

described to him the whole scene of their capture and of their residence in a cavern among the mountains. This man actually saw Gasparoni plunge his knife into the body of his two victims. Mr. Jones also told us that he had travelled through the country where Gasparoni and his men used to hide themselves; but such was still the terror of his name, and the painful associations connected with it, that he could not get respectable persons to speak on the subject, nor could he prevail upon any one to be his guide to their cavern. The person who when a boy had been carried to the mountains was the most communicative. As Mr. Jones was walking with him on a little terrace adjacent to the walls of Terracina, he stopped at the corner of a wall and said, 'Such a one, an officer of the town, had rambled thus far at mid-day; Gasparoni sprang out of that hedge, struck him with his knife, and here he fell dead.'

"You must know that Gasparoni, according to his own account, was especially merciful. He protested that he had never murdered merely from the love of blood; but he seemed to think there was no harm in killing, and admitted that he had killed many who came as spies to entrap him, or who presumed to make resistance. Rumour says, however, that he was by no means so squeamish. A friend of mine came up to a diligence which had just been plundered, and found that the whole party, including several priests, had all been wounded, although none of them mortally. They said that the first intimation they had of their danger was a volley from the whole gang, and my friend took out of the lining of the carriage a whole handful of shot of all sizes.

"It is odd enough that Gasparoni is very religious now; he fasts, not only on Friday, but adds a supererogatory Saturday. He told me that he repented of his former life; but what it was he regretted I could not well make out, for he expressly justified the occasions in which he had proceeded to extremities with spies or travellers who resisted him. But curious as his theology now is, it is still more strange that, according to his own account, he was always a very religious man. I asked him whether he had fasted when he was a bandit? He said, 'Yes.' 'Why did you fast?' said I. '*Perche sono della religione della Madonna.*' 'Which did you think was worst, eating meat on a Friday or killing a man?' He answered without hesitation, 'In my case

it was a crime not to fast; it was no crime to kill those who came to betray me.' With all his present religion, however, he told the Mayor of the town the other day, that if he got loose, the first thing he would do would be, to cut the throats of all the priests: and the Mayor said in this he perfectly believed him, and if he were now to break out he would be ten times worse than ever. One fact, however, shows some degree of scrupulosity. The people of the country bear testimony that he never committed murder on a Friday!

"The Mayor said the only good thing he ever knew him really do was this: he took an Austrian officer and his newly-married bride and carried them up to the hills. His gang stripped her of all her clothes and proposed to kill her, but this he resisted, and ultimately sent her and her husband back in safety. It is some deduction from his humanity on this occasion to hear, as I did from another quarter, that the Austrian general, hearing of the capture, sent word to Gasparoni, that if any injury was done to his officer, or if he was not directly restored, he would send 4000 men against him, who should be quartered in the village, and on his friends, till he should be taken.

"Gasparoni told me that he had never taken an Englishman to the mountains. I asked him why? rather expecting that he would reply with some gross flummery; but he answered very simply, 'Because I never had the luck to catch one!' He assured me that he had not in all taken above fifteen or twenty persons to the hills; but the current report makes the number upwards of two hundred. From these he was inexorable in extorting the precise sum that he fixed upon as their ransom. It is well known that he obtained from a Neapolitan nobleman, who is still living, 4000 scudi. The Mayor told me that an intimate friend of his was captured by him, and the sum demanded was his weight in silver; his friends, being unable to pay this, at the end of a fortnight received his head neatly packed up in a basket! All, however, who did return, bear testimony to their good fare and to his good humour, and his courtly and somewhat delicate conduct, while they were his guests in the cavern.

"One incident which was related to me is in part attested by many living witnesses. A wedding was celebrated in a part of the country at some distance from his haunt. When dinner

was placed on the table, a man fully armed, but unknown to the guests, stalked in and seated himself by the side of the bride, with a kind of trumpet between his knees. The guests somewhat startled, showed little disposition to eat; and the bridegroom told the intruder that 'it was not usual for a stranger to take the post he occupied.' He replied, 'I am no stranger, I am Gasparoni. I am a friend to the bride; eat, and be at your ease, or you will make me her enemy.' It is said his terrible name rather quenched the merriment and appetite of the party. At length Gasparoni sounded his horn; two troops came rushing down the hill and seized the bride, Gasparoni saying, 'I told you I was her friend, and I show it by taking her away with me.' It would be well if the story stopped here, but it is said that she was afterwards murdered.

"You will wish to know how he was taken; he became such a nuisance that, partly from the strength of the military parties which were constantly sent in pursuit of him, and partly from the diminution of traffic on the road, his funds became short, and he could not pay his spies. The Government then took the decisive measure of seizing all his relations and friends, and those who supplied him with food and ammunition; in other words, the whole population of Sonnino. Without money and half starved, unable to obtain intelligence, and surrounded on all sides by troops, he was on the point of being captured, when he listened to the proposals of a priest, who, as it is said, went beyond the authority given him, and offered him a full pardon and a pension; upon which he and his comrades surrendered: and hence it was that I had the opportunity of seeing him, surrounded by twenty-one ruffians, the remainder of his band. I asked him which of them was the man he chiefly trusted; in other words, who was his lieutenant? he answered, 'My gun only was my lieutenant; *that* never failed to obey me.'

"He complains loudly of the violation of the promise made to him, and still seems to dream of being liberated. He was the son of a herdsman, and cannot read or write; but his little demon-like executioner who stood by his side is said to be a tolerable scholar. He amuses himself by making caps, of which I bought three. I have hardly done justice to his appearance: he is greatly superior in this respect to those around him. He has the air of a chieftain, and though his look is very command-

ing there is something far from unpleasing in his face; it is decidedly handsome in features, but the expression also is gentle and intellectual. While speaking with me, he looked me full in the face the whole time. I told him that I intended to have his likeness taken for a particular purpose, of which you shall know more another time. He said he had no objection. I told him that the painter would not be able to come for some time. 'No matter,' said he, 'let him suit himself, he will always find me at home.'

"It is quite astonishing how much terror was attached to his name. One proof of its surviving even to this time I witnessed when I was shooting at Appii Forum; for at the distance of every three or four miles on the road there were military stations or huts, in some of which they still keep soldiers.

"By this time I think you must be pretty sick of robber stories. But I must inflict on you one more.

"An Englishman arrived here this year who could scarcely speak a word of Italian. He heard, of course, not a little about assassins, robbers, and such like, and prudently resolved never to go alone, and never to be out after dusk. Both these resolutions were fated to fail. He dined with a friend near Rome, and was obliged to walk home alone the same night: this looked terrific before dinner; but a few glasses of Marsala and a few more of Champagne braced up his courage, and away he started about ten o'clock. As he walked briskly along in the darkness he came full butt against a man. He was startled, and the tales he had heard recurred to his recollection; but the man passed on, and in a short time our hero felt for his watch and found that it was gone. Then the good wine came into play: he rushed back, seized the rascal, and vehemently demanded, 'Montre! Montre!' The robber trembled, and reluctantly yielded up the watch.

"On reaching home he recounted, with no little exultation, his heroic exploit, and vowed that, if the rest of the world would behave as he had done, robbery would cease in Rome in a fortnight. When he had finished his oration his sister said, 'All this is very strange; for after you went out I saw your watch hanging in your room, and there it is now.' Sure enough there it was. So it appeared, past all dispute, that, instead of being robbed, he had himself committed a robbery!"

To Edward N. Buxton, Esq.

“ March 9.

“ I do not recollect that I ever read a paper which gave me more thorough satisfaction than Lord John's letter about the slave trade.

“ The project of overturning the slave trade by civilisation, Christianity, and the cultivation of the soil, is no longer in my hands; the Government have adopted the principle and taken the task upon themselves; and if it fail for want of energetic working, they are to blame. In short, I feel much more a gentleman at large than I did before I read that letter. Pray tell all this to Lushington. I should be the most ungrateful of men if I whispered a complaint of not having heard from him for some little time. He has been most generous in writing; but I hunger for one more letter from him, to be received by me at Naples, to cheer me on my journey homeward, and to give me a clear understanding how matters stand.

“ Yesterday we went to the Palatine Hill; we saw where the House of Romulus stood, and that of Numa, and the Temple of Vesta, and the old Senate House of Tullus Hostilius, all grouped together in the little vale below us; and close by there were the Coliseum, and the Forum, and a grove of pillars, and a swarm of temples. * * *

“ To-day I have been in the house of the heir of the Cæsars and the successor of St. Peter. The Pope is a civil, lively little gentleman. Our party consisted of the Hanoverian Ambassador, Baron Kesner; a Danish Count just returned from the Holy Land; an English officer; Richards, in Kesner's court dress; Fowell, Charles, and myself. He gave us an audience of upwards of three-quarters of an hour.

“ He was very inquisitive to know what I thought of the Roman prisons. Kesner (who understands neither English nor Italian) interpreted for us, and I heard him say for me rather more than I liked of ‘*contentissimo*.’ This was not exactly what I wanted to express; so I referred to Richards, and desired him to speak for me. I praised everything I could think of which deserved commendation; such as the Chancellor of the Gaols (Signor Neri), the Boys' Prison, the San Michele Hospital, and the liberality of the Government in giving me free access and

full information ; to all of which he very gracefully replied, that, if gentlemen from motives of benevolence took the trouble to visit their institutions, the least he could do was to afford facilities, furnish documents, and listen attentively to every suggestion.

“ Well, having praised wherever I could, I gently intimated that the Roman gaols in general wanted a good deal of purification ; and that I felt bound in honesty to tell him that two, namely, the female prison of San Michele, and the great gaol of Civita Vecchia, were to the last degree bad, and called aloud on those who are influenced, whether by policy, humanity, or religion, for a thorough reformation. To all this he seemed very attentive and well disposed. We then had a long conversation about the slave trade and slavery. He seemed not a little proud of what he had done, and I told him of the satisfaction which his Bull had given in England on the score of the slave trade, at which it was pointed ; and also with reference to slavery and the maltreatment of Aborigines, which it indirectly hit. He called the slave trade an infamous traffic, said that charity was the soul of religion, and that, whilst forbidding all cruelty, it expressly prohibited that which was inflicted on the human race ; and he concluded with saying, and laughing aloud at his own speech, ‘ Thanks to me, if you please, but no thanks to Portugal.’ In short, he expressed himself capitally. Having disposed of my own two pets, Prisons and Slave Trade, I felt constrained to put in a word relative to some atrociously cruel practices here, in the treatment of lambs by the butchers. He hardly seemed ripe for this ; but Richards stuck to it manfully : and the matter ended by my giving him A ——’s paper on the subject, and his promising to give it his best consideration. *

“ Thus, very amicably, ended our interview, and we proceeded to Cardinal Lambruschini, the chief secretary of state, where we had as gracious a reception, and we repeated much that we had stated to the Pope. To-morrow we go to Tivoli.”

* Some months afterwards, Mr. Buxton heard that his representations on this subject had been attended to. He wrote to Miss Gurney, through whom the news reached him, “ I must thank you for your letter about the Pope and the lambs, it really was an achievement. I never see one galloping about a field now without thinking of the benefactress of lambs. What a thing it is to have rescued such a multitude from torture ! I do believe there is much good in Pope Gregory after all ; it is capital when great people will respond to good advice.”

“ March 19.

“ I have been employed of late in preparing my report about the prisons for the Pope, and in having it translated into Italian. To-morrow morning, Lord Meath, Lord De Mauley, Lord Farnham, and two or three others, meet here to have it read to them, and I hope to get it completed and presented before I go to Naples.

“ Trew tells me that the book is published ; and I have seen it advertised in the newspapers. If you wish to know what feeling in our minds this intelligence has called forth, turn to the 90th Psalm, 17th verse, Prayer-Book version.* If it were not that we have good reason for assuring ourselves of His aid who can make all things bend to His will, we should think any hope for Africa, after so many centuries of such deep debasement, chimerical in the last degree. As it is, we are in right good heart, and feel that, however the instruments may err or fail, the great Actor and Leader will give the victory to His own work.

“ On Wednesday last, after some hesitation on account of the weather, all our party started for Tivoli ; the distance about twenty miles, which was increased three or four more I suppose by going round by Hadrian's villa. About eleven o'clock the day cleared up, and was beautifully fine, without being too hot. Hadrian certainly chose a noble situation for his country-house ; and the remains are so perfect that one can see with some degree of certainty where he slept, where he dined, and how he managed things generally. Strewed about his grounds, in various directions, are his imitations of all the edifices in Greece and elsewhere which were celebrated in his day. He had travelled a great deal, and, instead of taking a picture, as we do, of what he admired, he built it over again.

“ We then proceeded to Tivoli, ordered our dinner, and took the smaller excursion, in order to see the water-falls ; which would be very fine if the people would let them alone. But, as in England we sometimes see pains taken to make artificial cascades look natural, so here, at great cost, they have contrived to give a spruce artificial air to the work of nature. As we

* “ Prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper thou our handy-work.”

went along the ridge of the hill opposite the town, the river created by the water-falls being between us and it, we saw the spot where Horace must have drawn the landscape; the noisy Albunea was no other than the Sibyl herself, and her temple stood in the inn-yard we had quitted. The 'præceps Anio' made himself known in accents so intelligible as almost to deafen us. We were in the Tiburtine grove, and the 'uda mobilibus pomaria rivis' was a sketch to the very life; some forty minor water-falls were throwing their spray over the fruit-trees scattered among them. I, too, as well as Horace, should wish for no better resting-place for my old age, provided there were no malaria, and that all the people could be taught to speak English. Some of the party slept at Tivoli, and went the next day to Horace's farm, where, they say, no lady has been for the last ten years."

" March 20.

" The weather has now become chilly and boisterous. I am glad we are not at Naples. To-day the parties I spoke of have read and approved my Prison Report, and we went to Prince Borghese to urge him to take up the subject of prison discipline. Afterwards, by way of recreation, Richards and I went to explore two palaces. The day was dark, and I did not take much to the pictures; but in the corner of the garden of the Colonna Palace there stood what was merely the frieze (or rather a bit of it) of the temple which Heliogabulus erected to his divine self. This bit of ornament consisted of two fragments of marble, of astonishing magnitude, and curiously carved. What must the temple have been, judging it by this minor part? and what has become of the rest of the edifice? and what a magnificent people these Romans were? their works, indeed, were wonderful. But, after all, the reflection which most naturally presents itself to my mind when I look at such gigantic ruins, turns in this direction—here is deathless fame! here immortal glory! here the proudest monuments of the great! and this is all that remains of them.—But I am sure it is time to say good night, or I and my amanuensis shall terminate our descriptions in a gentle slumber."

" March, 1840.

" On Friday we started with a large party, the Foxes, Lord de Mauley, Captain Back, Captain Franks, and Mr. Silvertop,

for Veii, the great enemy of Rome in her early existence. We saw the place where the whole family of the Fabii, three hundred in number, were put to the sword. It is in a very beautiful country, and the land, though very rich, hardly cultivated at all. We were told that in growing wheat in England one bushel produces seven; in this territory one bushel produces thirty-two, and yet there was hardly any land under the plough. * * *

“On Saturday, the Chancellor Neri called upon me, bringing four splendid medallions as a present from Cardinal Tosti, given as a memorial of my visit to his Institution for old people and orphans, and to the prison annexed to it. I am afraid I shall soon grow somewhat conceited, for I never before was treated with so much distinction as at Rome. Not only the English, but the Italians, have paid me all manner of civilities. I am pleased to have got these medals; yet it is somewhat awkward, as in return I shall have soundly to abuse the said prison, which is the worst I have seen in Rome. In the afternoon I walked with Mr. Ellison, and saw some splendid views of the city, particularly of the Coliseum. We went into the garden of the Armenian College; the monks of that persuasion come from Mount Libanus and talk Syriac. I was much struck with the beauty of their cast of countenance. They told me that their own country was pre-eminently fertile, and the climate most healthy, but that terrible insecurity prevailed: few, they say, die by disease, multitudes by the knife. * * *

“I do not think I can fish up another morsel of Roman news for you, unless you may like to hear of one of our acts in visiting the prisons. When we went among the debtors we were desirous of giving them some relief, for they were sufficiently wretched; but where was the use of scattering a few shillings amongst them to be spent in drink? In this dilemma, Lord De Mauley suggested that we should select some deserving man and liberate him, and we found a subject exactly suited to our purpose, in the shape of a sensible-looking tailor, with a wife and ten children, who, just as his harvest was beginning, and as he was anticipating a flood of gold from the produce of his needle in preparing for the Carnival, was clapped into gaol by a malicious creditor for 2*l.* 10*s.*, with the certainty of remaining there for a year and a day. For this ‘ninth part of a

man' we sent, told him our whim, and ordered him to begone. After a most loving and graceful kiss of our hands away he started, the happiest tailor in the Roman dominions."

" March 25.

" We have had several stinging cold days, and at this moment, and for the last hour, it has been snowing as hard as ever I saw it do in England. This morning the boys and girls set off for Grotta Ferrata, to see a Roman fair in the mountains, about eleven miles distant; but they very discreetly returned when the snow began. I am very proud to say that, after a fortnight's very cold and treacherous weather, and a great deal of wind, my dear wife is perfectly well; for which we ought to be, and are, very thankful.

" I protest at this moment the boys are erecting a gigantic snow man in the court before us, and the material is coming down merrily. Our intention had been to start for Naples on Monday, but the report is current that we are going to war with the Neapolitans upon the sulphur question. I do not believe a word of it; but as I have no taste for the possibility of being cannonaded by our own fleet, and pillaged by the insurgent mobility of Naples, we shall probably keep away from that town for a few days till we hear the truth. The worst of this is, that I fear my letters are gone there, and I am hungry for news of my bairns and my book. In our way to Naples we are going to visit the recesses of the mountains, till very recently the dens and fastnesses of the banditti. I understand that, although it is a charming country, it is seldom visited, save and except by those who were carried there by the robbers, and who probably at that moment did not pay much attention to the picturesque. Ripplingille goes with us; so, I believe, does Sir George Back. H. and A. will wait for us upon the road, but all the young and foolish of our party will go to the hills, and a wild romantic excursion we expect to have. I sent my Report on the Prisons and Institutions of Rome to one of our Italian friends who had visited them with me, and asked him to sign it. His hair stood on end at the bare idea of this proposal. 'What!' said he to the gentleman who took the Report to him, 'am I to concur in telling my Government the plain truth? Am I in the plainest manner to expose the errors and evils of their system? There is not a Roman subject in the whole state who dares with the

most cautious circumlocution to hint a fiftieth part of what Mr. Buxton states to them of their mistakes. He speaks as plainly as if he was speaking to his brother! I see how it is, Mr. Buxton thinks he is in England, and he has no notion that there is any harm in telling the Government that they ought to be all hanged. But we live under a different sky. Speaking plain truth to the authorities is quite an unheard-of thing at Rome; and any one who ventured on so unpalatable a task would assuredly be ruined.* The Government, when they admitted him, never dreamt that he would venture to find fault. He was expected to see a little, and compliment a great deal; and there the matter was to end. To tell you the truth, if I had known that this kind of searching inquiry was intended, I should not have dared to accompany him.' Much more of the same kind followed, and it appears clear enough that the Government will stare terribly when they read my Report, although its chief defect is that it is too complimentary.

"There are a good many double snipes here at this time. We had two for dinner yesterday, and I dare say Aubin will shoot some to-day. Some time between the 15th of April and the 10th of May there is a most wonderful inroad of quails, and the whole country turns out against them. Sir Thomas Cullum told me, that on the 2nd of May, two or three years ago, he found upon inquiry that duty had been paid on 80,000 Pretty well for one day! And I remember that an officer who during the war was quartered upon the coast, told me, that the ordinary ration of a common soldier was *six quails* a day. I rather hope to have one day's shooting at the fellows. * * * The snow is now melted, but it is cloudy."

At this juncture Mr. Buxton was attacked by very serious indisposition, in which his breathing was for the first time painfully affected. He was, however, well enough to write on the 1st of April, to Mrs. Edward Buxton and Mrs. Johnston.

* The head of one of the Institutions informed Mr. Buxton that the letter he had received from the Government, directing him to throw the Institution open to his inspection, contained these expressive words, "show him every thing, *but with due caution.*"

“ My dearest Daughters,

“ I think you will like to have a few lines from myself on my birthday. I make little doubt that your affectionate anxiety has exaggerated my late indisposition, and that you will be looking out eagerly for the post. I am better. I am positive upon that point. I am also sure that I have been very unwell, and that I have been nursed with the most loving care. There ends all my certainty. I have no clear notion what my malady has been; I have had next to no fever; very little of what, correctly speaking, can be called pain; and I believe not much danger; but, on the other hand, I have suffered a great deal from weariness, from headache, from want of sleep, and from great difficulty of breathing.

“ The result is that, as Dryden says,

‘ The thin chilled blood is curdled in my veins,
And scarce a shadow of the man remains.’

* * * But really when I began my letter I had no intention of speaking to you about this trumpery. I wanted to tell you that I am, I believe, decidedly on the mend; that my birthday has been far from an unpleasant one, and that I look upon this illness as one of my many mercies.

“ As soon as I felt that I was in for a bout, I remembered Andrew’s capital observation, ‘ Begin at once to prepare for the worst, act as if you foresaw it would be fatal, set your house in order.’ In some slight measure, and no more, I have been able to do this, and have realised the scene which, if we escape it now, must soon occur. One cannot be too thankful for this kind of warning, and for the plainness with which, after preaching to us upon the prodigious difference between things temporal and things eternal, it says, with all emphasis, ‘ Set your affections on things above.’ That is the way that it gives a shake and a tumble to darling objects and cherished schemes, and says to us peremptorily, ‘ Away with such trifles, there is no time for them.’ ”

“ April 2.

“ I got so far yesterday, when my wife came in and tyrannically prohibited me from writing another word. But to day I may pronounce myself decidedly better. All my most important enemies are subdued. What remains is very great debility; and my brace of doctors talk much about a constitution ‘ vehemently

exhausted,' and seem to think me, at my best, good for little more than to read a newspaper by way of study, ride three miles by way of exercise, and these duties performed, to spend the rest of my time in pure idleness.

"There is, and always has been to me, something very pleasant in illness,—in having your mother nursing me all day and all night. * * * There is no poetry like that of the Bible. Where can we find an expression so forcible, yet so exactly just, as that of David?—' His love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.' * * * Most women are capable of this devoted love, but then there is often, be it spoken with reverence, a take-off, or a drawback. As Sir Walter says, she is an angel in the hours of care and grief, but

'in hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,'

whereas mine is not better on special occasions than in the everyday routine of affectionate duty. Every one has been most agreeable, affectionate, and dutiful: the girls have had a hard time of it, for I generally keep them reading half the night."

To Edward N. Buxton, Esq.

"Mola di Gaeta, one day's journey from Naples,
"April 10. 1840.

"I wrote to you last on the 1st of April, in the worst of my illness. We left Rome as soon as I was able to move. I suffered not a little from exhaustion in going up stairs at Albano, but I have been improving ever since, and am now nearly as well as ever. * * *

"We loitered some days at Albano, and then proceeded to this place by very slow journeys. Judging by the glimpses which we have occasionally had, it is a most lovely country, but cloud, rain, and mist, have been our all but constant companions. There is now, immediately below us, a garden covered with orange and lemon trees, looking quite yellow with the fruit, the Mediterranean beating against its wall. There, to the right, jutting into the sea, is the town of Gaeta, with the bold hill which joins it to the main land. To the left are Vesuvius and

the Bay of Naples. We have been here two hours, and we have had one walk of two minutes. We hardly know what kind of reception we shall meet with at Naples, as we have learned that a messenger has gone to our fleet at Malta ordering it up. So do not be surprised if you happen to see in the Gazette that the girls are killed by cannon-balls on the battlements. Our plan is, at all events, to take a peep at Naples, and to be off again in a moment if we see occasion for it. I must now get ready for dinner, for they are come in half-drowned.

“We are just told that our lives would not be worth twopence apiece if we went to Naples now.

“I must not forget to tell you that my prison labours terminated happily the day before I left Rome. My Report was addressed to Cardinal Tosti, and it seemed to us rather a good omen that, on the following day, we saw his carriage standing near the door of the Prison for Females; and before my departure I received a letter from him, promising in the handsomest manner to attend to my suggestions, and thanking me for them.

“My illness alone has prevented us from paying a visit to Sonnino, the town of robbers. As you enter it, I am told, you see the prison ornamented with fourteen cages, containing the heads of so many bandits; if you go into the streets and speak to three men, the chance is that one out of the number has been upon the hills, and that two out of the three are of the lineage of some predatory hero. It is, however, not easy to get at information; the Government cannot bear the subject to be mentioned, the guilty, therefore, who have been conditionally pardoned, dare not speak, and the others who were their prey have too many painful associations to make the subject agreeable. Two Englishmen who have travelled there tell me that if you ask a question of any respectable person on these dark transactions, he usually utters not a word in reply, or if he says anything it is something like this, — ‘Every stone hereabouts has its own bloody tale to tell.’”

“Naples, April 13. Monday.

“We reached this place on Saturday night, and our terrors of bombardment, for some of our party did tremble, have subsided. Our fleet just poked its nose into the Bay on Sunday morning, but sailed away to Salerno, a port some ten miles

distant, where it waits, I suppose, the turn which negotiations may take. I have seen our Minister, Mr. Temple, and he gave me to understand that we may safely remain till he throws out a hint to the contrary. Nothing can be more lovely than this day; my window looks towards the bay, and it glitters so as quite to dazzle me. Beautiful as it is, it is singularly like Weymouth. * * * Instead of finishing my letter to you this morning, I was tempted by good company and fine weather to look about me; and first, after a passing glance at Vesuvius, which was unusually clear, we went to the Museum, and saw all the curious things collected from Pompeii and Herculaneum. There was the service of plate which some active butler had spread out for an intended dinner eighteen hundred years ago; the loaf which that day was to have been cut, the store of eggs and of chestnuts which were dressed somewhat sooner than was designed. Then there was Mrs. Diomed's garment, at least a piece of it; the ornaments that were found upon her head, the ring on her finger, and the key which her hand still kept hold of; there was the helmet of the faithful sentinel who was found at his post, and the iron to which the legs of three prisoners were still fixed; there were the appurtenances which belonged to a very fine lady, rouge among the rest. But it is difficult to say what there was not. It is strange to see that the world wanted and possessed in those days almost every thing to which we now attach value.

“After this sight some of us went to Puteoli, and saw the spot where St. Paul must have landed. From thence we proceeded by the shore of the Mediterranean, which was eminently beautiful, giving us a full view of a great part of the Bay; and we then paid a visit to the Sibyl. The country was originally a plain, but many hills have been thrown up, some of them not long ago, by the operation of volcanoes. Through these we wound our way; at last we stopped opposite a little path leading to the left, and marched along by the side of the Lake Avernus to the foot of a mountain. As for this lake, which has been sung so often by Homer, if I recollect right, and certainly by Virgil—*‘Divinosque lacus, et Avernus sonantia sylvis’*—it has about as much beauty and romance as the great pond at Weybourne! It was, however, exceedingly curious to be visiting the Infernal Regions,

‘And where that mayne broad stream for aye doth flow,
Which parts the gladsome fields from Place of Woe;
Whence none shall ever pass to Elysium playne,
Or from Elysium ever turn agayne.’

“I always thought that these strange places were deep under ground; but, I tell you, this day I saw Acheron, and Styx, and Elysium, and what not; and with my own hands threw a stone into the Mare Mortuum, and with my own eyes saw the stone swim.

“We next proceeded

‘To ascend the sacred hill
Where Phœbus is adored, and seek the shade
Which hides from sight his venerable Maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode.’

“Leaving the ladies at the entrance, I marched with four guides *into* the mountain. The cave is said to extend about a quarter of a mile, but it seemed to me that they had measured it with some poetical licence. At first it was very fair walking, but it grew steeper as we proceeded. The walls were of lava, grown hard by age. At length we came to some water. I mounted on the back of a strong guide, and another carried a flambeau; at length we arrived at the Sibyl’s drawing-room, a narrow cell, in which there was a kind of stone sofa, and a sulphurous bath, in which the Sibyl used to show herself to those who consulted her, and among the rest to Julius Cæsar. After seeing all these lions we returned to Naples.”

“Wednesday, April 15.
Eight o’clock in the evening.

“We started soon after eight this morning for Pompeii. It is most curious to be thus, in 1840, walking about a town which in many respects is as fresh and as perfect as it was on the 23rd August, A. D. 79. There were the streets with their ancient names and the ruts worn by the carriages. At No. 1, Via Consularis, lived the Ædile Pansa with his name over the door, and just within it was found the skeleton of his porter. At No. 2 resided a poet, who, unlike his fraternity, appears to have been very wealthy. The house, though not large, was very elegant. Among his pictures was a beautiful and very well preserved one, of Venus and Cupid fishing. On his

table were fish, bread, and olives. In his kitchen were found the bones of two of his cooks, with many less important articles of kitchen furniture. In another apartment, stretched on a bed, the left arm holding up the head, was found another body. In another house there was a table spread with five knives, and there were the skeletons of six men who seemed to have been surprised while they were making themselves comfortable; for on the table before them were eggs and ham, fish, figs, &c. At No. 6, resided the baker, and there were his grinding stones and his oven, in which there was still some bread. Not far off lived a musical gentleman, and many instruments of music were found in his house. In one room there were nine bodies, three of them with flageolets in their hands. Sallust's house in the same street was very elegantly furnished, and there we got a very good conception of the way in which he used to dine. At one end of the building there was a good painting of windows, sky, and country. It appears that Mrs. Diomed had taken refuge in the cellar, her husband was making his escape at the back of the house, and was there found standing upright. The statue of the Faun, which is much celebrated, was found in the centre of the garden of Marcus Tullius, round which there were the remnants of forty-four great pillars; he seemed to have lived well through the year, for there was a great number of large wine-jars (*amphoræ*), which were turned bottom upwards, showing they had been recently emptied; there were several beautiful mosaic pictures, one of the Nile, with its animals and birds, sea-horses, alligators, snakes, and shoveller ducks, which last the boys thought admirably executed. There was also a very fine mosaic of Alexander and Darius. In a small room were found the remains of the whole family, at least twenty-four bodies of men women and children, also a silver candelabrum, and a good deal of money. In the adjacent Temple of Fortune we were struck with the brilliant whiteness of the marble, and we noticed half a square of very thick glass in an aperture between two apartments. The Forum was splendid. It was very extensive, and gave us a good notion of the various purposes to which it was turned—a Senate House in one place; a Temple of Jupiter, if I recollect right, in another; the spots where they made speeches and measured corn; an Exchange, &c, &c.

“But such a beautiful scene as there was before us — to the

left and immediately opposite to us, a line of hills; to the right, the sea with Castel-a-mare, and on its shores several white towns, with the island of Capri, and the promontory of Minerva in the distance; certainly this region is eminently beautiful. One of their national proverbs says, that Naples is a piece of heaven which has tumbled down upon earth.

“We had intended to dine in the Forum, but by mistake our dinner was laid out in a kind of barn-looking room at some little distance from it. To say nothing of our food, which, however, was very acceptable, we were highly amused by the whole scene. We had plenty of native waiters, but I do not think they mustered a single stocking among them. A musician made his appearance, who first played on a cracked instrument, and then sung a variety of fine Italian airs in very good style. Then he set two men and a boy figuring away in a dance, somewhat like an Irish jig; and finally, renouncing his instrument, set to work dancing himself to the music of his own voice. The bard, however, like Walter Scott’s, gave us to understand that the higher efforts of his art required the inspiration of a tumbler of wine. We afterwards saw the Temple of Isis. The worshippers stood below, the oracles were delivered from above, and we saw clearly the aperture by which the priest obtained admittance behind the altar, and spoke for the goddess when she happened to be in a silent mood. The guide assured us that he had tried the experiment, and the people below supposed that the voice really came from above. It seems that the priests made a good thing of it; for some money and wine were found, and the skeleton of a man with an iron bar in his hand, with which he had endeavoured to break through the wall.

“We afterwards saw at some distance a beautiful theatre, as perfect, I should think, as it was at the moment of the eruption. Also an immense amphitheatre in an equal state of preservation; so that we have the clearest conception of the stage on which the captives and Christians fought with wild beasts, and of the order in which the gentlefolks of Pompeii sat while they were amusing themselves with this delicious spectacle. But it began to grow cold; so my wife and I returned home in our carriage, and I gladly leave it to others to supply you with further information.”

. At this time great excitement prevailed in Naples,

the king having announced his determination to go to war with England rather than give up his rights on the sulphur question. Large bodies of troops were embarked for Sicily. The fortifications were repaired and extended, and everywhere the din of military preparations was heard. Mr. Buxton, however, did not take alarm, but remained at Naples, and one morning, the apprehensions of war having somewhat subsided, his party visited the crater of Vesuvius. While approaching Naples, on their return home at night, they observed lights in a part of the harbour where they had never appeared before. On entering the town, it was found to be in an uproar of confusion; the Bellerophon seventy-four, and the Hydra armed steamer, had entered the harbour, and, to the astonishment and indignation of the Neapolitans, had anchored under the teeth of their batteries. The streets were thronged with the whole population of Naples, in the utmost excitement. Regiments of horse and foot were marching rapidly to their posts; cannon and tumbrils of ammunition were rolling by; and soon the king dashed past in a barouche and four on his way to Posilippo, where the English were expected to land.

Mr. Buxton, however, felt quite confident, as indeed it proved, that the king was only endeavouring to obtain good conditions by a pretence of resistance. In a note written on the evening of the arrival of the Bellerophon and Hydra, after mentioning the excitement of the town, "people running about in all directions, companies of soldiers on the esplanade, cannon posted along it," &c., he proceeds—

"Do not be frightened. We are not. We have no idea that our sleep this night will be broken by the thunder of these guns. We have, however, ordered our passports to be prepared,

ready for a start; and I am sure to be right, when, after the manner of the Delphic oracle, I pronounce that the whole hubbub will end in smoke!"

This appears to be the last letter written by Mr. Buxton from Italy. At the end of April he was compelled to hasten to England on account of the African business, leaving the rest of the party behind, till the advance of summer should render it safe for Mrs. Buxton to return to a northern climate. In the interim, some of the travellers proceeded across Italy to Ancona, and there embarked for Greece.

To Miss Gurney, at Athens.

“Fontainebleau, Sunday, May 10.

“If an angel were to offer to tell me at this moment any earthly news, the question I should ask him would be, How fares it with our Athenians? Has the time gone merrily with them? are they safe and sound, satisfied and happy? and are they now sitting on Mars Hill, reading, as we have done to-day, the 17th chapter of Acts? What a curious scene that was, and how the Stoics would have wondered, had they been told by an oracle that the barbarian babler before them would be more renowned at the end of two thousand years than Theseus or Themistocles! and that in a little bit of an island, which they had never heard of, the time would come when his description of them—their scorn—their avidity for news—would be copied off at the rate of one a minute!

“Well, I can truly say I have eagerly watched you, thought of you, and sailed with you; and my first inquiry every morning has been—‘Is the day fine for our Attic party?’ Alas! the answer has not always been gladdening. Our days have been alternately wet and dry, never very fine, sometimes excessively wet; so I fear for you. Surely I shall find a line from you at Paris to-morrow. At Paris to-morrow! you will say; why, how you must have raced! Nay, we have travelled very slowly; up betimes in the morning, always housed before eight in the evening, and yet here we are, notwithstanding we lost half a day

for want of horses, half a day by breaking our springs, and half a day by our wish to see the city of Lyons.

“ Our journey, which cost so many sighs before we started, has been nothing else but pleasure. G. B. has been a capital companion. He is always gay and cheerful; humours me in the choice of rooms and dishes; does all the work; reads in the Bible to me the first stage; talks when I want a chat, and holds his tongue or goes out a stage or two when I want to meditate; or reads Byron to me when I am tired of my own employments. I suppose you have read the Giaour and the Corsair? They have furnished me with charming ideas of Grecian scenery. In our voyage to Marseilles I saw the sun rise out of the sea, and he did, indeed, come forth ‘as a bridegroom out of his chamber.’ I had been reading Byron the evening before, with, I confess, unexpected admiration, — but sitting upon the deck that morning, and reading the 19th Psalm as the sun began to peep over the waves, I thought that David was the greater poet of the two. The verses of Byron’s I had been reading, as we floated by the hills between Genoa and Marseilles, were those beginning —

‘ Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Behind Morea’s hills the setting sun;
Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light;
O’er the hush’d deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows,’ &c.

“ They are charming, as much for their fidelity as for their poetry; but Byron never ploughed through a perfectly calm sea at the rate of nine knots an hour; if he had he could not but have described the velvet waves, as they were turned up by the steamer, without breaking. I never saw anything so lovely.

“ But now to answer your questions. Yes, I am well, famously well, no headache, no cough, no cramp, *no nothing*. I am in capital spirits, hoping that I am going to see ‘my children’s children, and peace upon Africa.’

“ The roads, to my surprise, have been very good, and the country all the way from Marseilles very pretty. I wish my wife would return by it; it would be so safe for her monster of a carriage. She saw it when the trees were in the sere and yellow leaf; but now, the olives first, then the walnuts, last of

all the forest-trees, are in full foliage, and give one quite a new idea of France.

“ While at Paris I hope to see Madame Pelet, and ask her to go with me to the Duc de Broglie, that we may have a talk about the slave-trade, and that I may give him a copy of my book.

“ How I do long to hear of all your adventures and histories! Do you find you can talk Greek? What do you think of the Acropolis? Are Charles and Richards availing themselves to the utmost of so unprecedented an opportunity? ”

To Mrs. Buxton, at Genoa.

“ Paris, May 12.

“ I am full of imaginations of your inns: windows not fastened, curtains not closing, and the keen winds rushing down the mountains May God have preserved you! But I have felt, if possible, even more for those dear Athenians. I keep a little map in my pocket, and often turn to it, but I cannot say with pleasure. I would give something to know when they set foot again on the solid earth, tossed, as they have been, I fear, and sick and sad, and at their wit's end. I am glad they wandered

* One of these adventures was of rather a disagreeable character. On our way home, after crossing the Splugen, and passing through the Via Mala, we found the road blocked up by a waggon full of wood, but without any horse or man. The postboy blew his horn, but no one appeared; so at length we got down, and tried to move the waggon, but were unable to do so, and at last we were forced to tilt it in order to let the carriage pass. The woodmen, no doubt, had seen what we were doing from the hill-side, and probably had been coming down to move the waggon; but, on seeing it upset, they rushed down upon us in a state of the most ungovernable fury. Three of them fell at once upon our servant, threw him down, and mauled him terribly; another ran to the horses' heads to prevent the postboy from going on; while a fifth attacked Mr. Richards with a shower of blows. Mr. Richards at length flung him off, and sprang upon one of the men who was kneeling upon the coachman and beating him; thus relieved, Spink jumped upon his feet, knocked over two of the ruffians with such force that his blouse was stained with their blood, and, after a moment's desperate scuffle with the others, he broke away, and, springing upon the coachbox, produced his pistols. On seeing them the fellows fled. The writer of this, meanwhile, was lying insensible on the road, having been put *hors de combat* by a heavy blow on the mouth. They lifted him into the carriage, and we reached Ragatz without any further molestation. — ED.

to Mars Hill; it will be a pleasure to each of them all their lives. Would, however, that you were all at home again!"

The last in the series of Mr. Buxton's letters is dated from Havre de Grace:—

" My dear A. & C.

" May 15. 1840.

" We are going to start to-night for England. The wind is fair, the sea smooth, and we hope to breakfast to-morrow at Southampton. I was exceedingly amused with your letters from Ancona; I know you put in all that Greek to puzzle me, but there you were mistaken, for I made it all out. While I was at Paris Madame Pelet was most kind to me, and introduced me to many persons whom I wished to see, and especially to some good abolitionists. I called on M. de St. Antoine, and was much pleased with his heartiness. I think he is more likely to be useful than any of them; he has so much heart in the work. It was, I think, this day seventeen years ago that I first brought forward the slavery question, and on Wednesday thirty-three years I was married; the two chief events of my life."

CHAPTER XXX.

1840, 1841.

GREAT PUBLIC MEETING IN EXETER HALL—PRINCE ALBERT IN THE CHAIR.—MR. BUXTON CREATED A BARONET.—PREPARATIONS FOR THE NIGER EXPEDITION.—AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—VENTILATION OF THE SHIPS.—SIR FOWELL BUXTON'S HEALTH BEGINS TO FAIL.—"THE FRIEND OF AFRICA."—PUBLIC MEETINGS.—LETTER TO THE REV. J. W. CUNNINGHAM.—DAY OF PRAYER FOR THE EXPEDITION.—PRINCE ALBERT'S VISIT TO THE VESSELS.—THE EXPEDITION SAILS.—LETTER TO CAPTAIN TROTTER.

MR. BUXTON arrived at his son's house in tolerable health, and full of impatience to carry out his plans for the suppression of the slave trade, by the establishment of lawful commerce in Africa. To these he at once devoted himself, with all the ardour that might be expected after the period of relaxation he had enjoyed. In order to bring the whole case effectually before the public, a meeting was held on the 1st of June, at which, to the high gratification of the African Society, H. R. H. Prince Albert consented to preside. The meeting took place in Exeter Hall, and formed, say the contemporary papers, "a most grand and magnificent display of national feeling." At eleven o'clock His Royal Highness entered the Hall, which was already crowded with an audience of the highest respectability. Among those present were the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Marquis of Northampton, the Earls of Ripon, Howe, Chichester, Euston, Devon, and Morley; Lords Ashley, Sandon, Mahon, C. Fitzroy, Worsley, Monteagle, Teignmouth, Seaford, Howick, Eliot, Calthorpe, Nugent, R. Grosvenor, &c. &c.; M. Guizot, and the Bishops of

Winchester, Exeter, Chichester, Ripon, Salisbury, Hereford, and Norwich.

Prince Albert opened the meeting; and Mr. Buxton then moved the first resolution, concluding his address in these words:—

“I do not forget the military triumphs which this country has achieved; but there is a road to glory more noble, more illustrious, purer, and grander than the battles of Waterloo or Trafalgar;—to arrest the destruction of mankind; to pour a blessing upon a continent in ruins; to send civilisation and the mild truths of the Gospel over a region, in comparison with which Britain herself is but a speck upon the ocean; this is the road to true and enduring renown: and the desire and prayer of my heart is that Her Majesty may tread it, and that, crowned with every other blessing, she may

‘ Shine the leader of applauding nations,
To scatter happiness and peace around her,
To bid the prostrate captive rise and live,
To see new cities tower at her command,
And blasted nations flourish in her smile.’ ”

He was followed by Archdeacon Wilberforce (the present Bishop of Oxford), by Sir Robert Peel, the Bishops of Winchester and Chichester, the Marquis of Northampton, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Sir George Murray, Dr. Lushington, Mr. Samuel Gurney, the Rev. Dr. Bunting, Rev. J. W. Cunningham, and several other gentlemen. At one period an interruption was caused by the entry of Mr. O’Connell, and the clamours of part of the audience for a speech from that gentlemen; but, altogether, the meeting passed off with the most triumphant success.

Shortly after this meeting of the African Civilisation Society, it was intimated to Mr. Buxton, by Lord John Russell, that it was proposed to confer the rank of baronet upon him. After some deliberation, having

ascertained that the idea had not been suggested to the government by any of his friends, but was a spontaneous mark of their approbation of his conduct, he accepted the title with much gratification.

The summer was spent in active preparation for the Niger Expedition, for the service of which three iron steamers, the "Albert," the "Wilberforce," and "Soudan," were fitted out; and to the great satisfaction of all who were interested in the subject, the command of the expedition was given to Captain Henry Dundas Trotter who was appointed to the "Albert," Commander William Allen to the "Wilberforce," and Commander Bird Allen to the "Soudan." These gentlemen and Mr. William Cook* were the four Commissioners empowered to make treaties with the native chiefs for the abolition of the slave trade.

The African Civilisation Society engaged several scientific gentlemen to accompany the expedition; Dr. Vogel as botanist, Mr. Roscher as mineralogist and miner, Dr. Stanger as geologist, and Mr. Fraser, Curator of the Zoological Society of London, as naturalist. Mr. Uwins, a draughtsman, and Mr. Ansell, a practical gardener or seedsman, were also appointed; and the Church Missionary Society was allowed to send the Rev. Frederick Schön and Mr. Samuel Crowther† to examine into the practicability of establishing missions on the banks of the Niger.

The object of the expedition was, to explore that great

* Well known as the Captain of the *Cambria*, which saved the crew of the *Kent East Indiaman*.

† The Rev. S. Crowther (who is an African Negro), having been ordained by the Bishop of London, is now zealously labouring as a Missionary at Abeokuta. An interesting account of his deliverance from a slave-ship will be found in App. III. of Messrs. Schön and Crowther's Journals of the Niger Expedition.

artery of Western Africa, the river Niger; to examine the capabilities of the country along its banks; to enter into treaties with the native chiefs for the abolition of the slave trade; to clear the road for commercial enterprise, and to afford that enterprise the security which alone seemed necessary for its development.

Sir Fowell Buxton and his friends were also extremely anxious that this opportunity should not be lost of putting the natives in the way of cultivating the soil, and drawing forth its varied and immense resources. It will be remembered that, in 1839, an Agricultural Association was proposed. To its formation he had devoted much of his time during the summer of 1840. The expression recurs again and again in his letters — “There is nothing to which I attach more importance than to the Agricultural Association.” “I am firm in the conviction that, next to religion, the Agricultural Association is the means on which we ought chiefly to rely.”

To Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart.

“August, 1840.

“This consideration has presented itself to me with great force — we never shall have again so favourable an opportunity for making an experiment in agriculture. The few people whom we shall send will go out under the escort and protection of the vessels. They will be carried through the mangroves and miasma of the delta by steam; they will have the medical help of at least eight surgeons or physicians; above all, they will have the sound and cool judgment of Captain Trotter to restrain them from settling, unless the circumstances of climate, soil, and disposition of the natives should be very favourable. If, then, we are ever to make the attempt, why lose such an opportunity? Our intention is to make a mere commencement, on a most moderate scale. If it answer, we shall enlarge our operations hereafter, and we shall have something practical and positive to lay before the public.”

It was at length resolved to adopt this agricultural experiment. Four thousand pounds were subscribed for the purpose by Mr. Evans, M.P., Mr. James Cook, Mr. Samuel Gurney, Sir T. D. Acland, Mr. T. Sturge, Mr. J. G. Hoare, Sir Fowell Buxton, and Mr. E. N. Buxton. Sir Fowell further proposed that a tract of land should be purchased in a healthy situation near the confluence of the Niger and Tchadda. This proposition was unanimously adopted, and measures were immediately taken for carrying it into effect.

Referring to this plan for a model farm, Sir Fowell says, in a letter addressed to Miss Gurney, on the 6th of December —

“I cannot conclude these particulars about Africa without telling you of a text which has been cheering me up all day: ‘There shall be showers of blessing, and the tree of the field shall yield her fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, and they shall be safe in their land, and shall know that I am the Lord, when I have broken the bands of their yoke, and delivered them out of the hand of those that served themselves of them.’” (Ezekiel, xxxiv. 26—28.)

The severe attacks made upon his plans by some of the leading journals gave him much pain; “But,” he tells Mrs. Johnston, “I cannot help remembering, when I feel the breezes that blow upon us now, what the gales were in 1825 and 1826, when our Anti-slavery bark put to sea. That cause was indeed cradled in a hurricane, and yet how safely is it havened!”

Throughout his correspondence innumerable passages occur which show his extreme anxiety for the safety of those who were voluntarily about to encounter so dangerous a climate. He says, in a letter to Captain Washington,—

“Trotter tells me that the expense of the ventilation already

exceeds the estimate by 1400*l.*, and that a further expense of 500*l.* is still required, which he will not proceed to incur till he has the authority of the Government. Now I am as clear as daylight about two points: first, that the Government ought to pay this; and secondly, that if they will not, we must; and that, therefore, it ought to be so proceeded with as not to delay the departure of the expedition. As far as I am concerned, I give my hearty concurrence, and will take my full share of the responsibility."

To Mr. Samuel Gurney, after requesting him to attend a meeting of the Agricultural Committee, and pay in a subscription for him: —

"I leave it to you to put down my name for the sum you think right. To tell you the truth, I had thought of being very mean in my subscription. In one way or another Africa has cost me a good round sum, and on this ground I thought myself justified in subscribing only 1000*l.*; but if you think that the smallness of this will discourage other people and do mischief, put me down for two, or three, or four thousand. I am very glad to think that Africa has a friend like you, more able, and more willing, to give."

On the 7th of August Dr. Lushington and Sir Fowell Buxton addressed a letter to Lord John Russell*, setting forth the importance of establishing the model farm. After this, he was constrained to go into the country for the re-establishment of his health. "To tell you the truth," he writes to Sir George Stephen, "I am dead beat; I do not recollect ever to have felt so languid and good for nothing."

To the Right Hon. Stephen Lushington, D. C. L.

"My dear Lushington,

"Dr. Farre has been pleased to write me a letter, telling me that I have just this alternative, viz. that it is open to me now,

* See Parliamentary Papers relating to the Niger Expedition.

either to live or to die for Africa ; but that, if my judgment be in favour of the former mode of proceeding, I must 'cut and run,' 'go to the country and animalise.' This is curiously in concurrence with what Dr. Holland told me six months ago.* I think I shall send you these medical letters, for if there be anything on earth, which I mortally hate, it is the sense that I am skulking away from the field of battle, while you, in spite of your ailments, go on fighting manfully. But I really cannot help it; there is not a stroke of work left in my great carcase. I am like my old horse John Bull; he does well enough for a lady to take a canter in the park, but give him a brush along the road, or a burst across the fields, and he is done up for a month.

"Now what does all this tend to? This,—that I must avail myself of your permission to leave town this week, subject to being recalled by you on any great emergency, particularly with regard either to treaties or instructions."

Private anxieties were now added to his public labours, but these occupied his thoughts far less than Africa. He thus writes to Lady Buxton from Bury, while on his way to London in obedience to a summons from Lord John Russell:—

"August 27. 1840.

"It will cheer you to hear that I am so far on my journey, safe and sound, remarkably comfortable, and perfectly well into the bargain. * * * What are mines, and miseries, and mail-coaches, as compared with the vision, all sunshine, of a people, thousands and hundreds of thousands, springing from bondage to liberty, from stripes and howling to wages and singing, from being things to being men, from blindness to the Gospel? * * *

"I feel very thankful, and am a happy man this night."

Among other matters of interest which demanded his attention during his short visit to London was the setting on foot a periodical under the name of "The Friend of

* Dr. Holland, some time before, wrote to Mrs. Buxton:—"From what I have seen, Mr. Buxton is working beyond the power which even the strongest natural constitution can give."

Africa," the superintendence of which was undertaken by Captain Washington, R. N., an energetic member of the committee.

During September great pains were taken to inform and interest the public on the subject of the African expedition, and with this view it was resolved that meetings should be held in the principal commercial towns. It was of importance that these should be ably conducted. The Marquis of Breadalbane presided at the one convened at Glasgow. "For Manchester," Sir Fowell writes to Captain Washington, "Dr. Lushington would be the man. His presence would ensure success, but I really know not how to ask him. We trouble him enough upon matters even more important. He wants rest as much as any man, and yet he is of so free and ardent a nature that he will kill himself rather than not do anything he can."

Dr. Lushington, however, and Sir George Murray, attended the Manchester meeting. Another, at which many of the nobility and gentry of Norfolk were present, was held in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, Mr. Villebois, then high sheriff of Norfolk, being in the chair; but a large body of Chartists broke into the hall, and after great uproar and confusion compelled the meeting to disperse. It is to this meeting that the following letter alludes:—

"My dear Lushington,

"What with the Chartists at Norwich, and the Times newspaper, and the Edinburgh Review, and the bitter resolutions of the Liverpool Anti-slavery Society, and the recognition of Texas, and the threatened admission of slave-grown sugar, clouds seem to be gathering round about us; but I do not mean to allow these things utterly to vex me. I am as sure as ever that we are upon the right tack, and, if so, we shall beat them all yet. My chief anxiety is, that the instructions to the com-

missioners, and the model treaty, should be finished in good style. I will be with you at dinner on Wednesday, and we will talk over these matters."

The following is an extract of a letter to the Rev. J. W. Cunningham of Harrow, in which Sir Fowell urged him to give lectures in different places on the subject of the slave trade:—

"Northrepps, Sept. 23. 1840.

"* * * A month spent in going from town to town would do us infinite good—*infinite*, literally speaking, for it affects negro souls as well as bodies.

"So, O man of God, pray send to Trew* the instant you receive this, and offer to traverse a district for at least four weeks. The effect will be, that a hundred other clergymen, evangelical and eloquent, will follow your example, and the tocsin will be sounded through the kingdom; the subject will be no longer dormant; our Society will be rich instead of poor; and, being rich, will adventure to do things connected with the expedition, and things of essential importance, at which it now starts and trembles.

"I speak most seriously when I say, I think you may thus do us vast good; and, moreover, the West Indians also. You tell me you heard one of them confess that my plan was 'their only shelter from ruin.' Very curious that it should have come to this. But it is true enough: nothing but the horrors of the slave trade, fixed and stamped on the mind of the public, will avert the introduction of slave-grown sugar.

"But the most wonderful part of the case is, that the West Indians look on very quietly, and leave me to fight their battle. MacQu een has essentially served the cause. Gladstone, Lord Seaford, and John Irving have served it; and there ends, pretty nearly, the catalogue of West Indian proprietors who have so much as lifted up a finger for us.

"Excuse my thus troubling you, but I really am so pressed, so overdone, that I must press on others. Every proposition is brought to me; every step taken I am obliged to act in."

* The Rev. J. M. Trew had been appointed Secretary to the African Civilisation Society.

At this time the idea began to gain ground of removing the prohibitory duties on slave-grown sugar. The Duchess of Sutherland having written to Sir Fowell Buxton to inquire his opinions with regard to this proposition, he replied as follows:—

“I lose no time in replying to the letter which your Grace has done me the honour to address to me. I can have no hesitation in saying, that in my opinion the best and wisest course which we can pursue is to enforce the prohibitory duties against slave-grown sugar, that is, against the sugars of Cuba and Brazil. It seems to me to be one of those questions in which ordinary rules are to be disregarded, and in which considerations of political advantage must be made to yield to the superior law of moral duty. We cannot admit the produce of Cuba and Brazil into home consumption without giving a vast impulse to the growth of sugar in those countries, or, in other words, without giving the strongest encouragement to the slave trade. The question then presents itself in this form. Shall England, which has hitherto been the only hope of Africa — which has cheerfully paid twenty millions for the emancipation of her own slaves — which has, as some of us think, derived more true glory from this than from Trafalgar and Waterloo — shall this England, which has hitherto thought no labour and no sacrifices too great for the accomplishment of this special object, now turn round, and by a single act do more for the promotion of the slave trade than it has ever done for its suppression, and be the very means of pouring down upon Africa a more aggravated load of misery, ruin, crime, and desolation than she has ever yet endured? I cannot think that it will be for a moment pretended that we should be justified on principle in taking this course; and if this be true, such a course cannot, in the long run, prosper. A temporary relief, no doubt, the country may obtain; but at what a cost! Such base inconsistency would tarnish the character of the country in the eyes of the civilised world. Our high professions, our appeals to other nations, calling upon them to relinquish, from fear to God and in pity to a quarter of the human race, the iniquitous gains of the slave trade — the boast we have made of superior humanity — all these would be held up against us in mockery when the world should perceive that

for the sake of revenue, and for the sake of effecting some reduction in the price of an article of consumption, we have resolved, with our eyes open, to do that which must necessarily produce an increase of the very trade which we have hitherto pretended to detest. But we shall lose more than reputation. We shall forfeit His favour who rules the destinies of nations. Enlightened as this country is on the subject of the slave trade, and knowing well that guilt upon the largest scale, and to the most intense degree, inseparably cleaves to it, I can conceive no national crime which would be darker, or more likely to call down the vengeance of God, than for us to become now, knowingly, parties to the extension of that traffic. President Jefferson, himself a slaveholder, speaking of slavery, said, 'I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just.' When Great Britain shall have been bribed to give direct encouragement to the trade in human flesh, shall we not have reason to fear that such a crime—attended, as in our case it would be, by such consummate hypocrisy—would bring down upon the nation some heavy chastisement? These are the leading considerations which present themselves to my mind, but there are others which must not be lost sight of. There seems good reason to believe that the high price of sugar is but a temporary evil. I think we may reasonably expect that many of the difficulties which have hitherto existed in the West Indies will cease, and we may hope that the Islands will not continue to suffer from unfavourable seasons. Again, the quantity of sugar coming from the East Indies is increasing every day, and will without doubt go far towards the reduction of prices. As a question of pure policy, would it not be better to give an impulse to the growth of sugar in our own territories in the East and West Indies, than to confer such a bonus on Cuba and Brazil? Another point should be borne in mind. The Government cannot pretend that they are driven by necessity, and the overwhelming voice of the country, to dispense with the prohibitory duties. There have been, I take it, no demonstrations of any great anxiety on the subject, on the part of the people. The noise that is made is not very loud, and it proceeds rather from the merchants who want to sell the Brazilian sugar than from the people who want to buy it. If the latter should be laid clearly before the public, and they should be made really sensible that they can only

obtain foreign sugar through the medium of the slave trade, they would not call upon the Government to instigate such crimes, and to multiply such horrors as they know belong to the slave trade, for their relief. When we proposed the abolition of slavery, it was tauntingly said, 'The public are your friends now; but tell them they shall have their will, slavery shall cease, but they shall pay for it, and you will hear no more of anti-slavery meetings and petitions.' Slavery was abolished, and a tremendous mulct was thereby imposed upon the people of England; and it must ever be remembered to their honour, that not one petition was presented against it while the measure was in progress, and not a murmur, as authenticated by any public remonstrance or petition, has since been heard. I must now conclude this long letter. You have called me to write upon a subject in which I feel the most intense interest, for it is palpable that, if we once consent to the admission of slave-grown sugar, there is an end of every hope for unhappy Africa. All our past sacrifices of money and of the lives of our sailors are rendered worse than useless, and the bright expectation in which we have indulged of seeing a new day dawn upon a hundred millions of our fellow-creatures, and of the spread of peace, of knowledge, and of Christianity amongst them, proves but an idle and disappointing dream."

To Edward N. Buxton, Esq.

"Northrepps Hall, Oct. 1840.

"You talk about 'idle people shooting in the country.' I beg to say this does not apply to me, as my secretary could tell you. He has just groaned out to me, that in five days last week he despatched eighty-eight letters of mine, and some of them very lengthy, and a very great majority connected with the slave trade."

The motto of the Buxton family had been, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Of this lengthy but appropriate sentence he retained only the last clause; and "Do it with thy might" was the motto attached to the arms which he bore as a baronet. "But I do not think," he writes to a friend,

“my motto and I square well together now-a-days. I have no ‘might,’ nor energy, nor pluck, nor anything of that sort; and this kind of listlessness reaches even to my two pet pursuits—negroes and partridges. In short, I feel myself changed in almost everything.”

As the time for the departure of the vessels was now drawing near, he became anxious that a day of prayer should be appointed for the safety and success of an expedition which would be exposed to so many dangers. “Pray do not let us lose sight of this,” he wrote to Mr. Coates, then one of the secretaries of the Church Missionary Society; “never was there a case which more required the Divine blessing.”

On the same subject he addressed Sir John Jeremie, the Governor of the West Coast of Africa:—

“Northrepps Hall, Nov. 1. 1840.

“It is determined that a day shall be set apart for prayer on behalf of our efforts for Africa, and especially for the safety and success of the expedition. Sunday, November the 8th, is the day appointed. I can confidently say, that the new Governor of Western Africa and his family will not be forgotten. I greatly rejoice that this determination has been come to. Surely, considering the difficulties, the perils, the prejudices at home, the brutal ignorance in Africa; considering, again, how many brave and good men are hazarding their lives in the cause of humanity and righteousness, and, above all, reflecting on the mighty consequences which may, and which by the blessing of God, as we hope, will follow the combined effort we are now making, I say, considering all these things, surely we have need to crave Divine help, and the guidance of more and better than human wisdom. Farewell, my dear friend, and be God’s blessing upon you and yours, for Christ’s sake.”

To J. J. Gurney, Esq.

“Upton, March 9. 1841.

“I am staying here for the morning, walking about with my wife, and am going to Hampstead to dinner, when I am to see,

and spend half an hour with, our poor dear brother Hoare. Have you heard of his truly elevated state of mind? it quite takes away the sting of his illness. * * *

“ We had a capital party of the Niger officers and others at the Brewery yesterday — about thirty people — Trotter, Bird Allen, Washington, Sir Robert Inglis, Acland, Mrs. Fry, among the number.

“ I know that she (Mrs Fry) is anxious to visit the crew on board the ‘ Albert.’ I have therefore fixed with Trotter that he shall receive a good party of us on board his vessel on Friday the 19th. Now I very, very much hope that you will come too. Do not let anything stop you. Our one hope for the expedition is, that the blessing of our Lord may go along with them; and the desire of all of us must be, that these vessels may never be permitted to leave this shore unless the presence of the Lord be with them.”

He several times minutely inspected the vessels fitted out for the expedition, which were then lying in the river; and he was one of the party which waited upon H. R. H. Prince Albert, when he visited them on the 23rd of March.

To Miss Gurney.

“ Leamington, April 1. 1841.

“ Now I must tell you about Prince Albert's visit to the vessels. I went an hour before he was expected, and found everything in the most perfect order, and the officers in full dress. Trotter looked remarkably well in his uniform, and I was glad to have the opportunity of seeing him actually engaged in the command of his people. At the appointed time two carriages and four drove on to the quay, containing Prince Albert, Mr. Anson, Major Keppel (our late member for Norfolk), and half-a-dozen others. I was upon the quarter-deck, and Professor Airy with me, near the steps, which the Prince immediately came up. He greeted me with the most good-natured familiarity, and expressed his pleasure at seeing me ‘ on board my fleet.’ He then closely examined everything, and seemed to take great delight in the whole concern, and to un-

derstand mechanics. He was especially delighted with a buoy fixed ready at the stern of the ship to be let down at a moment's notice. It contained a light which (at least they said so) water only inflamed. This was for the purpose of saving any one who might happen to fall overboard at night. I said to Keppel, not intending the Prince should hear me (which however he did), 'I wish his Royal Highness would order one of his suite, yourself, for example, to be thrown overboard, that we might save your life by this apparatus.' The Prince took up the idea, and seemed half inclined to set Keppel a swimming, in order that we might have the gratification of the salvage. After examining everything in the 'Albert,' the boat came alongside; the Prince and six of his attendants got in, and I was also invited, and was not very far from having reason to regret the honour. The wind was blowing hard, and the tide rolling along at its full force. Our sailors were not accustomed to the navigation of the Thames, so the tide ran away with us, and dashed us with considerable violence against a yacht at anchor, the 'William and Mary.' We got entangled amongst the ropes attached to her anchor, and a cry was raised from the vessels, 'You will be dragged over, lie down!' Down went his Royal Highness flat to the bottom of the boat, and without ceremony we all bundled down to. As it was, the rope scraped along my back. When we got clear, the Prince sprang up, laughing heartily at the adventure, saying, 'I have had one ducking before this year, when I fell through the ice, and I thought we were going to have a second of a much worse kind.' The alarm felt on board the vessels at our situation was very considerable; and Bird Allen had ordered his boats to be lowered.

"After visiting the two other vessels, the Prince took leave of Trotter and the company, and expressed himself highly pleased with what he had seen."

On the 14th of April, 1841, Captain Trotter and Commander William Allen sailed for the Niger with the *Albert* and *Wilberforce*, the *Soudan* having put to sea a few weeks earlier. It need not be said that this event was one full of the deepest interest to Sir Fowell. His prayers were indeed fervent for the success of the

expedition, and the welfare of its gallant commanders and crews; and, though deeply impressed by the risks they were about to incur, his unshaken confidence in the presence and providence of God did not fail him now. The chief source of apprehension lay in the deadly climate; but against its dangers every human precaution had been taken. The ships were to steam as rapidly as possible through the mouths of the rivers, where the miasma chiefly prevails. Dr. Reid had invented a system of ventilation by which a constant current of air, impregnated with chloride of lime, could, by the agency of the steam-engines, be maintained through all parts of the vessels; a large proportion of the crews were natives of Africa, and the medical staff was remarkably able and efficient. With these precautions—the whole expedition, also, being under the command of so able and judicious a man, whose eminent qualifications had pointed him out for this responsible office—it was confidently hoped that all the perils which, it was well known, were inseparable from such an undertaking might be passed through with safety.

With reference to the expedition, Sir Fowell frequently repeated Cowper's lines:—

“Heaven speed the canvass, gallantly unfurled,
To furnish and accommodate a world,
To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And knit th' unsocial climates into one.
Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave,
Impel the fleet, whose errand is to save,
To succour wasted regions, and replace
The smile of opulence in sorrow's face.
Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,
Impede the bark that ploughs the deep serene,
Charged with a freight transcending in its worth,
The gems of India, nature's rarest birth;
That flies, like Gabriel, on his Lord's commands,
A herald of God's love to Pagan lands.”

On the evening before the ships sailed, Sir Fowell wrote to Captain Trotter from Leamington:—

“My dear Friend,

“April 13. 1841.

“Once more I bid you farewell. I need not, I am sure, repeat to you the extreme interest with which I shall follow you, nor the earnest prayers which my heart will pour forth for your welfare and prosperity. You will find all that I feel at this time, regarding you and your whole party, in the 121st Psalm. May I beg you to convey to Captain W. Allen, Lieutenants Fishbourne and Strange, Dr. MacWilliam, and indeed to each of your officers, my very best wishes and regards.

“* * * With my best regards, and with the sympathy of us all for Mrs. Trotter, I once more crave that the blessing of the Lord may be with you in your mission of peace and mercy.

“Yours ever, most faithfully,

“T. FOWELL BUXTON.

“P. S. April 14.—How ardently I trust that you are steaming away to your satisfaction this blowing day! The expression is often on my lips, and always in my heart,—

‘Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave,
Impel the bark whose errand is to save.’”

never was there a time when a greater necessity existed that your hands should be strengthened, and that you should be furnished with the means of embracing other and hitherto neglected fields within the range of your exertions. I must not lose this opportunity of expressing the deep sense I entertain of the benefits which our Society for the Extinction of the Slave Trade and Civilisation of Africa has received from the active and cordial co-operation which each of you has afforded."

To the same.

"I read with deep interest to my family yesterday evening the missionary notices of your society. I hardly know how to express the pleasure I felt at the self-devotion and courage of your labourers, in Jamaica especially. These passages have wrung from me, against my determination, the enclosed 50*l*. Give me leave to say, that that shall not prevent me from responding in my humble way to any call you may make on behalf of Africa."

"With this great object in view," writes Mr. Trew, "whatever efforts were made by the Missionary Societies met with the most prompt and generous support from Sir Fowell. The only question he asked was, 'Are these men the servants of the Most High God? Do they desire in simplicity and godly sincerity to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified, and to labour for good to the bodies and souls of the poor benighted Africans?' Once assured of this, his heart and hand were ever ready to help them. It was not that he undervalued the agency of the Church to which he belonged; to efforts made by her individual members he responded with surpassing liberality. But in his view of the miseries which afflicted Africa, there was no time to be lost in waiting. His maxim was, 'Dum Roma deliberat Saguntum perit;' and under this conviction he lived, and enlarged the bounds of his Christian benevolence."

While on a short visit to Matlock he writes to Mrs. Johnston:—

"May 4, 1841.

"The thing that has most interested me, and has awakened many old and slumbering feelings, is the circumstance that

thirty-nine years ago I spent a Sunday here with the Gurneys, on our excursion to the Lakes before H. and I were engaged. Could we then have drawn aside the curtain, and have seen what we should be on our next visit to Matlock—our youngest child with us on the point of entering Cambridge—letters in our pockets from two of our married children, speaking, in most pleasant terms of *their* sons and daughters; could we also have been aware that in the interim I had spent nearly twenty years in Parliament, and that the gracious Lord had blessed my efforts with regard to slavery and the slave trade;—could we, I say, in the former period have realised what we should be nearly forty years after, how strange but yet cheering would have been the peep into futurity! and now looking back through this long series of years, I am constrained to confess that ‘goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.’”

His health having been in a great degree restored under Dr. Jephson’s care, he agreed to join his son, and his nephew, Mr. Edmund Buxton, at a moor they had taken in the north of Scotland. Being surrounded by a cheerful party, the month he spent in the wild seclusion of Ausdale, a little shooting-lodge near the top of the Ord of Caithness, proved a time of peculiar pleasure and refreshment to him. Towards the end of his stay there he writes to his younger sons:—

“Ausdale, Sept. 6. 1841.

“To-morrow morning we leave Caithness, and expect to reach London about the 25th instant. Everything here marks that our visit has come to its natural conclusion. In the first place, all the grouse are killed. We may go out for half a day and not see above a brace; and then our tea, our wine, our marmalade, our currant jelly, our novel, are, some of them quite, and the rest all but, out. We have very much enjoyed being here. Nothing can have been more harmonious and one-minded than our party. We have lived in luxury, and, in one respect, have fared like savages, for our next day’s dinner has been playing in the stream, or roving in the forest.”

Sir Fowell Buxton now returned to Northrepps. The season was advancing, and every week increased the anxiety with which tidings of the Niger Expedition were looked for. At length they arrived, dated "August 20, River Niger," and were of the most encouraging character. "With two exceptions," said Captain Trotter, "the whole company is in good health." "This," writes Sir Fowell, "I think highly satisfactory, and may God in his mercy grant that we may continue to hear such favourable reports! I am, I confess, not devoid of anxiety."

He thus replies to Captain Trotter's letter:—

"Northrepps Hall, Nov. 12. 1841.

"I must write a few lines, if it be only to assure you that my anxiety is unabated to hear tidings of the Expedition, and more especially to hear about yourself, Captains William and Bird Allen, and Cook. I was going to add Lieutenant Fishbourne; but I may as well say at once, all the officers and all the crews. I believe I should hardly exaggerate if I should say that while engaged in our family devotions I have never, or at all events most rarely, neglected to offer up my prayers for the safety of you all, for the success of the Expedition, and for the out-pouring of God's grace upon Africa. I trust and I believe that I am but one of many thousands with whom these things form a subject of daily and heartfelt prayer."

The history of the Niger Expedition is so closely associated with that of the subject of this memoir, that it may not be deemed irrelevant to give a short account of its progress, its fair promise of success, and its lamentable reverses, taken from the Parliamentary papers and despatches, and from the published accounts of Captain W. Allen, Dr. MacWilliam, the Rev. J. F. Schön, and the Rev. S. Crowther.

The Niger Expedition began to ascend the Nun branch of the river on the 20th of August, 1841, that

being the season recommended by Captain Beecroft, and other gentlemen well acquainted with the subject.* Every one was in the highest spirits, cheered by the novelty and beauty of the scenery, and by the exhilarating feeling of the air, which appeared perfectly salubrious; and it was difficult to imagine that it could be otherwise. After Sunday Island, where the influence of the tides gives place to the constant downward current of the river, a marked change took place in the scenery. The banks began to be slightly elevated above the water, and, instead of the mangrove, a variety of beautiful palms and other trees formed a forest so dense, that, for upwards of 100 miles (except where spots were cleared for cultivation), the eye could not penetrate more than a few yards beyond the water's edge. These cleared spots, containing yams, cocoas, cassadas, Indian corn, plantains, and occasionally sugar-cane, began to appear immediately after leaving Sunday Island, and gradually became more frequent. Solitary huts were now succeeded by clusters, and clusters of huts by villages, the villages became larger and more populous; while the natives showed themselves less timid, and often came off in their canoes to hold intercourse with the ships. Their timidity at first had been great, but their disposition was invariably friendly. For the first 50 miles there was little appearance of trade; but afterwards large canoes were seen carrying palm-oil, destined for Brass Town and Bonny.† The expedition continued its course every day, resting, however, on the Sunday, "as the frequent shoaling of the water subjected the engineers and stokers to great exhaustion, and ren-

* Captain Trotter to the Secretary of the Admiralty.—Parl. Papers relative to the Niger Expedition, p. 47.

† Captain Trotter's Report: P. P., p. 90.

dered the husbanding of their strength imperatively necessary.”*

On the 26th of August all the vessels had reached Aboh; and on the following morning Obi, the chief of the Ibo country, came on board the *Albert*, accompanied by several of his family and head-men. The objects of the expedition, as well as each article of the treaty, were then fully explained to him by an intelligent interpreter from Sierra Leone; and the commissioners were exceedingly pleased with the intelligence, judgment, and apparent sincerity of Obi's remarks. The momentary opposition elicited by some of the articles only tended to show how clearly he understood the objects of the treaty. It is worthy of remark, that the substance of his frequent interruptions was, that if he abolished the slave-trade, his people must have some occupation by which to obtain subsistence, and that he, therefore, wished plenty of ships to be sent to trade with him.† He came without any pomp or state. With the exception of his dress, which was a British scarlet uniform coat and scarlet cloth trousers, his appearance was more that of a keen trader than of a sovereign chief of an extensive country. His manner, however, though friendly and unceremonious, showed a consciousness of power, and his attendants treated him with marked respect.‡ His appearance is described as prepossessing; he was upwards of six feet high, and stout in proportion: his forehead was large, and his countenance generally indicated acute perception.

“An instance of his firmness,” says Dr. MacWilliam, “was shown one day on board of the *Albert*: while he was engaged

* Captain Trotter's Report, P. P. p. 91.

† Despatch from the Commissioners, P.P. pp. 32, 33.

‡ Captain Trotter's Report, P. P. p. 92.

with the commissioners, I was amusing his brother and some of the head-men by performing some experiments with Smee's galvanic battery. Obi came up to us just as the instrument was fitted for giving shocks: Anorama, the judge, a little man, touched the cylinders at the end of the conductors, and, as the battery was at the moment acting rather powerfully, he dropped them with rapidity and would not again come near. Most of the others looked upon this new and extraordinary agent with suspicion and awe: even Obi himself stooped somewhat doubtfully to take the shock; but he seemed determined to show no signs of irresolution or fear before his people. He took a firm grasp of the cylinders, and held them upwards of a minute, although I could perceive the muscles of the shoulder and chest in strong electric excitation.*

Mr. Schön, the chaplain, tells us that —

“The Ibos are, in their way, a religious people; the word ‘Tshuku,’ God, is continually heard. Their notions of some of the attributes of the Supreme Being are, in many respects, correct, and their manner of expressing them striking: ‘God has made everything; he made both white and black,’ is continually on their lips. On the death of a person who has, in their estimation, been good, they say, ‘he will see God,’ while of a wicked person they say, ‘He will go into fire.’† I opened the English Bible, and made Simon Jonas read a few verses, and translate them into Ibo. Obi was uncommonly taken with this. That a white man could read and write, was a matter of course; but that a black man — an Ibo man — a slave in times past — should know these wonderful things too, was more than he could have anticipated. He seized Simon's hand, squeezed it most heartily, and said, ‘you must stop with me; you must teach me and my people;’ and he would not be satisfied until Simon had made his desire known to Captain Trotter. This desire

* Dr. MacWilliam's Medical History, p. 64. He displayed less courage on another occasion. Prayers being about to be read, he was requested to kneel down. This he did; but when the service concluded, he was found almost overwhelmed with terror, the perspiration streaming down his face. He had thought, it seemed, that the white men were invoking curses on his head.

† Mr. Schön's Journal, p. 50.

proves the sincerity of his heart to perform the terms of the treaty into which he had entered. If he had any intention of evading them, he would not have expressed a desire to have a person about him who understands his own language, can watch over all his proceedings, and who, as he well knows, will join the Expedition again, and will be able to make his report to the commissioners of Obi's conduct." * "Jonas was accordingly left at Aboh for a few weeks, during which time no less than *two thousand* children were committed to him for instruction." †

The huts at Aboh were in general raised some feet from the ground, resting either upon an elevation of clay, or supported on strong wooden pillars from four to eight feet high. In the latter case, access to the hut was gained by a ladder leading to the principal aperture. They all seemed to be remarkably clean and well matted. The actual number of huts in Aboh was estimated at from 800 to 1000. ‡ Obi had only two large canoes in use; but was said to possess in all fifteen, each having a small cannon lashed in the bow: they had from twenty to fifty paddles; and the largest could carry twenty fighting men. Besides these, there were at Aboh about ten head-men who had each from two to six war canoes. On an extraordinary occasion he could muster about 300 canoes, armed with swivels and muskets. §

Captain William Allen (who had previously explored the Niger, in 1833) states that the nations on the banks of the river as far as Rabba (500 miles from its mouth) are under the influence of only three powerful and independent chiefs: first, Obi, king of Ibo; secondly, the Attah, or king of Eggarah; and thirdly, the king of the Fulatahs, at Rabba.

* Mr. Schon's Journal, p. 61.

† Ibid. p. 231.

‡ Dr. MacWilham, p. 61.

§ Captain W. Allen's Report, P.P. p. 137.

The treaty having been formally concluded with Obi, for the abolition of the slave trade in his dominions, for the protection and encouragement of legitimate commerce, and for the permission to missionaries to settle among his people, and presents having been given to him as a mark of good will, the expedition proceeded towards Iddah, the capital of Eggarah.

A great change soon took place in the scenery: the banks of the river had hitherto been flat; but now "elevated land," says Mr. Crowther, "was gradually peeping behind the thick bushes on the banks of the river; and the faces of all were bright at the sight of these long-looked-for places."

The amount of cultivation of yams, bananas, and plantains indicated more extensive habitation than had yet been seen, with the exception of Aboh. At Iddah, in the kingdom of Eggarah, the opposite shore is for some way low, flat, and swampy. The land behind, however, gradually rises to hills of considerable height, which seemed to be richly wooded. From the anchorage (within 200 yards of the cliff) a magnificent range of rounded and conical hills and high table-land was seen in the distance, stretching from north-east to south-west with a dense forest, extending from the table-land downwards, through which a series of streams were pursuing curiously tortuous courses, until they joined the main stream of the Niger, a short distance above the town of Iddah.* Some of the officers went into the country, and were much pleased with its openness and beauty. Here and there some nice plantations fenced in contained cassada, yams, pompions, Indian corn, and sugar-cane, all kept clean, and in the best condition of

* Dr. MacWilliam, p. 70.

culture.* The people were found to be industrious, and more advanced in civilisation than their neighbours lower down the river : their grounds much better cultivated, manufactures more encouraged, and their social comforts increasing.† Mr. Crowther, however, himself a negro, received an unpleasant impression of the inhabitants of Iddah. “As they were rude in their appearance,” he says, “so were they in their manners, for they made it no matter of consideration whatever to put their hands on any part of our dress, which, considering how dirty they were, was not at all agreeable. * * * If I had met with a wild people before, this was one of that kind.” ‡

The population of Iddah was calculated at about 7000 souls. Their king, the Attah of Eggarah, appears to have been much less intelligent and civilised than Obi. A similar treaty, however, was concluded with him. During the interview between him and the commissioners, he now and then made a remark, and inquired about things which at first did not appear clear to him; and every word he said, or remark he made, fully proved that he understood what was said to him.§ The treaty was signed with all due formality, in the presence and with the full concurrence of his head-men and the principal people of the town.|| “One of these, Lobo, the chief judge, was a fine-looking person, very handsomely dressed,” writes Captain W. Allen. “His manners and appearance were indeed so dignified and elegant that he, at least, could not be classed among the uncivilised.”

* Capt. W. Allen's and Dr. Thomson's Narrative of the Niger Expedition, I. p. 308.

† Ibid. 326.

‡ Mr. Crowther's Journal, p. 291.

§ Mr. Schon, p. 92.

|| Despatch from the Commissioners, P.P. p. 37.