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JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE  
FROM PLYMOUTH TO SIERRA LEONE.



JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE  
FROM PLYMOUTH TO SIERRA LEONE,

WITH NOTICES OF

MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, BATHURST, &c.

BY THE

REV. W. L. NEVILLE, M.A.

LATE A CURATE OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, BROMPTON;  
AND NOW SUPERINTENDENT OF THE MISSION OF THE WEST INDIAN CHURCH ON  
THE RIO PONGAS IN WESTERN AFRICA.

EDITED BY

THE REV. HENRY CASWALL, D.D.

ENGLISH SECRETARY OF THE MISSION, AND VICAR OF FIGHELDEAN,  
WILTS.

*[The profits will be devoted to the above Mission by the express request of  
MR. NEVILLE.]*

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# JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE,

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THE second Occasional Paper, issued by the English Secretary of the Mission, announced that the Rev. W. L. Neville, M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford, had accepted the perilous office of Superintendent of the Pongas Mission, in place of the lamented Leacock. Mr. Neville, having been duly appointed by the Association in the West Indies, and having received his testimonials from the Lord Bishop of London, proceeded to Plymouth on the 23d of August, and embarked on the following day on board the *Armenian*, a new screw steamer, bound for Sierra Leone. The following journal of his voyage will, it is hoped, tend to increase the interest which already is extensively felt in Mr. Neville and the mission.

"August 24th, 1858.—On board the ship *Armenian*.—Mr. S——, the minister of St. Mary's, Devonport, a warm-hearted man, had informed me that I must be on board by twelve o'clock, and as I was stepping over the ship's side, we heard the clocks of the churches striking the mid-day hour. I was unaccompanied by any one; but there was no uneasy, deserted, or solitary feeling about me. On the contrary, I was happy: so good was God to me! Mr. S—— was unable to accompany me to the ship, in consequence of being engaged at his church, but he promised to come to me as soon as possible. The time fixed for the sailing of the ship was three P.M., but owing to two accidents—one of

which happened at Liverpool, when a collision took place between the *Armenian* and the *Ocean Monarch*; and the other this morning, in Plymouth Sound, when the *Armenian* fell foul of a war brig,—she did not actually go ahead till five minutes before six o'clock. In the meantime, Mr. S—— had come on board, and though our acquaintance was so recent,—only personally the night before, though for three weeks, I believe, we had been in correspondence,—yet we could converse confidentially. People soon find one another out; an expression, a word, will evidence a sympathy of souls and a community of feelings, ideas, and thoughts. Mr. S—— is an old sailor, and has been much at sea, and he was able to give me good advice as to the line of conduct I should adopt on the voyage. My friend stayed with me till just before the firing of the first gun, the signal to get ready to depart, and then went down the steps into his boat; and I must own that parting with him and the last friendly face did give me an inward pang. However, I was comforted; and the greatness and blessedness of the work I had before me so filled my heart that there was no place for feelings of solitariness. As the captain of the ship was engaged, I signified to the purser—a mild, civil man—how happy I should be to say grace at meals, and to perform any other religious duty that would be acceptable; and accordingly, at dinner, which was placed on table at six o'clock, as the ship neared the Breakwater, the purser requested me to say grace. A plentiful meal was provided,—soup, fish, beef, mutton, fowls, pastry, &c.—everybody seemed to have a good appetite, and dinner passed off without the slightest infringement of the rules of decorum. After dinner I went on deck, and, as long as I could descry it, kept my eye fixed on English land; and when no longer visible, I for a time looked in the same direction, and then I said, 'To Thee, O LORD, do I lift up mine eyes; do Thou direct my steps.' A few tears rolled down my cheeks: nevertheless, I was inwardly joyful. The moon arose, but was not so clear as the night before. Bed-time is near, and I have not been asked to say evening prayers.

*Wednesday, August 25th.*—By the mercy of God, I have arisen after a good night's rest. The pitching of the ship, so far from producing sickness, acted like the rocking of a cradle upon a child : it sent me to sleep. On going on deck, I was informed that we were nearing the Bay of Biscay. I stayed there, however, but a short time, for the boards were wet from recent scouring, and the morning was cloudy. I returned into the saloon, in which, as yet, there was no one, and sitting on the semicircular sofa, read a portion of the beginning of Dr. Machride's work, 'The Mohammedan Religion Explained,' sent to me for the use of the mission the day before by Miss R——, sister of the Bishop of Antigua, and an earnest and valued friend of the mission. Here, I remark, that being in the Bay of Biscay, the ship pitches and rolls to that degree, and the table so sways from side to side that writing has become difficult. At breakfast, the captain made his appearance for the first time, and took his seat at the head of the table. He asked me to say grace. There are six negroes on board, first-class passengers. One of them is an elderly man, having his head covered with white wool. I got into conversation with him. He was from and going to Sierra Leone, and inquired whither I was proceeding. I informed him to the same place as himself in the first instance, but that my destination was the 'Rio Pongas.' 'Ah !' he said, 'the Rio Ponga. I know it by name very well. There was a missionary there, Mr. Leacock, and he had another with him named Dupont.' I spoke to this person about the Mohammedans. 'I think,' he said, 'you will find it harder to convert Mohammedans than worshippers of idols.'

The rolling and mounting of the ship increases, and six passengers are, I am informed, in bed sick. I feel as well as ever. I have been at sea, if you may so call sailing in the English Channel in yachts in former years, a good deal, and never was sick on any one occasion, and probably shall escape it now, for we are already twenty-five minutes behind London time, in consequence of there being a difference of six degrees between the longitude of London and our present position. The colour

of the sea is neither green nor blue, but of a pale black, reflecting the hue of the clouds ; crests and long streaks of foam of a snowy whiteness everywhere presenting themselves to the eye. And, I observe, there are no birds here,—no sea-gulls, no guillemots, no puffins, no cormorants, which I sometimes used to see in great numbers in the English Channel.

Here I revert to the elderly negro of whom I have before spoken. I have had some further conversation with him. He tells me he lives at Sierra Leone, and that his name is N——. He is personally acquainted with Mr. Duport.

Dinner is now over, and I fear I shall not, ere I retire to my berth, have the pleasure to record that I have been asked to say prayers for and with my fellow-voyagers. But I can pray for them, and I have great need to pray for myself, that nothing I may say or do may be a stumbling-block to them or inconsistent with my ministerial character. The day has been cold and gloomy, with occasional showers of rain ; the sun has been invisible all day, but before going down it shone out with a lurid glare, as from a round hole in a cloud, and presented something of the appearance of the fire from the mouth of a cannon.

*Thursday, August 26th.*—Last night the wind and sea rose, and the ship rocked, rolled, pitched, mounted, and trembled a good deal ; then there was the noise of the strain on the ship's timbers, to say nothing of that of the sails, masts, and rigging. These noises, however, I have no objection to, I rather like them ; but the incessant hammering noise of the screw-propeller is as though we had a Staffordshire forge in the saloon. I must be brief, for the rocking of the table renders writing difficult. This morning, for the first time, the breakfast table was divided into compartments, for the security of the plates, dishes, tea-cups, &c. upon it. Five minutes after sitting down, three of the company suddenly rose and vanished into their cabins. The captain said to me, 'You must have been at sea before ?' I said, 'No ; I never before took anything that could be called a voyage ; all my sailing has been in the Channel yachts.' 'Ah !' said he, 'that has seasoned you.' He talked about iron houses, and said

that in Africa an iron house should be constructed, as I have said, with an open or high pitched roof. With regard to lining, he said the house should have one, although it might not be enduring, of wood or felt, the former perhaps preferable. On the subject of money, he said the natives of villages, or persons dwelling remote from English inhabited places like Sierra Leone, preferred commodities—as tobacco, little looking-glasses, &c.—in exchange for food, fowls, goats, &c. rather than money. If they took money, it was because they hoped to be able with the money to procure things they wanted, such as I have just named ; and this statement was confirmed by the Mr. N—— I have before named, who is a trader, and is returning home from England, whither he has been for the purpose of purchasing goods. By an observation made at twelve o'clock, we were ninety miles north of Cape Finisterre, so that we are happily nearly clear of the rolling, swelling Bay of Biscay. At the same time we saw to leeward the spouting of a whale. The colour of the sea is of the deepest blue, approaching to black.

I have had some further conversation (and such is the swaying of the table at which I write, and the chair on which I sit, that the operation of writing is no easy one) with Mr. N—— about Africa. He thinks that missionaries will effect little among the adult negroes, men and women. He doubts whether we shall be able to get so far with them as to induce them to wear clothes : he has known clothes given to them, but they would not wear them. I said, suppose I gave a chief a watch, would he not adopt the use of clothes to enable him to carry his watch with him ? Mr. N—— said he knew a chief to whom both watch and clothes were given, but he, in a short time, laid aside the latter and hung up the former. They are very settled in their habits, and will hardly change them. A naval officer on board says he has seen an African sit at dinner with the officers of a ship of war, unclothed, but attended by his stick-bearer, who stood behind his majesty, and with his hand swept from his sovereign's plate and ate whatever distasted him. But the many wives, Mr. N—— said, were the great obstacle to the adults

becoming Christians. 'With the young unmarried men, women, and children,' said Mr. N——, 'I think you will have success ; they will be induced to adopt clothing and to embrace Christianity.' Upon the whole, I am more hopeful about everything (blessed be God for the encouragement and consolation afforded to me) that concerns the mission.

The day is, upon the whole, clear ; the sun gleams out, but the air is cold, for the wind is from the NN.E. and blows freshly, if not hard. The sea runs high, and is of a very deep blue colour—very deep, approaching to black ; but the water behind the ship in the track of the helm is a bright emerald colour, softening off into white. This afternoon I have seen, for the first time in my life, the stormy petrel ; and a shoal of porpoises, creatures abundant, as you know, in the Channel, accompanied us for some distance.

*Friday, August 27th, 1858.*—This is now the fourth day since I came on board ship, and, by the mercy of God, no disaster has befallen us ; and though several of the passengers have been, and some still are, in a disabled condition from sea-sickness, I have not experienced that sensation in the slightest degree, and am in excellent health, and in a composed and happy frame of mind.

As I said morning prayer alone by myself, my thoughts, when I came to Psalm cxii. v. 1, reverted lovingly to Brompton Church, and with heart, and soul, and communion of spirit, united myself with the ministers and congregation there, then about the same time saying the same words ; and so, though bodily separated from, yet in spirit I united and made myself one with them, and was 'glad,' and virtually 'worshipping in the House of the Lord.' The weather is cold, as, though the sun is shining, the wind is blowing fresh from the N.E., and there is what the captain calls, 'a very respectable sea ;' but as our latitude is already that of Oporto, we shall feel warmer air. We are and have been sailing ten and eleven miles an hour ; but there is no hope, the captain tells us, of our reaching Madeira before Monday morning. The captain is a Scotchman, and from his demeanour and conversation I am of opinion he would not permit any

breach of decorum on the part of any passenger to pass unnoticed. But as yet, happily, I have witnessed nothing of the kind, nor experienced any of that unpleasantness which I was forewarned at Plymouth to be prepared to encounter. There is not any one that I can discover, on board, that dislikes a clergyman, or who would wish, if possible, to annoy him ; and if there be such an one, I think if he made any such attempt, the respectable captain of the ship, and the officers on board, naval and military, would at once put him down. But, unworthy though I be, I trust I have a better Protector than an arm of flesh—even He that once shut the mouths of the lions.

The wind is still fresheuing ; and, indeed, may now be said, I suppose, to blow strong from the N.E., but as at high noon we were in a latitude somewhere between Oporto and Lisbon, the air, as compared with that of yesterday, is warm. And then the sea, or rather ocean ; oh, how grand is its appearance ! the waves run high, and occasionally break over the ship, both fore and aft ; but principally over the latter part. I was sitting aft, near the wheel, and as I looked forward, observing some persons making a motion to me, I looked round and saw a wide and lofty sea coming on, and the next instant it broke over the stern. I never till now saw the truth and exactness of the ancient Latin poetical expression, ‘*Marmoreum æquor*’—yes, the ocean is like various and variegated marbles, and the ‘*æquor*,’ too, is according to the truth and is no poetical fiction ; though there are lofty waves, and the sea is running high, yet there is much ‘*æquor*,’ or ‘*level*’—there are large *level plains* of a dark purple colour, interlaced in the most beautiful manner with veins of the purest white ; and look at those huge waves of rich purple, with crests of a pure pale green, and others of rich green and snowy white intermingled ! ‘*Oh LORD, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all.*’ ‘*They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, these men see the works of the LORD, and His wonders in the deep.*’

*Saturday, August 28th, 1858.*—In the first Psalm for the 29th I read, ‘*If I take the wings of the morning and remain in the*

uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.' Travellers upon a troubled sea, we have experienced the sustaining, protecting hand of the ALMIGHTY. Thanksgiving and praises be to His holy name.

The wind is changed from N.N.E. to N.N.W., and as we are now in the latitude of Cadiz, the air is still warmer; the little stormy petrels are now seen in a flock, and always in the wake of the ship. Of the six African passengers on board, one, Mr. N——, is solitary and speaks to no one, as far as my observation has gone, excepting myself. The other five sit together on deck, and keep up an almost unceasing talk or chatter, broken by much laughter, or rather cachinnation. In their vivacity and gesticulations, they resemble Frenchmen. They have a negro servant in attendance upon them, dressed like a London 'page,' in a jacket having many buttons upon it. He sits on deck, within sight and hearing of his masters, and when called to, he answers 'Sir,' and instantly removes his cap from his head, and approaches his masters bareheaded. This accords with what Mr. N—— told me, that in Africa, a native, meeting his chief, goes down on his knees to him. The face of this poor negro is more like that of a monkey than of a human being, and his intellect (for I contrived to get into conversation with, or rather to put questions to him) seems of a low order indeed. He seems to be about fifteen years of age, but I could not discover that he had any understanding of anything beyond the routine of his duties; for though when I asked whether he had been baptized, he answered 'yes,' he understood nothing of Baptism, and had no idea that he had a Christian name, though he said his name was Samuel. This afternoon, the chief officer ordered the opening of one of the port-holes of the cabin in which my berth is—immediately the sea rushed in, and deluged one of the berths, and the carpet-bags, trunks, and the various articles of apparel in the cabin. The chief officer, a canny Yorkshireman, confessed 'A's my fôlt, but 'maa baak is braad eneuf to bear it—aa did it from the peurest mottives.'

*August 29th, 1858.*—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.—'Oh,

how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou LORD of Hosts ! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the LORD.' Yet though this be impossible, yet 'my heart and my flesh can rejoice in the living God.' The promise of CHRIST's presence is not confined to any place, nor to great numbers, but to that place wheresoever two or three are gathered in His name ; the promise is not to multitudes, but (as St. Cyprian says) to unity, to the unity of the body of CHRIST, and to oneness with Him. At a quarter before ten o'clock this morning by the time here, but at half-past ten in London, as I suppose, a naval officer, coming down into the saloon, announced, 'Land in sight.' I went on deck, and saw in the horizon, on the left hand side of the bowsprit, a black spot which I was told was Porto Santo ; a small Portuguese Island, containing a few inhabitants, a chapel, and a priest. The island abounds in stone, and the houses of Madeira are for the most part, I am told, built of material obtained from Porto Santo.

One o'clock.—Madeira is now in sight ; and the former island presents the appearance of three mountains, with two rocks standing in the ocean to the left hand, and low land stretching away to the right of the third mountain.

At half-past ten o'clock, I commenced Divine Service—my desk, the capstan covered with the union-jack, an awning overhead, and the deep blue Atlantic all around us. It was a solemn and affecting time for me. After the sermon and apostolical benediction, we sang the Old Hundredth Psalm, from the Brompton Metrical Psalter. I first sang the tune, to give the right idea, and then gave out the words of the first verse ; and when that was sung, of the second, and so on ; concluding with 'Praise God,' &c. Oh, it was a blessed season, and our voices went abroad on either side, over the swelling waves of the Atlantic, and their sound went up melodiously and acceptably, I hope, before the Throne of Grace.

My text was taken from the Second Lesson, Acts xxvii. part of the 31st verse—'Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved,' and I spoke somewhat as follows :—

‘Fellow-voyagers and dear Christian friends. By the mercy of God, we have got thus far on our journey without any disaster to ourselves, or to the ship, since we came on board ; and we have dwelt together in peace, quietness, and harmony, under the protection of the ALMIGHTY, and well cared for by our estimable captain. May the remainder of the voyage be equally prosperous, and may you all reach your destination in safety : some for Madeira, some for Sierra Leone, some for Cape Coast Castle, some for Fernando Po ; may each one safely arrive at the haven where he would be.

But, Christian friends, when this has taken place, and you have each of you returned thanks to ALMIGHTY GOD for his goodness, remember that you *will still be on a journey*, still on an ocean, still in a ship, and bound for a port—the voyage will be the voyage of life ; the ocean will be the troubled, stormy sea of this world ; may the ship be that of CHRIST ; and the port will be Eternity.

I have spoken of a ship—this is the ship alluded to in our text—in which except we be and abide we cannot be saved. Now observe, that upon the wide ocean that I have spoken of, there are two ships—and but two—though both are sailing towards and making for the *same port—Eternity*. The passengers on board one of these ships, are the faithful in CHRIST JESUS ; the crew are holy angels ; the master, pilot, and captain, is the LORD JESUS CHRIST Himself. The passengers on board the other ship, are the wicked—unbelievers, worldlings, drunkards, unclean, swearers, those that do not pray, that stand apart from CHRIST’s church and ordinances, &c. ; the crew are evil angels ; and the pilot is the devil. Now, observe, that though these two ships are on the same ocean, and bound for the same port—Eternity—yet their ultimate destination is *totally different*. For this same harbour has two entrances, one on the right, and the other on the left hand. The former entrance is narrow, the latter wide. Those who enter by the former, on doing so, will hear these words, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world ;” those by

the latter, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

But, perhaps, some one may say, "Is not this driving us to despair—driving those to despair whose consciences tell them they are on board Satan's ship, as passengers?" "No," I reply, "you have no occasion to remain on board; as ye cannot be saved except ye abide in CHRIST's ship, so you will certainly be lost if you do abide in, and do not leave Satan's ship." I say, then, jump overboard; leave the ship that will most certainly be lost, with all the passengers, the crew, and the pilot; break off from the devil, and all his company, and all their works—cease to do evil—learn to do well—begin to pray, and pray in earnest—think of your sins with sorrow of heart—and of JESUS with sorrow, faith, and love—approach Him, say, "Lord JESUS, save me, or I perish"—depend upon it, if you do so He will touch you; He will stretch out His hand, and upbear you into His ship; and if you abide in it, He will take you into port on the right-hand side of the haven, through the narrow entrance, that leads to everlasting life.'

I then, in the same strain, exhorted them 'to be faithful, to be cautious, to beware of backsliding and slipping, or they might fall over the ship's side, and be lost; to beware of neglecting the various duties that belonged to them, or their privileges as passengers on board CHRIST's ship, or He might Himself no longer permit them to abide;' and then, after a few particular remarks to the crew, including sailors, engineers, stewards, stokers, butchers, &c. forty in number, and a few to the whole congregation, I concluded. The sermon was extempore, of course. I inquired of the negro, Mr. N——, whether the crew knelt down; he replied, 'No; but they were very attentive to the word.'

"August 30th, 1858.—We arrived in Funchal Bay, Madeira, yesterday, at five minutes before six o'clock, P.M., and no sooner was the gun fired to announce our arrival, than we perceived boats putting off from the shore; and one, in no long time, coming alongside the gangway-ladder, showed me the animated countenance of the Rev. Mr. D——, whose acquaintance I had

the pleasure of making a year ago in London, and who had been informed of my intended arrival by the August steam-ship. In addition to his duties as minister of one of the English chapels at Funchal, Mr. D—— has pupils under his care, and is besides active in what may be called missionary labours amongst the English and American sailors that visit the port of Funchal. Mr. D——'s own residence, at this time of the year, being some 'hours' distant in the mountains, he conducted me to the 'Carmo,' the large mansion of Mr. P——, by whom I was hospitably entertained till the next morning. At a quarter after eight o'clock, A.M., this morning, Monday, Divine Service commenced in Mr. D——'s chapel, in the course of which he delivered a short sermon, which contained some pious and cheering remarks about the Pongas Mission and brotherly expressions towards myself. The Holy Communion was administered, and the Offertory, which was entrusted to me for the purposes of the Mission, amounted to 1*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.* On our retiring to the vestry at the termination of this very interesting service, a note was brought from the captain of our ship, requiring my immediate presence on board, as the vessel was about to sail. I was accompanied to the water's edge by Mr. and Mrs. P——, and their son-in-law, and by the Rev. Mr. P——, staying in the island for the benefit of his son's health. My friend, Mr. D——, accompanied me to the ship, and stayed with me till she got under weigh.

The island of Madeira, as viewed along its south-east mountainous sea-board of several miles' length, presents now a different appearance, I am told, from what it did, previously to the great vine disease. These mountains heretofore, from their bases to their tops, were covered with vines; but now their red surfaces are bare of everything, except in patches here and there, vivid with green sugar-canes. Small plantations of orange and cypress trees, give relief also to the general wildness and desolation of the scene. The houses of Funchal lie along the shore to the extent of about a mile, at either end of which there is a battery, and though there are stragglers on both sides, yet the city may be said to be built up on the rising mountains, in the form of a

triangle, the apex of which is the citadel, a fortress that commands and could fire over the town upon an enemy in the bay. The houses are all of a glistening white colour, and have flat roofs covered with red tiles. I saw but two churches, a parish church, as I suppose, near the 'Carmo,' and the Cathedral, and both of shabby exterior. The Cathedral externally is coloured white like the houses, but it has a low tower of red stone, upon which stands a low, ill-shaped spire, *not* surmounted by the cross. The inside of the Cathedral surpasses your expectation. You might expect the inside to be not much better than the outside ; but those from time to time in charge of this Church, have acted upon a principle I have long advocated, viz. if you cannot, from deficiency of means, adorn, beautify, and enrich both inside and out, leave the latter for some future opportunity and lay out your money upon the former. The interior of the Cathedral, though enriched not only with sculpture but gilding, has no tawdry appearance, and upon the whole may, I think, be called grand, solemn, and imposing. And I was rejoiced to find that the English chapel of my friend D—— was not without ecclesiastical proprieties in the three respects of the building itself,—the internal fittings and arrangements, and the mode of conducting Divine Service. The building may be called old, for it was erected upwards of 200 years ago. It is a solid edifice of massive wrought stones ; and I observed a circular, or arabesque (if that is the right name) window, of two compartments, with delicately sculptured mullions. The chapel is a part of what was formerly a palace ; but for some years past it has been dedicated to the service of the King of kings. It is furnished with a good-sized and melodious organ, and the organist is a young English lady, whose family are residents in Madeira. To-day we had on the table at dinner ripe figs, and a delicious tropical fruit, bananas, both the produce of Madeira.

*August 31st, 1858.*—During the past night, the wind blew strong from the north-east, and heavy seas struck the ship. The morning is cloudy, and the horizon hazy ; and the peak of Teneriffe, which I am told in clear weather can be seen at a distance of 120

miles, is invisible to us, who are but eighty miles distant from it. Two o'clock, P.M.—The rolling and trembling of the ship are, I think, worse than ever: the wind from the north-east is so strong, and the sea runs so high. At thirty miles, or thereabouts, distance from Santa Cruz, we have got sight of the peak, distant about fifty miles; we saw it only for a short time, and its appearance, as seen rising above cloud and fog, was much like, indeed closely resembled the dome of St. Paul's. We could only discern the very peak itself; the sides and base of the mountain were wholly indiscernible, clothed with mist and cloud. And indeed, with regard to all the islands we have as yet passed lying in the Atlantic—Porto Santo, Madeira, Desertas, and this of Teneriffe, we are now nearing—fog and mist 'generally hang about them, I am told; and all of them are composed of red stone.

*Wednesday, September 1st, 1858.*—Yesterday, about five o'clock (six, London time), we came to anchor in the Bay of Teneriffe, and as soon as possible after the formalities had been gone through, replying to the questions of the officer of health, and so on, a party from our ship, consisting of five—two naval officers, a major in the army, a master mariner, and myself—went on shore to visit Santa Cruz. This city, which lies in a wide gorge of the mountains, has its longest side, or base of its triangle, towards the Atlantic, and is extended upwards, over a gentle rising, towards the mountains. As viewed from the water, it is something like Funchal; but the houses of Santa Cruz are not all white, but many of them of a yellow colour. The first unusual thing we saw on landing was a heap of pulverised lava, or rather lava reduced to cinder, showing us to be in a volcanic neighbourhood. Immediately afterwards we observed something that told us we were not far from the land of drought and desert, a camel walking in a circle, and turning, as we supposed, a millstone. Next, the costume of the women attracted our attention—no one of them wearing a bonnet; the better sort with a kind of mantle or shawl on their heads, and falling low down behind; and the poorer women wearing on their heads mantles or shawls, but of

white cotton, and round brown straw hats. At the corner of the great square, which faces the sea, and is ornamented at its bottom by a pillar, supported by four beautifully sculptured marble figures, and at its top by a stone cross, my companions and myself parted ; they going to the right to the English hotel, and I proceeding up the square to see what I could of this thoroughly foreign city and foreign people. And as for my hotel, I determined to go to the Spanish, or, as it is called, the 'French hotel,' that I might view for a short time Spanish life more nearly.

Unlike those of Funchal, the streets of Santa Cruz, or at least the main streets, have foot pavements. Turning into a street on the right hand from the top of the square, I observed, through an arched way, in a courtyard surrounded by lofty buildings, plants shooting high into the air, with leaves of such extraordinary size and beauty as I had never before beheld. I was walking under this arched way, when two gentlemen came from out of an apartment on the right side of it, and in English asked me my business. Telling them I desired to see those extraordinary plants, they offered to conduct me into their little garden, and informed me that the plants were banana trees in full bearing. These civil gentlemen I found were Englishmen. I went farther on, and came to a vacant space railed in on one side, and on the north side of it stood a Church, which, if I subsequently understood rightly my Spanish host, was the Cathedral. No sooner was I seen to enter the enclosure than two boys ran to the Church door and held it open. I entered, and beheld an edifice which, in respect of architecture, was ugly indeed. It was, in fact, a very large room, with white-washed walls, a flat ceiling, and a huge, heavy, wooden gallery at the west end, and projecting a good way eastward, that might vie with and even surpass any similar erection in any one of our 'unrestored' English country churches. So far from a choir, there was not even a chancel in this Cathedral ; but the altars, or rather altar-pieces, these were the ornament of the Church, and the only ornament. There were nine of them, and each and all blazing

with gold. They were built up from the slabs of the altars—some of which were not, I think, above nine inches across, though all six feet, I should think, in length—to the ceiling, and divided into compartments. In some of these compartments were paintings; but in the three lowest compartments of each of the altar pieces (if I remember rightly) were waxen figures in glass cases; in one of them was St. Dominic, the most expressive and beautiful work of art of any of them; in another, the central compartment, was the infant Saviour, not well executed, the expression of the countenance not that of 'the Divine Child,' with a heavy, cumbrous, silver crown on his head. But I observed no image of the Virgin. The only persons in the Church were the two boys, and myself, and two women, with covered heads and backs, kneeling down, first before one altar and then before another. But when they had finished their devotions, and had risen from their knees, they began to talk so loud that they seemed to have forgotten they were in a Church, and had just been praying. Can it be that some people think only of going through a work, and care not to wait as it were for an answer to their prayers, and have no idea of quieting and solemnising impressions?

As our orders were to be on board by eight o'clock, I had not time to make much observation; but as I walked about, I remarked there was nothing like our English shops. There are, indeed, plenty of shops in Santa Cruz, but they do not expose their goods, for, in fact, the shops have no windows. Each is entered by a wide door, at least twelve feet high; the doorway within has a curtain, so you can only get your information as to the commodities sold from a notice over the door. The Spanish (or French, as they call it) hotel, bears no resemblance to an English hotel, though in some respects, as the open courtyard with rooms and galleries all round, it is like two or three old taverns still remaining in London. The hotel is entered by a wide and lofty doorway, and you find yourself in a large room furnished with little tables, at which are seated Spaniards drinking coffee and smoking. I asked for the host;

he soon appeared, a little fat man, thoroughly Spanish in appearance, with a pale yellow visage, and hair cropped quite short ; his name, I believe, Don Diego. I asked for the carte. He said, in French, he gave no dinners by the carte, but he would give me a dinner if I would wait a short time. I looked at the pictures on the walls—spirited representations of the doings of Cortez. Don Diego soon returned, and motioning me to follow him, I did so, through another large room, and then up two flights of very broad wooden stairs, to a long upper room, entirely glazed on one side, but the window casements all wide open, and looking into a courtyard which, high above, was entirely covered with an awning. Now I discovered myself to be in a really southern latitude. At the farther end of the room, on a table running the whole length of the apartment, was a plate, piece of bread, napkin, bottle of a dark-coloured red wine (I had not ordered any wine), and a knife and steel fork, with twisted horn handles, seemingly belonging to some remote age. A young man was in the room, not at all like an English waiter, but, considering his cotton, pink-striped garment and general appearance, a good deal like a merry-andrew. He instantly departed, and soon returned bearing a smoking dish, which, on a nearer inspection, looked like an Irish stew,—and indeed, it *did* contain some small potatoes,—but what the animal food was I do not know ; that, however, was of no consequence : but the smothering pile of vegetables, if I may so call them, consisted of fruits of warm countries' growth, excepting that there was one pear. Don Diego stood in front of me, and, together with his merry-andrew behind me, seemed mightily pleased when I said, ' bon, très-bon.' The second dish was some kind of bird, and so was the concluding one ; but, though informed as to their names, both in French and Spanish, I could not make them out. I asked Don Diego the name of the bishop of the city ; he replied mournfully, they had no bishop : and then, reclining his head to the left side, and laying it on the open palm of his hand, he exclaimed with unaffected sorrow, ' il est mort.'

Mine host remained in attendance upon me till dinner was over, and after inquiring whether I was a clergyman, took his departure, but merry-andrew remained till I paid my bill. I observed no river at Santa Cruz, nor dry bed of a river as at Funchal, and I regretted, when it was too late, that I had forgotten to visit one of the cactus plantations, for the purpose of seeing the cochineal insect.

The wind, which had fallen in the night, has this morning risen again, and the sea now runs high and frequently dashes over the windward side of the ship.

In the second psalm for this morning's service, the eternal Father, addressing His co-eternal Son, says, 'Desire of Me, and I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for Thy possession.' CHRIST desires the conversion of the heathen everywhere, and before the end comes, they will certainly be brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in JESUS; and can anything be more honourable or blessed than to be permitted to be an instrument in God's hand for bringing about this consummation?

This morning I had some conversation with another of the African party, a man of property, residing at and proceeding to Cape Coast Castle. He affirms that both the person and property of a missionary would be safe in any African village, though unprotected by British troops, or the presence of any other European. This African, who is a merchant, is acquainted with the Rev. Mr. P——, late of Sierra Leone, and was with him on board the *Candace* when she foundered at sea, some four hundred miles, I believe, to the northward of Madeira, when seven lives were lost, and the ship, with the goods on board, the passengers' luggage, the specie, and the mails, all went to the bottom.

*Thursday, September 2d.*—In the 18th verse of the second Psalm for this morning's service, are the words, 'The LORD is King for ever and ever, and the heathen are perished out of the land.' Yes, the LORD JESUS shall one day be King over that which is now heathendom. 'The heathen' in the Divine decree, 'are perished;' for *before God* the future is as the past,

and what He has decreed to take place, the Holy Ghost speaks of as already come. Our atoning sacrifice was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, and 700 years before the fact He had borne our griefs and carried our sorrows ; and as surely as one event, spoken of as accomplished ages before its time, was in its due time fulfilled, so surely will the other be.

We have now for some hours been within the torrid zone, and the whole circuit of the visible heavens is perfectly clear of cloud ; the colour of this cloudless sky is pale blue ; at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$  from the horizon, softening into a paler colour, which, perhaps, may be described by the term (though I do not like it) French grey. The air is gratefully soft and warm, and nothing more, at least to my feelings ; and the heat must increase by some degrees, I think, ere I feel anything of that languor which I was forewarned to expect in these latitudes.

*Friday, September 3d.*—To-day there is a considerable increase in the heat, for the wind blows off the land, and we are sailing parallel to the Great Desert of Sahara ; our position as regards latitude being about halfway between Cape Blanco and the French settlement of Goree. Some birds of a red-brown colour, a little larger than a sparrow, and canaries, hover about the ship and repose themselves upon the rigging. One of these latter was caught and put into a cage ; it had yellow feathers, but its plumage was not wholly yellow, but in part resembled that of a linnet, and this I am informed is the case with all the native canary-birds, and that the yellow plumage is the result of care taken by breeders. Flying-fishes are now to be seen in great numbers, and I observed that their motion above the waves, and out of their more natural element, is not a leap, as is the action of the porpoise, but a real flying. For their line of flight is not a parabola, but is continued horizontally for a distance of sometimes forty yards, and then suddenly plunging, as if arrested in their course and struck by shot, they disappear beneath the waves. Conversing to-day with a native African merchant, a passenger on board this ship to Cape Coast Castle, his place of abode, I was informed by him, that in his part of the country, if

a young man, the son of a wealthy father, was troublesome by reason of getting into debt, he would be relieved from his difficulties, and his debts would be paid once or twice, but not a third time ; the third offence would reduce him to the condition of a slave : he would be sold into slavery, and the father himself of the unhappy young man would be the vendor ; and my informant, though a Christian, did not seem to think there was anything wrong, unchristian, or unnatural in this proceeding.

*Saturday, September 4th.*—Last night was the hottest we have experienced ; and judging from their remarks, was as much felt by the negro passengers on board as by the Englishmen. Major M——, who has resided at Sierra Leone, says he never experienced such heat there ; and no wonder ; for an African climate was heightened and rendered almost stifling by our being shut up in cabins eight feet by six, and the ports necessarily closed in consequence of the strong sea that was running.

At half-past five P.M. I first got sight of Africa ; thanked God, and took courage. A long strip of land presented itself to my view, and three hillocks of unequal heights covered with trees, which were said to be the silk cotton trees. There had been heavy rain from three o'clock—the only rain, with the exception of a shower, we have had since leaving Devonport on the 24th August ; but now the sky cleared up, and showed a rich red yellow horizon, extending from the west onwards a good way towards to the eastern part of the heavens. At five minutes after eight o'clock, P.M. London time, but three minutes before seven in this latitude, we came to an anchor in the roadstead of Goree ; but it being now dark, I was unable to see anything more than the lights of Goree Island on the one hand, and those of some ships (of war as it was said) on the other.

*Sunday, September 5th.*—On shore on the island of St. Mary most of the day.

*Monday, September 6th.*—We came to an anchor yesterday morning, about half-past eight o'clock, in the noble Gambia River, in front of the town of Bathurst, on the island of St. Mary, which

lies about twenty miles from the Atlantic, and on the left-hand side of the river, which is here more than three miles wide, the continent of Africa lying low and skirted with cotton-trees, as also the island of St. Mary, being opposite. I landed at Bathurst, which has the look of an English watering-place, at ten o'clock, having been brought on shore by some officers of the garrison in the Government boat. At the landing-place I parted with them, and immediately espied a red-brown lizard, about nine inches in length; and almost at the same instant four large birds swept round me overhead and alighted at no great distance. I had no idea what they were, but as they permitted me to approach within a short distance of them, I perceived they were vultures, birds which within a short time I found to be numerous on this shore. Continuing my walk along the beach, I came to the Chapel, the upper story of a small thatched building, formerly the mess-room of the officers of the garrison. The brick stairs leading up to the Chapel were lined with smiling negro boys and girls, many of them possessing pleasing countenances. I asked one little fellow his name, and he replied Richard Dixon—honoured name! that of a learned and good man in days gone by, one of my tutors. I found the garrison chaplain, Mr. M——, an Irishman, in his Chapel, and was requested by him to read morning prayer. He himself preached the sermon, and his text was taken from St. Matthew xxv. 1, 2. The Chapel is fitted up with benches, and on the south side is a recess, furnished with three chairs: this is the Governor's pew. At the east end a portion is railed in, and contains the pulpit, which serves also for reading-desk, and the communion table; the former stands in the centre against the wall, and the latter is in front of the pulpit. A hymn from Mr. Wesley's collection was sung. The whole of one side of the Chapel, with the exception of three benches appropriated to the officers of the garrison, was occupied by soldiers; the benches on the opposite side being nearly filled by women—their wives, I suppose—in gaudy attire, and children. There were only two English women in the chapel, the Governor's wife and another lady. The

garrison chaplain at Bathurst, in addition to his duties at the Chapel, has two other services on the Sunday, one at the Gaol, and the other at the Military Hospital. I took the duty at the former place, and was gratified by seeing some of the persons kneel down at prayer, and all were very attentive to the sermon. My text was the first verse of the Epistle for the day : ' Walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.' I had expected to be joined by Mr. M—— at the conclusion of Divine Service at the Gaol, but as this was not the case, I walked about admiring the strange and interesting sights everywhere presenting themselves to my eyes,—the tropical trees, cocoa, palm, banana, and cotton trees,—the natives, some with scarcely any clothing upon them, and others, both men and women, arrayed in a robe of graceful shape, not unlike a surplice, with short sleeves, and of varied colour, pink, blue, or striped. One woman I saw who, for dress and gesture, might have well passed for a native queen. She held her head erect, and though her step, like that of all the African women I saw, was rather swinging, yet it was not without dignity. On her head she wore a lofty yellow turban ; her body was entirely covered with one of these graceful robes of a purple colour, and over her left shoulder was thrown some folds of a material of the same colour as her turban, as a Highlander throws part of his dress over one shoulder. If I recollect rightly, her waist was encircled with a scarlet girdle.

Here I may remark, that at the termination of Divine Service at the Garrison Chapel, I inquired the reason of some persons during the sermon hastily closing the windows,—if I may so call wooden Venetian blinds. I was told that a tornado was expected. While I was looking about me as above described, it began suddenly to rain, and the negro school-master, who had come up, advised me to take shelter immediately in the Chapel, which was just then being opened for the reception of the Sunday scholars. The rain now came down heavily, and little boys came running into the Chapel or school stark naked, and carrying their only article of clothing, a white

shirt, under their arms : withinside the Chapel, the shirt was instantly put on. The schoolmaster did not attend. I therefore attempted to fulfil his duties ; and the manner in which some of these African boys read their lesson from one of Mr. Gleig's books, a compilation from the Bible, surprised me. The reading was good : it was neither too fast nor too slow ; there was no attempt at display by a rapid reading. Their general manner was intelligent, and their voices musical. I questioned them out of their lessons and on general religious subjects, and some of the answers were good. I saw no baboon-faced boy here. It continued to rain, and more heavily ; but the boys—there came no girls—took their departure, and hardly were they gone, when suddenly one of the Venetian windows, which I believed to have been bolted, burst open, and in rushed a torrent of rain. The wind howled, the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and there was a tornado. There was only one place in the Chapel in which I could find shelter from the rain coming in from above—I could not fasten the window again, and the roof leaked in three places—and from the water on the floor beneath my feet. At five o'clock, or after two hours, the storm abated, and the schoolmaster entered and advised me (I had thought of passing the night in the Chapel) to get immediately—he had brought an umbrella with him—to the beach. Off we set, and though boats were many, there were no rowers. We tried the market-house,—a horrible place, in which business was at its height,—but in vain. I was beginning to get wet ; it was raining heavily. We had walked through grass ; the water lay in pools ; my feet were cold. The case seemed hopeless, when, seeing a negro standing at the door of a building that looked like a boat-house, I went up to him. I could be taken to the ship, said he, if the coxswain would give an order. Whilst waiting for this, I joyfully beheld, muffled in a cloak, one of the officers that had brought me on shore in the morning. He kindly took me to the house of the commissary-general, who at once gave me an order for the use of the Government boat : and at six o'clock I found myself again on board the *Armenian*,

and, notwithstanding the tornado, I looked back upon the events of the day with profound interest and solemn pleasure. Whilst at breakfast this morning, Mr. M—— came on board, and informed me that he had sent ‘muffling’ for me, but that his servant did not think of looking for me in the Chapel, and that he himself made the best of his way from the Hospital to his house, hoping to find me there.

Since I began writing, and it is now three o’clock, we have got under weigh again, and I have little more to add at present than that some natives came alongside an hour ago in a canoe, bringing a young crocodile for sale, alive, and about a yard long. The Gambia, like all the rivers on the western coast of Africa, abounds in crocodiles and sharks. A short time ago, as I was informed by the chaplain (I believe), a boy was sitting on the wharf at Bathurst, when a shark rushed at him and took off both his legs.

*Tuesday, September 7th.*—The fifteenth day that we have been on board, and how many mercies received during that time ! ‘Bless the LORD, oh my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the LORD, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits. What shall I render unto the LORD, for all His mercies unto me ?’ The heat is great, though the sun is obscured ; and although there is no wind, there is a heavy, swelling, rolling sea, and the general appearance both of sky and ocean is threatening.

*Wednesday, September 8th.*—Last night, about ten o’clock, when I was in my berth, the bedroom steward entered the cabin, bringing with him his key and hammer to make the ports quite fast, ‘for a tornado,’ said he, ‘is coming on.’ And soon it began, with furious wind, loud thunder, frequent lightning, and a great rain. The thunder and lightning ceased about two o’clock A.M. ; but now, at twelve P.M., it is still raining, and the wind is what I should call a strong one. As every opening—the companion, skylights, and portholes—were fast closed, the heat was very great indeed ; and no one, perhaps, who has not been in the tropics, or in a warm bath of a very high tem-

perature, can form an idea of what perspiration is in these latitudes. I may remark, it is the rainy season here, and in connexion with this, the chaplain at Bathurst said to me, 'You should have delayed your coming two months; the latter part of the rainy season is the most unhealthy of the whole year.' We are hoping to reach Sierra Leone this evening,—great and solemn event in my life!

*Thursday, September 9th, 1858.—Sierra Leone, Free Town, Westmoreland Street.*

We arrived here, and came to an anchor opposite to Free Town, at twelve o'clock, last night; but as the weather was tempestuous, with heavy rain and thick fog—and the same may be said of the entire previous day—I did not leave my berth to attempt any observations, which indeed would have been ineffectual. This morning early, before eight o'clock, Mr. Dupont, the original companion of the martyr Leacock, came on board to welcome me, in the Bishop's name, to Africa, and he was shortly followed by the Bishop's chaplain—who is, as is also the clergyman just named, a negro—bearing a letter from the Bishop, offering me the use of his town house, and in every respect breathing the kindest spirit. It was still raining heavily when I went on deck this morning, and the same was the case when we left the ship to come to Free Town, and mists were hanging about the town and neighbouring mountains; nevertheless, I observed, that in respect of the redness of the soil, and the rich green of the mountains, clothed with verdure to their tops—unlike the wild, rugged precipices and gorges of Madeira and Teneriffe—the country looked like the most beautiful parts of Devonshire. The buildings—warehouses, it would seem—of Free Town, skirting the river, like most of the private houses at the Gambia settlement, are of red iron-stone, and owing to the heavy rains and great heat of the tropics, have a worn, battered, and ancient look; and some of them, as the tower of the Cathedral, carry the appearance of having been on fire. The Bishop's town house, in which I am writing, is thoroughly tropical; the basement story, about ten feet high, built of massive stones, is used only

as a cellar and store-room ; the superstructure, only one story, is entirely of wood ; there is a verandah on two sides, one as it were external to, and the other within the house, like a corridor or gallery, and the former of these is supported upon a row of heavy stone pillars. The kitchen is of course a separate building, detached from the house. The room I sit in is spacious and lofty, and if I look through the doors opening into the verandah on one side, I behold in the garden, or rather court, something like what I saw at Santa Cruz, cocoa-nut trees in full bearing, and a large tree, covered with beautiful crimson flowers, and another with flowers of a pink colour ; whilst if I direct my eyes through the window into the 'street,' I see a continuous line of Africans, men and women, in their various and picturesque costumes, and troops of children, some very scantily clad and others not troubled with any clothing at all. As for the Bishop of Sierra Leone himself, picture to yourself a man of good stature, of slow and measured step, wearing a black Arabian cloak reaching to his feet, and with long, hanging sleeves ; his countenance is grave, and his eyes are searching ; he is dignified and graceful, consequently free from affectation and pomposity.

At four o'clock this afternoon, we went down to the landing-place, and I had the happiness to step for the first time, I need hardly say, into the Pongas Mission boat for a short voyage to Furreh Bay, where, in the cottage built upon the rock, and about a hundred yards from the edge of the precipice, the Bishop has his country residence, or rather suite of apartments. The Bishop took the helm to steer, and just as we were putting off, a Spanish man-of-war's boat came into collision with us, and covered the Bishop with water from head to foot ; but he took no more notice of it than any one of our crew would have done. The view presented to the eye as you sail from Free Town to Furreh Bay, is like what you may see about Babbicombe on the south coast of Devon, excepting that the dwellings differ. In Africa you do not see villas, or cottages ornées ; though there is one of these, the residence of the Chief Justice ; but huts shaped like bee-hives, and each standing in its own little garden, and the

whole mountain-side verdant with tropical plants and trees. The college itself is a large and handsome building of stone, of an oblong shape, and capable of containing more students than are at present, I believe, within its walls.

*Monday, September 13th, 1858.—Bishop's House, Free Town.*

On Saturday afternoon we came here from Furrar Bay, and about ten at night a tornado came on with the usual accompaniments of thunder, lightning, wind, and rain—and such rain, not so much drops, as a sheet of water. The rain continued during the whole of the day, consequently the attendance at the services was very small indeed, and of white women there was not one in the Cathedral. Mr. Campbell, the Bishop's chaplain, said morning prayer; I read the lessons from the lectern, which is in the middle aisle about three yards in advance of the altar-rails, and the Bishop preached the sermon and administered the Holy Communion. The text was—'Follow holiness, without which no man shall see the LORD,' and the discourse was an elaboration of these words put before us in evangelical doctrine, conveyed in manly language, and delivered with suitable warmth. Three officers belonging to a Spanish man-of-war were in the Church, and listened to the sermon with much attention; they had the previous day, through the Spanish consul, himself a Spaniard, announced their intention of coming, if agreeable to the Bishop. With regard to the Cathedral itself, it has capabilities; as a parish church, it might be called capacious, and Mr. Scott or Mr. Butterfield would make something of it. I do not despair of the day of better things; it dawns, I trust already. The lectern I have spoken of was the work of the present Bishop, when he altered the original 'elephantine' arrangement of clerk, reader, and preacher, each below the other in his own peculiar inclosure. The pulpit stands now on the north, and the reading-desk on the south side of the Church. The Venite was sung to the 'grand' chant, the Jubilate to a favourite one (of mine) in Burns' collection.

I now come to the Bishop's troubles and trials, of which I have as yet said nothing. His health is not good—though I hope, by the

blessing of God, it is mending; he has had another attack of fever, and five weeks ago his wife was taken from him by death; but though of a warm and feeling heart, he bears these things like a Christian, and when he says, 'The LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away, *blessed* be the name of the LORD,' out of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaks. The Bishop's household consists of a housekeeper (an Englishwoman, and the only individual of the female sex in the establishment) and about ten men-servants, including the boat's crew of four, all negroes, whose appearance does not very closely resemble that of the powdered footmen to be seen in some episcopal houses. I have only seen shoes on the feet of one of them, and they wait upon their lord and his guests simply and primitively clad in trousers and flannel-shirt, the soles of their bare feet making no noise as they walk about upon the uncarpeted floors. My residence with the Bishop, and other circumstances, forbid the continuance of this Journal; I shall, therefore, only add that I am anxiously awaiting the return of fine weather, that I may take my departure to the Pongas country, the field, I hope, by the blessing and goodness of GOD, of my future labours."

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### IRON HOUSE FOR THE MISSION.

It is proposed, as soon as the necessary means are obtained, to send out to the Pongas a house of corrugated iron, containing three apartments, and standing upon iron pillars ten feet high, with a schoolroom in the basement. This kind of house is represented by the Bishop of Sierra Leone and others acquainted with the country as being absolutely necessary to the health and efficiency of the missionaries. The cost will be from £200 to £400, according to the plan finally determined on. The

Committee in Barbados has voted £100 for this purpose. Immediate donations are earnestly solicited, in order that the house may be sent to Africa during the dry season just commencing.

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## RESOURCES OF THE MISSION.

ALTHOUGH materially assisted by English liberality, the Mission is essentially a colonial undertaking. The Bishop of Barbados writes as follows to the English Secretary, under date of September 27th, 1858: "With our present income and prospects here, we cannot wisely undertake to support wholly, or even in part, a second clergyman from England, but shall be very thankful if you and our other English friends can thus help on the work. Our last year's income (derived from subscriptions and collections in the West Indies) was £522 3s. 5d., besides interest money £60. I trust it will be as much in future, if not more; so that we may, I hope, reckon on £650, or at least £600 per annum. Out of this income we have to support Mr. Neville, and Mr. Duport, and to provide for our Pinder scholar, as soon as he is ready to proceed to the work, besides extras for buildings, travelling, and other contingencies."

It is proposed to support another missionary from England, at a cost of not less than £200, to be raised in this country. It is hoped that Jamaica, Trinidad, Antigua, and other West Indian islands will, ere long, each sustain a missionary. The people of Sierra Leone have already materially assisted by their contributions, and a considerable amount of help has been derived from the United States. The poor slaves of Tennessee have sent the proceeds of a collection, and the free negroes in Canada have, in like manner, subscribed towards the noble work of making known the Gospel of our Redeemer in Western Africa.

*The following sums have been received by the REV. H. CASWALL, as Treasurer, since the last acknowledgment, published at Midsummer, 1858, in the SECOND OCCASIONAL PAPER. Some Donations for the West Indian Mission have also been deposited at 79, Pall Mall.*

		£	s.	d.
Contributions acknowledged in No. II. . . . .		601	1	5
1858.				
July	1. Rev. A Brook . . . . .	2	0	0
	6. Rev. Dr. Irons . . . . .	2	2	0
	10. Sir W. Colebrook, C.B. . . . .	1	0	0
	17. The Lord Bishop of London . . . . .	3	0	0
	20. Mrs. Tudor . . . . .	2	0	0
	22. Rev. E. Duke . . . . .	1	0	0
	23. J. G. Hubbard, Esq. . . . .	20	0	0
	28. Mrs. Alleyne . . . . .	2	0	0
	24. By Rev. W. L. Neville (anonymous). . . . .	5	0	0
	26. A. L. . . . .	5	0	0
	29. Rev. B. Edwards . . . . .	5	0	0
	28. Rev. T. Pearse . . . . .	0	10	0
	30. J. H. Gurney, Esq. M.P. . . . .	10	0	0
	Ven. Archdeacon Trew . . . . .	1	0	0
Aug.	1. C. Cave, Esq. . . . .	1	0	0
	Rev. J. C. Stafford . . . . .	1	0	0
	Miss Went (collected by) . . . . .	4	5	0
	Miss Caswall (proceeds of work) . . . . .	2	9	4
	E. S. T. . . . .	5	0	0
	Rev. H. Stobart . . . . .	1	0	0
	Rev. J. James . . . . .	1	1	0
	21. Miss M. Nicholson . . . . .	0	10	0
	Mrs. H. H. Parry (proceeds of work) . . . . .	1	0	0
Sept.	20. Mrs. Lay and Mrs. Sheppard (towards Iron House for the Mission) . . . . .	0	1	0
	Mr. and Mrs. Harding (towards Iron House). . . . .	0	5	0
	Mrs. Blandy . . . . .	1	1	0
Oct.	13. T. H. . . . .	2	0	0
	Miss Crane . . . . .	0	10	0
	Miss M. Grant . . . . .	0	5	0
Carried forward . . . . .		£682	0	9

1858.		£	s.	d.
	Brought forward . . . . .	682	0	9
Oct. 13.	Miss G. M. Grant . . . . .	0	5	0
	7. C. Dimsdale, Esq. (annual) . . . . .	1	1	0
	Rev. C. B. Pearson . . . . .	1	0	0
10.	Rev. C. Colson . . . . .	1	0	0
	Rev. J. A. Ewing . . . . .	1	0	0
19.	Miss Lydekker . . . . .	1	0	0
	Miss Parry (proceeds of work) . . . . .	0	10	0
24.	Rev. M. Onslow . . . . .	1	0	0
	Rev. W. L. Wigan . . . . .	0	5	0
	Rev. R. Vincent . . . . .	0	5	0
	Rev. J. L. Latham . . . . .	0	5	0
	Rev. N. Dimock . . . . .	1	0	0
	Miss Wigan . . . . .	0	2	6
	Miss A. Wigan . . . . .	0	2	6
		£690	16	9

*The Expenditures since Midsummer last have been the following :—*

		£	s.	d.
	Expenditure accounted for in No. II. . . . .	491	0	0
July 6.	Printing the SECOND OCCASIONAL PAPER . . . . .	4	18	6
	Advertising . . . . .	2	0	0
Aug. 13.	Paid Mr. Neville, to complete his Outfit of 100 <i>l.</i> . . . .	4	7	6
	28. Paid for Communion Plate for the Pongas Mission from the Donation of J. G. Hubbard, Esq. . . . .	13	0	0
Sept. 2.	Printing the Rev. T. Brutton's Sermon on Mr. Neville's departure . . . . .	1	1	0
	Materials for Clothing to be sent to the Pongas . . . . .	0	19	6½
	Postage to Nov. 1, Carriage and other Miscellaneous Expenses . . . . .	10	9	1½
Oct. 13.	Half-a-year's allowance to Secretary, proposed by the Lord Bishop of Barbados, and voted by the Com- mittee, April 13, 1858 . . . . .	25	0	0
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Preached in the Parish Church of Brompton, on Sunday Evening, August 22, 1858, on the occasion of the Rev. W. L. NEVILLE'S leaving England for the Coast of Africa. By **THOMAS BRUTTON**, M.A. Curate of Brompton.