it was necessary, for some time, to have the chapels guarded at night against the skulking incendiary. On the 12th of July, 1832, Mr. Wedlock wrote, "This evening I have received information, from a source which places the truth of it beyond doubt, that our enemies in this quarter are again concerting mischief against us and our chapel. Two meetings have been held at a house of great notoriety not far from us, where they resolved in their wickedness to make another

attack. For myself I fear nothing ; for our chapel I tremble. Our prayers are, that the Lord will turn their counsels to foolishness : our consolation is, that the Lord is on our side. We have thought it proper to renew our guard."

Mr. Wedlock was summoned, together with myself and other Missionaries, before a Committee of the House of Assembly, appointed "to inquire into the moral and religious improvement of the slave population since 1823, and to report what obstacles, if any, had been opposed thereto." The inquiry was to have reference only to what had occurred within a specified period, so as carefully to exclude the martyrdom of Mr. Grimsdall, the cruel persecutions and imprisonment of Messrs. Whitehouse and Orton, and those barbarities and that destruction of Mission property which had occurred within the past two years. It is difficult to conceive what they hoped to accomplish by this procedure, if it were not purely and simply a scheme for giving the Missionaries as much annoyance as possible. A large number were summoned from all parts of the island, and kept at Spanish Town, at considerable expense, for many weeks. The first two or three witnesses that were called were put on oath to answer whatever questions were addressed to them, and then subjected to an impertinent examination as to their past history, family connexions, and other matters totally foreign to the professed subject of investigation. Those who came after refused to take the oath, and were

committed to the custody of the Provost Marshal, until they called Mr. Whitehouse to be examined. Would he take the oath? He did not think they had any legal authority to examine him on oath; but, waving that, he would take the oath, with the distinct reservation that he would only answer such questions as he considered relevant to the subject into which the Committee were appointed to inquire. Thus forewarned, they kept more closely to the subject than they had done in the case of former witnesses. But they soon found that they had caught a Tartar. Mr. Whitehouse proceeded to bring out such details of persecution and cruelty practised on religious slaves, and such violent opposition to his own ministry, as placed the Committee in a serious dilemma; for they were by no means prepared for such damaging statements. But when Mr. Whitehouse went on to charge one of the members of the Committee, then sitting before him, with a cruel murder, in flogging to death one of the slaves under his control, for no other crime, real or pretended, than that the man went to hear the Missionary preach, the Committee became much alarmed, and, to cut short the details of the crime, abruptly brought the examination of Mr. W. to a close. Nor did they proceed much further. It relieved them from a position of serious embarrassment, when the Governor, Earl Mulgrave, calling in question their right to examine witnesses on oath, caused the Committee to be broken up; and soon afterwards he

dissolved the Assembly. Many of the witnesses who had been summoned, including Mr. Wedlock and myself, were never called before the Committee at all.

Very shortly after this, the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery throughout the British dominions passed through both branches of the Imperial Legislature. This act the local Legislature was compelled to adopt; under penalty of forfeiting all share in the compensation which the Imperial Act awarded to the owners of slaves. This put an effectual stop to the persecutions, which for nearly half a century had raged against Missionaries in Jamaica. The object of these persecutions was to sustain and perpetuate slavery, which the planters feared would be endangered by the religious instruction of the slaves. But, as it was afterwards in the United States of America, the slave-holders, by their own reckless violence and misdirected efforts, hastened the downfall of the system which they sought to uphold and perpetuate; furnishing in both cases an impressive illustration of the Scripture truth, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee : the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain." It was a bitter humiliation to the proud, selfish men who formed the Legislature of Jamaica in those days, that they found *themselves compelled* to give effect to the law which set their slaves at liberty, and with their own hands to unloose the fetters of their bondmen; or else be plunged into inevitable and immediate ruin

by the loss of their slaves, whose emancipation they could not resist, and also by forfeiting all claim upon the compensation fund.

At the end of three years, Mr. Wedlock was removed from Grateful Hill to Montego Bay, where, on the first of August, 1834, or rather, on July 31st, he listened, in the Watchnight service, to that solemn striking of the midnight hour which tolled the knell of a hateful system, and proclaimed glorious liberty to more than eight hundred thousand of the children of Africa, held in oppressive bondage under the British flag. Nowhere, in all the British Empire, had the evils of slavery been more terribly displayed than in the town and neighbourhood which now formed the scene of Mr. Wedlock's labours. I shall never forget the horrible scenes I witnessed there, where the halter, the bullet, the axe, and the whip, for many weeks, were constantly doing their fearful work, and hundreds of unfortunate slaves were slaughtered in cold blood. Though often sickened by the scenes exhibited to my view, I compelled myself to look upon them, day after day, that I might be able to speak of what I had *seen*. No wonder that the Emancipation day in that part of the Island was celebrated with heart-felt joy by the people, who had seen many of their friends and kindred, not three years before, sent, innocent in many cases of all crime, to a bloody grave. Mr. Wedlock's large, warm heart fully sympathized with them in their joy.

Three years of happy, successful toil among a loving people at Montego Bay were followed by his removal to Spanish Town, then the seat of government. I had been his neighbour while at Montego Bay, being then stationed at Lucea : and in the second year of his appointment to Spanish Town I went to reside at Kingston, about twelve miles distant.

It was in the second year of his ministry in this Circuit, that Mr. Wedlock went on the Sabbath to preach at Linstead, in St. Thomas in the Vale, some fourteen miles distant, his path being through the Bog Walk, where a mountain, many hundred feet in height, has been cloven by the power of the earthquake ; and through the deep gorge, thus formed, flowed the Rio Cobre at the foot of a precipice that rises perpendicularly to a stupendous height. The high road winds along the brink of the river on the opposite side, where a part of the mountain seems to have been lifted from its place and thrown in tumultuous heaps over the plain. The scene is one of remarkable grandeur and beauty, as the traveller winds through the narrow gorge, and lifts his eyes to the massive trees which spring out from clefts in the side of the rocky precipice, until they appear to pierce the clouds at the summit of the mountain.

Having discharged the duties of the Sabbath, Mr. Wedlock was returning home, in the forenoon of the following day ; the gig in which he travelled being driven by his Negro boy-groom. All through the

Bog Walk, where, at that part of the day, the sun pours down a flood-tide of heat, and all along the hot, dusty road leading to Spanish Town, Mr. Wedlock was absorbed in the perusal of Harris's "Witnessing Church," a book which he had recently received from England, and in which he was profoundly interested. He had often read in a similar way on his journeys, without considering that the sight of one of his eyes had been almost, if not entirely, destroyed by an accident in his youth, and that the remaining eye, therefore, had to do duty for both. As he approached the town, he closed his book, and, looking up, he discovered that objects all around him appeared more dim and misty than usual. This disability of vision rapidly increased, so that by the time he drove into the Mission yard he could see nothing clearly, and had to be led into the house. Two of the medical men of the town were immediately sent for; but their efforts to afford relief were fruitless. On the following morning, being asked if he saw anything, he replied, "I can see a little light, and can just discern Mr. Sergeant" (his colleague) "as a shadow before me." After that he became totally blind, and saw the light of this world no more.

He came over with Mrs. Wedlock to Kingston, where the most eminent of the medical practitioners in the Colony were to be found. These were consulted; but they soon pronounced the case beyond their skill, and considered it to be entirely hopeless. They were of opinion, that the severe strain to which

the eye had for a long time together been subjected in that fierce tropical glare, had caused paralysis of the optic nerve, and there was scarcely a shadow of probability that its power of vision could ever be restored. It was their unanimous recommendation that Mr. Wedlock should proceed with the least avoidable delay to England, and avail himself of the skill of the eminent oculists to be met with there. As many of the elder Ministers in the District as could be easily summoned were called together by the Chairman; and they decided that the recommendation of the medical gentlemen should be acted upon. The best arrangements practicable were made to provide for the vacancy in the Spanish Town Circuit which Mr. W.'s departure would occasion; and he prepared, with his family, to return to his native land.

This heavy affliction awakened much sympathy, both amongst his ministerial brethren, and the many thousands of the people to whom he was known, and by whom he was greatly beloved and respected. When he preached his farewell sermon in Wesley Chapel at Kingston, the large building was densely crowded by an attentive and sympathizing audience. I saw—but he could not—the multitude that hung upon his lips with breathless earnestness; though he could hear the fervent and loving responses which his utterances called forth. It was a season I shall never forget. His text was, Isaiah xlii. 16 : “ And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not ; I

will lead them in paths that they have not known : I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." He preached with great fluency and power, and a remarkable unction attended the word. The chapel became a Bochim ; for the whole congregation were more than once dissolved in tears. He gave out his own hymns from memory, without any difficulty or hesitation, just as if he was actually reading the lines.

As I listened to him in this part of the service, I could not help feeling something like wonder at the remarkable way in which Mr. Wedlock had been prepared, in the wise and loving Providence of God, for the calamity which had been suffered to befall him. Years before—from my earliest acquaintance with him—I had noticed that Mr. Wedlock was gifted with a remarkably ready and retentive memory. I was struck with the fact that, after once carefully looking over the printed sheet containing the whole list of appointments made by the Wesleyan Conference, of the Ministers both at home and abroad, Mr. W. seemed to have them all in his mind, and could at once name the Preachers appointed to any given Circuit, or the Circuit in which any individual Preacher was stationed. Many a time, for my own amusement, I tried him on this point, and never found his memory at fault. Surely the All-seeing One foresaw in this case and provided for what was to happen to His servant, that he might still be able to continue in the

work in which his soul delighted. To many Ministers the loss of sight would necessitate their immediate retirement from the work of the pulpit. Not so with Mr. Wedlock : his powerful memory came to his aid, so that, with little previous preparation in having the Scriptures and hymns read to him, he could read them from memory in the pulpit, and preach with as much freedom and self-possession as when he enjoyed the blessing of sight.

After the close of the service, hundreds of people pressed around him to shake hands and bid him farewell ; and on the following day he embarked with his family in one of the line of royal mail steamers, and bade a final farewell to the Land of Springs, in which he had anticipated spending many years of useful toil. Some faint hope was indulged that the voyage might produce good effect towards the restoration of his vision ; but it proved fallacious. After a three weeks' voyage he trod the shores of his native land, then arrayed in its richest summer glory, bright and beautiful, and to him the glory of all lands. But his power to gaze on it was gone for ever. All his remaining days were doomed to be spent in unbroken night.

Men who were most skilful in treating eye-diseases were consulted, and for a year Mr. Wedlock took up his abode at Hammersmith, that he might avail himself of the services of an eminent practitioner, in the hope that his sight might be partially, if not fully restored. But no beneficial results were obtained

and although for twelve years he patiently submitted to various painful surgical operations, no ray of heaven's pure light was he ever again permitted to behold gleaming across his path. Nothing was left to him but to submit, with patient resignation, to the terrible privation with which, in inscrutable wisdom, his Heavenly Father had seen it good to visit him.

He did not, however, sit down and mourn over the sad loss he had sustained. His was a sunny, cheerful spirit; and to a friend he wrote, "I have no idea of sitting down" (becoming a Supernumerary) "at the Conference. My health is very good; I believe it never was better. I am both able and willing to labour for my blessed Master. I trust that a compact Circuit will be found for me. I pray that my God may guide me, and fix the bounds of my habitation." In this noble spirit he entered upon the work of preaching the Gospel to English congregations.

By the considerate kindness of the Missionary Committee he was provided with a copy of the Holy Scriptures in raised characters, prepared for the use of the blind; and much of his time was occupied in perusing the word of life with his fingers, until he became rich in Scripture lore, having the whole Bible literally at his finger ends, and stored in his capacious and retentive memory. For twenty-six years did this blind Minister faithfully and zealously discharge the duties of a Methodist Preacher, being successively appointed by the Conference to Deal,

Towcester, St. Neot's, Gosport, Sittingbourne, Sheerness, Weymouth, Sherborne, Barking, Guernsey, and Lewes. He preached the word, and went in and out amongst the homes of the people with whom he laboured. Led by a friend, or child, or grandchild, he found his way to the abodes of the sick and the dying, speaking words of comfort to mourners, affording consolation to the distressed and relief to the poor, and desiring nothing better or higher on earth than to follow Him "who went about doing good."

"Few," it is said, "who heard Mr. Wedlock preach, could realize that he was totally blind. The Hymn-book was opened, the page announced, and the hymn correctly given out; for the entire collection seemed to be fixed in his mind. The lessons were recited with open Bible; and seldom did his retentive memory stumble or halt. The sermon was affectionate, full of fervour, and interspersed with powerful appeals that often hushed the listeners to perfect stillness. The concluding prayer was characterized by reverent, earnest pleading, as of a man who had frequent access to God. Only when the service was over, and some friend guided the Preacher's steps down the pulpit stairs, did the congregation realize that he who had been speaking to them was insensible to all earthly light."

After twenty-seven years spent in preaching the Gospel of Christ in English Circuits to congregations he never saw, he was compelled by growing infirmity

to retire from the more active duties of the ministry. He settled at Queensborough in Kent, near to his children, hoping to spend a few years in the less onerous duties of a Supernumerary Minister. But the Great Master had determined otherwise. In April of the following year, 1866, he was called to mourn the loss of his beloved wife, who had been his faithful, loving helpmeet through all the changes of his ministerial career. Her strong, good sense, devoted piety, and unwearied energy, had contributed to sustain him through many trying scenes which taxed to the utmost his faith and patience; and which also served to develop the many excellences which adorned both his own character and that of the companion of his joys and sorrows. He wept for her as Abraham mourned over the removal of his much-loved Sarah; and from that time the complaint in his throat, which had been the chief cause of his cessation from the more active duties of a Circuit, rapidly grew worse, until at length he was incapable of swallowing food, and the end of his course evidently drew nigh.

On Tuesday, April 24th, he said, before retiring to rest, "I feel much weaker; perhaps I may not be spared to the morning. I should like to conduct family prayer once more." He then repeated, with considerable animation, the first fourteen verses of the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and prayed earnestly for his family, the servants, the Church, and the world; exclaiming towards the

close, "Hallelujah! It is light in the valley, all light beyond, and light for ever."

As his illness assumed a more distressing character, his meekness, his thankfulness for the least kindness he received, and his desire to be with Christ, were beautifully manifest in all his utterances. When his daughter was giving him a little wine, he observed very solemnly, "They gave Him wine mingled with myrrh. Thank God, I have not that." When, on his feeling somewhat languid, a fan was used, with a smile he exclaimed, "A breeze from off the Delectable Hills." On another occasion, when some change was made in the arrangement of his pillows to render him more comfortable, he gave utterance, in a confident tone, to the words,

"How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up?"

One of the attendants said to him one morning, "Mr. Wedlock, you appear to be sinking." "Nay," he replied, "I am rising.

'Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh.'"

Then, alluding to his want of sight, he said, "These eyes shall see;

'And every shape and every face
Be heavenly and divine.'"

"Nurse will stay with you to-night, father," his daughter said to him; "and I shall stay with you

myself to-morrow." He calmly replied, "What, if I rest under the wing of the archangel to-morrow?"

On Friday, he lay in a peaceful but exhausted state: life was slowly ebbing away. His hands were often uplifted, and his lips moved as in prayer. "Bless the Lord," he was heard to say, "nearly home." Then, pointing to the window, and turning his sightless orbs in the same direction, he said, "I am coming, mother !

'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er ;

I'm joining those who are gone before.'"

As the night deepened, his breathing became gradually more and more feeble, until, early in the morning of Saturday, May 5th, he sweetly fell asleep. The happy, purified spirit passed within the veil; and he beheld the King in His beauty, and gazed upon the unclouded glories of the upper and better world, which is the unchanging home of all the saints of God.

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