

Twenty-Nine Years in the West Indies and Central Africa

A Review of Missionary Work
and Adventure 1829-1858

Second Edition

Rev. Hope Masterton Waddell

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MISSIONARY RESEARCHES AND TRAVELS

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General Editor: ROBERT I. ROTBERG
*Associate Professor, Department of Political Science,
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WEST INDIES AND CENTRAL AFRICA

A REVIEW OF
Missionary Work and Adventure
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BY
REV. HOPE MASTERTON WADDELL

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G. I. JONES



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Publisher's Note

The publisher has gone to great lengths to ensure the quality of this reprint but points out that some imperfections in the original may be apparent

GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

HOPE MASTERTON WADDELL was a stalwart pioneer of Scottish missions in both Jamaica and Nigeria. He worked among the freed slaves in Jamaica and, when they themselves sought to take the Gospel to Africa, helped them to establish a Church of Scotland mission in eastern Nigeria, among the Efik, Ibibio, Efut, Qua, and Ijo peoples. The missionaries dealt with the dominant kings of Duke Town and Creek Town, played an instrumental part in bringing about the end of a number of important traditional practices—indeed helped to establish “A Society for the Suppression of Human Sacrifices in Calabar”—and worked generally to disseminate Western political and economic, as well as religious, ideas. Waddell and his colleagues also pioneered the linguistic study of the Efik language, but he is nevertheless most remembered as an educator. This book is therefore valuable for the light that it sheds upon the activities of the Scottish evangelists in Jamaica and the new and complicated mission field in and around the creeks and rivers of eastern Nigeria. Fortunately, however, Waddell’s account also provides valuable insights into the economic and political developments of a region where commercial and national rivalries were commonplace during the middle years of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Gwilym Iwan Jones, who knows the area intimately and has written a new introduction to this second impression, is able to place Waddell’s often disjointed remarks fully into the context of their times. Dr. Jones, now a Lecturer of Anthropology at the University of Cambridge, served for twenty years in the Nigerian administrative service. He is the author of *The Trading States of the Oil Rivers: A Study of Political Development in Eastern Nigeria* (London, 1963); *Report on the Status of Chiefs and Natural Rulers* (Enugu, 1958); *Basutoland Medicine Murder* (London, 1951); and,

with Daryll Forde, *The Ibo and Ibibio Speaking Peoples of South-eastern Nigeria* (London, 1950).

R I R

12 February 1968

INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND EDITION

HOPE MASTERTON WADDELL was one of the great missionary evangelists of the nineteenth century. The story of his life still awaits a biographer and can only be summarised here. Born in Monaghan, Ireland, on 14 November 1804, he decided to become a missionary when he was 18 and went to Edinburgh to study for the ministry. He was ordained in 1829 and married in the same year.

His career falls into four parts; first in Jamaica from 1829 to 1846 as an agent of the Church of Scotland Missionary Society, then as a Minister of the Secession Synod (which later became the United Presbyterian Church), and then, from 1846 to 1858, in Old Calabar as the founder of the Church of Scotland Mission in Nigeria. Finally, after ill health had caused his retirement from West Africa, he lived in Dublin, where he took a leading part in forming the missionary congregation, until his death in 1895 at the age of 91.

It was Waddell's advocacy that persuaded the Secession Synod to adopt Jamaica as its first overseas mission. The mission's success was such that, by 1841, it had formed its own Presbytery and was planning to send a mission to West Africa. It also sought the support of the Scottish Synod for this venture. The heavy mortality that had befallen the Niger Expeditions of 1832 and 1841, had, however, made missionary bodies in Britain chary of risking further European lives there, and it was hence felt that they should wait until they could use persons of African descent who, it was assumed, would be more resistant to the climate.

(But this plan also implied the training of these evangelists in the Presbytery's academy in Montego Bay). The Jamaican missionaries felt, however, that there was no time to lose and Hope Waddell eventually persuaded the Scottish church to change its mind and support the immediate despatch of a party of white and Negro missionaries to Old Calabar under his leadership.

In the event, the Negro Jamaican missionaries were no more resistant to disease than the Scottish and out of the five who arrived in West Africa in 1846, one of each race had died within the year. Mortality continued to be high for, although quinine was now available as a prophylactic against malaria, there was nothing that could afford protection against yellow fever, and, as the number of recruits in Scotland continued to be greater than in Jamaica, the Old Calabar mission continued to be staffed predominantly from Scotland until it was able to train a sufficient number of local African ministers, catechists, and teachers.

The policy of the Scottish mission differed markedly from that of the Church Missionary Society on the Niger. Instead of attempting to extend its evangelical efforts as widely as possible, the Scottish mission preferred to restrict them to a single area, and to concentrate on education as a prior requirement for baptism, only accepting those who were able to demonstrate a thorough grasp and acceptance of Christian principles. This position was partly forced upon them by the Efik who, like other Oil Rivers communities, were determined to monopolise any contacts with Europeans. The Niger mission was only able to get through to the lower Niger River with British naval protection. No doubt this would have been forthcoming had the Church of Scotland mission asked for it, but to do so would have meant abandoning their headquarters in Old Calabar as the Efik were determined not to allow any penetration of the interior either by mission or commercial interests.

By 1858, when Waddell retired, the attention of the Victorian public had shifted from the Niger and its delta to the opening-up of East and Central Africa. As a result his book, when it appeared in 1863, attracted little attention and it has never been reprinted. Any later interest in the history of the Old Calabar mission was catered for by the publication in 1890 of the Rev. Hugh Goldie's *Calabar and its Mission*. It drew freely upon Waddell's book for its early chapters and carried the story of this Mission down to 1890. A second edition, published in 1901, carried additional

chapters by the Rev. J. T. Dean which continued the story to the end of the nineteenth century.¹

Twenty-nine Years in the West Indies and Central Africa is not merely a simple narrative of missionary endeavour in West Africa, for it provides the historian and the social anthropologist with a clear and accurate description of a remarkable and unique political system—the Efik State of Old Calabar during the middle of the nineteenth century, when it was one of the principal trading states of the Oil Rivers. The others were Bonny and Kalabari (New Calabar) on the Rio Real or Bonny River, and Nembe (Brass) on the Brass River still further west.

Waddell was an accurate and remarkably sympathetic, impartial, and objective observer. He was actively involved in the troubles and difficulties of the Efik community as it adjusted to the changing economic and political conditions of the mid-nineteenth century, but he was also able to stand back and assess what he and others involved in these events were doing or thought that they were doing. He was also, like many other great men of his time, a historian in spirit, obsessed with the need to keep a careful day to day record of events as they happened around him. His book is not, as its title might suggest, simply the reminiscences of a retired elderly missionary distorted by later ideas of what should have happened and coloured by an ageing memory of events that had already become legendary. It is based solidly upon the details which he recorded in the diary which he kept throughout his West African period. This diary ran into eleven volumes, five of which survive in the National Library of Scotland, and these, the Hope Waddell Records, constitute the most accurate, detailed, and objective source for the history of eastern Nigeria and particularly, of the Cross River area, during the period from 1846 to 1858. The same is also true for Jamaica, where it covers the period before and after emancipation including the servile war of 1832, the breakdown of the ‘apprenticeship stage’ which preceded full emancipation, and the transition from slavery to hired labour.

The Efik were originally a community of fishermen engaged in exploiting the prawn fisheries at the mouth of the Cross River. By Waddell’s day, as a result of commerce with Europeans, they were transformed into a trading state which controlled the overseas trade of the Cross River area and the second largest port

¹ For a more recent history of the Mission see D. M. McFarlane, *Calabar. The Church of Scotland Mission* (London, 1957).

on the Niger Coast. Its government reflected this development, and combined political institutions of very different types and origins. Its society was stratified into nobles, freemen, and slaves, but these classes were brought together and grouped into a segmentary system of corporate lineages (houses) which were autonomous in their internal affairs and able to act as fighting and feuding units. Cutting across segmentation was the organisation of a secret society Ekpe (Egbo) to which all nobles and freemen, and some slaves, belonged and within which they were positioned. Their place depended on the wealth which they were able to expend on the entrance fees to its various grades. At the head of this government, particularly in its external relations, was a dual monarchy.

Authority in this system was distributed between the two Kings, the Ekpe Society, and the Houses. The Kings were responsible for regulating trade with Europeans; they also controlled a considerable revenue which was derived from trading dues (comey) paid by the merchant shipping. The Ekpe Society was the supreme law-making and law-enforcing authority, the highest grade (Nyamkpe) making the decisions, the second-ranking grade of Okpoho (Brass Egbo) enforcing them and using as its executive agents (Egbo runners) members of the junior grades disguised as attendant spirits of Ekpe, the forest demon to whom the Society ministered.

As in other Oil Rivers states wealth, which was obtained by successful trading, was the main basis of power, but in Old Calabar men of slave descent were barred from high office whether in House or Ekpe organisation. Such men, although they tended to become the wealthiest people in the community, could not use their wealth to acquire a dominating political position in the state—as they did in Bonny and Kalabari. At the same time, the distractions of local politics and of Ekpe Society affairs made it very difficult for men of noble birth to devote enough time to making the fortunes necessary to secure a large political following.

The nomenclature of the Cross River area was and is no more and no less confusing than that of other parts of the Bight of Biafra. An individual had two or more names, the one given to him by his father, and his nickname—the name by which he was usually known to his fellows. An office holder could be known by the name attached to the office which, in the case of the head of a house or of a town, was the name of its founder or of one of his more important successors.

A group of people could be known by the name either of their founder (their House name) or of the place where they lived (their place name). They could also be known by the name given to them by their neighbours (their nickname).

In addition there were two languages spoken on the coast, the local African one, in this case Efik, and the "trade" one, English. This was a speech which differed considerably from normal English not only in grammar and syntax but also in vocabulary. There were new words like "chop" meaning "to eat" or, when used as a noun, "food". Most of its words however were English, though many of these had bizarre and unexpected meanings. A "nigger" was a slave, a "gentleman" was a wealthy man and typically a trader, African or European. "Gentlemen of the river" referred collectively to the European traders on the Old Calabar river. They lived on their trading vessels, the decks of which, for the five or six months they remained on the river, were completely roofed over with local mats. Those in charge of the vessel's trade were called "supercargoes"; they controlled a labour force of "Krumen", who were African seamen recruited on the Windward coast mainly from the Kru tribes of Liberia, and they collected their oil in a "cask house" at a site at the river side called a "beach".

A "town" was a village or a section of a village and it might range in size from 1000 to 5000 people. It divided into sections or wards which, if they were of any size, were also called "towns". The people of a ward considered themselves a patrilineage, the descendants of a common ancestor (the founder of the ward) together with their slaves and dependants. They were subdivided into smaller lineages, the descendants of a son or grandson. All of these lineages were called "families" and, later, "Houses". The term "King" was given to the head of an independent local community, typically a town. "Captain" was applied to the head of smaller settlements and "Duke" to the head of an important subdivision of a community. The Efik term for the head of a ward and a maximal lineage was *etubum*. The head of a village was called *obong*, but this word was also used for the head of other groups and associations, and was translated into trade English as "King". For example *obong eyamba*, the head of the Ekpe Society, was "King Egbo"; *obong ebunko*, its second ranking office, was "King Bunko".

A "creek" was a navigable river, a "deer" was an antelope, a "tiger" was a leopard—its Efik equivalent being *ekpe*—but the

secret society which the Efik called *ekpe* was known as "Egbo". The Efik *ekpo*, a ghost or ancestor, became "devil" and *ifot*, meaning witchcraft, was "freemason".

Most important people or places had an Efik and an English name which could be used interchangeably. Many of the latter were English transliterations of Efik names; e.g. Ephraim for *effiom*, Henshaw for *nsa* (or *ansa*), Archibong for *asibong*, Hogan for *okon*, Cobham for *akabom*, Bassy for *obassi*. Some were Efik pronunciations of European names, Tom Shot for Tom Salt (there is no "l" in the Efik language).

Place names were confounded by the errors and inventions of European cartographers, like the mythical Calbongos (below, 309) and the innumerable Quas. Even the local African names were not stable, but changed over time. The Kalabari, whose name Europeans have attached to the Efik, were once known as Owame, and Efik was not the original name of the people amongst whom Waddell settled. Their traditions call their original home on the Ibibio mainland, Oku Iboku, a name which is now confused with the Oku tribe of Ibibio, whose villages are distributed in the in the same area but which has no relationship with the Efik or with Oku Iboku.

Ibibi or Ibibio was a name which the Efik used to distinguish these tribes from their own group, which they originally called Iboku or Eburutu, and they maintain that Efik was a nickname derived from the verb —*fik* (to oppress), and was given to them by their neighbours when they, the Efik, established their monopoly of the overseas trade. Modern ethnographers apply the term Ibibio to all people speaking a common language which they also call Ibibio and, linguistically, this includes the Efik. Europeans originally called people from these Ibibio tribes, Egboshary (or Agbisherea) when they purchased them in Old Calabar, and Qua or Qua Ibo when they bought them in Bonny, and the name Qua Ibo was subsequently given to the principal river in the Ibibio country and to the Ibeno tribe at its mouth.

The three Efik villages on the Cross River were known as Mbiabo and were distinguished as Mbiabo Edere or Akani Obio, Mbiabo Usin Ufot or Ikot Offiong, and Mbiabo Usuk or Ikonetu. Europeans, for reasons which are now unknown, called them Old Ekrikok, Tom Ekrikok, and George Ekrikok. The other Efik villages or settlements were respectively Ikot Itunko or Creek Town, Obutong or Old Town, Atakapa or Duke Town, and Adiabo or Guinea Company. It was these latter villages and more

particularly, the first three, that Europeans insisted on calling Old Calabar, though the Efik have always disassociated themselves from it and from the Ijo-speaking tribe of that name.

In Waddell's day Creek Town consisted of three houses and wards, namely:

1. Eyo Nsa or Adak Uko whose *etubom* was Tom Eyo (Father Tom). His younger brother was Eyo Honesty II, the King of Creek Town.

2. Eyo Ema or Ibitam whose *etubom* was Okpo Ene (Egbo Jack).

3. Oku Atai Ema or Ambo, which was also called Mbarakom and which divided into two sections, Obassi Oku and Ekpe Oku. The head of Ekpe Oku was Essien Ambo and Waddell's friend Item Aret (Cameroons) was one of its important members. Hogan Basse, who is also mentioned by Waddell, was a member of the Obassi Oku section. The nicknames which were given to this ward for reasons which are now forgotten, associated it with the Cameroon. Ambo was the European name for a tribe near Mount Cameroon. Mbarakom was a generic name given by the Efik to people coming to Calabar from the Mamfe area of the Cameroon and from the Bainenda grasslands beyond. The "Tibara" slave raiders which Hope Waddell refers to (below, 321) are either the Chamba or the Fulani of Tibati (in Adamawa province) who, we know from Bamenda tradition and from Barth¹, were raiding in these grasslands at this time.

Obutong or Old Town had, in Waddell's time, shrunk to a small community no larger than a ward, but it still maintained its separate political identity. It had its own Ekpe society and its *obong* styled himself King and was called Robin or Tom Robin. Its head at this time was Eso Asibong (Willie Tom Robin).

Atakpa, sometimes called New Town or, more commonly, Duke Town after its founder Duke Effiom Okoho, was by far the largest and most powerful Efik community. It remained, however, closely associated with Creek Town and shared a common Ekpe society. Its head continued to be styled Duke. But Duke Town chiefs were about this time being appointed to the headship of the Creek Town/Duke Town Ekpe lodge, while the office of deputy head, *obong ebunko* (King Bunko) was now held by a Creek Town chief (e.g. Father Tom, below, 357). For purposes of trade and the payment of trading dues (comey)

¹ Heinrich Barth, *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa* (London, 1857) II, 626. (Centenary Edition, 3 vols., Cass, 1965) I, 647.

Europeans also recognised two kings of Old Calabar, namely the King of Duke Town and the King of Creek Town.

Duke Town originally consisted of the three related houses of Nsa Effiom or Henshaw, Edem Okoho or Ntiero, and Okoho Effiom, which divided into Effiom Okoho and Offiong Okoho and was under the leadership of Effiom Okoho (Duke Ephraim). By Waddell's time the Effiom Okoho section had expanded into the following houses or wards:

1. Edem Ekpo (Duke), whose *etubom* was Edem Odo (Ephraim Duke) and whose predecessor had been Effiom Edem, the "Great Duke Ephraim" who had died in 1834.

2. Asibong Ekpo (Archibong) whose *etubom* became King Archibong I.

3. Etim Effiom (Etim Effiom) whose *etubom* was Adam Duke, whose nickname was Big Adam and who styled himself King of War.

The other houses were:—

4. Nsa (Henshaw) under James (Jimmie) Henshaw whose name appears in a letter quoted by Waddell (below, 209) as Henshaw Duke.

5. Edem Effiom (Ntiero), whose *etubom* may have signed this letter as Antera Duke.

6. Offiong Okoho (Eyamba), whose head was Edem Ekpenyong, the King of Duke Town, and who was also "King Egbo" and who preferred to be known by his Ekpe title of *eyamba*, a name which was also given to his ward. He is said to have styled himself Eyamba V because he was the fifth head of this house to have held the office of *obong*.¹

Waddell's reference to Edem Ekpenyong as a usurper is a reflection of British ideas of hereditary succession, supported by the fact that the succession to the headship of Duke Town had remained until then in the Effiom Okoho (Duke) line. The Great Duke, however, had left no direct descendants. His successor as *etubom* of the Edem Ekpo (Duke) house, namely Edem Odo (Ephraim Duke), came from a collateral line, and Edem

¹ The evidence presented to the Hart commission, which lists him as the fifth holder of this office, is clearly inaccurate. There were many more than four holders of the office before Edem Ekpenyong. One of these, not mentioned in the evidence, was a James Henshaw, who according to Antera Duke's diary became *obong eyamba* in 1787. See A. K. Hart, *Report of the Enquiry into the Dispute over the Obongship of Calabar* (Enugu, 1964), 55, and Daryll Forde, *Esik Traders of Old Calabar* (London, 1956), 109.

Ekpenyong, as another direct descendant of Okoho, was clearly entitled to lay claim to the succession. Waddell does not give the Efik name of Mr. Young, the brother of Edem Ekpenyong. Egbo Young is merely an anglicisation of their father's name of Ekpenyong, Ekpe being replaced by its English equivalent, Egbo. Bashey Offery, another signatory of the letter, was the head of the Obassi Offiong section of the Offiong Okoho ward.

7. Akabom Ene (Cobham) was a recent arrival in Duke Town. It was originally a part of the Ibitam ward of Creek Town. Its head was Antiga Ene (Old Antica Cobham). The priest of Idem Efik (below, 315), the tutelary deity of the Efik tribe, also came from the Cobham ward. His poverty and his refusal to eat in the mission house were due to the taboos attached to his office which forbade him to engage in trade or to eat in public.

The other Efik group, known as Adiabo (Guinea Company), was settled in a number of hamlets higher up the Old Calabar River. Its head at this time was Offiong Inyang.

Besides the Efik towns and villages, there were other settlements of the Efut and Qua tribes. These were two small groups of people who were already settled in the area before the arrival of the Efik. The Efut, whose principal village was Ibunda, claim to have migrated there from the Batanga area of the Cameroon (in Kumba division). The Qua were the southern-most section of the Ejagham Ekoi, a group that had expanded southward from the Ikom area of the upper Cross River and were settled between the Old Calabar river and the river called the Great Qua, after one of their principal settlements, today known as Big Qua. These Qua bore no relationship either to the Qua Ibo or to a number of villages in the Duala area of the Cameroon to which the Europeans had given the same name.

There are no historical records relating definitely to the Efik or to the mainland Ibibio before the seventeenth century. Tribal genealogies and origin myths, when taken together and examined against the geography, ecology, and demography of the area, provide however, a fairly clear picture of tribal expansion in what was until recently the eastern region of Nigeria. They suggest that the bulk of the Ibibio people, which we can call the central Ibibio, were concentrated in the neighbourhood of Abak and Uyo stations and had expanded outward from this centre in all directions. North of them was a smaller section concentrated originally in what became the Arochuku district, and expanding

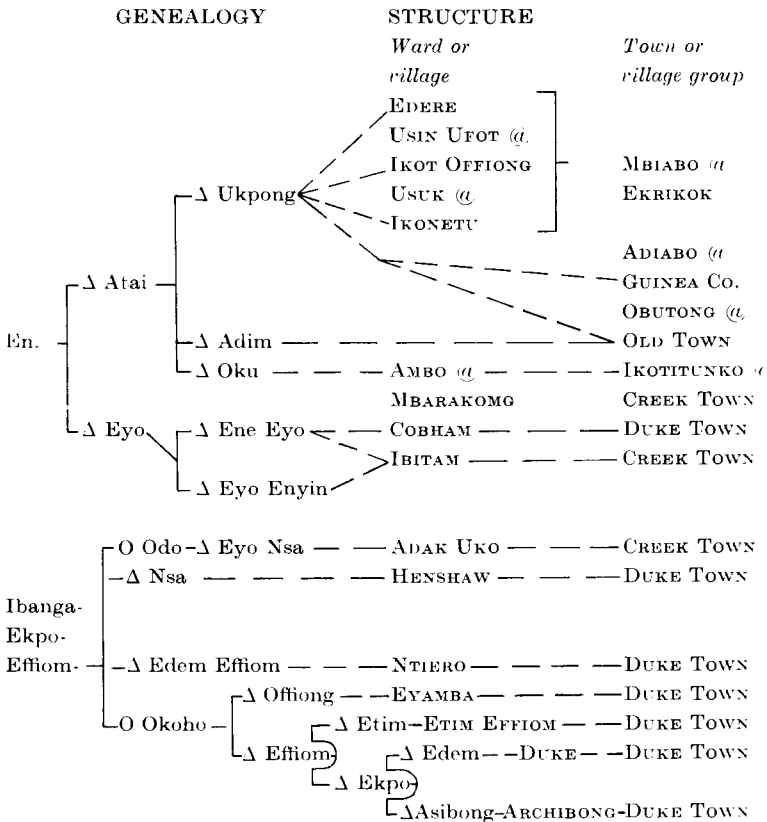
westward from there to the north of the main concentration of Ibibio and between them and the Ibo, who were expanding eastwards towards the Cross River. To the south, in the coastal delta area, was another section of Ibibio. These were waterfolk and they were sparsely distributed in small fishing villages from the Rio del Rey and Bakassi area of the Cameroon border to the Rio Real.

Traditions refer to movements westward from this Cameroon area to form the tribes or groups known today as Effiatt (in the Tom Shot area), Ibeno, and Andoni. The territory of the last originally extended as far as the left bank of the Rio Real. This was a marginal area where Ijo, Ibibio, and Ibo tribal expansion met. Many of the Andoni houses and villages, including the one that was dominant for most of the period, were of Ijo origin, their founders being said to have come "from the west" or "from Benin". The Bonny people who replaced them on the Rio Real were of mixed Ijo and Ibo descent. The Kalabari tribe which originally comprised the principal trading state on the Rio Real, and which gave its name to the whole area, was of mixed Ijo and Ibo origin and one of its groups, the Korome ward, which was originally dominant and whose King, Owerri Daba, is associated in legend with the development of the overseas slave trade, was of eastern, i.e. Ibibio, origin. Its founder was said to have come "from Efik". It is possible that this origin myth is responsible for the European extension of the name Calabar to the Lower Cross River and for their distinguishing the Efik tribe as Old and the Kalabari as New or, in trade English, Young Calabar. In any case the Efik had not reached Creek Town in the time of Owerri Daba (about the fifteenth century), let alone in the time of his ancestor Opukoroye, the founder of the Korome ward.

The Efik claim that they came from the Uruan area of the central Ibibio (near the Ikpa river) and this could mean that they were either central Ibibio or a southern Ibibio group which had settled there. Whatever their origin, they were waterfolk who came to occupy the lands along the Lower Cross River where it spreads out into the Cross River Delta. They moved first to Ikpaeni, a site on or near the island called Isong Inyang—which may well have been the site pointed out to Waddell as Old Efik town (below, 366).

The Efik genealogy, like other tribal genealogies in this part of Nigeria, can best be understood as a tribal charter which validates

and explains the integration of its component political units in terms of the interrelationship of various mythical individuals who are believed to be the founders of these units. Where it is at all elaborate it also provides a kind of history and helps to order and co-ordinate the few episodes from the Efik past which are still remembered. This genealogy and social structure is given below, the genealogy being placed on its side.



The group that was originally dominant in the tribe was the one that traced its ancestry to Ema, the Efik tribal founder.

The group that, as the Efik put it, "came out later" was the one which traced its origin to Effiom Ekpo Ibanga who, in the 1955 enquiry, was said to have been a patrilineal relative of Ema's and, in the 1963 enquiry, was admitted to be of Ibibio, not Efik ancestry.¹ The two sections of this group, which became politically dominant in Duke Town and later in Creek Town, were of even more uncertain origin. The names of their fathers are forgotten and they trace their relationship through their mothers—a familiar indication in these tribal genealogies of an assimilated group of "stranger" origin.

From Ikpaeni the Efik split up, most of the Mbiabo group moving to Mbiabo Edere (Old Ekrikok), whence they expanded southwards forming two other settlements called Ikot Offiong and Ikonetu. The remainder of the Efik moved to another site, Ndodohi, whence they dispersed, some groups moving off and becoming attached to the peoples amongst whom they had settled, e.g. in Effiatt, the rest under the leadership of Eyo Ema settling at Ikot Itunko (Creek Town), which then consisted of the three groups or Houses of Eyo Ema, Atai Ema, and Effiom Ekpo (the latter attaching itself to or supporting Eyo Ema). Later, following a dispute between Ukpong Atai Ema and the Eyo Ema people, the Creek Town Atai group dispersed, some rejoining the Mbiabong villages, some moving up the Old Calabar river to found the group of settlements called Adiabo (Guinea Company), others moving downstream to settle at Obutong (Old Town) where they were closer to the anchorage for European shipping. Probably to counteract this advantage, Creek Town founded another settlement, Atakpa (Duke Town), below Obutong, which contained most of the Effiom Okoho group. It is not possible to give any firm dates for any of these happenings, but it is clear that Duke Town had been established before 1698 for, in that year the ship *Dragon* traded at Old Calabar and recorded the names of the people who had supplied it with meat and plantains. These were Duke Aphrom, King Robin, Captain Thomas of Salt Town, Mettinson, King Ebrero, King John, King Oyo, William King Agbisherea, Robin King Agbisherea, and Old King Robin.² Duke Aphrom, King Robin, and King Oyo (Eyo) were

¹ G. I. Jones, *Report on the Status of Chiefs and Natural Rulers* (Enugu, 1958); *idem*, *The Trading States of the Oil Rivers* (London, 1963), 191. See also A. K. Hart, *Report*, 30.

² John Barbot, *A Description of the Coasts of North and South Guinea* (London, 1746), 465.

clearly heads of Duke Town, Old Town, and Creek Town. King Ebrero and King John may have been the heads of other Efik villages or, like the other two Kings, they may have been heads of Ibibio villages on the other side of the Cross River. It is also clear that, at this period, trade with Europeans was free to all villages in this area and was not the closely guarded Efik monopoly which it later became.

Conflict between Obutong and the two villages of Creek Town and Duke Town continued to develop until it was brought to an end by a treacherous conspiracy in which Duke Town and the English slavers combined to destroy Old Town. Waddell's version (below, 310), which was presumably the one current among the Europeans on the river in 1846, lays the blame on Duke Town, saying that its people waylaid and massacred the people of Old Town when they were going to a conference on board an English ship to which they had been invited by Duke Town. Clarkson quotes from a contemporary account which names the five English vessels which invited the Obutong King and his principal men to a conference on board one of these ships (the *Duke of York* of Bristol), to try to settle their dispute with Duke Town.¹ When they came aboard they were seized and placed in irons, their followers were dispersed from the ships by gunfire and while they were making their escape they were set upon and massacred by the men of Duke Town. Three hundred men of Old Town are said to have been killed or carried away as slaves. This event occurred in 1767 and Duke Town was henceforth all powerful.

The beginning of the nineteenth century was in many ways the heyday of the Efik state. The slave trade was still booming and the new trade in palm oil was being developed by the English traders. Grand Bonny (as it was then known) and Old Calabar had become the two greatest trading states of the Oil Rivers under two exceptionally able rulers—King Opobo (Anna Pepple) of Grand Bonny and Effiom Edem of Old Calabar. The Great Duke Ephraim, as he was rightly called, was as able and wealthy a trader as Opobo but his power was very much greater.²

¹ Thomas Clarkson, *The History of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the African Slave Trade* (London, 1808), I, 306. (Reprinted by Frank Cass, 1968).

² The Efik gave the Great Duke that title partly because of his power and also to distinguish him from the previous dukes who had held this titular name.

In addition to his wealth and the great number of slaves and other members of his personal house, the Duke had behind him the largest group of Houses in Duke Town, he was *obong eyamba* (King Egbo) of the Ekpe Society, and all of his possible rivals had been eliminated. The most notable of these was Eyo Honesty I, whose House had become so powerful that it was able to secure the offices of King and of *obong* for its head. This King had been tried by the Ekpe Society and his power broken by the enormous fine imposed upon him. The people of Creek Town had subsequently abandoned their town and withdrawn to live in their farming settlements or with relatives. Efik traditions say that the charge against King Eyo Honesty I was that he had assumed an office, that of *obong* of Creek Town, for which he was not qualified. Waddell (below, 310) dismisses the charge as "a trumpety one", but both versions are probably correct. Eyo Nsa, which was Eyo Honesty's house, was part of the Effiom Ekpo group of houses and, had the chiefs of this group and their head, the Great Duke Ephraim, been loyal to their kinsmen instead of supporting the Ema group against them, no charge could have succeeded however well grounded it might have been in Efik constitutional law.

The office of *obong* of Creek Town had previously been held by the Eyo Ema (Ibitam) ward and, after its loss to Eyo Honesty of the Eyo Nsa ward, the Ibitam ward split, the larger division under Akabom Ene (Cobham) moving to Duke Town and being settled, some traditions say by the Great Duke Ephraim, others by King Eyamba V, in the area originally occupied by the Henshaw ward which later became known as Lower Cobham.

By the end of the Great Duke's reign conditions had altered. The British Naval blockade had brought the slave trade to an end, and palm oil trade was still booming but could never hope to rival it until communications and transport overland had been improved. Palm trees do not grow in forests and were only available in any quantity on the more populated Ibibio mainland. Head portrage of palm oil was far too costly for such a low-priced commodity. It had to be carried in bulk, which meant that it was available to Efik merchants only in those markets which were accessible by water. Both European and Efik merchants were over optimistic. credit was too freely given and received and, by 1856, the local British Consul had to report that in Old Calabar the total annual production of the area amounted to a bare 4,000 tons of oil, while the amount owed to European

merchants amounted to between 9,000 and 10,000 tons.¹ This was one of the reasons for the increased friction, between the "gentlemen of the river" and their Efik creditors, in which the Scottish missionaries became increasingly involved.

The relatively abrupt termination of the slave trade between 1835 and 1839 left the Efik with large numbers of slaves on their hands. They had considerable difficulty in absorbing them and had to use repressive measures to keep them under control. This, at least, is the usual explanation for the savage outbursts of violence against slaves which were reported by Waddell and others. But a comparison with the states of Kalabari and Bonny suggests a different assessment. These states were located in mangrove swamps and having to import their food, they took care to have no surplus of slaves on their hands. Their traders bought for local use only those slaves which could be absorbed in and supported by their owners' houses.

Duke and Creek Town had a forest hinterland crying out for agricultural development, and slaves continued to be bought and settled in this hinterland until missionary, consular, and, finally, colonial governmental pressure was able to bring about the cessation of the internal slave trade. The trouble between slave and free in Old Calabar arose primarily because, unlike Bonny and Kalabari and, for that matter, unlike Ugep on the Middle Cross River, Efik society discriminated against slaves and its principal instrument of government, the Ekpe Society, denied them any political rights.

The rivalry between Efik leaders and their supporters was as intense as in Bonny and Kalabari. In the states of the Rio Real these tensions were released in civil war between the houses of the leaders, but in Old Calabar they had to be suppressed. Calabari leaders formed a closely intermarried aristocracy and the Ekpe Society brought them all together as members of its senior grades, and made them subject to its discipline. The tensions found an outlet in accusations of witchcraft, some of which were genuinely believed. Others were deliberately invented as a means of getting rid of the principal supporters of a rival. They also found a more active and cathartic expression in violence against the slaves, that section of the community outside the protection of Ekpe, particularly on those occasions when there was a temporary breakdown of governmental control

¹ Foreign Office 84/1001: despatch 126 from Thomas J. Hutchinson, enclosure No. 4.

following the death of a King or *etubom*. Not until the plantation slaves and other country folk had been able to build up their own blood-brotherhood organisation were they able to bring these massacres to an end. Waddell's account is particularly valuable here as he provides a relatively complete description of the events following the deaths of the Great Duke Ephraim and his successor King Eyamba V—when Ekpe and the Efik aristocracy had free rein—and of Archibong I, when the “Blood men” were in control.¹

The Calabar that Waddell worked in was then in a state of political and economic decline. There were no able or wealthy political leaders in Duke Town, and the few men with any ability were of slave origin and therefore barred from direct participation in politics. King Eyo Honesty II, the hero of Waddell's chronicle, had been able to restore the fortunes of Creek Town, but its population remained insignificantly small in relation to Duke Town and, after his death, there was no one of the same stature to succeed him. The development of mineral oil following the discovery of petroleum brought the world price of palm oil down very considerably after 1855, while the volume exported annually remained unchanged until the establishment of the British Protectorate in 1884/1886. This event temporarily restored the fortunes of Old Calabar. The Efik, thanks to the solid educational system established by Waddell and by Samuel Edgerley, Hugh Goldie, and William Anderson, his colleagues, were able to monopolise the higher African grades of the Colonial Civil Service. Duke Town became the headquarters of the Niger Coast Protectorate and the Old Calabar River its principal artery. The change, however, was short lived. The Western and Eastern regions of Nigeria were brought together as the Colony and Protectorate of Southern Nigeria. The seat of the government was removed to Lagos and, not long afterwards, trade began to desert the Old Calabar River and return to the Bonny River to become concentrated in Port Harcourt, the new terminus of the eastern branch of the Nigerian Railway.

Waddell died in 1895 at the age of 91 two days before the decision of the Scottish Missionary Board to commemorate his services by naming their secondary and teachers training school at Old Calabar the Hope Waddell institute. By that time he had become, in the words of his obituary, “the missionary hero of a former generation. A man of strong will, of ready resource, of

¹ Below, 279n, 336–338, 496–499.

NEW INTRODUCTION

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great decision, of indomitable courage, active, kindly, courteous, quick to rebuke as a friend, with great depths of tenderness in his heart and charitable in all his views. He will ever remain one of the heroes of the Scottish Church".¹

Cambridge
July 1968

G. I. JONES

¹ *Missionary Record*, June 1 1895, pp. 156–159.

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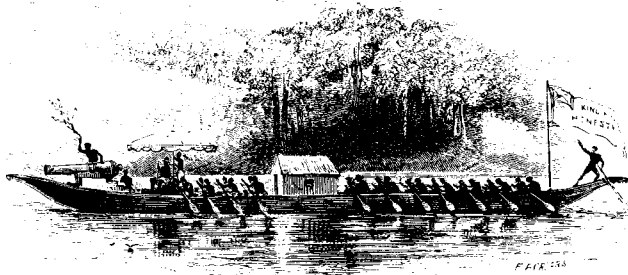


MANGROVE FOREST.

TWENTY-NINE YEARS
IN THE
WEST INDIES AND CENTRAL AFRICA:

A REVIEW OF
Missionary Work and Adventure,
1829—1858.

BY THE
REV. HOPE MASTERTON WADDELL,
FORMERLY MISSIONARY AT OLD CALABAR.



KING EYO'S STATE CANOE.

LONDON:
T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

MDCCCLXIII.

TO

JOHN HENDERSON, ·ESQ.,

OF PARK, GLASGOW,

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF MISSIONS

OF THE

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

THE UNWEARIED AND MUNIFICENT PROMOTER OF CHRISTIAN

UNION AND PROGRESS,

AND THE

GENEROUS FRIEND OF MISSIONARIES,

This Volume

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

Preface.

APOLOGIES in a preface are rarely either agreeable or useful. The author ventures, therefore, to say only that, having spent the most of his life in teaching the A. B. C. of religion and literature to the children of Ethiopia, and chiefly in that peculiar dialect called Negro-English, he may be permitted to allude to the fact in extenuation of whatever literary deficiencies may appear in the following work.

The Scottish missionaries in Jamaica at one time designed to publish a history of their mission in that island, and began to prepare the materials for it. The idea, though not carried into effect, was a good one. The records of the original founders of churches as of states come in the future to be of great interest, and if lost cannot be restored. Traditions, vague and uncertain, may perhaps be gathered; but the facts of history are not among the things that the ages to come may invent or discover. The Rev. George Blyth furnished his share of the work, some years ago, in his very interesting volume of "Missionary Reminiscences." More recently the "Memoirs of the Rev. William Jameson" have been a valuable contribution to the same object. The present volume contains mine. It may be hoped that some other fellow

labourer will yet complete the work by filling up the blanks, and bringing down the history to the present time.

The mission to Old Calabar was the offspring of that in Jamaica, and has all along been intimately connected with it. The narrative of that mission here presented is not a reprint of old journals. Much that had merely a temporary interest is omitted; while the more important matter is condensed and arranged, with great additions from private manuscripts, necessary for a right understanding of the whole subject. Reference had to be made occasionally, in both parts of the work, to various unpleasant matters, which, though they reflected on other parties, were too public to be overlooked, without exposing the author to erroneous imputations. Where silence on such subjects was consistent with complete truth in the narration, and the interests of God's cause, it has been observed, to an extent greater than the writer can explain, or expects to get credit for. He can truly say, however, that while studying impartial accuracy in his statements, he desired to observe the consideration and respect due to those persons necessarily referred to, and was more happy to mention the good of every one than the contrary.

Having spent a large portion of his life in slave-holding countries, the author may have had his feelings on the subject of negro slavery somewhat dulled; and may write, therefore, as one familiar with the system, though never he trusts as its friend. It would, however, seem an affectation, designed to make up for past deficiencies, were he always referring to it in terms of reprobation and abhorrence; and he does not require to use such means, he hopes or any means, for such a purpose, as his hands and heart are clean from its touch to this day. He may say here, once for all, that the more he has seen of the system the more does

he condemn it, as unworthy of being maintained anywhere ; bearable only when required to escape anarchy, and which it would be criminal to introduce into any country whence it can be excluded. It is the lowest stage of human society, and in its own nature debasing and essentially barbarous, detrimental, morally and physically, to both masters and slaves, and if fully carried into effect would prove self-destructive. In fact it can prevail only when ameliorated by the spirit and practice of an entirely different system, and yet finds the process of improvement fatal to its continuance.

This volume is merely an outline of missionary life and labour. The filling up would consist largely of routine though most important duties,—daily visitations and conversations, class meetings, and private examinations. These can be only occasionally indicated as part of our work of regular Christian instruction. Yet it is the line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, the incessant and anxious watching and teaching, that, by the divine blessing, gradually enlightens the dark mind, expands and impresses the hard heart. The innumerable minute and seemingly unimportant matters of daily intercourse all go to make up that Christian influence which imperceptibly contributes to permanently beneficial results. On that ground it may be believed, that many missionaries, who are least known, are not least useful in advancing the Kingdom of God.

When a multitude of events and incidents, during a course of years, have impressed themselves deeply on one's mind, some of them will, probably, have an undue influence on his feelings, and be of greater interest to him than they can be to any one else. Judgment is at fault, and the difficulty becomes great of determining what should be retained and what rejected. This diffi-

culty has been fully felt in the present case, and it may be feared but imperfectly overcome. Another is, that occurrences cannot be photographed, like objects in nature, with their concomitants. They fade away, in the distance of memory, till only the more prominent points remain, and present a bare and rugged horizon. In fiction the picture may be completed, and made more lovely than the original; but the defects of the following outlines cannot be filled up by the exercise of imagination.

The author deplores the too frequent use of the egotistic pronoun, and would gladly have avoided it altogether, had that been possible in a personal narration. In the words of the Latin poet he may truly say of the whole volume,—

“Dum relego scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque qui feci iudice, digna lini.”

H. M. W.

December 29, 1862.

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MISSIONARY WORK AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

1829.

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IT was in the year 1822 that “it pleased God, who called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen.” I was then in the eighteenth year of my age, and the second of my apprenticeship to a mercantile house in Dublin;* but my parents having consented to my studying for the ministry, my master most kindly gave me up my indentures, indorsed with a good character. Accepted in 1825 by the Scottish Missionary Society as one of its students, I was ordained in 1829 by the Edinburgh Presbytery of the United Secession Church, and, accompanied by a “true yoke fellow,” departed for Jamaica, the appointed field of my future labours. There we landed in the middle of December, among scenes, to the eye the loveliest, to the heart the bleakest that can be imagined.

A life-time in the tropics has not effaced the first vivid impressions of the splendid scenery that burst on our view as our ship passed close along the coast of several of the West India Islands. Their varied forms and brilliant colours—their cane-fields, and pastures, and woods—steep ascents and deep ravines—snow-white

* Messrs. Andrew Pollock & Co., druggists and general merchants.

beach, sparkling wavelets, and verdant shores, clothed in beauty to the water's edge, all bathed and glowing in floods of radiance—surpassed every previous conception, and seemed to assure us that the Isles of the Blest were not fabulous—that *there* might be found the Gardens of the Hesperides.

Rio Bueno harbour was our first anchorage, and looked most picturesque. The town, small and the houses peculiar, lay round the cove at the base of high and wooded hills, up the sides of which shone forth white houses, embowered among the broad-leaved bananas. The day was gorgeous, but, sated with splendours, we hailed the gloaming, and hoped for rest. The darkness, however, brought no repose, for the night was more tropical than the day. Fire-flies innumerable lit up the bay, the little winking blinkers flitting about in all directions; and others with globes of dazzling light sailing like steam-ships in straight lines hither and thither, making an insect illumination. There was an insect serenade, too, which gradually but unceasingly swelled, till it filled the air—a chorus of countless multitudes of tiny voices—a universal song from all little creeping and flying things that love the night, in shrill notes of endless number and variety. The “still evening” belonged not to a Jamaica paradise. There it seemed the heaven of all living things to come forth in the cool, dewy moonlight, and enjoy themselves with music and dancing. Men might, indeed, become in time deaf to their melody; but still they sang on in the ear of Him who gave them their voices, and delighted in their tuneful happiness.

Next day we proceeded in the ship's long-boat to *Falmouth*, and before night were welcomed to the hospitable home of our brother, Mr. Blyth. The view from his house was worthy of being remembered. In the distance, and not too distant, rose up long ranges of black conical mountains, tier above tier, clothed with forest. The intervening space was a vast plain, covered with luxuriant cane-fields, and dotted with sugar-works, cocoa-nut groves, and gigantic cotton-trees; while in the foreground, at the foot of the hill where his house was erected, stood his beautiful white stone church, then new, and a rare and lovely feature in a Jamaica scene. I longed to explore the gloomy recesses of those highlands, and behold nature in its primitive grandeur.

The congregation which assembled in Hampden Church the following Sabbath consisted of about five hundred people, mostly negro slaves. Decent in appearance and decorous in conduct, attentive and intelligent-looking, they were a superior people to what I had expected. They were generally dressed in Osnaburg and Penistons,—the former a coarse linen, and the latter a coarse blue woollen cloth, the usual material of clothing for slaves. There were a good many respectable free people of colour also, of all shades between white and black, and a few whites. Among these was the proprietor of a neighbouring estate, just arrived in the colony, who expressed the greatest pleasure, and especially that many of the people had Bibles and hymn-books, and could use them. He would write home, he said, and make known how much pleased he was with what he saw and heard at church that day. The Lord's Supper was afterwards dispensed, and nothing could exceed the devotional and becoming conduct of the communicants.

Such particulars as the foregoing were then matters of great moment. Negro congregations were rare, except in the principal towns; and the religious instruction of the slaves, and their admission to church privileges were fiercely resisted by the dominant portion of the community. Could it be done with safety? Could they become good Christians? Could they be educated and become intelligent, yet continue docile and obedient? These questions were everywhere debated. Freedom or slavery depended on the reply. The experiment of evangelizing the slaves was in progress, great interests depended on the result, and all engaged in the work anxiously marked its progress.

Christmas came on, when the slaves had three holidays, and made the most of their annual festival by unbounded revelry. Then they got their annual clothing, and a good allowance of salt-fish, sugar, and rum, which enabled them to feast and be merry. The estate overseers usually gave a dance to the people, where the most dissolute of both sexes were sure to be present, and to indulge too freely in the shrub made for the occasion. Companies of young men paraded the estates, carrying a fanciful and gaily-painted structure, called a "Johnny Canoe,"* and followed by a crowd singing and beating the gomby. In the towns, two parties

* A corruption, doubtless, of some African word.

or "sets" of girls, called from their dresses "reds and blues," paraded the streets in rivalry, followed by crowds of both sexes and all ages. The young women who led, gaily dressed, sang sweet airs to improvised words; their followers swelling the chorus. They received contributions from the householders, and spent their evenings in feasting and merriment. The three days became a week among the town slaves, who made a Saturnalia of a Christian festival, spending the time in the grossest rioting. The result of so much license or licentiousness, it was hoped, would be great good humour, to prepare the slaves for another year of ill-requited toil.

"Whatsoever doth make manifest is light." The word of God having discovered and reprov'd the gross immoralities of these Christmas revels, the more intelligent and the better disposed slaves had begun to abandon them, and gave one of the three days to the public worship of God. They discerned that they were impositions to amuse them, and were thinking of something better both for this world and for the world to come.

It may not be amiss here to devote a few pages to a brief glance at the state of the island, at and previous to the period of which I write. Its history was a troubled one, abounding in convulsions,—Maroon wars and slave insurrections, hurricanes and earthquakes. The *Maroons* were wild negroes, who had escaped from their Spanish masters at the time of the British conquest in 1655; and being joined continually by runaway slaves and desperadoes, held the passes and fastnesses of the country, and set the colonists at defiance. In 1738 they were brought to terms by a series of regular military operations; and on condition that their freedom and settlements should be secured to them, they agreed to receive no more runaways, and to serve as a mountain police for their capture and delivery. They had townships in different parts of the island. Those in Trelawny rebelled in 1795; but after inflicting severe loss on the military, being all marksmen, were subdued and banished. Some were sent to Nova Scotia, others to Sierra Leone. It is said that they mostly belonged to the untamable tribe of Coromantees, a branch of the Ashantee nation, who, as one of themselves told me, were among the blacks what

Englishmen were among the whites—able to fight and beat all other countries.

The slave-trade had been prosecuted by the Jamaica colonists with the utmost recklessness from an early period. In 1698, when the white population was only about 7000, the black had increased to 40,000; and that number was but the half of what had been imported. In 1776 they were introduced at the rate of 18,000 yearly. Up to that date, about 600,000 negroes had been landed, of whom 130,000 had been sold away again, and 270,000 had perished, leaving about 200,000 in the island. In 1817, when the slave-trade had been suppressed, their numbers were 346,000. It is certain that a much greater number, probably twice as many, had perished. Even after the importation had ceased, and when the planters had the greatest interest in taking care of their slaves and promoting their natural increase, they decreased at the rate of several thousands annually. In 1829, their numbers were 322,000; five years later, they were only 302,000.

The murderous system which thus unceasingly ground down the people to death produced frequent insurrections among them. From 1678 till 1832, there were twenty-seven, partial or general. These, and the terrible vengeance, sometimes atrocious cruelty, with which they were put down, characterized West India slavery. In 1760, some insurgent negroes were burned alive, and others, gibbeted alive, left to die in prolonged agonies like men crucified. One is known to have survived nearly nine days in that unceasing torture without a drop of water. Of the last insurrection, the most extensive, determined, and destructive ever made in the colony, some account will be found in this volume.

All this while the free people of colour were rapidly increasing in numbers, wealth, and education, and gaining a corresponding position and influence in the island. In 1830 they obtained their emancipation, and full political equality with their white fellow-subjects, when they numbered about fifty thousand.

Earthquakes and hurricanes have been frequent in the West Indies, and at times made awful ruin. The former, however, are not always destructive. Several took place in Jamaica during my

residence without doing any harm, at least in Jamaica, though one of them destroyed Port au Prince in St. Domingo. The worst, since it came under British rule, was in 1692. The mountains were rent, and *Port-Royal*, the chief city, and head-quarters of the buccaneers, an amazingly wealthy and wicked city, was swallowed up, with three thousand inhabitants. Ships floated where it had stood. As if God had determined to make it, like Sodom and Gomorrah, a monument of divine vengeance, the town was no sooner rebuilt near its old site than it was destroyed by fire. Fire from heaven struck a powder magazine. Some years afterwards, when partially restored, it was again consumed by fire, which burned three days. Yet once more it was shattered in pieces, in 1744, by a tremendous hurricane which rent and scattered solid masonry. Port-Royal never lifted its head again, and *Kingston* took its place as the most important seat of commerce in the British West Indies.

The worst hurricane that Jamaica experienced in the same period was in 1780, when, accompanied by an earthquake, it destroyed the town of Savanna La Mer, and nearly all the plantations in the west end of the island. Ships that had been at anchor in the bay were found, when the convulsions of nature ceased, far up the town, among the ruins of the buildings, which the mighty rushing of the sea had overflowed.

A sugar estate in good order was a fine sight. The canes presented an appearance of the utmost luxuriance, and especially when crowned with their lilac arrowy blossoms. The pastures, shaded by the most valuable or beautiful trees, were often like English parks. The works, usually white and clean, comprised an extensive range of buildings. There were the overseer's house and stores, with the barracks for book-keepers, carpenter, and mason; the mill-house, boiling-house, cooling-house, and still-house; the carpenters', coopers', and blacksmiths' shops, and extensive trash-houses. A little way off stood the hospital or "hot-house;" and on a rising ground overlooking all, the Great House or proprietor's mansion, flanked by the "negro houses" or slave village; these last being buried in cocoa-nut, orange, mango, and the avacado-pear trees.

A flourishing sugar estate could be imagined and painted as a

scene of prosperity and happiness. Ah, how much the reverse! Cheerful willing labour was not to be found; it was not looked for; nor peace and purity. The proprietors or island nobility were for the most part absent, and their "great houses" unoccupied, and going to decay, except where a planting attorney resided and kept everything in good order. These attorneys formed the squirearchy of the island. One might have several properties under his care, some had many, and were very great men indeed. Every estate had its own overseer, who had "book-keepers," carpenter, and mason under him. From the attorney down all were unmarried, yet all had families. A married lady was rarely seen. Some planters had not seen one since they left home. Others knew not how to address one when they met her. The "house-keeper" system had become a colonial institution. It was thought cheaper than the other; but that was a mistake. Pilfering and waste prevailed, and vices not to be described. The sugar estates were commonly "whited sepulchres." Planters have owned to me that they were shocked at first by the style of living, but were laughed at and ensnared, and became in the end used to it as unavoidable. Others never got over it. Troubled by pangs of conscience, they drank to excess, and died in despair. "Buckra die hard this time, heeree!" said the negroes; "since gospel come buckra die hard."

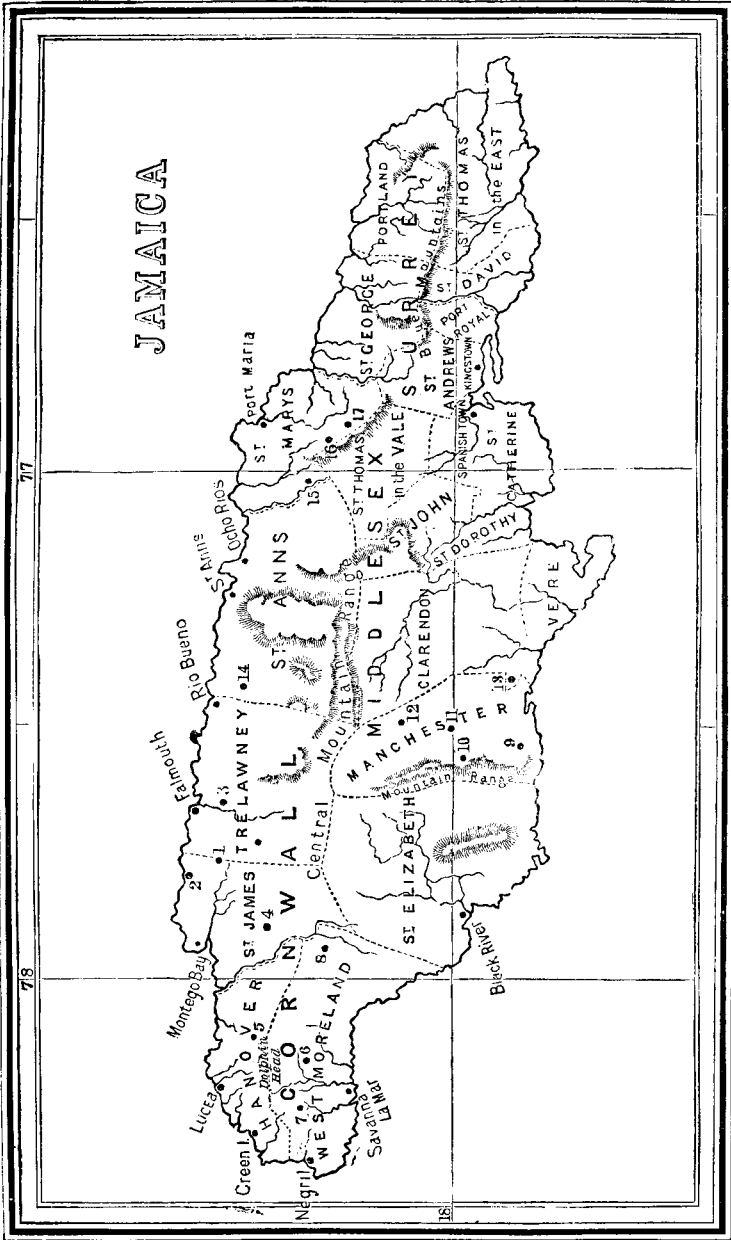
In crop time the sugar works were a busy scene; for the manufacturing process never ceased for four or five months, except on Sundays, and then only for a few hours to scour the coppers. In the beginning the people were lively, and seemed to thrive on the sweet cane-juice, of which they had a plentiful supply. But ere the season closed they began to suffer, were fagged and sickly, from excessive toil and want of proper food. They started for the field at the earliest dawn, roused by the loud crack of the driver's whip resounding through the negro houses; and except half an hour for breakfast, eaten in the field, and an hour and a half at noon for dinner, they continued at work while they had light. Besides their day-labour they had to work in the mill-yard the half of every second night. For the people were always divided into four "spells," two for each night, to carry on the sugar-making uninterruptedly. The night they "took spell" the people never went

to their houses, but threw themselves down to sleep in the trash-houses, to be near when called, huddled together regardless of sex or age. When crop was over, the people got Saturdays for working their provision grounds, the Sunday being market-day throughout the island. Some masters gave every Saturday till crop recommenced, others only the legal number, twenty-six.

The scenery of Jamaica is too magnificent to be described. Everywhere grandeur and beauty prevail. Through its whole length, 160 miles, run lofty and precipitous mountains, from the Blue Peaks in the east, 8000 feet high, to the *Dolphin* Head in the west, 3400, clothed with eternal verdure, and noble forests to their summits. In a succession of lesser ridges they decline on the north side to the sea; while on the south, great spurs striking off enclose vast plains, twenty or thirty miles each way, like those of St. Elizabeth and Westmoreland. Everywhere the mountains are broken into deep valleys, abrupt, rugged, and filled with impenetrable woods; and everywhere the cultivated districts present the most lovely landscapes of hill and dale and mingled woodland and plantation scenery. The frequent groves of cocoa-nut trees, their giant leaves waving, rustling, and glancing in the sun and wind, the bright skies, brilliant atmosphere, glowing colours, deep contrasts of light and shade, and universal irrepressible luxuriance, filled one with admiration of such tropical splendours.

The surrounding sea is also most beautiful. In the morning, smooth as glass, it mirrors the fleecy clouds floating aloft, and as the sun emerges from its placid depths seems converted eastward into molten gold. During the day the trade-winds ruffle its surface, and dot the blue expanse with wreaths of foam. Defended by encircling reefs, only a few hundred yards distant, the verdant shores never hear the surging and breaking of a heavy swell; nor are they ever deformed by long bare tracts of slimy sand, forsaken by the ebbing waters; for the great equatorial current fills the Caribbean Sea and keeps it always at high tide. In the gentle, limpid wavelets that murmur and sparkle along the pure white sands, children might delight to bathe.

With all these natural charms Jamaica was formerly considered to be most unhealthy, and even when our mission began was



STATIONS OF THE SCOTTISH MISSIONARIES.

On the Coast—Kingston; 1. Port Morda; Lucea; Green Island; and Negril. *In the Interior*—1. Hampden; 2. Cornwall; 3. Mount Zion; 3. Bellevue; 4. Mount Hope; 5. Brownsville; 6. Friendship; 7. Stirling, or Morgan's Bridge; 8. Lamb's River, or Mount Hermon; 9. Coco Walk, or New Broughton; 10. Mount Pleasant; 11. Hillside; 12. Mile Gully; 13. Victoria; 14. Retreat; 15. Cuckoo; 16. Caron Hall; 17. Rose Hill.

called "the grave of Europeans." No insurance society would assure any man's life there, on any terms. The mortality which had occasioned its bad repute sprung, however, chiefly from the bad living of those who went thither. No doubt the torrid zone tries the constitution of northerners, and tries their mental as well as bodily stamina; but intemperance, and rashness, and the want of reasonable care, have killed soldiers, sailors, and planters more than climate. Its character has, however, certainly improved since that time.

The religious parties in the island at the commencement of our mission must be briefly noticed. The Church of England was established there from an early period, but only in 1825 was Jamaica made an episcopal see. Previous to the arrival of the bishop the parish clergy were in a state of shocking disorder; nor did his presence immediately correct the evils which prevailed. Things not to be spoken of were too well known in nearly all the parishes along the north side. The Rev. Mr. Trew had distinguished himself for zeal and fidelity, and was perhaps the first parish minister who attempted the instruction of the slaves. Four or five zealous evangelical curates succeeded him, and were already eminent when I went to the country. Of them nothing but good could be spoken by any who loved good. In time they got parishes, and their number, happily, increased. Except by them, the gospel was not preached in the parish churches, and few attended them. The clergy were bound, indeed, to "christen" the slaves at the requisition of the masters, but that was done without instruction. The negroes got a half-holiday for the occasion, came in clean frocks to the overseer's or master house steps, and drew up in a row. One by one they advanced and received a new name and a few drops of water on the head, by the high authority of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. "It was like driving cattle to a pond," said one of them afterwards to me. "I heard something about God," said another, "but thought the parson in the long gown was he." If it did nothing else it made many of them think they were now proof against *Obea*.

The word *parish* must not mislead the reader. It is not to be understood in its ordinary ecclesiastical sense. There are twenty-

two in the island, which, in size and other respects, might be called counties. Each has, indeed, a church, clergyman, and vestry; but each also returns two members to the Colonial Legislature, has its capital, generally a seaport, with custom-house, court house, jail, and house of correction. Each has its own bench of magistrates, court of quarter sessions, and regiment of militia, and levies and disburses its own taxes for local purposes, both common and sacred.

The Moravians were the first missionaries to Jamaica. In 1754 they commenced their blessed work among the slaves at New Carmel, in St. Elizabeth's parish, where a proprietor, with more than ordinary sense, perhaps conscience, gave them residence, and encouraged their labours. Moral influence even in slave government is not to be despised. The civilization of the newly imported savages would be promoted by their evangelization. The interests of the proprietor and his safety were involved in the order and contentment of his people. The authority of God and his servant might prevail where the whip failed; and the prospect of a glorious future, the hopes of an eternal heaven, would compensate the slaves, without loss to the proprietor, for the want of earthly comforts. Mixed motives, it may be supposed, not uncharitably, have influenced slave owners as well as others; and Christian missionaries must enter the doors which God's providence opens to them, without criticising the various influences which have operated to withdraw the bolts and bars.

The "Brethren" were for many years few, and their success small, varying from time to time with the missionary or the master. Early in the present century their mission began to extend, and in 1829 had stations in several other places. That at "Irwin Hill," in St. James's parish, was within half a day's ride of my station, and I enjoyed delightful Christian intercourse with its minister, the Rev. James Light, for several years, and with his successors after he had left the island. Indeed, all the Moravian and Scottish missionaries sweetly harmonized, and co-operated with the most brotherly frankness and confidence, from first to last.

The Wesleyan Methodist missions commenced in the close of last century in Kingston, and though violently opposed by the white colonists, the missionaries were well received by the free

coloured people. Their labours gradually extended, till they had churches formed in the principal towns of the island.

In 1800 the Scottish Missionary Society attempted operations there, and sent a minister and two catechists to Kingston. In a few months one of the latter only survived, who relinquished the work and accepted an appointment to a public school.

The mission was not renewed till 1824, when the Rev. George Blyth, previously in the society's service in Tartary, was settled at Hampden, in Trelawny, where several proprietors opened their estates to the gospel, and offered liberal aid. By abundant labours, fidelity, and prudence, he formed a flourishing congregation; and, under God, to his wisdom as senior brother, has the Scottish mission in Jamaica owed much of its uniform harmony and prosperity. In 1827 he was joined by the brethren Watson and Chamberlain, whom I had been with in the mission house, and rejoiced to be associated with in the mission field. The former was settled at Lucea, in the west end of the island; and the latter at Port Maria, far eastward.

The English Baptist Mission commenced in 1814 in Kingston, where, two years afterwards, the first church was formed. In 1820 a second was formed in Spanish Town; another, a few years afterwards, in Montego Bay; and still later, that in Falmouth. These all swelled rapidly and prodigiously, and the churches and membership of that mission continued to increase beyond all others.

The way was prepared for the Baptist missionaries by people of the same name from America. Towards the close of last century, George Leile, a black man from Savannah, Georgia, formed a large congregation in Kingston, and founded that peculiar body since known as the Native Baptists. His successors, Gibb, Clarke, Moses Baker, and others, in various parts of the country, extended his system, and a queer system it was. It was hoped that the brethren from England, while adopting the work of predecessors, would correct the errors and disorders that had appeared, and, indeed, were prevalent among them.

Moses Baker settled in St. James's parish, where I got acquainted with many of his followers. He had come from New Providence, it was said, and resided near Montego Bay, at a place called Crooked Spring or Vaughan's Field, on the property of a

gentleman of the same persuasion. A number of slaves came about the same time from the same place, and were sold into different parts of St. James's, going under the name of "New Providence people." Baker appointed leaders over classes among the negro houses of many estates. He seems to have been a good man, and zealous, but ill informed, and most superstitious. He could do little in giving sound instruction to all the classes he had formed, being able to visit them only at night, and having no regular Sabbath or church services; but he initiated them into a strange system of mingled truth and error, which his leaders carried to the length of a monstrous superstition. As his years and infirmities increased, they conducted things their own way; and disorders so greatly multiplied, which he could no longer rectify, that he applied for an English Baptist missionary to succeed him in his congregation. When the Rev. Mr. Burchell settled in Montego Bay, in 1824, Moses Baker desired his people to join him, which they did, leaders, classes, and all; so that the new congregation soon reckoned fifteen hundred members, and a still greater number of inquirers.

The grand doctrine of these people was the Spirit's teaching. It gave life. The written word was a dead letter. If they could not read the Bible they could do without it, which was as good. The Spirit was sought in dreams and visions of the night, which thus became the source of their spiritual life. Without them inquirers could not be born again either by water or the Spirit. The leaders expounded these dreams to their kneeling followers in weekly class meetings; which, when judged to be of a right kind, were called "the work," that is, of the Spirit, and supplied the place of knowledge, faith, and repentance. As Christ was led of the Spirit into the wilderness, his disciples must follow him into the wilderness to seek the Spirit. To the bush, the pastures, or the cane fields, those people resorted at night, when preparing for baptism, and were ordered to lie down, each apart, without speaking, but keeping eye and ear open to observe what way the Spirit would come to them. Doubtless they would see and hear strange things in their excited imaginations, and the leaders could make what they liked of them. The result of such a system among such a people may be imagined. The exposition of

it and its effects in detail would require many pages, and be more surprising than edifying to our readers. The connection of these people with the English missionaries, though for a time it promised to be beneficial, proved, it is to be feared, a permanent injury. They have since, indeed, to some extent, separated themselves; but not without rending some congregations in pieces; while the leaven of their doctrine and practices cannot be all soon purged away.

We return to our narrative. The three brethren already in the island had each a station near himself ready for a missionary, and each called on me to occupy it. They had to be visited before I could fix the scene of our future labours. The first was *Cinnamon Hill* and *Cornwall*, two populous sugar estates close together, where Mr. Blyth frequently met and preached to the people. They belonged to the same proprietor, who, with his admirable lady, had recently arrived to look after his own interests, and improve the condition of his people both for time and eternity. They were on the sea side, in a beautiful and salubrious part of the country, ten miles from Hampden, and more than that from the nearest towns, Montego Bay and Falmouth. They were the key to a whole district, containing eighteen or twenty estates, and about five thousand people within a range of five miles around. The towns named were also near enough to be visited, and large enough to require a Scottish missionary in each, for whom I might be able to prepare the way. The proprietor offered a free residence, and every facility for the instruction of his people; and they seconded his request by their hearty entreaties that we would reside among them, and "make them hear the good word."

The sphere of labour there was very attractive, but we had to see the others, and proceeded to Lucea, the chief town of Hanover parish. The deep and capacious bay, surrounded by luxuriant hills, with the bold *Dolphin* ridge behind, presented a very charming scene when a turn of the road brought it all full in view. The appearance of our brother's congregation there, composed chiefly of coloured people, and his interesting labours in church classes, and daily visitings to the surrounding sugar estates to preach to the people, were most encouraging to a young missionary.

Green Island, a small town on a large bay, twelve miles beyond Lucea, was the place that claimed my services in that quarter, and I proceeded thither to meet the people on a Sabbath. Several hundred people were assembled, nearly all blacks from the adjoining estates, and fine intelligent-looking people they were. Service being concluded, they all rose up and prayed me to stay and preach the good word of God to them at all times. When I explained that I must see other places before I could fix on any, they interrupted me, saying, "O minister, stay and make we hear the gospel. Live here, and preach it every Sunday, and all men must hear it."

I rejoiced to see their earnestness, I told them, and hoped they would soon get a minister—me or some one else.

"Thank you, massa! God bless you, massa! Stay now yourself, and don't go away. It be you we want. We no want any other minister."

"Well, my friends, if it seem the will of God that I should come here, I'll be very happy to do so; and I regard your call as a great encouragement. But I must see other places before I can make up my mind."

"O minister, it is the will of God! Massa, plenty people will come to you, more than you see here this day. You no see half. Please, massa, you must stay now; we fear if you go away, you no will come back."

This verification of the Macedonian cry went to my heart. It touched also some white gentlemen present, who joined in the entreaties of their negroes, and offered other inducements. Information on various points, however, had still to be obtained.

We visited the mountain settlements of the free people of colour, on the other side of Lucea. The ride thither, over well cultivated hills, while the morning sun was yet low, the dew still gemmed the luxuriant herbage, and the cool mountain airs breathed around, was a rich enjoyment. The great "John Crows," large as turkeys, sat on the bare branches of lofty cotton trees, with outspread wings, drying their bedewed feathers in the sun; while others were already taking their circling flights in mid sky, or soaring on motionless wings, scanned with piercing eye hill and valley for their prey.

Our meeting, though at working time, was well attended, by, it was said, about two hundred persons. Many free settlers, of both sexes, came on horseback, attended by their people on foot. We assembled in the house of a patriarch; and his house, a large one, with roomy verandas, was filled in every part. The company, masters of their own time, told me to preach as long as I could, and they would sit all day to hear. And, indeed, the interest they manifested in the precious truths of the gospel was very great.

Port Maria was next visited; three days' journey, or a hundred and twenty miles from Lucea. Mr. Watson and Mr. Blyth also went thither; for the first stone of a church for our brother Chamberlain's congregation there had to be laid, and other important business transacted. That meeting was the germ of our mission Presbytery, formed three years afterwards, and which has since then grown into a Synod, with twenty-six congregations. Of Carron Hall, the place requiring a missionary in that quarter, I could see little, owing to distance, heavy rains, and bad roads. Its importance has since then been fully proved, by the excellent congregation which the minister it obtained two years afterwards, the Rev. John Cowan, succeeded in forming. Looking at everything, however, it was considered best that we should occupy the station opened at Cinnamon Hill. "I thank God," said the proprietor's excellent lady; "for I have earnestly desired and prayed for you to come here."

CHAPTER II.

1830, 1831.

Settled at Cornwall—Home supplies and oatmeal—First Sabbath and old people—Schools—Evening meetings—Estates to be visited—Interview with a proprietor—Marriage of slaves—Sacrament class—Preaching in Rose Hall Great House, Dun's Hole Wharf, Hampden congregation, and Trelawny Mountains—Death of Mrs. B.—Estate overseers—Interview with a planting attorney—State of congregation.

IN the beginning of February we took up our abode at Cornwall, in the old "busha house," which had been repaired for our use, and rejoiced that we were so soon and so well provided for, both in respect of place of residence and sphere of labour. The house stood on a considerable eminence facing the sea, with a high range of hills behind, covered with wood, and surrounded by fertile fields of the sweet cane. It was in the vicinity of the negro village, and overlooked the sugar works; the finest fruits grew in abundance everywhere, and an un-failing spring of delicious water gushed from the rock at the foot of the hill. The great charm and attraction of the place, however, was, that it was encircled by numerous estates, within an hour's ride, containing thousands of people, to whom I expected to obtain access, that I might preach among them the glorious law of God, and the more glorious gospel of Christ Jesus, which magnifies the law and makes it honourable, and among whom I had the prospect—yea, the ambition—of founding a Christian Church, that would endure and confer blessings for ages to come.

Earthly cares irresistibly commanded our first attention. Missionaries are "flesh, and not spirit," and cannot live in empty houses, even in the most inviting spheres of labour. We had brought household supplies with us from home, which were lying in a wharf-store in Falmouth; but we found it was no easy thing to get them to our place, though only twelve miles off; and, ere we did so, learned our first lesson of colonial life and manners.

The wharf account came to several pounds; and the wharfinger, in reply to my objections, smilingly said, "Don't you know that we come out here to make our fortunes, and if we don't charge well, cannot succeed?" A very gentlemanly and friendly merchant in the same town, when I alluded to the monstrous prices of his things, answered most candidly, "Indeed it is true; and we must charge high, or we could not keep our stores open. You see there are so many rogues in this country, who never pay their debts, that honest men like you must pay double, or we could not live." A horse and cart would have taken our things home in a few hours, but none were to be either hired or borrowed. A ship's boat took them down the coast to another wharf some miles past our place, where another account was to be paid; and thence we got them by a cattle cart and eight oxen, whose drivers took some liberties with them by the way, though Cornwall men.

One part of our supplies was, I'm not ashamed to own it, a barrel of oatmeal; which, however, had not the durable qualities of that of the widow of Sarepta. Daily applications of others besides ourselves soon brought it to an end. "Missis, me beg you a lilly o'meal to make pap for my pickaninny, him sick. Do, my good missis." Such pleas could not be denied. But how it came to pass that the black people came to know the value of "good Scotch oatmeal," must be told, to the honour of "hailsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food."

A Scotch overseer on Cinnamon Hill ordered it from home one year, instead of rice, to serve out as allowances to the sick and the children. Perhaps he longed for a breakfast of porridge himself, just for "auld langsyne." It came, and he boasted that he had something good to give people now. The women, in expectation, surrounded the store door on Monday morning, with cans and calabashes; but how disappointed were they when it was served out to them; for they had never seen it before. They turned it over with their fingers, turned up their noses, and set it down on the ground.

"How now," said the overseer, as he locked up the store, and saw the women standing sullen-like. "Why don't you take your things, and go away?"

"Busha, whara dis ting be?" said one of them.

“Why, that is the oatmeal I told you about.”

“And wharra o’meal be?” she asked with contempt. “Busha, spose ’im good for your dogs, give ’em; ’im no good for we pickaninny.”

“No good for your pickaninny!” he shouted. “Look at me!” He was a tall stout man. “Look at me! Did ever one of your breed raise a pickaninny like me? Now, that is what my mother fed me on, and what made a man of me. So leave it, if you like; but you’ll get nothing else till you find the good of it.”

The Sabbath arrived, a day to be remembered—our first Sabbath at our own station—when we must begin the labours of our lives, and arrange the plans to be afterwards carried out on our own responsibility. We had seen congregations mustering early at the stations of our brethren, the people about us had promised to come, and we expected a good attendance. Having prepared our house for them as best we could—removing tables, and arranging chairs, chests, trunks, stools, planks, and whatever else could serve for seats—we rung our house-bell, and waited for them. No one appearing, we rang it again, louder and longer, and nearer the negro houses; but with as little effect. Much surprised, we sent it through the village, and had it rung in the four quarters of it; but still in vain. There was none seen, nor any to answer. My wife and I went ourselves through the village to learn what could be the matter, and found nearly all the houses locked, and only ten old, weak people in the whole place, who never thought the bell was for them, or that “buchra,” having thrown them up, could ever want to see them again. Then we learned that the people had all gone to their provision ground or the market, and would not be home till night. In short, crop had begun, their days had been stopped, and their master and mistress were away at another property in the parish of St. Ann’s.

We were sadly disappointed—my first sermon could find no fitting audience; but the work must be begun with whom we could find. Bringing up those “impotent folks, the blind, halt, withered,” to our house, we divided them into two classes, and preached the gospel to them as they could hear it. We sat beside them, my wife and I, and taught them as children, line upon line,

here a little and there a little—a word of doctrine, another of precept—one of prayer, and one of praise—with questions intermingled, to prove if they understood us; and we were happy, in conclusion, to hear them say that we “gave them good understanding.” Had our labours that day been confined to those old people, they would not have been in vain; for every day they attended our family worship thenceforward, and the half of them gave ultimately satisfactory evidence of living faith in the Lord Jesus. They were the first-fruits of Cornwall unto God; and I record the names of some of them who were loving and beloved: Daddy Brown, Grandy Fanny, Grandy Juliet, and Grandy Phebe; to whom afterwards Grandy Bright and others were from time to time added.

But our labours that day were not confined to them. When the people returned home, they cleaned themselves, and flocked into our house, till there was not room to receive them; and we closed the day rejoicing. Never again were the seats empty. Soon we had to increase their number, and more than once to enlarge our place of meeting, and ultimately our whole house, to provide church accommodation; and then to abandon it for a proper and permanent place of worship, of sufficient size for a large congregation; for our few cripples that day increased at last to more than a thousand souls.

The number of old people who came to the faith and obedience of the gospel in Jamaica was greater, proportionally, than in most other mission fields, where such are usually the most obdurate, and determined in their old ways. It was greater than is usual even in old Christian countries, among the outcast and neglected, who grow hopeless with age. If we would explain this fact, we might say that they were not in their native land, fortified and prejudiced against Christianity by all around them, and by the established usages and institutions of their country and people. Their old connections were all dissolved by the slaveship. Nor had they, like our home heathen, by long disregard and resistance, grown insensible to the charms and the terrors of the divine communication. Finding them in a miserable condition, and coming to them with messages of peace from the Lord, conveyed by those whom they quickly recognised to “have feeling” for them, the

gospel was to them emphatically "the good word," which they joyfully received.

We carried on our missionary labours in the following way: Five days in the week I visited the surrounding estates, to teach the negroes at their "shell blow," or dinner-time, when their hour and half was made two hours. At the same time, Mrs. Waddell took the children of Cornwall under instruction, in a series of classes. From ten o'clock till three, the merry voices of little blackies resounded through the house at their lessons; and sometimes the incessant A, B, C, shouted at the stretch of their lungs, was deafening. At night, from seven till nine o'clock, our house was again filled by old and young. The former I taught in one room, and the latter my wife in another,—working boys and girls who could not come during the day.

The means of education were inadequate even for white children, and still more so for free browns, who could not mix with the others, and had long been treated as if they had no right to be free; while for the slaves they were never thought of. If a missionary got leave to visit an estate and teach them orally at the noon interval of labour, it was a favour; but that did not include reading-lessons. "What! teach the slaves to read! read the Bible, then newspapers, till they grow discontented, rebel, and burn the country!" That would never do. The argument was short and conclusive. Yet a Christian proprietor here and yonder might be heard of, who allowed their children reading, preparatory to the change which even then loomed in the distance. There was a day-school at Cinnamon Hill, for the estate children only, before we went. Ours at Cornwall, for all children that could come to it, was at once conceded. On some other estates they got primers and lessons, and learned to read the Bible by the visits of the missionaries, without leave received or refused.

At that time, indeed, the safety of the island might have been seen to depend on extending the area of the reading population. While a few only in the towns had, or pretended to have, the dangerous knowledge, they led or misled the country people; but when the latter acquired it, the influence of the former ceased, and their impositions were discovered. "Minister," said one of our young men at the evening class, "you do very good teach we

read book. Before time them leader hold book and talk, and we believe their word come from book. Now it no so; we find them out; they hold book upside down, and no saby read one word. Ah, minister, plenty false prophets live for neger-house." Another, after hearing about railroads, and locomotives, and steam-ships, then new in the world, exclaimed, "For true, buckra have a right to be master, for buckra know everything; but we poor negers know nothing."

In crop-time our evening classes presented a peculiar scene; for the increased labours of the field and mill-yard made it hard for the young people to keep their eyes open. They read and slept by turns. One class with books sat round the table, another faced a lesson-board on the wall. The rest were sound asleep on the floor. Whoever moved out of his place had to pick his steps among the prostrate scholars. When their turn came, however, the sleepers jumped up, rubbing their eyes, while the others took their places, and were fast in a moment. Out of crop-time their craving for lessons was insatiable. They would not be done. "One word more, minister; only one. Missis, whara dis be? Massa, whara you call dat?" Ten o'clock sometimes came before we could get them out of the house.

Objections to these meetings began to be made by certain parties, and it was said that I should not admit slaves from other estates without permission from their masters. I replied, that I could keep out none who came to hear the word of God, and behaved properly; for my house was God's house, and must be a house of prayer for all people. Whoever wanted to keep them away must prevent them coming; but first, they should attend our meetings themselves, and see what was wrong in them. Happily, we heard no more on the subject.

Some of Moses Baker's class, formerly referred to, occasionally appeared among us. They were leaders, and wishing to read the Bible like others, took a very novel way to learn. They brought Testaments, opened always at the third chapter of Matthew, and read away with great fluency and tolerable correctness. Anywhere else they could not read a word; and soon we found that they knew not a letter. In fact, they read that chapter by rote, having heard it so often that they knew it from memory; and they liked

it best, as it told of John the Baptist baptizing all the people in Jordan, and even Jesus Christ himself. Other missionaries also observed how they were addicted to the perusal of that particular portion of Scripture. These people knew more of John than of Christ. Often have they told me, "Me go church, massa; me go John Baptis church." "Me pray, massa; me pray to John Baptis."

An amusing scene one evening illustrated their partialities in that way. An unusual number of the class referred to crowded our house, and after worship candidly referred to me the decision of a point they had disputed with some of my people. The question was, "Who baptized Jesus Christ?" The one party affirmed that John had done so; and the other denied it, unwilling to admit the pre-eminence it would seem to give him. The joy of the former was great when I allowed that they were right; but equally great their dismay when I asked them in turn, "Who baptized John?" They whispered and consulted, and at length one replied, "Maybe Jesus;" another, "Maybe himself;" with other strange guesses, till they gave it up, and owned that they did not know. It was really amusing to watch the countenances of the two parties at that moment; and at length the laugh was transferred from the one side to the other, when they were positively assured that John never was baptized at all. "Now, James," I said to the spokesman, "you teach that people must be baptized by John, like Jesus in Jordan, to fulfil all righteousness. Was John not a righteous man? I wish you were all more like him, for he owned that he was nothing—that Christ must increase and he decrease: then you would speak less about him and more about the Saviour; for even John sent his disciples to Jesus." Thenceforth the question, "Who baptized John?" ended many discussions among the people.

In order to our teaching the people on neighbouring estates, it was necessary to gain the consent of the proprietor, or, in his absence, of the managing attorney. The slaves were always at work, the negro-houses were not free villages, and an estate road was not the king's highway. Going thither without leave, we might be treated as trespassers; and missionaries were generally so much misunderstood and misrepresented in the colony, that it

behaved them to give their enemies no occasion against them, and by frank and respectful conduct towards the planters, disarm suspicion and enmity.

Barrett Hall, about four miles from Cornwall, had between two and three hundred people on it, of all ages. Its owner, the Hon. Richard Barrett, was chief magistrate of St. James, and a member of the island legislature. I had to wait on him as "custos," to present my credentials as a regular minister of the gospel, and obtain his sanction to my preaching in the parish, previous to the meeting of quarter sessions, when my house would be licensed as a place of public worship. Such was the law, and it was easily observed. He was perfectly agreeable; and when I asked his leave also to visit his property and teach his people, he promised to think of it. The following week I called again, and found him well disposed to the object in view. He said that he found his people had a desire for religious instruction, and it was better for them he should provide it of an approved character, than leave them to seek it themselves, and perhaps err in the search. He disclaimed all title to my thanks, however, saying that he should rather thank me, who would have all the trouble, while he would have all the benefit.

"But I must in candour own," Mr. Barrett continued, "that I am not influenced by religious principles myself in this matter, but simply by self-interest. I have a bad set of people: they steal enormously, run away, get drunk, fight, and neglect their duty in every way; while the women take no care of their children, and there is no increase on the property. Now, if you can bring them under fear of a God, or a judgment to come, or something of that sort, you may be doing both them and me a service."

That extraordinary speech did not greatly surprise me, for he was said to be a very free thinker indeed; and I replied, "Well, Mr. Barrett, you are certainly very candid, and will allow me to be equally so. I must say that I have higher objects in view than those you mention; but they are not inconsistent. I wish to make them know God, and become true Christians for their salvation, and, of course, must teach them to leave off their sins and prepare for the judgment to come. So I can undertake the duty on the terms."

“Very good; now when will you begin?”

“To-morrow, and every following Wednesday at shell-blow; and you will allow the people additional time, that they lose not their dinner by coming to me.”

He agreed that they should have two clear hours on that day, and also that they should have their work near hand, so as to be ready at the appointed time.

“By the way,” he continued, “what would you think to begin by christening them? It is long since the clergyman of the parish was here for the purpose; and I have got a good many people since. It might have a good effect.”

“Excuse me, sir; let us rather reserve the baptism till they receive our instructions, when they will think the more of it. It would hardly be good policy to bestow our rewards before they be deserved. The prospect of it may induce them to give the more heed to what we teach them.”

He laughed. “Ah, well! I dare say you are right; you must know your own business best. Take your own way.”

The large hall of the overseer’s house, then unoccupied, was appointed for our weekly meetings; the people got leave to attend our church on Sundays, and full liberty to be married, provided only that they let him know beforehand, and brought his permission in writing to me.

These, at that time, were deemed important concessions, and made by such a man, gave me at once a standing in the country. He faithfully observed his promises; and also gave permission for my visiting the *Spring*, an estate under his care, within my reach, and a letter to the overseer, desiring him to make suitable arrangements.

The next estate to which I got access was “*Running Gut*.” The proprietor was in Scotland; but the attorney, a respectable married man, a rare character in those days, who with his wife attended Hampden Church, was favourably disposed to the instruction of the people. He was cautious, however, and waited instructions from home before giving his consent. Meantime, some of the people of that property had found their way to Cornwall; and one of them, of his own accord, began to keep meeting in the negro houses; for which he was put in the “bilboes.” Then the attorney said that if the people would come to him and request

him to send them a minister, he would do so without further delay; being able then to tell the proprietor, that to meet their wishes, and prevent secret night meetings, he had to consent to my visits.

Rose Hall and the *Crawle* were estates in Chancery, but under the management of a gentleman who had gone from Scotland in the lowest capacity, and had risen to almost the highest position in the colony. He was "Custos of Trelawny," major-general of militia, and had so many properties under his care that he was facetiously called the Attorney General. He at once frankly consented to my visiting these two properties, but must have been really indifferent, if not secretly opposed to my doing so; for I had more trouble in arranging with the overseers there than elsewhere, and on the latter unceasing annoyances. Not so did he manage his planting business. His overseers dared not trifle with his orders. The various plans I tried to overcome difficulties and prosecute my object accomplished little, and after two years I had to abandon the attempt.

He of the *Crawle*, of the same name, and said to be a relative of the attorney's, was one of the most mean, despicable, and troublesome fellows I ever met. He not only withdrew the extra half hour allowed the people for my meeting, when crop began, thereby entirely breaking it up, but cut down the dinner time of the poor people considerably, saying that they liked it themselves, to get the crop done soon. Like it themselves! I have seen them the moment shell was blown rush from the cane-field, not to their houses, where they had no dinner or time to cook it, but to the hedge-rows and thickets, to seek guavas, oranges, mangoes, sour sops, or other wild-fruits, to satisfy the cravings of nature. His ingenuity in devising evasions and hindrances was very great.

The attendance of the people having fallen off, and my complaints to the attorney being unheeded, I at length told the two old women and three children, who formed my congregation, that I would not go again. Then the poor creatures began to cry, saying, "Now massa go leave we, Jesus Christ will leave we too." Their tears and words went to my heart, and I continued my visits a while longer, till the Lord gave us enlargement. The old manager had made his fortune, and went home to enjoy it or die. The new one paid attention to my complaints, and quickly rectified

various things, so that we had some well attended meetings before the close of this period.

On all the places visited it was a stipulation that the negroes should be allowed public and lawful marriage, and I never knew the permission withheld. Yet it had been almost entirely neglected throughout the island, except where missionaries interested themselves in the matter. The legislature, which had enacted that they should be christened, had done nothing to promote their being married. It had even recognised the state of concubinage as equivalent to marriage, by requiring that a body of new catechists it gave the bishop must either be married men, or "*living with respectable coloured females.*" The terms *husband* and *wife* were unknown among the slaves. "Brother" and "sister" served every purpose in their temporary connections; and the facility and indifference with which these connections were formed, dissolved, and renewed, were somewhat surprising.

Sometimes a difficulty arose which of the "sisters" that a man might have, or have had, he would espouse. Generally the one in possession was retained, especially if she had children. Some wished to abandon all and make a new choice; but that was not allowed. Some had already abandoned the old companion and her children and taken a younger sister. We reversed that process, and gave the old wife and mother her proper position. As a general rule, the vagaries of fancy were discouraged. Existing connections, if blessed with children, were confirmed. If a man or woman would neither marry nor live holy, we refused to have such in church connection. If a head man had several expectants of the matrimonial honours, we said, "Some have stronger claims than others, the first more than the last, the old 'sister' more than her younger rival, the mother of your children more than her that has never borne." Generally speaking, good sense and right feeling, guided by the divine word, prevailed, and the difficulties were satisfactorily arranged. The theories of polygamy, which some authorities have maintained in favour of heathen converts, I never found necessary or applicable either in Jamaica or in Calabar.

The improvement effected among the slaves by marriage was

great and immediate. It elevated them in social position, and created a sense of self-respect. They had become somebodies in the world, had characters and families they could call their own to maintain, and were under moral obligations to fill their stations with credit, to be blameless and trustworthy. "Me is a married man;" "We is married people," became an honourable distinction, a certificate of character. About eighty couples were married at Cornwall during the two years embraced in this chapter.

Those who gave in their names to be enrolled in connection with our church, were said, in the phraseology of the time, to have "set off;" that is, begun a religious life. When they got married, or abandoned their former sinful connections and "lived holy," they desired to be "set off deeper;" that is, prepared for the Lord's Supper. Before the end of the first year, therefore, we had formed a *sacrament class* of such persons, who met weekly for more advanced Christian instruction. The administration of baptism had been, to a large extent, taken out of our hands by the parish clergy, in the way already mentioned; and we did not wish to invalidate the ordinance, and their ministry, by disregarding those administrations, though so grossly irregular. We therefore let it stand as good, and held the people as bound thereby; for "Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel." The teaching was indeed still to be done, and in our sacrament class we supplied what was wanting in that respect.

The members of that class were attentive, intelligent, and very earnest. On one occasion, when in the course of my address I put the question, "Well, what do you say? do you accept of Christ or not?" they answered, promptly and unexpectedly, "We do, minister, we take Jesus Christ. Him be Saviour for we." After a pause I proceeded, and again, without any view to an audible reply, but to make them think, said, "Are you now willing to obey God by believing in his Son Jesus Christ?" again all with one voice replied, "We willing, minister, we willing!" These unlooked-for and hearty responses affected and encouraged me.

Three of that class died evidently in the faith and love of Christ, and with good hopes of eternal life, before they came by the appointed ordinances into the fellowship of the church. One of

them, a married man from the Spring estate, had given his child to God in baptism only the Sabbath before his death, and with his dying breath renewed the dedication of it to his heavenly Father. He charged his wife and friends to bring it up to know and serve the Lord, that he might find it again in heaven; and to hold fast to Christ as the only Saviour, better to them than all the world. Another was a woman, who departed with a hymn to Jesus on her lips. The third was a peculiar case, a leper, cut off from the fellowship of man. He was of the class of candidates, but could never attend it. His disease was called *cocoby*, a very loathsome disorder of the kind indicated. He lived in a hut apart from others, indeed, away in the bush. But his friends could visit him to supply his wants, and from them he first heard the word of God. We soon found him out, and taught him to read the Scriptures, as well as understand the gospel. The Lord gave him spiritual enlightenment, so that he came to a saving knowledge of the truth. He had a humbling sense of his own sinfulness, a lively apprehension of the love of God in sending his Son to save sinners, and a great desire to grow in knowledge. For this cause he inquired from the people who passed his way, "the good word" that they heard in church on the Lord's day. Many things indicated his meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light; and he was called away to it just near the time we had hoped to own him by baptism as one of the church on earth, "the church in the wilderness."

Our dwelling at Cornwall proving too small for the Sabbath congregation, I got leave to use the old unoccupied Great House of Rose Hall as a church, and had it duly licensed and filled with benches. Though unoccupied, save by rats, bats, and owls, it had once been a specimen of the fine colonial mansions of the island aristocracy, when West India proprietors were like an order of nobility. Of all its furniture and ornaments three or four full-size pictures of the husbands of the last proprietress, in military dress and heavy gilt frames, hanging in a top gallery, alone remained. Its floors and stairs, wainscoting and ceiling, doors and windows, were of mahogany, cedar, rosewood, ebony, orange, and other native hard-woods of various colours, fit for cabinet-work,

highly polished and well arranged. Spacious piazzas and corridors ran round the house above and below, and the front door was reached by a very elegant double flight of stone steps.

The first three Sabbaths of August 1830 the large hall of that building, fit to receive two hundred people, overflowed with a congregation of all colours, of whom there were more white people than usually attended any church in the country. The contrast between the scenes on these days and those of former days in the same place was too great to escape observation, and awakened in some quarters feelings and murmurs of displeasure, at such an invasion on their good old ways and violation of Great House glories. These were conveyed to me from the attorney, and our meetings there were discontinued.

An old proverb says, "As one door steeks another opens." The benches were removed to *Dun's Hole Wharf*, some miles further down the coast, where was a large house and unoccupied hall, which the wharfinger, a married brown man, freely gave me the use of, for a forenoon Sabbath service for the people in that quarter. In the afternoon I met the people about Cornwall in my own house as formerly. Thus the infant congregation was divided, for want of a proper central place to meet in. Mrs. Waddell kept the Sabbath-school and women's classes in my absence, and so much to their satisfaction, that Grandy Bright used to say on my return, "Parson, missis gie we handsome prayers the day."

In 1831, the charge of Hampden congregation devolved on me during the absence of its own minister and his family in Scotland, and I spent every second Sabbath there, with Saturday and Monday. The hearty and valuable co-operation of his eldership lightened the labours, and the great number of new people who joined the church that year sweetened them. Of the estates which he visited, *Carlton*, which was nearest me and on my way, was the only one I could attend to, and it became permanently added to my own sphere of labours after his return to the country.

The opportunity so long desired of visiting the black mountains of Trelawny then occurred. Some of the members of Hampden Church, free coloured people, had settlements there, and one of them, Mr. Hewan, a very worthy and respectable man, asked me

thither to spend a few days, and preach to the settlers. I enjoyed the visit, the work, the people, and the scenery. The last was sublime. After winding round the conical hills that formed the first range, and still up and higher up, the road opened out on a plateau near Maroon Town Barracks, where much forest had been felled, but vastly more remained in primitive magnificence. The front line of the virgin woods formed a gigantic colonnade, stretching far away ; for the trees stood close, erect, and clean as pillars, and twice taller than any found in Athens, Rome, or Palmyra. They measured a hundred and twenty feet of straight stem to the first branch, with a dry sward underneath, so free from brushwood, that one could roam at large, in the cool gloomy shade of their lofty leafy canopy, as in a grand natural temple, surpassing any ever erected by Greek or Roman.

In the month of June of that same year we suffered a great affliction and bereavement, by the death of the excellent and beloved lady of Cinnamon Hill, endeared to us and to her people by her endeavours for their temporal and eternal welfare. Though her bodily sufferings were great she had peace resting on Jesus, and well-founded hopes of eternal life. One of her last good offices, before she took ill, was to soothe her husband's irritation against me, caused by unpleasant but necessary discipline among his people. Misled, probably by an artful inmate of his house, as to what had taken place, he denounced my proceedings in a strong letter, threatened to oppose me in everything of the kind for the future, and forbade thenceforth the usual weekly meeting with his people in his house. Having waited till reflection and his wife's benign influence had operated to cool his feelings, I answered him temperately, stating the facts of the case and the reasons for my procedure ; and, as I could not teach and found a Christian church without government and discipline, I entreated him by the most solemn considerations to abandon his threatened opposition. If our going to the Great House was inconvenient to him, I hoped he would appoint some other place, and any place would do, as I was used to variety, overseer's house, or hospital, boiling-house, mill-house, or cooper's shop. He yielded with grace and good feeling. His wife's death subdued him for a time. After it he