

a continued barricading of the borders would bring the Ashantees to their senses. We also called the governor's attention to the fact that this time the court had not condescended to give any return presents to the ambassador of the colonial government, whereas to the former deputies they had been lavishly dealt out. Neither had anything been given for his maintenance, four and a half dollars on each Aday being all he had received from the king, so that he found himself in no small pecuniary embarrassment.

While thus standing as it were on a volcano, the king continued to delay Ansa's departure, professing that he must first pay for the goods he had brought him from the Coast, and also settle another account. Ashantee had taken goods from Asen to the value of seventeen peredwane, during the last two or three years, a debt which Kari-Kari acknowledged. The governor had therefore advanced it to the prince of Asen, to prevent further quarrels. Ansa was ashamed to return without this money, but this annoyance was not spared him, for on March the 17th the chamberlains announced that it had been decided to delay payment until the ransom could be obtained—a most revolting proceeding.

The prince preached in the streets the same evening on the words, "The wages of sin is death." How humbled I felt, and how I longed to be able to speak as clearly and fluently as he did.

An important decision arose out of Ansa's delayed departure, on a subject I had been pondering unknown to my wife, till she one day said she would almost rather stay where we were, than agree to an exorbitant sum being paid for our ransom. We duly weighed the matter, and then proposed that should our committee approve, we were ready to remain, believing that if we were once away, others would scarcely have the courage to start a mission in Ashantee.

Of course many things had to be considered, such as

what was to be done if a war broke out, shutting us up entirely from all communication with the Coast, or in case of severe illness. We felt, however, we could leave the future. Mr Kühne was perplexed for a time, partly because he had come on mercantile business, partly because he could not get on well with the language, but he finally agreed, and the prince departed with our varied communications, leaving us once more alone.

Just before Ansa's departure, one of his servants, a Fanti, had taken a leaf of a particular tree to clean his "calabash." The tree was a sacred one, which the Fanti did not know. He was however observed and led away, his master was but too well aware of the danger, for he had seen a youth beheaded under the same tree for a similar offence; but the king was induced to commute his punishment, and command that a sheep provided by the prince should be sacrificed instead of the boy. Unpleasant as it was for him to be thus involved in the superstitions of his country, he sent four dollars and a half to Bosommuru to buy the sheep and carry out the king's command, but eventually the king substituted a sheep of his own, feeling apparently ashamed at his shabby treatment of Ansa.

CHAPTER XXI.

PROLONGED WAITING DURING A REVOLUTION IN THE
COLONIAL POLITICS.

ONE night a light-coloured youth from Aja, a mountain in Krepe, a district assigned by the king to the chief Kwasi Domfe (with whom J. Smith and Palm had lived), rushed trembling into our kitchen. The chief's mother having died, several men were appointed to be slain, one of whom was missed at the last moment. The lad happened to be near when this was announced to Kwasi, who angrily rejoined, "Then take this boy quickly and kill him instead." The intended victim cleared the court with one bound, hid in a bush till night, and then escaped unperceived to the white men. We took him in, promising if possible to save his life, but failing to find Bosomuru the next morning in his house, had to follow him to the palace, and had not made our errand clear to him before he was summoned to the king sitting in court, whither we were soon ordered to follow.

We entered amid more noise than we usually encountered in the market-place, for a plaintiff was screaming to make himself heard above his surroundings. While trying with Joseph's help to explain my business, the king, to my great astonishment, bid me speak for myself. A complete silence ensued while I endeavoured to tell my story, and when I ceased, his majesty, in company with all the assembly, united in a hearty laugh, for my foreign accent and my ignorance of the terms used in court amused them

greatly ; I gained my object however, and was assured the youth had nothing further to fear. We kept this lad (Kwaku by name) with us, and he was only too glad to remain and work in our service.

The old mission house was becoming increasingly decrepit. Not only was the roof unsound, but our dwelling-room required new flooring, if in the approaching rainy season we were to have one dry place for our little Rose. With Kwaku's help we took these matters in hand as far as our scanty means permitted, but the king was building two new villages by our old Ebenezer, so that wages were especially high just then.

Prince Ansa, who had commenced a plantation about a mile out of Coomassie, had obtained the royal consent to leave it in our charge, and M. Bonnat set to work diligently to uproot the bush and plant the ground. We also cultivated a small piece of land which had been given me by a chief in return for a little present. The twenty minutes' walk to this garden would have been a pleasant one, but for the fact that our way lay through a morass caused by the overflow of the river Suben. Whether we should ever reap the fruit of our labours was problematical, but M. Bonnat built himself a hut where he and Palm might sleep during the summer months in order to guard the ripening harvest. The plan promised a two-fold advantage, it would show the king we were not the grand people he supposed, and also that we were perhaps making arrangements for remaining.

An incident of this period excited afresh our deepest sympathy. Vultures being regarded as sacred birds belonging to the royal family, fly over Coomassie by hundreds, all untouched. They pounce upon meat or fish carried in the hand, and still more on that conveyed in larger quantities. A poor woman on her way to market with a basket of provisions on her head, was

visited by one of these voracious birds, which fastening its claws tightly in the straw work, could not extricate itself. This was a strong temptation to the people around to possess themselves of its feathers, valuable for many purposes, and several ran forward, seized the larger ones, and disappeared in a moment with their prize. When the bird had freed itself, it was unable to fly, and a general lamentation ensued. The poor woman was carried off and put in irons, and would we knew be sacrificed.

On Easter Sunday (March 31st), we were much in spirit with our dear ones at home. These seasons cause us to realize how entirely we are sundered from every christian association, so that I set out with a heavy heart to my usual service in the streets. Yet, as often before on similar occasions, I returned strengthened and encouraged, and could rejoice in Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life."

The king had left the previous week, overladen with presents, to spend his yearly vacation at Amanghyia. He dealt out his gifts lavishly on all sides, but forgot us, to whom a piece of fresh meat would have been so welcome. He however surprised the capital by a sudden resolution to hold the Bantama feast on the 1st April (Easter Monday). A painful contrast to the glorious christian festival we had quietly celebrated!

Numbers of poor victims were now slain in our immediate vicinity, and we were helpless! How the whole land groaned under its oppressors! Almost every Ashantee felt how little such sacrifices were pleasing to God, yet not one dared to express his conviction, though had the king announced that very day that none but murderers should become victims, a universal cry of joy would have burst forth from multitudes of voices. But Kari-Kari was persuaded that his whole strength lay in his power to take life at any moment. One of his highest chiefs was

said to have lost his head for daring to suggest that he spent too much money on his wives. It was quite evident that unless *compelled*, he would never alter so convenient and time-honoured a custom.

A joyful message from prince Ansa, who was still in Fomana, gave us an opportunity of seeing the magnificent Amanghyia. He advised us of the dispatch of eleven boxes, which obliged us to apply to Bosommuru to have them at once conveyed to us. We did not see the king, who was sleeping, but admired the tasteful and durable building he had erected, in lieu of the poor temporary huts which had served his followers in former years. The whole was in keeping with his own beautifully situated villa.

In advance of the expected boxes came Robert Kwansa, with not only letters from home, but what we then needed almost more, twenty ounces of gold dust. How thankful we were to the kind brethren for thus hastening to supply our wants, before Elmina was ceded to England, and a rupture occurred with Ashantee. The prince, as we have said, was detained on the road, and not until the completion of the celebrations, when the king returned with his court, and we had to be present at the reception, was the royal messenger despatched to accompany him to the coast.

Our boxes were similarly treated, promises were made and broken, though finally one after another was sent, the last not reaching us until the 3rd of May. Then after all the presents we gave to the king and his chamberlain, they were dissatisfied. The king said he must "buy" from us further. We declined, for we were really in need of the materials for our own clothes, but he so persisted that at last we gave him another piece, thus realizing how entirely we were prisoners.

On April the 15th, we were awoke by the rocking of our beds, from a sharp shock of earthquake. Some years

before, on a like occurrence, human sacrifices had been immediately offered to appease the spirits, but prince Ansa had explained to the king the causes of such events, so that this was happily discontinued, but field work was forbidden on a Thursday, because of an earthquake which had once happened on that day.

Our darling child was growing strong and healthy, and though only seven months old could stand by a chair, and we needed a girl to take care of her, the nurse being occupied with her own child. When seated before her toys, and the little thing began to prattle, we felt what a treasure we had to cheer us in our continued solitude. We requested Bosommuru to supply us with a servant; he hesitated, perhaps he felt it was the king's duty to do this unsolicited, but finally a girl of thirteen, for whom we had to pay twenty-four dollars, was given us, and proved a great help.

Letters from Administrator Ussher and from Mr. Forson, which were brought to us to translate, gave us some insight into the state of affairs. Mr. Ussher expected that prince Ansa's mission would restore peace, and that since Adu Bofo had returned, we should be set free. After taking possession of Elmina, the English Government would take care that the king should still receive the yearly sum which had been paid by Holland, not as tribute, but as a friendly offering.

In reference to the slaves who had fled from Ashantee to Cape Coast, the British authorities could not according to their laws send them back, but the king was advised to place a guard at the Prah to prevent his subjects leaving Ashantee. Nothing was said about Akjampong, but the authorities seemed willing to send him back from Cape Coast (whither he had been transported), though we should find it more desirable for him to be kept at the Coast till we were set free. Mr. Forson begged the king to let his

people (sent eight months before with presents to his majesty), leave Coomassie and return to him. The surrendering of Elmina occasioned much vexation in the palace, nor was this the only one. Ashantee had quarrelled with Asen about some debt, and the latter had struck a kra ("king's soul"), which was considered a deadly insult.

We too were not without our grievances. I had worked very hard at our plantation, and more than eighty yam roots had been put in the ground, when one morning I discovered that thirty-five had been dug out again. We were prepared for robberies at harvest time, and had arranged to sleep out of doors, but we had not dreamt of such insolence as this. And how to guard against it we did not know. It would have been easy to get the king to announce with the gong that no one was to approach our plantation, but what if it occurred after all? The king regarded the mangoes growing in the court of the mission-house as his property, and desired that they should be better watched; but we could not even protect them from night robberies, and if a thief chose to run the risk, how could we give him up to be beheaded?

We had bought a steady man (Kwaku), belonging to a village near Ahudome, for twenty-two dollars: he could not speak Ashantee, and was beside himself with joy on entering our service. Poor fellow, how I longed to be able to take him back to his own country, though he was very useful to us. The other Kwaku was by the king's order compelled to leave us to his own and our sorrow, and though we had put ourselves to all sorts of inconvenience out of pure regard for him, hoping to be able to give his master what he considered his value. How could thieving and lying decrease in a country where human goods were so revoltingly disposed of.

The chief of Wusutra was ordered to have all his young men ready to fetch something for the king, and

four hundred were sent northward, under an Ashantee colonel, whither and for what purpose no one knew. A few days later, the single women of the same village were summoned, the king promising to give them work, but as we believed to be sold, though they had given themselves up voluntarily, and had been assured they should be sent back to their own land. Truly it was difficult to entertain a warm affection for such a nation, and yet I painfully felt that my poor words would be powerless unless they proceeded from a loving heart.

When the Adaye fell on a Sunday, we could scarcely attempt street preaching, on account of the drinking and general excitement. At other times we were greatly encouraged, as on one occasion, where two of the king's sons were among the audience, on another when we had more than four hundred attentive listeners, and yet again, when a chief visited me with his two sons who had expressed a desire to know me; still our hope of making any lasting impression was continually checked.

On May 30th, the wife of one of the king's brothers died, and he to express his sympathy, sent more than a dozen victims for sacrifice, accompanied by the wild music of the horns. At such times the question would arise, what were we that we should attempt to do battle against this mighty bulwark of Satan? It almost seemed as if we heard his scornful laugh! but we sowed on in faith and hope, looking to God to preserve and fructify the seed.

A letter from the prince on June 4th occasioned us much concern. It accompanied a box with a variety of things we had ordered, and told us of the arrival of the governor-in-chief at Elmina, the taking of which place caused all other affairs to be put on one side, so that the king's letter remained unanswered. The prince deplored that new comers unacquainted with the country declined to take advice from experienced natives.

His excellency, Mr Hennesy, had already proclaimed that the way to the Coast was open to every Ashantee, without reference to the prince. Akjampong, who was sent by the Dutch to Kwantiabo, was said to be no longer in custody, and might be expected in Coomassie in a month. This we had long dreaded, knowing well how this proud, cruel man would let loose the bridal of his hatred against all Europeans, and turn the heads of the people. The double-tongued Afirifa, too, was expected with his friends from the Prah, the man who above all others urged the king to insist on a ransom. Mr. Plange was likewise on the road with presents from both the Colonial Governments, among which was a gigantic mirror, so difficult to transport that the king was requested to light the path through the forest, that it might not be damaged. We did not anticipate that Mr. Plange would intercede for our release, and could only trust in the Lord for help in His own good time.

It was now exactly three years on June 12th since we had been taken prisoners. How little we should have believed it, had we then been told that we could have sustained a three years' captivity. But the darker the prospect the more earnestly did we desire to do something for the Ashantees, and I arranged a room in the adjoining building for reading and praying, hoping that it would also serve for a school-room.

I had for some time been trying to collect a few poor children on Sundays, showing them pictures, singing to them and telling them of the Saviour's love, and more came than I had ventured to expect—why therefore might I not try to teach them daily? I spoke to them of my wish, and they not only expressed anxiety to learn, but offered to help in the repairs. We opened an entrance from the street that they might come straight into the school-room, and as they entered the scene moved me beyond expression.

It was about this time that the queen mother made over the treasures of the former king to her son. According to Ashantee custom the mother of the heir keeps possession of the treasures on the death of the sovereign, until her son has acquired experience. Kwakoo Dooah had now been dead five years, after a reign of thirty-three without going to war, with the exception of a single campaign on the Prah, which was without conflict. He had therefore collected more money than any of his predecessors. It was weighed in a large scale held by four strong slaves, but it was not till three months later that the elders allowed Kari-Kari to take possession.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. PLANGE'S SECOND EMBASSY.

THE heavy rains of July were almost too much for the old mission-house, with its soaked walls and leaking roof, yet so many new Dampans were being built, that canes needed for repairs were not procurable, and we petitioned the king to allow us to use grass instead. Forty years before this same request had been denied the Wesleyan missionaries, a grass roof being prohibited in Coomassie, but our petition was successful, and the king said, "Begin as soon as you please."

Under an inundation of tropical rain, Mr. Plange and his wife were ceremoniously welcomed on the mpramaso place, after a terrible journey of ten weeks, during which his money was exhausted, and he and his people nearly starved. He brought a number of boxes with him which aroused the cupidity of Opoku, who zealously offered to receive him. Indeed the king had to interfere before the old man yielded the point, and we were allowed to welcome him into the mission-house, and to receive the letters and presents he had brought us from unknown friends in Berne.

Mr. Plange had been sent by both the English and Dutch governments, and gave the king official information of the ceding of Elmina to the British. He was commissioned by the administrator, Mr. Pope Hennesy, to offer not only the usual yearly present, but to double it, that peace might be secured, and he expressed the hope

which had been so often expressed before that his majesty would set his innocent white prisoners free. The Dutch governor Ferguson also sent, with the news of the termination of the confederacy, presents to the king, consisting of the costly mirror before alluded to, and a general's helmet and sword.

He described Akjampong as having behaved in so violent a manner that had an Ashantee king been thus treated by a guest, he would certainly have had him beheaded, but out of regard to the old friendship of the two governments he had only had him conveyed to Asim, from whence he would find his own way back to Coomassie, and he begged the king to forgive him as the governor had done.

The sympathy of de Haes, the Dutch commander of the frigate *Wassenar* lying before *Elmina*, touched us deeply; he interceded for us in a special letter, sent presents to the king, and begged in his own name for our release. The official answer to the king's letter was entrusted by Mr. Hennesy to the Ashantee messengers, *Kotiko* and *Afirifa*. He agreed to a ransom of £1000, but not a farthing more, and if the king permitted us to leave, the money was to be paid at the *Prah*. Mr. Plange hoped the king would be so satisfied with his yearly present being doubled, that he would not desire any additional ransom. But our hope was not bright, we had ceased to look for anything from men. Our trust was in the Lord, in the crisis which we felt was now at hand. (See Appendix V.)

One day we were suddenly summoned to the palace with Mrs. Plange, that the king might show us his wives, and little Rosie was especially invited. After long waiting we were led into the inner court, where sat the monarch surrounded by little boys; opposite to him, and the central figure in a group of thirty others, was the first

wife, weighed down with golden ornaments. The entire party seemed much pleased to have so good an opportunity of inspecting us, but the little one was the chief attraction. "Could she run," asked the king. Kokoo put her down, just holding her under the arms, when she ran straight up to him, to his and every one's great delight. He held out his hands, drew her between his knees and played with her. Rosie, all unconscious that she was a prisoner, could not take her eyes off his sandals. What pleased me least was that the king insisted on being saluted by each of the women, and made my wife take her hat off to look at both sides of her hair, comparing her with a white albino. But we were prisoners, and we had to submit.

We were also obliged to show ourselves at the reception of Kotiko and Afrifa. Opoku, that nephew of Adu Bofo, who had been sent by him in July, 1869, to the Kroboes as a guarantee of our speedy release, was also present, together with forty soldiers, part of the troop which had accompanied Akjampong to Elmina. From the opposite side there approached a procession bearing presents of rum, sheep, and oxen from Yœw Boakje, a son of the late king, who wished to express his thanks to the reigning sovereign for having offered numerous sacrifices to celebrate the death of his mother and brother, which had taken place some years before!

But this was not all we were compelled to witness. Boakje followed the present with a party of warriors painted red, who stood firing before the king for a full quarter of an hour, then came their wives, who also returned thanks, after which the king gave his presents, consisting of gold, various ornaments, clothing, &c., carried in three divisions. At the head of each marched a royal messenger, loudly proclaiming to all the chiefs what the king gave for the funeral celebration, in money,

jewels, dresses, sheep, and finally in human sacrifices, and hardly had the presents been produced when a number of odumfo (executioners) appeared, followed by a blood-thirsty multitude, who rushed into the next street. Three chosen victims were led forth, who had been already lying between life and death for some weeks, with their feet and hands in irons, understanding too well the cause of the firing.

Presently, one of the party who had gone off returned in a state of high excitement, displaying a knife. One of the intended victims had somehow procured this weapon, and with it had wounded the odumfo, who sprang upon him. Another of these wretches speedily ran him through the cheek, and he was brought here bound.

The multitude hearing the death drum hurried in the direction whence the sound proceeded, the fatal signal was soon heard, and a muffled sound announced that the execution was over, the band returned playing and uttering cries of joy, and sat down by his majesty. We afterwards came accidentally upon the blood-stained ground, where lay the headless trunks, their hands bound on their backs, and a warrior standing by, deliberately smearing his fetish with the blood of the last victim.

We had already seen a great deal of Coomassie, and our eyes and hearts were in some degree accustomed to its horrors, but this was overwhelming. The Ashantees stood around laughing and joking, whilst I attempted to hurry home to sigh and cry for this poor nation. But no! we were forced to stay to see the king pass. He came, surrounded by torches, in his sedan chair, which is bordered by a dozen swords covered with gold. He saw and saluted us with a smile, but looked confused as if he were struggling with serious thoughts. Oh, when will christianity help these poor deluded people?

Weeks passed by, and Mr. Plange was not invited to

appear, or remembered with any presents. It was said that Kotiko the privy counsellor had reproached the king with spending too much money on strangers; people here however seem fond of surprises, for on July 29th he was suddenly summoned to the palace, and we were to go with him. In the outer yard we met Afirifa and Kotiko with others, which led us to suppose that they wished to acquit themselves of their embassy. When therefore Mr. Plange was ordered to read his letters, he stated that he had arrived at the capital before Afirifa, and could not allow his affairs to be mixed up with his (Afirifa's), whereupon the latter was sent into the outer court. Mr. Plange commenced reading, but the remarks of the Dutch governor upon Akjampong's unjustifiable conduct were so severe that we were sent to the other side of the court.

When the words were read, "King William III. transfers Elmina with all rights and possessions on the Gold Coast to her majesty the queen of Great Britain, etc," the interpreter Nantschi explained, "The king of Holland is queen Victoria's husband; how is it that he sells his possessions to his wife?" Mr. Plange did not attend to this interpretation, but went on reading and explaining in the Fantee dialect.

The king enquired if the chiefs of the various races in and around Elmina had given their consent to this transfer. He was told that the king of Elmina had mounted the British flag and fired seven times to express his joy at the English present of rum, etc. The announcement of a yearly present of forty-eight oz. of gold instead of the usual twenty-four, was received with universal approbation, but the king broke up the interview with the unmeaning phrase, that he "wished to live in peace with the white people, and hoped to dismiss their messengers with good reports of him."

In the meantime he seemed to wish to raise his own

position by elevating that of his friends. Men who till now had only been his chamberlains, and whose office it was to carry his sedan chair and large umbrella, were made chiefs.

On August 5th, these men dressed in a style denoting the highest rank, thanked the king publicly in a large assembly in the Elmina street. Each of them aimed at showing himself off to the best advantage by boasting of his greatness and power, and displaying his jewellery and riches, whilst his followers danced furiously, and endeavoured to outdo each other in screaming and firing off guns.

These proceedings struck us as of a very warlike nature, and there were other movements amongst the important persons present which were somewhat inexplicable. For instance the prince of Kokofu was honoured by a reception in the evening, on which occasion the king presented him with seventy-six powder boxes. The prince of Bekwæ also arrived, and these gentlemen will not be allowed to leave the town until after the feast of yams has been celebrated, which is to be unusually early this year.

On August 5th, Mr. Plange's present arrived. It was poor in the extreme, consisting of two lean sheep, fifteen small bananas, and thirty-six dollars, with nine more for his wife. This parsimony might result from a wise precaution on the part of the monarch, who knew he must make a much greater effort when he dismisses the ambassador, especially if he send us with him. He had privately informed prince Ansa that this time he would really let us go, but we did not rely on his word.

Mr. Plange tried in a later assembly, which was attended by the whole council, to show the king things in their true light, plainly telling him that if we were not released, the barricading would certainly be enforced, and repeating that £1000 would be the very highest sum which would

be paid for our ransom. The conversation at length took a confidential tone, when the king remarked that he would beg the governor to send more missionaries, "who would pray to God, and repair the mission-house." He might have thought that besides the ornament to the town of a stately building, a certain blessing would be connected with it, proceeding from the Christian's God. His superstitious mind probably fancied some earthly good would come to him in a mysterious way, if he so far protected and assisted missionaries.

Amidst so much that was painful, we had great satisfaction and comfort in our little school—from ten to thirteen boys came regularly one hour a day, and though they had difficulty in learning the letters, they enjoyed singing, and were able to manage the two songs we taught them, "Great Emmanuel," and "Oh how joyful," pretty well. They were wild little fellows, and accustomed to idle about in the market-place, and often quarrelled, when one or another would stay away; their singing too was in the onset dreadful howling—calling for much forbearance and patience, but we felt it such a mercy to be able to set to work even in this simple way, that we were not easily discouraged. When Joseph, on his return from the Coast, brought amongst other things some slates and pencils, our scholars were very much delighted.*

* In a letter of the same date Mr. K. wrote, "I must add some words to brother R.'s note, for he speaks too humbly of our work in Coomassie. We have an irregular congregation, which has seldom numbered less than three hundred individuals, mostly men and youths. Our school contains from fourteen to fifteen boys, sons of respectable Ashantees, who, although they must often be summoned when they idle about the streets, yet always come. I can hear them from my room just now, singing really well to the tune of 'God save the Queen.' We have also contrived a little chapel from the ruins of a house, where we hold our school and services; and better than all, the Ashantees know us and begin to trust us, so that we have already a footing here."

We were so far encouraged as seriously to contemplate establishing a permanent mission in Coomassie, and I looked forward in the event of our gaining our liberty, to joining David Asanti in this work. I soon found an opportunity of stating my wishes to the king. He had seemed so well disposed towards us in all his dealings with Afrifa, that I placed before him the question of our committee on the subject.

He replied, "That is just what I want, missionaries ought to be here, and I will send my own sons to the school." On my continuing—that I had now lived among them for three years, loved them, hated no one, and was prepared to return if my elders would send me,—“Yes,” he replied, “now you speak sweet words, but when you are once at the Coast you will forget everything.”

I immediately approached nearer and answered, “I am a missionary and do not tell lies. To return is my firm determination. If my elders will not send me, I must refrain. If they send me I will come with joy.” To which he again replied, “Very good, if you come or your brother, I will confide to you my son to train, and will visit your mission-house from time to time.” Several of the chiefs joined in at this, saying, “We too will send our sons to school.” Still the day of our release remained undecided.

The Yam festival that year was less numerously attended than usual, but the Sunday was spoiled, and we were obliged to omit street preaching. The human sacrifice on this occasion was a Fetish priest, whose severed head the wretched old Odumfo exhibited before us. The king danced with a small silk handkerchief in his hand instead of his sword and gun, a change which we understood to signify his peaceful intentions. Much drinking followed, but he was not intoxicated as usual, and parted from us with a warm pressure of the hand.

The first day of sprinkling and purification fell on

Friday, August 30th, and I was again forced to witness headless bodies dragged by a rope to the horrible receptacle which already contained thousands. On the second day of purification, September 17th, we withdrew from the ceremony held in honour of the protecting Fetish Bosom-muru, and went to our plantation, for in the meantime our horizon had again darkened; indeed, the storm was already begun.

On September 2nd, the high council met, at which were the Princes Dwaben, Mampong, and Bekwae, while Adu Bofo, who was seriously ill, was represented by his son, and a subordinate officer, Nantschi. The subject of the ransom being first discussed, Nantschi expressed his astonishment at the governor naming £1000 as the *highest* sum, when their demand had been £4860 at the *very lowest*. To this the king replied, "Süsse will come again and found a school, but with such demands we should make this return impossible," he then suggested the sum should be lowered to £2000, to which, after a long palaver, they all agreed.

Mr. Plange was then called upon to give his opinion. Utterly unable to conceal his annoyance, he said abruptly that the governor would not pay a farthing more than £1000, and if he returned to the Coast without us, the way would be blocked immediately.

Fatal words! The chiefs first laughed, then a general tone of dissatisfaction was apparent, and the storm broke out in curses, oaths, and threats. "A few days ago," said the king, "I thought you were joking, if you are in earnest you may come. We are ready! Your governor cannot leave his fort without an umbrella, so afraid is he of sun and rain. Let him try to come to us. For a long time the Ashantees have been going up to Fantee, and then the white men hid themselves in their forts, it would be something new if the Fantees were to

come here!" This was spoken amid thundering applause. The Bantama prince then shook his fist in Plange's face, and in the most offensive and insulting language, threatened war. The queen mother said, "I am only a woman, but would fight the governor with my left hand." "I am but a small chief, said another, yet shall the governor pale before me;" while many voices cried, "whoever sells fixes the price. We had trouble enough to get these goods here; if the governor will not buy them, he may leave them." At last there was a frantic and united cry of "We will not give them up. Let him fetch them with fire and sword, we will kill them;" while the king turned angrily to Plange, adding, "if you wish, I can show you my supply of powder."

One man alone remained quiet in the uproar—the gigantic prince of Mampong, who had before voted for our freedom without a ransom. To him Plange turned with the request that he would try to soften down the high council, while the king exclaimed, "that is a good word, we will now break up." It was evident all wished that things should take a milder turn, as the interpreters remarked that Mr Plange need not repeat to the governor what he had just heard.

That after their recent heavy losses of money, men and first-rate leaders, the chiefs should again wish for war, we could scarcely believe, though if it were declared, they would doubtless march into the field with spirit. But far worse to me was the thought that in that case the idea of a mission in Ashantee must be given up, and I greatly doubted whether the king would set us free, even if £2000 were offered for our ransom, though at the same time I did not believe there would be war on our account, neither did the committee expect it.

For some weeks Kühne had been suffering from his old complaint, cough and hemorrhage; the continued disap-

pointment told upon him and depressed his spirits, so that I much desired speedy freedom for him, whilst we, having better health, might remain yet. Our Rosie was a year old and strong for her age; our delight in her greatly softened our affliction, especially when she took her first step alone.

Mr. Plange remained with us, while a royal messenger was despatched to the Coast with a determined answer to his demands, which had been fully discussed in council. Kühne too wrote to the governor, telling him that the chiefs here had the upper hand, and would gladly draw the king into another war; M. Bonnat and I added a few lines begging that if possible K.'s liberty might be brought about.

The king privately represented to Plange how unwisely he had behaved. He professed himself in favour of peace, but said the overbearing chiefs insisted on a ransom in gold. He also dared to boast how well he provided for us (nine dollars for five persons for three weeks!) without our working for it. He had of course observed K.'s delicate health, and would have given him a wife if he had only asked him, to which the ambassador replied that missionaries were not so easily satisfied in the choice of a wife, and the best thing was to send the sick man to the Coast at once.

The king was however not to be persuaded, though he hinted that he might eventually take £1500, and finished by making a request that the governor should send him five casks of chalk, and all sorts of oil colours to restore his stone house; also clocks, bells, waterproof boots, &c. Ansa's nephew, Owusu Kokoo, a man whom we could trust, whom the king regarded as his grandson, and made the only channel for confidential communication with the Coast, was despatched with these requests. How childish would this behaviour appear to the governor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CRITICAL TIME.

THE long threatened crisis now seemed imminent. People from Aguogo (belonging to Ashantee Akem) had sent word to their relatives in Akem to be on their guard, as the king thought of making war with them, and when this came to his ears, it was immediately brought before the high council. The chiefs of Ashantee Akem pleaded not guilty, and had to drink the odum water, after which six of them were condemned to death. Our acquaintance, the chief Asamoa, escaped, and was afterwards pardoned on paying a heavy fine, but the friendly Mampong was kept in irons. When this became known, many of the inhabitants of Aguogo and Sokore hastily concealed themselves.

A chief in the vassal state of Serem had been amusing himself with making an image of gold to display his riches. The king sent messengers to demand this image, whom the chief dismissed, saying, if the king wished for an image, he could make one for himself, upon which other messengers were despatched, and the way was ordered to be barricaded until their return.

To the north of Asini, and west of Fantee, a day's march further into the interior, was the commercial town of Kinshabo, numbering about four thousand inhabitants. Its Prince Amatifu, an ally of Ashantee, had delivered a large number of powder-boxes on credit to the king, for which he offered in payment the hundreds of Wusutra

youths who had been sent away from their homes (*see* page 169). The chief refused to take them, and sent word that if the king did not pay in gold, he would wait no longer. From this, and from the fact that, on account of the expense he declined to visit the abode of his Fetish during the yam festival, it appeared that Kari-Kari was really suffering from want of money. Kwakoo Dooah's treasure (*see* page 171) was regarded as crown property, that might be used for national but not for personal expenses.

An Ashantee one day tauntingly exclaimed to a Fantee, "Only wait a while, and the king will march against you and drag you all here." In a private interview with Mr. Plange, the king declared in angry tones his love of peace, and commissioned the ambassador to write to the governor that very night, stating that if it was a case of necessity, £1000 would be sufficient as ransom, but it must be paid immediately. The letter was to be dated October 1st, but the messenger, Owusu Kokoo, was not to deliver it until the governor had really refused the demanded £2000. Mr. Plange conceded so far as to draw up the letter, but privately communicated its contents to the governor, through a bearer. To us it seemed as if the Ashantees would be satisfied with *any* sum that might enable them at once to declare war.*

* This letter may serve as characteristic of the style of the Ashantee courts:—

"It is the pressing wish of my great chiefs that I should communicate to your excellency, that with regard to the ransom for the white men who are here, which has been valued in my letter sent by my chief Owusu Kokoo Kuma at £2000, my views have now undergone a change, viz., that your excellency has now only £1000 to pay, which is promised to me and my chiefs, for, considering the now firmly established peace, it seems unnecessary to me to enlighten your excellency farther upon it. I have done all that I could in this matter, also your excellency's messenger, Mr. Plange, has exerted himself extraordinarily with my chiefs, and I have endeavoured to foster good feeling towards your ex-

The next day the man who had threatened the Fantee was charged and found guilty. Plange begged for the poor fellow's life, but the king would not listen. "You shall see how I chastise such deceivers," was his angry reply. A further petition to the queen mother was successful so far, that the cruel monarch consented to sleep over it. Meanwhile the offender was placed in the block and unmercifully thrashed, amid scornful cries of contempt.

We were just then gladdened by letters from home, brought us by two Fantees on September 30th. Friends, relations, and fellow-workers, overwhelmed us with love and tender sympathy. They also unconsciously aided me in a profitable transaction.

For a long time the mohammedans had been trying to persuade me to part with my clock for a slave, but I did not like to give it up, and promised to send for another. A beautiful watch sent from Mr. Michaud in Neuchâtel gave me the opportunity of gratifying them. I hesitated to accept the thirty dollars they offered, as it was only worth about three, but willingly took a little girl of eight years old, who had been stolen from her country and kept in slavery. The buyers had seen a similar watch in Timbuctoo, and were especially astonished at its striking the hours, and went off quite proud of their treasure.

Other things had been sent, but the king's prohibition cellency. Therefore I beg your excellency, in order that this affair may be quickly concluded, to pay me the sum, partly in goods, partly in gold dust or coin, through my messenger; so that I may be enabled to send the white men to the coast, and to announce peace to all my land. I hope your excellency will send back the messenger twenty days after sight, and expect that your excellency will allow no delay to take place in the matter, but complete it according to our mutual wishes."

KOFI KARI-KARI.
(COFFEE CALCALLI.)

made it difficult for us to get them. For upwards of two months five boxes had been lying in Akrofrum, only three days journey from the capital, but our repeated entreaties to be allowed to have them were answered with promises only, and when I sent messengers they were turned back, until at length after continued applications, Bosommuru sent a sword-bearer to accompany my people, and they finally brought them on October 19th.

My school was causing me some anxiety. We gave a fortnight's holiday to allow the boys to attend the yam festival, and when I heard (Oct. 3rd) that some had returned, I called them, and begged them to come again to school. They seemed frightened, for a boy who had only once attended had been complained of to the king and well thrashed. When I doubted the truth of the story, and spoke of mentioning it, they begged me with tears not to do so; it would cost them, as tale bearers and betrayers, their heads. I quieted them with the promise not to tell anything of what I had heard, but took the matter, which seriously troubled me, to God in prayer.

While I was thus free from my daily engagements I went with my wife, who needed a change, to M. Bonnat's cottage in the plantation, where we remained some weeks.

I asked Bosommuru why the children did not appear, and if the king had forbidden it. He professed to know nothing, but would enquire, and a week later gave me the king's permission to gather them together again. Still I felt under restraint. On my way home however, I beckoned one of them who was standing in the market place, but he ran away as if he had seen a ghost. Prince Ansa's relation too, Kwabena, had been taken away from us by his friends, though he had been with us for some time. They said he should come back in five days, but

he did not return, and when I saw him he told me that his people did not like him to be with us.

Amid these many discouragements, the welfare of these poor people pressed heavily on my heart. One day, meeting several of my former scholars in the market place, I again invited them, and promised to give them oranges. They came for this, but persisted in saying they were afraid to come to school, although I told them they had the king's permission. Later in the day others arrived, attracted no doubt by the oranges, promising they would come back the following Monday. And they really did so (October 23rd), that is three of them, whom we begged to bring others.

We had soon eight Ashantees, who came with our own boys and sat down again to learn, rejoicing greatly at the Christmas gifts we were preparing. But alas! first one and then another was called away to follow his Adamfo (friend). Most of the free youths being destined to be followers of this or that chief, to make a parade before him at the ceremonies, and when grown up to follow him with a gun.

On (October 22nd), we heard that a high council had been held in Bantama, when the chiefs had sworn they would march against the Coast, to which the king replied, "If you go, I shall go with you." A few days later we were told that Ashantee had promised assistance to the prince of Kwantiabo, who had long sought its help against a neighbouring state.

That something was going on, Mr. Plange had to learn to his bitter cost, the king declaring in an assembly of the council that he "interfered in the politics of the kingdom, and acted as if no one could read." It was evidently known that the ambassador had secretly written to the governor, and unscrupulously compromised the king by communicating the proceedings of the council—

(see page 184). He was somewhat disconcerted, although he was not altogether without means of defence, as he had been censured by the governor for not having acquainted him with the storm of indignation which had burst forth as detailed at pages 180-81. After a painful explanation the ambassador was made to write to the governor in the king's name to ask him to send the rest of the Ashantees to Apollonia.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SEEMING LIBERTY.

“WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity of His people, we were like unto them that dream,” so sang the captive Israelites in Babylon, and so were we now inclined to sing in Coomassie. Yet our hopes on former occasions had been so often dashed that they were even now mingled with many misgivings, which subsequent events, alas! justified.

On the 8th, the king, with his assembled chiefs, gave audience to Mr. Plange and ourselves, under one of the spacious galleries, when it was stated by Osee, the attendant, that £1000 was the ultimatum of the sum offered by the governor for our release. Some of the chiefs rose on hearing this, and rudely demanded £2000, declaring that Adu Bofo had expended thus much, whereupon the king affirmed that the outlay had been *his*, and he would accept the £1000; then addressing himself to us, he added, “you will leave to-morrow for Fomana, I will prepare everything to-day; from there,” said he to Plange, “you will write to Ansa, and when the money reaches the Prah, you can cross.”

The thankful joy with which we heard these words, and the throbbing of our hearts as we thought of reunion with our loved ones, cannot be described. We at once approached, took the jewelled hand of the monarch in ours, and expressed our gratitude, while Plange thanked him on his knees. Our words would have been warmer but for sad remembrances too vividly impressed on our

minds—unjustly captured! sold for £1000! Still we tried to feel hopeful and happy. The general's representative was not satisfied, but the interpreters stood and cried, "as the king has decided, so let it be."

The uproar that followed was awful, and we soon perceived that "to-morrow" was an indefinite future. A severe trial was already in store, for the very next day our treasured little Rose was seized with fever and convulsions, and for many hours struggled for life, so that we almost anticipated the dreadful alternative of having to leave her behind should we ever get free ourselves. The king however seemed to wish to hasten our journey, and to be rid of us and all our belongings, and we expected Sunday the 10th to be our last in Coomassie.

We had before planned a kind of Christmas entertainment for our school boys, but in our excitement and our anxiety for Rosie, we could only arrange a few presents on two small tables covered with a white cloth, and when ready we rang a bell to call our guests. These poor little untamed and noisy fellows came in quite subdued, and listened attentively while I addressed them. They joined us in singing, after which I prayed, and they again sang the pieces they knew.

I then told them of Jesus, the children's friend, who loved them and their country, and would make them holy if they would come to Him and ask Him. I explained that as we might not perhaps remain among them till Christmas, we were fulfilling our promise beforehand, and giving them our Christmas gifts now—to each, material for a dress, a handkerchief from Berne, and some biscuits and oranges. The joy was great; they received these unaccustomed riches with beaming eyes, sang again and left us.

This was the happiest day I had spent in Coomassie, for truly God had permitted me to see great things from a very insignificant beginning. We had been sowing

for eternity, and I prayed, "Oh! may this seed take root in the hearts of the little ones." The hymns they have learnt they will often sing, such as, "Where may the soul find her home and her rest," the result I committed in faith to the Lord. Fever prevented me from rising the next day, but I received a visit from Bosommuru and Sabeng, who brought us two peredwane (seventy-two dollars) for our journey, and nothing now remained but to take our formal leave of the king.

I resolved on making an effort to redeem Palm and his wife Kokoo, who otherwise must be left according to our promise, when we had received permission to keep them with us. I begged Bosommuru to intercede with the king, offering a ransom. Their owner, Kwasi Domfe, demanded eight peredwanes, but finally, after much opposition, consented to take six—two hundred and sixteen dollars. This we advanced from the mission funds, for we felt it would be unkind and ungrateful to leave this worthy couple to return into captivity, and be separated for the remainder of their lives. To the woman we were especially attached for her devoted care of our child. Palm promised the repayment of the debt in one year, for which he pledged his two houses in Akra.

Feverish and exhausted by packing, we paid our final visit to his majesty in the evening, and found him in good humour, counting out the money just received for the Palms. "Now," said he, "I shall see if you will keep your word and return; and when you meet the governor, tell him to send Akjampong and his suite back to Coomassie." He expressed a wish that *one* of us would go with his messenger to the Coast, that it might be evident we were released, but we declined, saying, we "preferred to receive our freedom together," and left.

Troubles and annoyances of every description delayed our departure for two days, when with only half our escort

of bearers and hammocks, we turned our backs on Coomassie, followed by a crowd of insolent and abusive beggars, who snatched all they could from us to the very end. We saw with great pleasure that our scholars remained true to us, for they followed us to the river, and there took an affectionate farewell.

The next morning we found the river in Dasu so swollen that it was hazardous to cross the crazy bridge, which consisted of the trunk of a tree. I was too ill to venture that night or the next day, but on the 14th we made the perilous attempt, and crept tremblingly over, holding on by a long trailing plant, while a bearer carried my wife on his shoulders, and another took Rosie.

For many days afterwards I was prostrated by fever, and it was only by almost superhuman efforts, urged on by the merciless royal messengers, that we on the evening of the 15th, reached Fomana. How gladly would we have then rested, but this was not permitted. Exhausted though we were, we had to undergo a formal reception by the chief, who however treated us very kindly. Our dear child's state continued so critical that we still despaired of her life, but our prayers were graciously answered, and she was spared to us.

From Fomana the messengers were sent forward to inform the governor at Cape Coast of our arrival thus far, and to receive the £1000, with which we were told they were to make purchases. We at once saw our position, and how problematic it was that we should cross the Prah. Afirifa arrived on the 19th, professedly as our escort to the Coast, there to conclude a formal treaty of peace. Haughty as his usual bearing was, he was now civil and even respectful towards us. Several of Mr. Plange's people, who had remained behind to finish their preparations, soon joined us, and brought news that in Coomassie all were preparing for a campaign. We

observed signs of this in loads of ammunition, rum, and salt, continually passing through Fomana, and we felt sure that the pride of Ashantee had reached such a height that no lasting peace with England could be maintained. Most truly should we have rejoiced could we at that moment have seen the Prah behind us! Thus we thought while still lingering near the river in November, and when our written narrative was resumed on December 17th, our apprehensions proved to be well founded, for we had then been cruelly driven back again to our old prison house.

We had evidently been sent to Fomana to induce the governor to pay the £1000, whilst we were yet in the power of Ashantee, and that we might be kept in ignorance of the preparations for war against the Protectorate, which had been decided on for months, but were only now openly commencing. Until the end of November, we waited in suspense the return of the two messengers, Osei and Owusu Adum, from the coast, wondering much as to the means of paying for the costly war material always in transit, being certain that no credit would be allowed by the governor. We afterwards found that prince Ansa, deceived by the fair promises of Owuso Kokoo, and hoping to hasten our release, had with another friend agreed to stand security for his nephew's (Owusu Kokoo's) purchases.

On December 6th twelve bearers arrived from the governor, bringing a letter from prince Ansa, telling us he hoped to welcome us in a few days at Mr. Blankson's country seat. He regretted Kühne's refusal to accompany the messenger Osei to the Coast, as his arrival there would have given the governor confidence in the payment of the money, and he thought would have hastened our departure. We had declined this, fearing to be caught in a trap; and we soon saw that we were right.

The two messengers arrived on the 7th: we could get no intelligence from them, but were told by a Fantee that Mr. Dawson, the governor's interpreter, was on his way, and we hoped that he might be the bearer of our ransom. He arrived the same evening, and handed us an official letter in the presence of the chief, whom he saluted. The £1000 had been weighed out before the Ashantee ambassadors, and was then to be sealed and given into the charge of Mr. F. Grant, a merchant, who would hold it until our arrival at the Coast. We were hardly allowed to speak to Mr. Dawson, but found that he was going on to Coomassie, at the request of the king, and had permission to remain as a hostage for us, lest the king might doubt whether the governor had really sent the money. Owusu Kokoo was also on his way back to Coomassie.

Sunday the 8th was a painful day to us. The two ambassadors paraded the village with ominous looks. Owusu Kokoo saluted us on his arrival in his usual friendly manner, but made no communication. I held a service in the street with great enjoyment, but noticed that the Fomanians kept aloof, and after closing, a christian from Elmina told me that he and his companions feared they would not be allowed to return to the Coast. One of them who had tried to start for the Coast was sent back with an intimation that, as the priests were "making fetish" all along the road that Sunday, all strangers must be forbidden to pass. I tried to comfort him by reminding him how little we could rely on such reports; nevertheless, I could not divest myself of grave fears.

In the evening, whilst bathing in the river, Palm came with the news that messengers from Coomassie were waiting for us, and that they were accompanied by hammock-bearers. I was at once convinced we were to be carried back, and on entering the house of the chief Obeng, I saw these same bearers behind Afrifa and an

unknown chief. We were greeted with great gravity by the messenger, who rose and delivered the king's salutations. "His majesty had heard that we were badly treated in Fomana, which aroused his indignation, and must be altered." A sheep was to be immediately caught in the streets and given to us, another to himself, &c. A fresh messenger would to-morrow give us leave to travel further, and provide more bearers.

This sounded assuring, but we had learned in Ashantee to suspect everything; and whilst at breakfast the next morning, we were summoned to the chief Obeng. Not hastening immediately, a second and more pressing call was made. We found the chief's court full of people, amongst them many strange faces. M. Bonnat recognised the man who had murdered his two assistants, which excited our apprehension, especially as many were running to and fro, and whispering together suspiciously, while we wondered what would occur next. The Fantees were summoned together, who were placed in the further corners of the court to listen to merchants and bearers with the king's message.

After long continued suspense, the messenger arose and said, his majesty had, "out of friendship to the governor, exerted himself to free us from Adu Bofo, and send us to the Coast" (in negro language this message occupied much time, and was expressed in endless words); but 'Ata' (Plange) had played false by urging the governor to pay the money *after* our arrival, and until then, to detain Akjampong. Such conduct, at the very time he was treating for peace, he could not understand. He was indignant at the false 'Ata;' and as the business was done through him, and the road was now blocked, he commanded him to restore his property. Before the white people could be set at liberty the royal messengers must return to Coomassie with Akjampong and the £1000."

Scarcely was the speech concluded when a wild rabble rushed upon the Fantees, marshalled them in order, and led them away. Our own servants were torn from us, and Mr. Plange seized by his arms and legs and dragged away, as was Palm also. We too were ordered off, but I refused to move one step without my wife. When they began to maltreat me, I protested against it, and told them I knew the king would not allow it, appealing to Owusu Kokoo and Afirifa who stood by. They gave orders that we were not to be touched; and as I was resolute not to move a step till my wife was fetched, Afirifa himself went and brought her, which was a great relief to me in this perplexing moment.

She had gone through an hour of deep anxiety. Alarmed by a great noise and screaming in the street, she ran to the front of the house, where she saw Kwaku, the lad we had ransomed, lying bound and bleeding on the ground, and the girl who was given us by the king being torn away by an Ashantee. She was then herself seized by the arm and pulled violently. She resisted, and begged to be allowed to take her hat and a covering for Rosie. Unable to shake off her captor she struggled into the room, her child in her arms, but he continued his attempts until the master of the house appeared and freed her from his grasp. She was then led into a court behind, where she was found by Afirifa, who brought her to me. We were conducted to the house of a good-natured subordinate chief, who at first seemed unwilling to receive us, but seeing our unpleasant position, took us into the court, and when it was too hot allowed us to remain in an open room.

We were surrounded by some dozen lawless guards, who as time passed became so civil, that I ventured to ask permission to return to our old house. That however was not to be thought of, for reasons not difficult to

perceive and very soon made manifest. We had received many packages from the Coast, and they knowing this supposed we must have hoarded up a great deal of money, they required time therefore to make a thorough search, but assured us all was right and safe. So here we remained still more depressed in spirit than on our first captivity, for the three years and a-half had not passed without leaving traces behind. We had long had difficulty in cherishing any love in our hearts for Ashantee, now the measure of their blindness seemed full, and punishment deserved.

Palm's wife being allowed her liberty on the child's account, told us that "Pisangs" were being dried at the fire, which her former master said were preparing for the campaign to the Coast. The promised sheep was now brought, with the intimation that the king did not wish us to starve, which interpreted meant, "we want it killed that we may have our share." I coolly told them to do as they chose, but we required some soup, so it was soon despatched, and as quickly divided, a leg being given to us.

When asked who could cook for us, I demanded that our own servants should be restored, and after a great search most of them were permitted to return. We then tried to regain possession of some of our property. M. Bonnat, attended by a guard, procured a few things and a Bible, and Kokoo was permitted to fetch the beds, and my watch.

All my attempts to induce Afrifa to let us sleep under our own roof were unavailing, whilst we received the painful tidings from Kokoo, that Palm and Mr. Plange were both lying in the stocks. On the 10th, we met Mr. and Mrs. Plange in the presence of the chief. Their luggage had been searched, Mr. P. beaten and nearly strangled, stripped of all his clothing and placed in the stocks; in which he remained until late in the even-

ing, when the chief, "Obeng," had a few of his clothes restored. Mrs. P. had received no personal injury, but was of course deeply distressed.

We were then commanded to open our boxes, "to ascertain," so they said, "if anything was missing." I told them I understood their manœuvre, they only wanted our money, and if they would treat us gently, I would show it them to the last coin. Some seemed confused, but Yaw Agjie said, "Yes, it is so, we want to see the money." They believed me when I said it was needless to open the provision boxes, for they only contained eatables, though one of these, being very heavy, was questioned. I showed them the money in a little bottle, and the dollars wrapped in rag. They were very much interested; "this must be weighed," said they, "that all may be safely restored to you." I knew the people too well to believe this, and I replied, "that would be quite unnecessary, for the weight was known."

Afirifa caught sight of some candles, and attempted to take them, which we resisted stoutly, threatening to complain of him to the king, when he desisted; but to pacify the covetous creature I gave him six bottles of wine, and thereby succeeded in getting leave to take part of our property back to Coomassie. Six chests were left behind with the keys, which we only relinquished after long resistance.

On the 11th, our return was arranged. I demanded at least for my wife that bearers should be found, and inquired for those who had been sent by the governor from Cape Coast. After much altercation, some men of Akra appeared with ropes round their necks to carry the heavy luggage, and what remained was brought by men of the place. It was with a feeling of relief that we left these unfriendly people, and again set forth, hoping to find rest in our more familiar prison house.

Both to our joy and sorrow, we at the first stage met Mr. Dawson, whose bearers had been placed in the stocks, so that he no longer doubted war was decided on. We were grieved that he on our account had been caught in this trap, which he had not apprehended when he left the Coast. Happily for us and himself he was a true christian, and knew how to conduct himself as such, so that in him we found a calm and wise counsellor and friend. The Ashantees took without leave from the inhabitants two pigs and a sheep, and brought us food in abundance, with which they thought to solace us in our sorrows.

The next day's journey was a very hard one, we only reached Akankaase in the afternoon, and but for Mr. Plange's help poor Kühne could never have reached it at all; his illness had taken a very serious turn, and he could no longer travel out of his hammock. Bearers were demanded in the king's name in every village, untrained men, whose roughness inflicted needless pain on our poor brother.

Tired almost to death, drenched with pouring rain, and smothered with mud from the swamps, we reached Amoaforo, where nothing but fish was to be had, as the troops were announced to arrive the next day, showing us the campaign had already been begun. We commenced our last day's journey on the 14th, a double one, that we might arrive in the evening; whether we were able for it or not they never enquired.

Poor Kühne was committed to the care of the already overburdened Akras. No Ashantee would submit to such a degradation as to carry a burden, so we crept on as well as we could, and at Kaase we were met by a royal messenger, who hurriedly ordered Mr. Dawson off to the palace to a reception. Accompanied by two armed men, we slowly followed, and by eight o'clock crossed the swampy Suben. The capital was unusually quiet, not a drum was heard.

We halted in the open street, and painfully waited the orders for our appointed lodging.

K. was so ill that we longed for home, which was at last reached in the old missionhouse, where the good Joseph had prepared comfortably for our reception. Bosommuru came after ten o'clock with a few words of pretended comfort. "A disturbance had taken place, without the king having any ill will to the white people or to the Fantees. The war was only against his old slave states, Asen and Denkjera." Empty words! we knew where we were, and begged to be left in peace, and allowed to move to our plantation.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE REASON OF THE WAR.

9th December 1872.

It became every day more evident that Mr. Plange was but the pretended cause of the war. He was said to have threatened the king, and in his letter to the governor called the Ashantees scoundrels. Yet on the other hand they declared they had no quarrel with the whites, and only waged war against Akem and Denkjera! They further stated that the governor wished to give the fortress of Elmina to a certain prince of Denkjera, which must be prevented by armed interference, but we believed that war had been decided on months before, and had been wished for and planned for years; not by the king, but by his great men whose influence he could not resist, though his predecessor had made short work with any one attempting to dictate to him.

The real reason of the war was that the British had refused for ten years to give up the chief Gjanin, who had escaped to the coast; this had likewise been the cause of the fruitless expedition of 63-64. After Kwakoo Dooah's death, king Kari-Kari had written to prince Ansa at Cape Coast, assuring him that the past was forgotten, but the chiefs were not satisfied. Kwakoo Dooah had once asked them if it was to be submitted to, that a subject, having taken the king's oath, should find protection in another country, while they had no power to demand him back.

They all agreed that under such circumstances no kingdom could stand, such an insult could only be avenged by war. Whatever the secret wish of the king might then have been, he had at that time no war material, so they were forced to wait. Owusu Kokoo, the second man in the kingdom (Ansa's brother, and Kwakoo Dooah's uncle), swore the king's oath that he would restore the honour of the kingdom, and that if the people of the Coast were like deeply-rooted palms, he would uproot them, and bring as many prisoners as would avenge the insult. Having thus sworn he set out, and in the summer of 1863 crossed the Prah, without however effecting much.

When he had escaped a trap set for him by the Fantees, he re-crossed the river with forty prisoners, was stationed there for some months, but was finally recalled by the peaceful king. Whilst preparing for a second attempt he met his death (in April 1867). The nobles said he had died of grief because he was unavenged, and when assembled round the corpse, declared he should not be buried until Gjanin's insult was avenged, and the head of the Denkjera prince, Kwakju, brought to his burial. The young king Kofi would not consent to this. It seemed to him a disgrace to leave the dead unburied, but he wished to honour him with elaborate death ceremonies. Gjanin's matter was not to be forgotten however, notwithstanding all mutual assurances, but the right time must be watched for, and when the highest nobility placed Kofi on the throne, he swore "my business shall be war."

An eventful result was that in 1868, when Akra was transferred from the Dutch to the English, the latter made over their territory west of Elmina to the Dutch. This caused great rejoicing in Coomassie, because the people of Denkjera, their slaves, who had escaped to the Coast fourteen years before, had thus gone

from the strong protection of Britain to the dependency of the lenient old ally of Ashantee (Holland).

But this treaty of the European powers was more easy to frame than to enforce. The coast towns thus transferred swore they would never adopt the Dutch flag, combined in a general resistance, and called in the help of the Fantees. The Dutch could not extinguish the flame, although they bombarded the towns Sekondi and Comenda, which increased the irritation of the Fantees, who threatened to demolish Elmina, and actually stormed it for several weeks. The English at length succeeded in persuading them to retreat, and quietly await the result. During this bombardment, the chief of Elmina sent a messenger to Ashantee, asking the king's assistance; this man was still living in Coomassie when we were there.

The Akwamers to the east of the Volta had already begged for help from the Ashantees, and as it was thought this help might, with wise management, be given to them without irritating the English, Adu Bofu was sent there, with an army of thirty thousand men. No arrangements were made in regard to Elmina, for it was not doubted that after gaining a great name by subduing the Krepes, the general might successfully make war upon the Protectorate.

Meanwhile Akjampong (the king's uncle) was sent to Elmina with a hundred men, to watch for a favourable opportunity, and to prepare for an attack upon the British power. He went by way of Kwantiabo, and his track was marked by murder and rapine whenever he met with Fantees. It was intended that at the right moment the English territory should be attacked on three sides, by the two generals on its flanks, and by the king himself making a charge on the Prah.

All this planning however proved unsuccessful. It is true, Adu Bofu made many prisoners amongst the inhabi-

tants of neighbouring towns, but the invasion of Dompree, combined with hunger and sickness, so weakened him, that he was forced to return home, and the affairs at Elmina were equally unfavourable, as Akjampong, who had undertaken the command, and who had sworn to defend the town against all attacks, was finally forced to take refuge in Apollonia. To all this was added the transfer of the Dutch possessions to Great Britain, which threatened to put a stop to the Ashantees trading to the Coast.

War was therefore resolved upon by the chiefs at that time, but as the store of ammunition and salt was then very small, it was desirable first to re-open the trade with the Coast, in order to procure a supply of these necessaries. Powder might be had in case of need from the far distant Kwantiabo, but salt could only be got from the Coast, and the plan was to make use of us as a means for opening the way to it.

For this reason, every enquiry of the English government respecting us was answered in a friendly tone; the royal messengers who were constantly hurrying backwards and forwards on our account, always had a suite of twenty men who were at liberty to purchase as much as they pleased, and the people of the boundary also held large markets yearly at which Ashantees could buy salt although at a high price; prisoners too were constantly exchanged in order to lull the governor and the Fantees to sleep, and confidence was so far restored that the Fantees again ventured to go to Coomassie for trade.

At last the governor, in a complaisant manner, proclaimed peace between the Ashantees and the Protectorate, and thus the "great nation" had what it wished for, free liberty to trade in order to prepare for war, which was unceasingly desired, as the surrender of Elmina could not by any means be prevented. A hint

from Coomassie was however sent to the Elmina chief to wait quietly, so he hoisted the English flag; but the Ashantees fully believed Elmina belonged to them, though the king wrote (through prince Ansa) that the surrender of the fort was a grief to him, but that he would forget it.

It was also made a cause of complaint that Akjampong had not been followed to Apollonia by the full number of his troops, but in December, after we were brought back from Fomana, he was sent forward to the Prah with the desired escort.

Meanwhile the desire to prepare for war was so ardent that it was not easy to deceive the Fantees who were in Coomassie, so, after every conceivable report had been spread as to the object of the campaign, such as expeditions to the interior, &c., the mask was thrown off. On December 9th, the day we were seized in Fomana, all the chiefs marched from the residence, and every town and village united in one cry, "War, war, against the Coast!"

To measure themselves for once with the white men was the secret desire of every Ashantee chief. That the critical hour had arrived they all acknowledged, when the news came of the surrender of Elmina. They could not allow the kingdom to be broken up bit by bit, as they considered. Not that all were agreed in opinion: many an Ashantee owned that the grounds for war were that we were unjustly kept prisoners, that the governor had shown himself well disposed by sending the quarrelsome Akjampong back to Coomassie, &c.; but all this did not alter the resolution to make war to the knife.

Every one knew that this campaign was very different from that against Krepe. It was to decide once for all whether the Fantees were to be subject to the Ashantees, or the Ashantees to them. For myself I had not the slightest doubt that Ashantee was running blindfold to its doom, but this seemed absolutely necessary before this

poor country could be taught the source of healing and unchanging strength. Some time or other it will have to acknowledge that Kari-Kari is not God (as Afrifa and others declare), and that it is nothing, and can do nothing; then the message of salvation may be acceptable.

The campaign at length opened. Two divisions marched in advance, the right against Denkjerā, the left against Akem. But the main army consisted but of few troops, for many a chief who formerly commanded twenty or thirty men, was only followed by three with two guns. Both divisions were ordered to make their way to Fomana, and the plantations were quickly plundered, for the supply of food to the troops was quite insufficient, and they feared they were going to die of starvation; there was also a report that small-pox had broken out in the camp, and that one of the chiefs had died of it. We could only look up to the Lord who would doubtless glorify Himself in Ashantee.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN COOMASSIE AMID THE FLUCTUATIONS OF WAR.

WE remained in the plantation (till January 10th), the cold not allowing us to stay longer. We also preferred the mission-house, for in those disturbed times no native was secure from being sold into slavery, and little Rose, not being free from fever, we felt more comfortable in Coomassie. Several christians were there, Mose Ajesu, the former teacher, Richard Kwabin, and Theophil, the cobbler's boy, who were found in Ashantee-Akem, and brought in bound, but at once set free.

The British Administrator released Akjampong, the king's uncle, in December 1872, and when the Asens wanted, on his journey through their country, to detain him a prisoner, he ordered them to leave him alone, hoping thereby to give an assurance to the Ashantees of the good will of the English towards them. When he and his suite were to receive their welcome, it was proposed that we should attend. Kühne and M. Bonnat were prevented by indisposition, but I was invited with the two ambassadors, Plange and Dawson, to be present.

The procession was headed by an official, three hundred of Akjampong's warriors followed, then three Fetish priests painted white, with their Fetish on their heads. Some of these gentlemen saluted, others insulted me, and still more Messrs. Dawson and Plange. Akjampong himself behaved very badly, although he must have known that he was greatly indebted to the kindness of the governor. But judgments were already becoming apparent.

Afrifa, who had said in Fomana that the king was God, was accused by Akjampong of surrendering Elmina to the English, and of being the cause of his (Akjampong's) imprisonment in the fort, and now his God allowed him to be beaten, his hands and feet to be put in the stocks, and his wives and property to be taken from him. Truly his falsehood and wickedness deserved punishment, though of these special crimes he was not guilty. If he *had* sworn the king's oath that Akjampong had gone to Elmina against the king's order, he had been commanded to do it.

He was doubtless treated with enmity because he had returned home a wealthy man, and though afraid to offer his goods for sale in Coomassie, he made his headquarters for business in a little village. Nothing could be kept a secret in Ashantee, where the most faithful follower of the king was not secure from the machinations of jealousy, envy, and ambition.

For some time we had been obliged to content ourselves on Sundays with few but attentive listeners, but on January 25th I had again the happiness of proclaiming to large numbers the Word of Life. It was difficult, however, to regain the feelings of former days when faith and hope were bright. The state of our dear child also depressed me. I prayed for help to testify, under all circumstances, of God's unchanging grace and love both in season and out of season, and He gave us ere long cause to bless Him for the restoration of the little one's health.

Great excitement prevailed around us from the varied reports. The Akems were said to have attacked the camp by night, and carried off prisoners with powder and provisions. A huge gathering assembled in the market place, and the king summoned his Fetishes to prophesy for six hours as to the result of the war. Some fifty priests foretold that the army would conquer the

Akem, Asen, Fantee, and Denkjera tribes, and that many Akems would take refuge in Ashantee. The great Fetish declared "if the white man interfered he would kill him, and put another in his place." Other priests professed to drive away the evil spirits by throwing small packets of gold dust and crushed food into the air, and guns were loaded with papaw leaves, and fired aloft amid tremendous shouting. Large promises of at least a thousand slaves were made to the Fetishes, if they would give the victory. A live sheep was pinned to the earth with wooden skewers, and the priests were lavishly rewarded for their efforts. The king, who spent his nights in dancing and drinking, gave them ten peredwane (£81), twenty loads of salt, twenty goats, twenty sheep, and seventy bottles of rum, together with fifty slaves (from the betrayed Wusutra). See page 169.

On January 29th, dark clouds appeared in the horizon, sounds of distant firing were heard, and it was evident that the Ashantees were fighting. The women ran through the streets singing, and the king not only played and danced to drive away the evil spirits, but offered many sacrifices, and at day break visited his ancestors at Bantama,—all signs of bad news from the south.

Twenty or thirty men were said to have been drowned in the Prah, others to have been carried off by the enemy, while Amankwa, the proud chief of Bantama, and head commander, was reported among the slain. This we disbelieved, and soon heard that it was an under chief of Bantama who was drowned, and that the Asens, after firing a few shots at those who first crossed, had retreated to Fusuwei, thus causing great confusion.

Mr. Dawson's depression now increased, for he feared the king regarded him as a prisoner. Obtaining an interview with him after many efforts, he was speedily dismissed, the king smilingly remarking that "the roads

were too uncertain for travelling, and it would be highly improper to allow an ambassador to go through a crowd of excited people. Mr. Plange's threats had brought on the war, while the king had only to do with Asen, and not with Fantee or the governor, but if these latter interfered, his majesty would himself go to the field." Mr. Dawson replied that "the governor would hardly understand the crossing of the Prah in that sense, but if Fantee-land were really unconcerned in the war, why were so many Fantees lying in chains?" His majesty was dumb. He then added, that if he had to remain longer in Coomassie, he and his people could not subsist on the nine dollars which the king gave him at the Adae. Kari-Kari quieted him on this point, seeming himself full of care, and gave him thirty-six dollars, with nine more for his bearers, and nine for the servants.

On the little Adae, February 5th, Mr. Dawson was asked to stay away, as he did not wish to give him anything again so soon. We received our nine dollars, Mr. Plange only half the usual sum. As the purse became lighter, confidence also decreased. Of the Krepe people who were serving in the camp, some deserted to the enemy daily, as was to be expected, and Asamoa Kwanta, the real commander, was said to have told the king that they would never conquer unless he sent all the prisoners to the Coast.

Monday, February 10th (Kidjo), was counted one of the luckiest days of the year, so the king commanded a victory! but it transpired later that there was no fighting on that day, though the women made a dreadful noise, running about with guns, or sticks as a substitute, and some with green papaw fruit run through with knives, in imitation of Fantees' heads, thus seeking to insure a victory for their husbands. The king having sent to a mohammedan in the interior to consult an oracle, received as answer, "this war will not end to your advan-

tage as long as you keep the white men, who are constantly crying to God,—prisoners; let them go, and you will conquer.” It was in consequence reported that we were to be given over to the ambassador of Akwamu, who was in Coomassie, and to return through his land.

As the people believed that we were the cause of their troubles, we discontinued street preaching, and only held our service at home, where our friend Mr. Dawson and some Fantee and Elmina christians joined us, and several boys came in the afternoon.

It was not until some time afterwards that we heard how on Kidjo Monday, both the ambassadors were summoned to the palace for examination before Akjampong and his followers. By the king’s desire the chief stood up and explained that Dawson was a most dangerous man, inasmuch as he constantly travelled about bribing the Coast tribes to submit to Queen Victoria; and had even gone to Apollonia, there to alienate the people of Ashantee, and to extol the protectorate of the English.* “Thus,” continued he, “this mulatto landed one day with a European in Apollonia, and informed me that by the command of the governor he had brought me my men from Elmina. Whilst I was rejoicing at the news, they suddenly informed me that I must accompany them, and even refused to allow me to bathe and eat before starting. Some soldiers seized and bound me and my servants,

* Mr. Joseph Dawson, formerly in the employ of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, came into public notice in 1872, by taking up the idea of self-government. This was repeatedly brought before the people of the Gold Coast by the British government, and Mr. D. endeavoured to form a confederation of all the Fantee chiefs. The minor princes were to unite in protecting and guarding the country. Thirty-one of them signed the agreement on November 24th, but the government withheld its approval. Mr. Dawson nevertheless succeeded in persuading the chiefs of Wasa to promise that in their land human sacrifices should cease.

roughly dragging us on board the boat which was to take us to Cape Coast. They stole all my jewellery except my bracelets, and sixteen peredwane in gold. I wonder what I shall get from these mulattos in return." Mr. Plange was next held up for disapproval. "A bad man that! He told them at Elmina they must adopt the English flag, for he was sure from what he had heard at Coomassie that the power of the Ashantees was declining. Although he had brought a mirror, he had obtained charge of it by subtlety. It was given to *my* care, but having no place for it, I asked the governor to take care of it, upon which Plange persuaded him to let *him* bring it here."

Dawson then rose, saying, "I thank God that I see people before me who have ears." (The interpreter Apea interposed, pointedly, "We, too, thank God that we have ears"). "All accusations made by Akjampong are lies, or misrepresentations of facts." (The king, "nothing of the kind; how about the sixteen peredwanas)? Apea, you are a bad man, hold your tongue." "I am in the king's power," said Dawson, "who may behead me if he likes, but I will refute lies."

Thereupon a diabolical noise ensued, and though both Dawson and Plange were invited to speak and defend their rights, not a word could be heard. All kinds of threats were uttered, and the king dismissed them, saying, "My people go to war against the Coast, and you are in my hands; when they return, you will see;" while the others added scornfully, "we will not eat any more with you." (An ironical phrase used towards those who are condemned to death.)

Akjampong then swore that he would hasten to the help of Elmina, and the Elminians were ordered forward to state their political opinions. Those who had refused to adopt the British flag were ordered to the war, the rest detained in Coomassie. Amongst the former (there

were but seven), was a christian and his wife. He was ordered to join the troops, while she was to remain. After begging permission to take her, and failing to obtain it, this man declared he would stay in Coomassie. She was his wife, with whom he had come there, and he would not leave her. Half angry, half astonished, the king acquiesced.

Akjampong then set out to collect forces in Safwi, and Kwantiabo to free Elmina from the British yoke, though it was next to impossible to be assured of this, for almost everything proposed had a hidden meaning. For instance, when Mr. Dawson had an interview with the two Bosom-murus and Mensa, and told them how wrong it was to hear one side of a subject, they only laughed and said, "you must think nothing of these things, the king and we *know* that Akjampong has reason to thank the governor for bringing him back to his country, but we were obliged to act thus."

Mr D. then ventured to plead for the Fantee and Akra prisoners, who were still in the stocks. "When the king has time, he will release them," said they. The fears of these poor men were not without reason, for it was already rumoured that Akem had been sacrificed for the Fetish. As the nine bearers the governor had sent for us were still languishing in irons, we urged Mr. D. to beg for their release. He represented the case to the king, who gave an assurance to their safety. Want of provisions and heavy rain still prevented the forces from marching, and the king was now threatening, now scorning the entreaties from his chiefs to send for more men.

We turned our thoughts to more happy and peaceful occupations, and set to work to extend our plantation, and improve M. Bonnat's cottage. Mose and the other christians dug and planted some land likewise, though the uncertainty of everything around prevented the

interest they might otherwise have had in the work. We waited in vain for the chests from Fomana, much as we and little Rosie needed clothing. She was recovering her health, and enjoying herself in playing with our two lambs.

On February 23rd, at the Aday, it was reported that the chiefs in the field (strengthened by the young Barentwa, who had crossed the Prah with some hundreds of men), were greatly dissatisfied with their commander, Amankwa Tiawa, who was constantly drunk, and refused to obey him. His habits were well known in Coomassie, but he appeared determined to redeem his oath, and to conquer the enemy, and had reached Mansu, when he had obtained a quantity of tobacco and salt without the slightest resistance. The king looked grave, but seemed to have been drinking, and though he came near, did not salute us, but ordered the sedan chair to halt, made a few dancing movements with the upper part of his body, and held his sword to his temples for some time. We feared this might have an unfriendly meaning. However, he sent an ox to Mr. D., perhaps to appease him, and with it came from Bosommuru the unusual advice to smoke the meat, and save it that it might last a long time.

On March 6th, Mrs. Plange was called to the palace, the royal ladies wishing to see her. The king also wanted to ascertain whether she belonged to Elmina, and inquired why she had discontinued coming to the Aday, telling her she ought to attend, and would receive something for her support.

Whatever might be the reason, the king was evidently out of temper, spent many nights with the Kete music, and made Fetish continually. On the day the three Akems were sacrificed, a young girl going to draw water was also seized and slain. Oh, the power of the "murderer from the beginning!"

On the 8th, the king marched in state to Amanghyia, to give audience to a messenger from Cape Coast, who bore a joint remonstrance from prince Ansa and the British governor, warning the monarch against making an attack which would risk the loss of his whole army. The people had threatened to behead this poor man on his journey, but he courageously declined to deliver his message to any but the king.

On the 12th, we were rejoiced by the release of our nine bearers, who were sent to work in the plantations for Asare. At the little Adae on the 19th, we heard in the palace that a sharp encounter had taken place, and that the Ashantees had retired to cover their retreat. As a matter of course the king danced the Kete all night. We were aroused in our first sleep by two young officers who entered the yard with torches, crying "Quick, quick, the king calls." K. and I hastily dressed—M. B. was in the plantation; the king did not want Plange, which caused him great apprehension.

We hurried through the empty town, and to our surprise met Dawson furnished with pen and ink, which reassured us. We went through six courts to the golden gates, viz., two small doors inlaid like a chess-board, with gold and silver. Here under the decorated pillars of the verandah sat the king with a few councillors and interpreters. Seven sword-bearers crouched on the left, and on a sign from the king we were seated.

Instantly a man got up, his hands in a block and a rope round his throat, so that we feared there was to be an execution. He was a Fantee prisoner or actor who understood his profession, and was to tell what he knew of the war. He said "I am a native of Anamabo, a relative of Mr. Blankson. It had long been known that Europeans had been captured in Ashantee, and that the heads of different governments had applied on their behalf to the

Queen of England, and even wanted to come themselves and see what could be done, but she had undertaken to obtain their liberty.

The subject of a ransom was under consideration when the news came that Ashantee was at war with the Coast, but this the governor did not heed. They then informed him that the Ashantee army had arrived at the Prah, and that the white men as well as the governor's messengers were killed, one only having been spared, whose head was shaved, nose and ears cut off, and himself made to carry the king's drum, all which the governor disbelieved. They then told him they would leave their towns and villages, and seek for security in Akem and Denkjera. Soon after, the governor finding that the Ashantees were really approaching, ordered the people of Cape Coast and Abora to march against them, and gave orders that whoever was not at his post on a certain day should be shot. The Fantees then flocked together and rushed upon the Ashantees, but were unable to resist them and soon fled. I hid myself in the bush," continued the poor man, "but was soon discovered and taken, and because I spoke more readily than others in the camp, I was chosen to announce the news to the king. Thus I have the honour of now standing before him."*

Mr D. enquired where the battle had been fought, and was told in Nyankomase, which was not far from Cape Coast. The king then turned abruptly to us, and said, "I sent for you to write to the governor, against whom my army has not marched, but you are not to do as Mr. Plange did, and write an underhand letter. The words were then dictated thus—

"The king greets the governor, prince Ansa, and Mr. Blankson. He is grandson to Osee Tutu, who conquered

* This prisoner really spoke the facts of the case, as was afterwards ascertained.

Denkjera, and Elmina was under his protection. He heard the governor was going to march against his troops. Would his Excellency understand that the campaign was not directed against him or the Fantees. The king had already heard, through Mr. Plange, that the British intended taking Elmina with the fort in less than four months, and giving it to Kwakjei of Denkjera, and also wanted to humble the king of Ashantee. This has so roused the anger of his chiefs that they had sworn to go to war with Denkjera, for the fort must not be given up to them. If the governor wish to recall his troops, he must send back the Denkjeras, the Asens, and the Akems, as they all belong to Ashantee, but if he refuse to do this, his majesty will himself lead his army to the field. It is reported further that he has killed the white men and the ambassadors. In order that his Excellency may see that these are in good keeping, his majesty allows them to sign this letter."

At Mr. Dawson's intercession, we were permitted to enclose a few lines to our friends. One of his people was to carry the letter to the Coast, accompanied by the imprisoned Fantee. As he was leaving, I mentioned the boxes waiting in Fomana. Kari-Kari seemed angry, but promised to have them sent. Before midnight we were again at home, filled with anxiety as to what might be the object of the letter, but took comfort in the words from which Mr. Dawson preached on Sunday, March 23rd, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

I felt much cause for humiliation and self-abasement in my daily life at this time, for though I wrote my journal, continued the study of the language, and by daily visits to the market, managed to supply the wants of our small household, and to work at the plantation, what did it all amount to? The time seemed rapidly passing; we

had already been three years and a half in Ashantee. Alas! how little was accomplished. Again I renewed my vows, and earnestly sought to do more than before in my Master's cause.

On April the 3d, we received a packet of letters through Mr. Dawson, which had arrived months before. In them the governor inquired what the king's real intention was. Why had his army taken a hundred and twenty Akems prisoners? If he wished for peace, why did he not keep the peace? If for war, why not say so?

"I have sent Akjampong," said he, "in spite of the resistance of the Asens, to show that I keep my word." We were sorry that Mr. D. was not allowed to translate this letter literally. - Prince Ansa wrote, "pray father, send the Europeans." A letter from Mr. Buhl, of November the 7th, spoke of boxes waiting for us at Cape Coast; meanwhile we were thankful to receive the two from Fomana, after four months' delay.

April 6th, Palm Sunday, at the great Adaye the king danced in the wildest manner, stretching out his hands towards us, as if he would say, "I will get you all yet." Mr. Dawson preached in the afternoon in Fantee. I was discouraged by finding how little I could follow him; and though on the 11th (Good Friday) I hoped the Fantees, to whom I attempted to speak on Isaiah 53d, understood much; yet I was painfully conscious how cramped I still was in the language.

News of a second battle a day's journey from Cape Coast now arrived, and the Ashantees were reported defeated. Another night of wild dancing and music followed, though they appeared to have gained some advantage, as prisoners began to arrive. On the evening of Saturday, the 13th, the king took his seat in the market place to receive the greatest trophy of the fight, Amanaman, a chief of Wasa, who, after having sworn the

king's oath, had withdrawn from his government, and was captured unawares by Adu Bofu. Against our will we were forced to be present, and were surprised to see so many people still left in Coomassie, and rushing to get a sight at these poor unhappy creatures, who were dragged forward amid hideous cries that sounded far above the wild music.

Most of them were nearly naked, with only a cloth round the waist, and their hands fixed in the block which they carried on their heads, and bound together in companies of ten or fifteen, by cords around their necks. They formed a sad spectacle as they passed, looking dreadfully frightened. The women, old and young, followed, some with infants on their backs, others leading bigger children by the hand, who crouched in terror at their mother's side. The cruel spectators not satisfied with threats, struck these little creatures, causing my very blood to boil. There is a time to be scornful, and a time to be scorned; a lesson Ashantee was soon to learn.

The king's son, who conducted the prisoners from Adu Bofu to his father, was profusely complimented. Following these poor miserable creatures, and with a rope round his neck, came old Amanaman, who was received with a shout of execration. How we longed to give them a word of comfort, as these wretched beings turned their large eager eyes on us.

For the Momone women it was a day of great rejoicing, after their weeks of painful suspense, when songs of woe and lamentation alone had been heard in the palace. The king at once went to Bantama to attend at a sacrifice of fourteen men from Wasa; we really felt like the disciples of old, who wished that fire would come down from heaven; but the patience of our God was greater than ours.

What a relief was it to us to turn from such a spectacle, to our quiet little service, where on April the 9th, with a few Fantees from the Coast, we enjoyed sitting

together at the Lord's table. Two of these people, Peter Asaba and his wife Martha, gave us great joy by their consistent Christian conduct; they lived with us, and often united in prayer. Peter was earnestly striving to learn to read and write.

My wife's health had become a subject of great anxiety to me, and made it necessary to seek rest and change of air at the plantation. I entreated Bosommuru to refrain from suddenly visiting us, as any shock increased the irritability of her over-excited nerves.

Songs of lamentation were now sung every night before the king, and news again came of a battle and heavy loss to the Ashantees, who lay like "corn on the threshing-floor," under the fire of the enemy's guns. The prince of Mampong was reported among the wounded; and the rumours spread, although the Ashantees allowed "no one to speak of this war on pain of death."

The king's conduct grew more and more strange. On the 29th of April he summoned the Fantees from the surrounding villages to sing and dance before him, and when they came sent them back, but a day or two after recalled them, when about thirty-five performed. He rewarded them by some rum and eighteen dollars, told them of his good-will to their nation, and that he would soon restore them to their country. He also presented our three native christians with some old military dresses, in which of course they looked ridiculous. These too he assured of a speedy restoration, as he had nothing against the Akwapems, and but one thing against Denkjera. He invited my wife and Mrs. Plange with Rosie, but the former was too ill to go, so Mrs. Plange took Rosie with her nurse, returning in an hour and a half.

The king and his aunt, for whom the visit was chiefly intended, were much pleased. The little thing played with a cat, and amused herself by adorning her foot with

the white painted earth made for the Fetish. Kari-Kari seemed really to love this child, and said, "when she goes to the Coast they will say, 'at least something good grows in Ashantee.'" Before leaving, Mr. Plange took the opportunity to prefer a request for salt, which one of the attendants said we also needed. A load was sent to Mrs. P., with nine dollars, and the like sum was sent to Rosie, but no salt, though we had so often begged for it.

During the night a poor old man, one of the Akra prisoners, died after undergoing great sufferings. He had been in the block with insufficient food four months, and was never allowed to wash the whole time; how sad that for no crime or wrong he should have been thus tortured. He had often brought our boxes for us by the king's order, and we had pleaded in vain for his and his companions' release.

Before our pretended journey to the Coast, we had, as being more economical, kept separate tables, and now returned to the same plan. M. Bonnat was most anxious to spare expense to the mission; not regarding himself as one of its agents, he therefore restricted his personal expenses to two dollars and a quarter for the three weeks intervening between the great and little Adaye, when the usual supplies were given us. This sum was really insufficient, and his health suffered in consequence, but he most thankfully managed with it and a little supply from the plantation.

The 5th of May proved a day of mourning, and songs of lamentation were sung throughout the night, while early in the morning the king, with his face and arms painted red, went to Bantama. The chiefs were besmeared with the same colour. He had previously visited this and other places three times in one day, hoping thus to avert the impending evil by offering many human sacrifices, and amongst them the poor old chief Amanaman. The

cause of all their excitement was that a great chief had fallen, that two others had gone over to the Fantees, and a person of great consequence had been killed by accident.

So urgent had our need of salt become, that I wrote to the king about it, and also told him of our serious loss of gold dust and dollars, which had been abstracted from our boxes in Fomana. Mr. Dawson translated the letter, and Bosommuru Dwira affected great surprise, and pretended to enquire if Ashantees had stolen the money, which we knew was the case." "The king must be told of that," he said, but "the salt was a mere trifle, and could be had at any time." Happily, it did arrive very soon, with strict injunctions to be careful of it; and we felt it too great a treasure to waste, for the price had become exorbitant.

We heard that the Ashantees were at Dunkwa, six miles from Cape Coast, but did not know what to believe, for even the king himself knew little that was reliable, though he left no stone unturned to obtain correct intelligence. A man from Akra, who had escaped from the block, told the king he had been sent from Ata the king of Akem, to the governor, who questioned him about the war, on which occasion his excellency had called the king of Ashantee a false man. The governor sent him back to Kjebi, from whence he escaped.

When asked if the Fantees, Asens, Denkjerias, &c., and their families had really fled to the fort, he replied, "I will tell the truth, even if it costs me my life. All is quiet in Cape Coast, only Asens and Denkjerias have fought with the Ashantees, but no Fantees." The king was very angry at having been misled by false reports, neither could he understand why his messengers were detained so long at the Coast.

His conduct before the next Aday, when as usual he was drinking publicly, was increasingly strange; he

danced wildly, and appeared incensed against us. Dawson with difficulty escaped from the violence of the people. On our seeking an explanation, he assured us he meant nothing, but was obliged as on former occasions to affect displeasure, and even hostility, to satisfy his nobles.* In accordance with this statement, he behaved in a friendly manner at the Aday itself (May 18th), danced with a rusty old sabre (probably to a Fetish), but with all due honour.

When I returned to the city (May 23rd), I found Kühne in an alarming state. He coughed day and night, and was distressed by constant sickness and sleeplessness, accompanied by so much nervous prostration that I feared we must leave the plantation and come in to the town to nurse him. I applied to Owusu Kokoo to ask for the delayed boxes, as one of them contained a medicine chest. I wrote to the king also, and finally got them on June 23rd!

* What the king really said was, "I am the grandson of Osee Tutu (who delivered Ashantee from the yoke of Denkjera), and this "Ata" (Mr. Plange), comes here to tell me that in four months my power will come to an end! Who, who will come against me? Who dares to approach my throne? I will kill him (with a gesture of beheading), Fantee, Asen, Denkjera, Akra, Aknapem, Akem, are *all* united against me, but who dares to enter into a contest with me? I will kill them." This is the style of a Coomassie proclamation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WE BUILD FOR THE KING.

THE king had suddenly been seized with the idea that as prisoners it was right we should work for him, and ambassadors, missionaries, and christian Fantees, were all required to unite in building him a European house. On Sunday morning (May 25th) Mr. Dawson entered, and with a very grave face told us that the king intended to call us Coast people together, to accompany him to Amanghyia, and there to erect for him a house. Although struck with this strange caprice, which reminded us of Israel in Egypt—D. begged his majesty to allow us to spend our Sunday in peace.

On his way to us he had encountered some natives painted red, acting a tragedy (Sokada) and dancing, as if possessed, to the mournful music of the horn; they approached him in a threatening attitude, crying, as he tried to avoid them, "He who fights is he who dies." "I am Kari-Kari's slave and fear none." These words sounded alarming, but there seemed no reason to fear danger to our lives, while so many Ashantees were in the hands of the English.

Whether we should be allowed to remain in Coomassie to witness the return of the army and its humiliation appeared, however, doubtful. The king, it had been said, was preparing the house in Amanghyia, to be inhabited by Europeans, and we therefore thought it probable our little dwelling would be stripped, and we have to return to our former life of privation.

Anxious for my wife and child, who still remained at the plantation, I united with my brethren in childlike, simple prayer, and then went to tell Rosa of our new experience. She took the news very calmly, assisted me to pack up at once, and bade farewell to our harbour of refuge, to which we had really become attached.

When I got to Coomassie, I set out with D. to find our friend Bosommuru, who had been asked in vain to visit us ; he saw we were uneasy, but made light of it, and said the king had been building a new village, and wished the Fantees to help him ; he was ready to swear the oath of the king's father, that there was nothing more in it ; I thanked him, and said he had removed a heavy burden from our hearts, still we preferred knowing the truth, bitter as it might be, to undergoing a second edition of our Fomana experiences ; to be treated with a sheep one day and put in irons the next, did not suit us ; he laughed and said there was nothing of the kind to fear.

On Monday (May 26th) we set forth after a long delay in waiting for Bosommuru. Dawson, Plange, M. Bonnat and I went first, and were followed by the Fantees, forming a procession, which seemed to surprise the Ashantees. We halted at the cross road to Duro, a few steps from our old Ebenezer. The king appeared in a sedan chair, saluted us kindly without stopping, and as he turned into the bush, said, "I will send for you directly." Accordingly a messenger came, who led us by a foot path to a small plantation, behind which we found a good sized piece of land, recently cleared of grass and reeds.

The king began, "I like this place, therefore I want to build here. How I wish that you would build a little for me ; something handsome, a European house, in order that I may be reminded of you when you are gone to the Coast. You 'Mmorowa' (D. Pl. B. and I.) will come when

you can to see after and direct the work." The king's request was so modestly made that we felt pleasure in agreeing to it; with one accord we all, including the Fantees, declared that we should be glad to do his majesty a service. Then a bullock, two loads of salt, two sheep, and a peredwane (thirty-six dollars) of gold were given to us four "Mmorowa;" and one load of salt, one sheep, and eighteen dollars to the "Mmofra" (Fantees). Thus the work was undertaken with real energy, though we thought sadly of the many thousands obliged to live without salt, unable to pay the nine dollars which was the price of a load!

After the king had left, we returned home laden with our riches, slew the ox, and divided it as well as the money. From this time we devoted ourselves to the king's building, for although it had been said, "Come when you please to inspect," it was carefully noticed who came and who was absent. Owusu Kokoo and two other princes were always on the building ground, but not much progress was made. When we urged that the foundation should be laid, we were told that the king must come first and perform a ceremony, and he could not go out for a week before the Aday, which falls on June 11th.

On the 13th, this ceremony took place, much to our distress. A sheep was slain, and the blood sprinkled on certain places, while numerous prayers were offered to the Fetish. One prayer or wish ran thus—"The old ones have done their work, now Kari-Kari sits on the throne, he has taken a few Fantees prisoners through whom he wishes to build something. The chiefs are all gone to war against the tribes at the Coast, so help us here, and bring Fantees, Asens, Denkjeras, Akems, Akwapems, Akras, and all here. Crushed bananas, mixed with palm oil, were also thrown about, and the slain sheep was torn to pieces in a moment by the people.

The kind of house we were to build remained undecided. I drew a plan of one fifty-three feet long, without stories and galleries on one side. The king wished to have them all round; but it was difficult to get the beams for their support. There were only two sawyers, the others were but learners; as until the Fantees had seen sawing at the mission house, they had no idea of it. Counting Joseph our servant, we had but three carpenters, to whom the king gave a set of tools.

Whilst waiting for wood we proceeded with the preparation of sun-burnt bricks for the walls, covering them with banana leaves, which were not water-tight, yet answered the purpose, as but little rain fell at that time. Necessary materials were always freely promised, and as certainly never ready when wanted. The 16th was fixed for the laying of the foundation stone, and we wished to write a short account of the circumstance as a memorial of the building; but they were so fearful of our witchcraft that they jealously watched our every movement.

When the king understood that the ceremony which Mr. D. described as done in Europe could be performed in the evening, he expressed a wish to be present, and enquired by Owusu Kokoo if we required a sheep, which we declined, although we were always thankful for any gift. We were ready at two o'clock and waited for him, till heavy rain came down, from which we had no protection but the workmen's sheds, so we turned our steps homewards. On the way we met the princes with a sheep and some gold, who ordered our return, and commanded the business to proceed notwithstanding the king's absence, delivering the sheep to us, with thirty-six dollars, and nine for the six Ashantees. Mr. D. took some of the money, laid it in the hole, and prayed that God would give the king wisdom, he then adjusted the stone, and covered it with earth. The people wanted to

slay the sheep on the stone, which we peremptorily forbade, for we could not allow their fetish practices to be in any way mixed up with our religious observances and prayers, they "might kill the animal where they liked," we said; which they at last did, and connected the act with the expression of their own wishes to their god. Thus, after all, the affair did not conclude very satisfactorily.

This impression was strengthened when we found that Owusu Kokoo, from a sense of gratitude on account of the princely hospitality he had experienced at the Coast, had actually brought this sheep from Mr. D.'s stock, because he thought he wished to hold a Fetish!! Supposing the animal to be a present, we had rejoiced in the hope of being able to give a full meal to the poorly fed workmen, but now our own supplies were thus diminished. From this time forward the king appeared nearly every day on the building ground.

The 7th of July was the fifth birthday which my poor wife had spent in captivity, yet in the review of the dark shadows of those years, how blessed we had been by more than gleams of sunshine; many things we should have delighted to possess had been denied, yet what mercies had been granted, even more than we had asked for in our prayers. Our little daughter was a blessing indeed, and our experience with her helped us to cast the burden of the future on our gracious God.

By the end of the month, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, the house had made some progress, the walls had reached the height of the windows, though the constant rain prevented the brick-work from drying—and we prepared to lay the beams for the first floor, but as a very small part of the wood required was ready, and could not be for some time, we decided to take a few weeks' holiday.

During the discussions about building, the idea of an erec-

tion for a vane was incidentally mentioned; the king caught at it, and gave M. Bonnat no peace until he promised to construct one similar to that he had described, viz., a rotunda supported by twelve pillars with four arrow-heads in the centre of the roof to denote the direction of the wind. When his majesty saw M. B. climb the roof to adjust these, he was excessively amused, and child-like expected the mango stones which Kühne had sown as a future ornament for the walls, to come up as rapidly as Jack's bean stalk.

There were reports that cannon was heard thundering on the Prah, and the king enquired of D. what was meant by firing seven times, he said it might mean a salute, upon which Bosommuru answered, "that is right." We only hope the king will not, as in 1864, only encamp by the Prah for months, but fight the matter out at once. Whether it might be deemed necessary to humble Ashantee by pushing forward to Comassie, we could not guess, although without wishing for such an event, we were inclined to believe it would be so. We felt that if such were God's will, He would protect us, and it might prove the very means of our deliverance; indeed, if the troops came to Fomana only, Ashantee would be in terror and might hastily release us, but they might also take us away into the interior. We trusted to be kept in the exercise of faith and love, and ultimately to be allowed to work, and not cast aside as useless tools.

At the ceremony consequent on the death of two princesses on the 16th, several unhappy people were sacrificed, women amongst them. Alas! what blood had been uselessly shed since our detention.

We noticed increased depression, and heard many enquiries around us as to how matters would end. Food became so scarce that the people were selling their goods and furniture to procure it, and bitterly complained of their losses. Even in the palace they seemed anxious and

almost parsimonious. Mrs. Plange, Palm, and the mace bearer of Dawson received but one and a half dollars each at the Aday, instead of three, as formerly; we still had nine for three weeks, for which we felt most thankful, as all our stores were rapidly diminishing. The king's behaviour was enigmatical. He often danced "Kete" the whole night, and in the morning appeared on the building ground in high spirits, seeming to have no cause for an anxious thought.

We suggested to him the propriety, or even necessity, of having but one storey to his new house, not only on account of the scarcity of material, but from the fear that the walls being damp, would not sustain the weight of a second. The caution was useless, "No," he said, "if the rain hinders, you can suspend work for a month." This decision dashed the sanguine hope of the Fantees, who expected when the house was finished, to be sent home. For ourselves, we concluded the delay would make little difference, and neither hasten or postpone our freedom. If we asked for meat or money to provide for our people, the king at once complied, but it was always a very long time before any supply came.

On August 8th the first floor was finished, and then came a pause of two months, for we could get no saws. It seemed also cruel to urge men to work who were suffering from hunger, and we could provide no food—the folly of beginning to build under such circumstances struck us very forcibly. The king doubtless cursed the hour when he had allowed his chiefs to draw him into war, by promises which were never fulfilled, of supplying him with treasure from the Coast. Meanwhile the Momone women continued dancing and singing bravely. On the great Aday (August 10th) the king appeared serious and subdued, and when passing the Dampan, on which Dawson sat, and the sword was offered him by the

sword-bearer that he might dance, he refused it, which implied disaster.

In the evening we overheard a woman crying aloud, "mother, what am I to do now?" leading us to fear she was being placed in the block; most of our neighbours being Asumankwas (doctors), who are often entrusted with the care of prisoners. When Mr. Plange drew nearer he heard an Ashantee who had returned from Serem, and had given his message to the king, talking excitedly. It appeared he had been sent with an Asumankwa with powder, to purchase a very strong medicine (*aduru*) which would destroy the people at the Coast. The mohammedans in Angwa, about four or five days' journey from Salaga—the great market-place—took the powder, but refused to give him the medicine. High words ensued; the messengers swore a great oath, the moslems seized sword and dagger, and in the wild skirmish which followed several on both sides were killed, and the Ashantees returned home.

Soon after the moslems sent, requesting their return to settle the affair, promising them goods; they went, and thereby fell into a trap similar to those with which they had often decoyed others. They were conducted to a place where powder was laid, which was fired and exploded, killing some on the spot, and mortally wounding others, while a few escaped. This occurred forty days before the barricading of the road, and they found it difficult to make their way back.

Among those who fell was Amoaku, and it was his wife we had heard crying so bitterly. From other houses similar sounds of distress soon proceeded. It was thus evident that the central tribes had thrown off the yoke of Ashantee, of which they had long been weary, and the course which events were taking at the Coast became clearer. To our surprise, however, a mohammedan hung himself in the town, and the affair at Serem

was represented as a dispute between the Ashantee chiefs.

Owusu Adum, a brother of Owusu Kokoo, was sent to Kwantiabo, but could not proceed because the road was blocked. The Ashantees had not of late gone to that town, but had traded with the people on our side the Tano river. They were therefore now placed in a difficult position, for it was said that a messenger from Kwantiabo had warned the king to let the white men and Fantees go without delay, otherwise the English would be at Coomassie by Christmas. It was further said and quickly believed that communication was cut off between the two divisions of the army.

Every effort to gain the ear of the king was now in vain, and when at length Dawson met him, he enquired four times if we might proceed with the house before obtaining an answer. He was told how unreasonable it was to require men to work without food, and that it made us heart sick and indignant to think how well the captive Ashantees were treated at the Coast, while the poor Fantee prisoners were required to work on empty promises, without the necessaries of life.

On the 20th, the king appeared on the building ground earlier than myself, and blamed Dawson severely, complaining of the delay in progress. The want of food was again urged, and again more supplies promised. At length only half the men would work.

On the few previous Sundays, especially on the 24th, we rejoiced to see more Ashantee listeners, who came uninvited. We had also many temporal mercies. Both my wife and child were well, spite of their many privations. Bread, sugar, coffee or tea were unknown luxuries, yet little Rosa ran merrily about all day with her foster brother Kwame, the nurse's child. This fact had however its dark side, for we knew not how or where to procure more shoes. She talked nicely, and her feverish

attacks yielded readily to treatment. We daily prayed that she might be kept from the evil influences around us. On her birthday, September 2nd, M. Bonnat surprised us by a pretty little chair of odum wood, with back and seat of plaited straw.

Poor Kühne's depression increased, and his distress was great when at the Kete dance the king had an Ashantee killed, and four more accused of desertion given over to the hangman. An attack of hemorrhage came on, and though a sweet sleep and a cheering dream followed, his settled conviction was that he should find his grave in Ashantee, ardently as he longed for his native land, and to see his parents' graves once more.

We were increasingly destitute of food for the workmen, and Dawson at last begged the king to lend him money to buy it, but in vain. The chief who was appointed to protect the wall neglected his duty, and D.'s patience at length gave way. He came into the town and declared to the prince Owuso Kokoo that he would not go again to the building until help was provided. Former assertions were repeated. The king had begged us to hasten the work, and we delayed it; he had therefore "turned away his eyes from us." We felt this to be very unjust, for we could neither help the rain, or create workmen or tools, but as we wished to ensure the goodwill of the king, we put the matter before the men, and entreated them to work on rainy as well as on fine days.

The masons now played us a trick. Professing to have heard there was no dry brick they ceased to come, and Dawson felt it needful to keep them in punishment until the prince saw them. They begged for six lashes and to be set free; but as false reports and spiteful assertions were constantly carried to the king, who professed to make full investigation, but ended by upholding them, we would not yield. After much discussion and misrepre-

sentation, this vexatious affair was ended by a conciliatory message from his majesty, and we as usual tried to think the best. The prince however believed these Fantees to be ill-disposed, and capable of very bad actions, Akjere Mensa had said many things against us all, but especially against Dawson, as untrustworthy. The king gave us no opportunity to explain, so we resolutely refused to employ him. He went to the palace to complain, and returned with a message that we were to allow the men to work, and that his majesty would come himself and see us; thus the backbiter remained, but no work was given him.

Our small affairs were now forgotten, for a sudden death plunged the palace and the town into great grief. On our Rosa's birthday the 2nd crown prince Mensa Kuma died, at sixteen years of age. This was publicly announced at four o'clock, but before that hour royal servants occupied all the streets to catch the fugitives. Kwabena, the captive son of the chief of Peki, who had often been our informant, brought us the news, warning us to let none leave the house lest he should fall into the hands of the odumfo, who were searching everywhere for victims.

His master Kwantiabo had been sitting in council half an hour before in the palace with the other chiefs, surrounded by their followers. A messenger suddenly appeared and whispered to the king, who stooping down, rubbed the tips of his fingers with red earth, and painted his forehead. On this all the servants rushed from the palace, and on a sign from his master our young informant did the same, without really knowing why, for this was his first experience of this savage custom. Soon after came Dawson in a state of alarm, to enquire the reason of the awful tumult. The people outside were frantic, seizing poultry and sheep, killing them and throwing them away, and men were every where falling victims to the odumfo's knife.

From one of Bosommuru's followers we afterwards heard that the king's brother had died, and that nearly a hundred and fifty men would be sacrificed at his funeral. In the evening of the same day we saw men carrying numbers of long fresh cut branches, which were to serve for binding the sacrifices. Owusu Kokoo at length appeared greeting us from the king, who sent us word that his youngest brother had died, and as his friends he must inform us, and we must tell the Fantees of the event, but we need fear nothing, although the customary sacrifices were not pleasant. Indeed they were not! This was an attention which induced us to suppose he had heard of our anxiety and excitement about passing events.

The deceased youth was to be followed to the grave by slaves only, some of his own, and others who had long been languishing in irons. It was expected that every great chief would offer a gift of human life, and many men who were going about free, fell beneath the knife of the odumfo. Up to midday the king and his followers had been sitting at the north side of the market-place under the tree where we used to preach. Around him were crowds playing the wildest music, who all fasted, but drank the more. These offerings from the chiefs were presented—dresses, silk cushions, gold, ornaments, sheep and MEN! In the afternoon he resumed his seat in the market-place, and all who had guns fired them; at this signal some victims fell.

M. Bonnat and Kühne, who were in the street for a few moments, saw three odumfos rush upon a man standing among the crowd, pierce his cheeks with a knife and order him to stand up; they then drove him before them with his hands bound behind like a sheep to the slaughter.

The deceased prince had besides several wives of royal blood, three of low birth, who when they heard of his death ran away and hid themselves. The king supplied

their places by other girls, who, painted white, and hung with gold ornaments, sat around the coffin to drive away the flies—and were strangled at the funeral. The same fate befel six pages, who, similarly ornamented and painted, crouched around the coffin, which was carried out at midnight. For three days previously the poor lads had known they were doomed to go with the unhappy women to the grave.

On Friday, the day of the "king's soul" (he was born on Friday), no blood must be shed, and all the bodies of the slain were dragged away early in the morning to the entrance of Apetesini. The Fantees were filled with horror at the sight; they had witnessed the murder of twenty human sacrifices, some of them lads of ten years, others old men. We wondered how the people could sit down to eat after the appointed three days' fast. The town was quieter, and the king divided sheep among his chiefs. The funeral ceremonies were continued on Saturday the 6th, by every one having their heads shaved.

The dancing women attended at the palace to comfort the king, for which they received presents of gold. On this occasion, a princess quarrelled, and allowed herself to utter insulting words. The king ordered her to be taken out on the spot, and not only did *she* lose her head, but a prince and other Ashantee nobles fell on the same day. It was really a reign of terror, and none could understand whether it was an outburst of ungoverned passion, or an intimation of absolute power. On Monday, a week after the death, a fast was again observed, and we knew too well the sad accompaniment. We could only sigh and cry to the Lord of Hosts, and we knew that He would hear us, although we were taunted by the question, "Where is thy God?"

From the 1st to the 10th of September, the slaughter

continued. The king himself actually killed some members of the royal house, many slain corpses lay exposed, and in forty days the same dreadful doings were to be repeated!

We now heard that Amakje, king of Apollonia, had just eaten fetish (joined himself) with the Ashantees. His people refused to follow him, so he was induced to go almost alone to Adu Bofó's camp, where he was seized and laid in irons. He is accused of having given up Akjampong to the English without fighting, and subsequently of giving up his throne to them. The proceedings of these negro chieftains are very mysterious. They know how the Ashantees deceived the princes of Wusutra and Tongo, in the last war with Krepe, and after enticing them here with their subjects, sold or slew the latter, leaving the chiefs alone and destitute, yet they prefer the yoke of Ashantee to the mild British protectorate; they like to be without restraint, and to behead or hold death wakes at pleasure till they fall at a sign from the majesty to which they have looked up for protection.

On the little Adæ (September 3rd), we received orders to stay away on account of the great slaughter demanded by the general mourning. This involved the loss of a couple of dollars, which were worth much to us just then. M. B.'s allowance was only two dollars and a half, and Mr. D. had come to his last farthing, yet we were expected to go on building the king's house. We ordered our two servants to earn their living by trading in palm wine; for ourselves we felt confident that our Lord would not forsake us, and that He would enable us to forgive the people who had taken our money from us in Fomana (£60), and whom we were now obliged to serve. Some candles and a small box of butter remained of our provision; these were carefully saved for Rosa. We took much pains to manufacture sugar, and with M. B.'s help we suc-

ceeded in making six pounds of syrup or molasses, but could not crystalize it.

September 10th, the king at length opened his purse and sent us seventy-two dollars; of these the carpenters received eighteen, and the thirty labourers the same sum, but the sawyers were forgotten; we had our share, and tried to procure something extra for the sawyers who had the hardest work, and were treated most inconsiderately. Ten days ago they brought eight beautiful planks as a present for his majesty, but when boards were wanted for the prince's coffin, six of these were taken without ceremony. Sometimes the king comes to the building ground, gives the men brandy, and orders them to dance and sing before him till they are very merry; this is intended to make up for every disappointment.

September 20th, the king came to see the verandah, at which we had worked very closely. Instead of thanks, he only remarked that we did nothing. He took no account of the rainy days, but thought the house ought to have been finished long before. We were told that he very much wished to show the finished house to his chiefs to make them ashamed, because they had sworn to bring the governor's castle bodily to Ashantee. *He* had gained a house from the Fantees without war! Building in West Africa is certainly no child's play, and in this case our patience was put to a very severe test.

At last, September 5th, after great exertion, the front verandah was erected. His majesty rejoiced like a child, and gave an ox to Mr. D., and eighteen dollars to the dancing Fantees, but instead of rewarding the poor sawyers as he had promised, he complained that they had sold several planks to his cousin, a man who was within a hair's breadth of becoming king in his stead, and whom he regarded with great jealousy. In his anger he explained "that should not happen again; he would

buy the planks." Besides this, he discoursed upon politics, "I have done nothing to the governor, and yet he has taken up arms against me. If I had wished to fight against the white men, I should have gone to the war myself. You, too (addressing D.), I have learned to know, and have proved what your real spirit is." This was meant as a hint that we were ungrateful, and ought to esteem ourselves happy to build for so great a king.

We happened to hear from an Akwamer who had come to Comassie with an ambassador, that the white man in Odumase had presented his majesty with a large umbrella, and had interceded for us. We supposed that our brethren were trying in this way to influence the king, but we had little hope that they would succeed. Messengers from the camp also came, who reported that Adu Bofu had actually captured a whole tribe by means of the old trick—that he wanted to eat fetish with them; these poor people belonged to Apollonia, and had formerly sought help from the king.

Adu Bofu continually begged for men and money, and a proclamation was issued, ordering all soldiers who were in the plantations to hasten to the camp on pain of death for delay; at the same time the army sent a petition to be recalled; to this the king replied, "you wished for war and you have it. You swore you would not return till you could bring me the walls of Cape Coast, and now you want we to recall you because many chiefs have fallen, and you are suffering. When I danced on the market-place in times past, you said, 'he wishes for war.' It was not I, it was you who wished it. What can I do? I am drunk to-day and must play Kete with my wives. In due time I will send you an answer." me

On October 13th, the forty days since the death of the king's brother expired, and the sacrifices began afresh. Amongst others, the king laid hold on a Fantee, which grieved us much. He had emigrated ten years before, and

had gained his living by trading, but as he earned more than the Ashantees he was avoided by them, and at last resolved to escape. On the road to Akem he was seized near Dwaben, and brought back a prisoner. He professed to be going to reclaim a debt, but as he had taken all his goods with him he was pronounced guilty, and delivered to Kwantabisa, the chief of the wood-bearers, to be watched over.

Kwantabisa did all he could to save his life; he removed him to a neighbouring house, and six times dismissed the hangman who was sent to fetch him, declaring he did not know what had become of him. He hoped that the king would repent of the step he had taken, for he did not always know who had been led to the block. But when the odumfos came the seventh time, and said that if this man were not forthcoming another would be taken in his stead, Kwantabisa was obliged to give him up. This execution naturally enraged the Fantees, although they hoped that on reflection the king would acknowledge that he had committed a rash act.

In October we set to work vigorously on the second floor of the house, which wonderfully pleased the king. Still our entreaty for salt was neglected. Happily, my wife continued well, though occasionally rather nervous and excited by trifles. Poor Kühne was no better, and his cough was very trying, though he sometimes managed to visit the building carried in a hammock.

The chief of Aguogo was now accused to the king as not having sufficiently guarded the border against Akem, and was sentenced to lose his head. He however escaped to Boakje Tenteng, who succeeded in effecting a mitigation of the capital sentence to the payment of a heavy fine (ninety peredwanes). We pitied this man, who was a simple-hearted friendly fellow, with but few Ashantee characteristics. We heard at that time that the Ashantees had suffered a defeat, and lost several

chiefs, and we learned the particulars from the Krepe, Kwabena, who always accompanied his master to the council. The king asked his councillors what was now to be done? He had heard from Akwamu that many European soldiers had landed at the Coast, and the governor wishing to finish the war during the dry season, had joined with the Coast tribes, and was hastening on to Coomassie. The Fantees and the white men in the centre, on one side an army from Kwau-Kodiabe, and on the other a mixed host from Akra, Akwapem, and Akem. Amankwa had thrown coals on an ant hill, and now the insects were spreading themselves in all directions.

It was truly no joke this time. From Ada to Cape Coast the land swarmed with troops, especially Hausas from Lagos, and numbers of white men. As usual great weakness was manifested. Guards were dispatched in every direction to prevent the possibility of flight, and to press in all capable of bearing arms, while the king grumbled and accused Amankwa Tia.

There were indeed signs of evil omen, but we knew on whom to cast our care, and were assured that many prayers were ascending on our behalf. The king sent a messenger to the interior to a renowned moslem, begging for medicine to the value of a hundred peredwanas, for the destruction of his enemies, and then gave orders for his army to return over the Prah, promising to have branches thrown across to help them. After these preparations he danced all night, and in the morning (October 20th) proceeded to Bantama to perform fetish, and offer two human sacrifices. He saluted us, and I went to work, glad to be freed from the deafening noise of his followers.

Discouraging reports were increasing. The Akems had taken three hundred Ashantees, and Amankwa Tia had experienced another defeat; thus our last remaining

chance of obtaining the much needed salt was gone, as the governor had sent to Kwantiabo and arrested the chief. Nothing was so likely to convince the Ashantees of their real position as the impossibility of procuring this indispensable necessary.

But we had to sustain a new misfortune. On Sunday morning, October 26th, we heard that the house, which had reached the second floor, had fallen down in the night, in consequence of the incessant rain. When I beheld the ruin I could not help weeping. The king was very sorry, but was willing to admit the real cause, and seemed well pleased that we were ready to begin again as soon as dry weather should set in. When the Harmattan commenced we determined to rebuild, but before doing anything else we resolved to erect a shed in which to store the dry bricks. The Fantees had cleared the greater part of the rubbish by the 31st, and exerted themselves so much as to elicit praise from the Ashantees; but they were still kept without payment from the king. We afterwards heard that six houses in the palace court had fallen on that same Sunday, and the stone building had suffered considerable damage.

The king was so struck by this, that he called for a Fetish priestess, and demanded an explanation. "It is on account of the foreigners," replied she; "if the king let the Fantees and the white men go all will succeed, otherwise nothing." For this declaration she was placed in irons. Still the rain would not leave off, but recommenced every evening, to the amazement of the Ashantees.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JUDGMENT APPROACHES.

LATE in October it was apparent to us that the Momome women were arranging a procession which betokened something unusual. We heard that a great council had been held on the 27th in Amanghyia, when the chiefs had begged the king to recall the army. But he had not been willing, unless his great men would repay him for the outlay, which he estimated at six thousand peredwanes (216,000 dollars), and they had bound themselves to do so. It was a fact that the Akems were pushing on, they had evidently cleared a way through the forest as far as Dadease, which was on our side of the boarder. The Wasas were said to have deceived Adu Bofu's army and beaten them.

The ambassador of Akwamu was dispatched with the answer, which follows:—"The king thanks you for your news, and the hints you gave. I too have a warning to give you. Do not be enticed to Akra or you will be imprisoned. I am young it is true, but I would not bring misfortune upon my country. My forefathers were all benefactors of their kingdom, I would be the same, and I will see what is to be done. I cannot possibly send the white men to you yet, they are making something that is to be finished in two months, till then one must have patience."

It was reported that the army would return to the

neighbourhood of Coomassie, and if positively necessary, the white men and the Fantees would be set free.

We made a last attempt to secure the release of our poor invalid, Kühne, by sending his own written statement of his increasing illness to the king, and pleading for his prompt removal to a dry mountain air, which he had formerly found restorative, and where he would have suitable nursing and nourishment. We hinted that thus the king might at once open communications with the Coast without in any way compromising his dignity. But we received in reply only this message (Oct. 20th), "Cool your heart, I will see what can be done, and send you word in a short time;" which time never arrived! Thus our last hope, that this application might give an opportunity for D. to speak to the king, was cruelly disappointed.

The poor king still clung to the belief, that as water never went up the mountains, so the British could never come to Ashantee. But if this should happen, his heart would certainly fail him, he was much too weak to hold out against the united Coast tribes, especially with the added assistance of the governor, and in the event of their success, nothing but the influence of the governor could restrain them from wreaking their vengeance upon Ashantee until he and his people would have to sue for mercy. The governor however would make no treaty until we were set free; thus we felt assured no violence would be offered by the king for fear of retaliation upon himself, and this led us to believe he would yield.

Meanwhile his wives sang the old national songs to him every night, praising the deeds of his forefathers, in wild plaintive tones which moved him greatly. Many a one did he send to these same forefathers through the cruel hands of the executioners during those hours, and in the morning visit his building with a smiling face, striving to hide by a great effort, the uneasy state of his mind.

After long consideration, I resolved to recommence my street preaching, but very few Ashantees came, and I did not ultimately pursue it, feeling uncertain if the king approved; if he did, I thought he would soon let me know. I prayed that I might have a heart to testify warmly of a Saviour's love to the lost, and a ready tongue to proclaim it faithfully, and that the bread cast upon the waters might be found after many days.

Four messengers having arrived from Akwamu, the chiefs were hurriedly summoned to the palace (November 18th), and later in the evening Mr. D. was called. The dialogue began thus:—

“ You were sent here respecting the ransom.”

“ No,” answered D.

“ Have you brought the money with you ?”

“ Certainly not: How could I have kept it here a whole year ?”

“ Has the money been handed over to Owusu Kokoo.”

“ It was weighed before my eyes, and given to a mulatto (Mr. Grant) in charge, but as I left before Owusu Kokoo, I cannot know what occurred in Cape Coast afterwards.”

To the king's last question as to whether the money would be paid out in Cape Coast if we were all sent back, Dawson could only repeat, “ I do not know.”

On the evening of the 20th he was again summoned to the palace to read two letters from the governor to the king, of October 3rd and November 1st. The first contained the only direct news we had heard from the Coast for a year. The second referred to another which must have miscarried, Amankwa Tia being closely surrounded by the enemy. The governor sent a copy of the missing letter by an Ashantee captive, and required an answer to three points contained in it in twenty days (while twenty-two had already elapsed). The king had broken the

peace by invading the protectorate, burning villages, and killing their inhabitants. Yet the governor had pushed back the Ashantees with a handful of troops. Now he was commissioned from Europe to chastise the king himself; and the troops were daily arriving at the Coast. His Queen however was enduring, and was willing to believe that misunderstanding had led Kari-Kari to enter on the war. She would therefore make the terms as easy as possible. If the king wished for peace, he must, before any treaty could be entered into,—

I. Recall all his troops who were stationed in the Protectorate.

II. Restore all innocent prisoners, men, women, and children, with their belongings, and send them to the Coast.

III. Engage to make good all damages done to the said prisoners.

It was not to be supposed that the king could resist the British army, when the native troops had already pushed back the Ashantees.

The letter was heard in profound silence, its very truth made it the more painful, and all became serious. We could only beseech the Lord to open the eyes of the king.

We had heard much of the proceedings at the Coast from our friend, Kwabena. The English were, he affirmed, determined to push on to Coomassie, and were even then advancing. The king had therefore better not listen to those who would flatter him with the assurance that 'no one had dared to attack Ashantee from time immemorial.' Things had changed, and it was now high time to wake to the impending danger. Great preparations for the campaign were being made at the Coast.

After the letter was finished, the queen mother arose and addressed the great men. "I am old now, I lived before Kwakoo Dooah, and I have now placed my son on

the Ashantee throne. Three or four years ago, Akwamu begged for help against Krepe, the Ashantees obeyed the call, and brought some white men here and much booty. The chiefs have now marched against the Coast, the war is going against us, the enemy threatens. The chief of Akwamu entreats incessantly for the white men, for until they are set free he will have no peace, and perhaps be taken to the Coast. What is to be done? I do not wish for our successors to say my son was the cause of the disturbance of the sixty nkurow" (towns, *i.e.*, the whole land).

"From olden times it has been seen that God fights for Ashantee if the war is a just one. This one is unjust. The Europeans begged for the imprisoned white men. They were told to wait until Adu Bofu returned. Adu Bofu came back; then they said they wanted money. The money was offered, and even weighed. How then can this war be justified? The building of the house cannot be given as a hindrance, for if peace were once declared, the governor would gladly send builders. Taking all into consideration, I strongly advise that the white men should be sent back at once, and God can help us."

The chiefs adjourned. Hard as it appeared to them they knew that their reduced half-starved army could not stand against fresh troops, so we thought they would try to soften the enemy by setting us free, while they still had a choice.

On the 21st we were filled with gratitude at the birth of a little son, whom we felt constrained to name Immanuel, in memory of God's faithful guidance throughout our captivity. It was noticeable that this boy spent his first months in almost entire obscurity, the Ashantees regarding it as an ill omen when a son is born to an enemy on their territory; his existence was therefore as perfectly ignored, as was that of his little sister noticed, wondered at, and rejoiced over.

On the same day Mose was summoned to translate the governor's letter, in company with the other two Akwapems.

On the 24th we had to attend to write an answer, unaccompanied by Mr. Plange, who was set aside. It was modelled in Ashantee fashion, one point made prominent, the other not noticed. We were seated when the king hastily cried, "Dawson, write to my good friend and tell him that I have received his letter. Before it came I had sent to recall Amankwa Tia; now I will send a fresh messenger to call all back. I have no quarrel with the white men, they are my dear friends, only when I heard from Plange that the Elmina Fort was given to Kwakje Fram, my chiefs grew angry and marched out to bring him here; but now that I hear he is dead, I am content. The fear that my soldiers might go too far, and make things unpleasant for my good friends, has caused me to recall my army! As regards the white people, I have detained you on their account; as soon as I get the £1000 I will send them away with you." Of course he wished to have his army near him, if only to defy the governor anew.

On the 25th the king's answer was signed, and Mr. Dawson read the heads of a letter to his Excellency, in which he asked if the £1000 could not be sent to Coomassie. Whilst I was silently considering this proposal, the king suggested that I should write to the same effect in order to be set at liberty. I replied that we had never interfered in money matters, and should still less like to do so now. Several chiefs exclaimed, "It is so!" Apea alone remarked ironically, "If you don't care to be set free, do as you like." Nevertheless, by the king's permission, I did write to several friends, and the Fantee, Asiedu, was sent to the Coast with the letters, accompanied by a messenger of the governor.

In one of our interviews with the king, M. Bonnat and I again begged him to send K. at once to the Coast on account of his health. His majesty answered, "K. swore formerly that he would not go alone." When D. remarked, "the white men are not in the habit of swearing," Owusu Kokoo rejoined in a stern tone, "the king does not tell lies."

Having laid the foundation of the new building with stones, it was agreed that if I were obliged to be absent on account of my wife, D. should keep watch over the workmen. We had a narrow escape of taking all this labour in vain, for it entered the king's head to fancy that he would rather have the house built in Twereboanda, in the neighbourhood of our old Ebenezer, because this place was supposed to be the special haunt of evil spirits. Some Fetish priests enquired into this matter, and decided it was not so. The position was therefore not to be altered, and the basement was happily completed.

On the 29th the king came to inspect our work, and told Mr. D., with a face beaming with joy, that his army was on the way back, and had already reached Fusuwei (a day's journey from the Prah). We gathered however from other sources that though the army had broken through, it had been thoroughly beaten, many captured, and numbers scattered. Owusu Kokoo's brother Osei told (December 5th) his people when the Akwapems were supposed to be asleep, that such a battle as that at Fusuwei had never been fought by the Ashantees, all fled, Amankwa lost twenty peredwanes of gold-dust, Kwasi Domfe the whole of his jewellery, and Akjampong was taken prisoner. Almost every night Kete was danced at the palace, and the excitement was exceedingly painful.

Kotiko and Kwado, Ashantee messengers, who had been more than a year at Cape Coast, were now said to be advancing, as the governor had sent them to Amankwa's

camp, accompanied by numerous soldiers. They were ceremoniously received (December 6th) on the Bogyawee place, when the king and all his chiefs danced about the streets, painted white, to express their joy ; glorious news having been brought to the king. "Kwakje Fram the Denkjera prince had fallen, together with his nephew, seven Fantee officers, and one European ! Amankwa Tia had killed many Fantees and chased the rest into the sea, besides punishing the other Coast tribes, and because a fellow on the Akem side had annoyed the king, this glorious captain had returned to punish him." Then came grand bursts of hurrahs ! It seemed incredible that the king could so misrepresent matters to his people ; but such was the fact.

This message was delivered in the open air, so that it was immediately made public. Whether the king thought that his subjects were so completely in subjection as to believe those statements, we could not decide ; but we were pretty sure every one knew how matters really stood. Perhaps he thought it right to avoid all outward signs of despair and mourning that he might give new life and courage.

In a more restricted circle he testified his sympathy with the army in another way. He had sworn the great oath before his chiefs, that whoever dared to make game of a soldier, or even to hint that the army had achieved nothing, should be put to death. Besides this he sent the troops forty small casks of powder, and gave the mohammedans ten peredwanes for using sorcery to hinder the white men from rising. He even took one of our porters, who had said he was a Fetish priest (no doubt by way of obtaining food) into his service, and gave him a new house ; but the poor fellow always went about guarded, thus paying dearly for his folly.

On December the 7th, the king with his followers again danced through the streets, but ceased long before daylight.

The messengers entered merrily into the king's ideas, and Kotiko related how many Ashantees had been put to death by the cruel governor. "My wife," said he, "was about to lose her head, when just in time to save her came the king's letter, assuring the governor that the white men and the Fantees were still alive, causing him to regret that he had been so rash." A true Ashantee messenger.

When these gentlemen visited us, a royal guard was present, so that we could not ask many questions; but when I inquired after Ansa's health, Kwado answered with some hesitation, "he is well." We afterwards discovered that Kotiko had told a Fantee of his acquaintances, "these were three Ashantees who fell victims to the rage of the people, who on hearing of the murder of the prisoners, attacked Prince Ansa's house, destroyed everything, and killed three of his servants, The governor sympathized with the prince, and promised him a full compensation." This report sounded credible; it was further said that the prince had been taken to Sierra Leone with the prince of Elmina.

New reports were continually circulated; one was that an Akwamu in a European dress was on his way to Coomassie; then it was prince Ansa who was coming, and certainly if he could help his country, this was the time to do it. Again we heard that the English were making a bridge over the Prah.

The entry of the jaws, and a week later the triumphant return of the army, was next spoken of. There being no jaw-bones of the enemy, all those from the beheaded were to be sent to meet the army, for they could not return home without a trophy!

The king had (December 12th) proclaimed in the villages that there was nothing to fear; that he had conquered and slain all the inhabitants of the Coast. Mean-

while in spite of the royal commands, soldiers came continually into the town, some of whom said plainly, "Even if the king send us forward again, we will not go unless he accompany; we are sick of it. The white men have guns which hit five Ashantees at once. Many great men and princes have fallen. Amankwa wandered for days in the forest, and only escaped by the help of two porters, and with the loss of his great umbrella and chair." The king on hearing this sent him at once an umbrella and three chairs to Fomana. From Akem came the news that on the 14th a village of Kwau Kodiabe had been attacked, and its inhabitants carried into captivity.

In the meantime we were concerned to hear that the king's letter with our own had only reached Akrofrum, from whence it had been sent back with the trophy. This was told to D. by the friendly Asiedu, that he might write other letters instead of those and deliver them to him, in case anything injurious might have been contained in the first. But we had long refrained from writing on politics, even in our French and German correspondence. D. had however sent through the Fantee letters in English writing, both to the governor and the editor of the *African Times*, containing political discussions upon the cause of the war, Ashantee weakness, etc. These every runaway schoolboy could read. When the Akwamu in European dress arrived, we feared the letters would be given him to translate, still we felt sure that all would be for the best.

On the morning of December the 15th, the king sat to welcome the chief Barentwa with the jaw bones and the prisoners, trophies of the campaign, and with him appeared Asiedu, the letter carrier, from whom all writings were taken before dawn, whereupon he returned to his old quarters at Mr. Dawson's. Through him we heard that the danger for the Coast had been greater than we had

supposed. The Ashantees had really pressed on to Dunkwa, within six miles of Cape Coast, and had burned every village. This was incomprehensible, and very dishonourable to the Fantees. After the Ashantees had taken the residence of the Denkjera prince, Kwakje Fram, they marched against Elmina. Half the town took the side of the British, but the upper town, where the prince lived, not only refused to fight the Ashantees, but supplied them with provisions and ammunition. It was therefore bombarded and burnt down.

In the villages around were Fantees, who would be delivered up to the Ashantees without mercy, and who would be the only prisoners made by them. When Tschama was bombarded, many of the inhabitants were ready to emigrate to Coomassie. Deceived in their expectations of the willingness of the Elminas to join them, the Ashantees retreated to a camp which was by degrees surrounded, so that the army was almost destroyed by privations. Two bananas or a handful of palm nuts, cost three pence, and numbers were starved to death. In this dilemma they corresponded with the governor, who humanely advised Amankwa to hasten back, but not by way of Abakrampa, unless he wished to deliver up his army to slaughter.

The prince of Mampong and most of the commanders followed this advice, but Amankwa took a route round Cape Coast, which brought him face to face with the enemy in Fusuwei, and caused heavy losses of both men and baggage, together with five hundred prisoners, who had been brought thus far. Mampong, on the contrary, crossed the Prah unhurt. The Ashantees had agreed that Amankwa caused their defeat, and that the governor's advice had saved those who accepted it. The king had not recalled the army, but the army, contrary to his orders, gave up the unsatisfactory campaign.

Asiedu asserted that Kotiko had brought back false reports, which the king punished by arresting him. He, although a Fantee, declared he had never abused any of the soldiers. Mose and his followers affirm that the jaw bones with which twenty men were laden are very old. Behind some prisoners came the bones, and then followed the Tschama people and other volunteer emigrants, amongst them a mulatto boy of eight years in European dress, and accompanied by his mother. Volunteers and prisoners together numbered eighty persons! And this was the result of a war which had cost Ashantee thousands of lives; from Akrofrum to Kaase alone, Asiedu saw innumerable bodies either dead or left to die of their wounds. Twenty Fantees are said to have been seen wearing the great chain which showed they were to be sacrificed. At this time Amankwa demanded that all the Fantees should be killed, others foretell a general slaughter, "when the army returns plundered."

December 17th, the king was much rejoiced in visiting us, to see that we had begun the second floor, and much to our surprise gave us eighteen tins of preserved meat, taken no doubt from one of the Coast towns. This was the first gift since the downfall! A man from Elmina told Mr. Plange how shamfully he and his countrymen had been treated when they fled with their property to the Ashantee camp; nearly all of them had returned to British territory, and encouraged by the governor, were rebuilding their town. He was obliged to go on to Coomassie because his wife and child were in the Ashantee camp, but was rejoicing in the hope of returning to the Coast. The Elmina women who had gone with them belong chiefly to Akjampong's train.

On the morning of December 18th I stayed with Rosa while D. and M. B. went to the building. All was quiet till towards noon, when the king seated himself in the

Bogyawee place, and there advanced towards him, as if by chance, a deputation from Amankwa Tia, to announce to him the number of those who had fallen, and the names of the important chiefs.

Suddenly a cry of distress arose which rolled like a wave through the whole town, and people ran into the street painted red, crying and howling till I was cut to the heart. The sacrifices were then freed from their chains, and after being pierced through the cheek, beheaded amid the beating of drums. Almost despairing, I cried out, "O God! how long shall these things be?" We saw fourteen of the prisoners dragged by a long chain to the hangman's quarters; while howling and crying continued through the night.

Dumb and depressed the king returned home; and the queen mother is said to have mourned in the street with her court ladies, her hands folded over her head; for the loss is dreadful. Bekwae, a small country, is said to miss a thousand of its men. Officers who went with twenty, returned alone with their baggage on their heads! Sabeng was really dead; either carried off by small pox or attacked by Akemers and beheaded.

On Monday, December 22nd, the town was filled from far and near with the triumphant entry of the army. We asked the king if we should go to work, as the Fantees had gone accompanied by M. B., and the Ashantees could not wish for our presence at this ceremony. Had we been there we should have been more surprised than at Adu Bofu's entry; whole rows of boxes were carried past wrapped in precious materials, followed by their (supposed) mourning wives, and their attendants painted red. Two hundred and seventy nine persons had perished by sacrifice, and more would follow. Very few could be seen in the crowd who were painted white; the majority of the people were wailing in the red ornaments of mourning.

Though living at some distance from the market place, we were driven almost frantic by the incessant beating of drums, accompanied by screams and occasional firing. From eight in the morning till seven in the evening the army passed in file; and the streets which opened on the market-place were so crowded with soldiers that nothing could be seen but a black mass swaying to and fro, whilst over it the many coloured umbrellas waved conspicuously. We had often been told that the whole Ashantee army had gone to the war, which was no doubt true, and on that day all Ashantee appeared to be in Coomassie. M. B. who made his way unhindered through the crowds, reckoned the number of those present at about one hundred thousand.

The losses of the campaign were undoubtedly great. Still, about half the army survived, and some of the chiefs who had been reported dead returned in safety. Not only Sabeng, but another prince, Karapa, was mourned for as dead. The Abesui chief had been crushed, with all his servants, by the trunk of a tree falling on his tent at the opening of the campaign. Altogether two hundred and eighty chiefs had fallen. The loss of soldiers was announced in the following way. Every chief who passed before the king threw into a vase as many grains of corn as he had lost people. It was said that sixteen battles had been fought, and the army had been attacked four times in retreat, and suffered each time terrible loss.

On Christmas day, after an address from Mr. D., I baptized our little son, Louis Immanuel. For this purpose we all assembled under the mango tree in the mission court-yard, and the day was to us as another oasis in the desert. We could only offer to our God glory and praise for His faithful care over us, although we were deprived of all European comforts. With one of our lambs a feast was prepared, to which we invited the

three Akwapem Christians, and on the same day I sold the other for five dollars and a half, showing how dear provisions then were in Ashantee. The king sent Mr. D. and ourselves an ox as a Christmas present. He also sent greetings to the army, but as no presents to the commanders accompanied them, they were not much valued. Just as we had finished our meal, and were comfortably seated together in the yard, D. was summoned to the palace.

He found the king surrounded by a few confidential friends, and he was accosted thus; "I have already warned you several times not to write any deceitful letters like Ata (Mr. Pl.), for I wish to be able to depend entirely upon you. How comes it then that you have written instructions to the Coast? You announce to the governor that I wished him to send the keys of Elmina, Cape Coast, Anomabu, etc., to Coomassie!" D. expressed surprise. "Is it credible," said he, "that I should set fire to the roof of the house in which I am living? All that I wish is that a lasting peace should exist between Ashantee and the Coast."

The king then said more politely, "I know that you will be able to secure a good treaty. I only wish you could be a second Bedae" (Governor Maclean), who had sent back many servants to the king.

Dawson replied, "I will certainly do all I can to promote peace, and I should like to know who has reported so falsely;" then turning to Kwado and Kotiko, he entreated them to weigh the consequences of the course they were pursuing. The latter said somewhat confusedly, they had only repeated what they had been told, upon which the king again became angry, and complained that the governor had not answered his questions concerning Asen and Denkjera, which would doubtless have pleased him. "For," said he, "the governor is my good friend, and what he says I will always hear. But now the Ashantees

are being killed at the Coast whilst you are going about free: Is that right?" Kwado declared that they had been robbed, and five Ashantees slain at Cape Coast; and that if the king's letter had not arrived which announced that the white men were alive, the Ashantees would all have been killed. Upon this D. advised him to take care, as all he then affirmed would be written to the governor and he would have to be the bearer of the letter.

Finally, D. received instructions to write a letter which showed plainly that the Ashantees were afraid, and would gladly make peace if they knew how. The king complained that the governor had attacked his retreating army, and had taken away their wounded and prisoners—that Ashantees had been slain at the Coast, and his messengers plundered and locked up. These things proved how desirable was peace and friendship! D. was entreated to write forcibly, and merit the name of a Bedae.

Asiedu was to have carried this letter, and I had hastily written a few enclosures, but when the interpreters and Bosommuru had signed their names, it was suddenly observed that Asiedu was far too mature, it would be better to choose as messenger a Fantee boy, who could not say much. Aseidu, it was feared, had received verbal instructions from Mr. D., and saw too plainly the real state of things. D.'s boy, Robert, a lad of sixteen, was therefore chosen in his stead, and hurriedly dismissed, under the escort of a herald, without having an opportunity of speaking a confidential word with his master.

So far had matters progressed, when on December 31st, we were able thankfully to record how graciously we had been brought through this trying year, and to beseech our faithful Lord to give us steadfastness, and to continue to preserve us throughout all our dangers and troubles.

The 1st of January, 1874 (a day of delightful enjoyment at our missionary stations, where all were uniting in fresh

songs of praise) was a season of awful festivity in Coomassie, for innocent blood was flowing in almost every street. The distressing cries of the poor widows and other relatives, with bodies painted red and long branches waving in their hands, were ascending continually. In all the principal streets the doomed sacrifices stood beside the corpses of the slain, awaiting the merciful stroke which would end their torture. One poor man was led to his wife's dead body, and tauntingly told to "look at her who had gone before to prepare his supper." We could count nearly sixty victims, chiefly Ashantees and Krepes, slaves and servants of the dead, and many more followed them during that night.*

On the next day, being Friday, no corpse was allowed to remain exposed in Coomassie, but I saw on my way to the building, three bodies which had not been removed. Alas! one gradually became almost accustomed to such heart-rending scenes, and to cease even to shudder. Between Coomassie and Amanghyia, six corpses which Kühne had seen lying in the road, were so mutilated and destroyed by the vultures as to be perfectly indescribable.

* Amongst the Fantees who had been swept away were a girl and boy whom the king sent to a Mohammedan in Duro, when our Fantees had intercourse with them from time to time. The boy described how the Europeans were building a broad street on the Prah, and how Mr. Blankson had been caught buying powder (which he had sent to the Ashantees in bottles), and had been attacked by the mob, but was saved by the governor and sent to Sierra Leone. Twenty or thirty Ashantees were daily taken to Cape Coast, so that the number of prisoners had become a burden, and they were being sent away in ships.

The English report of the war is as follows:—

On the 11th and 14th of April, 1873, the troops of the protectorate fought two sharp battles with the Ashantees between Dunkwa and Nyan Coomassie; on the 15th the Fantees retreated. Their chiefs endeavoured to excuse this step by accusing a member of the council, Mr. G. Blankson, of treachery. They would have killed him if Mr. Rowe had not arrested him in order to save his life; for in the same proportion as the Fantees were cowardly in the battle-field, was their enmity bitter

On the 6th, Epiphany, we united in spirit with all Christendom in prayer for the heathen, especially for that part of the earth so saturated with blood, and that Ashantee might be saved, however deep the darkness in which it was now sunk, and we pleaded for a living, active faith. Doubtless, we had failed in much, and were still very powerless to effect good. We could not continue the street preaching, owing to the bitterness of the poor deceived people, yet we knew the Lord could make even our residence amongst them a blessing.

The chiefs were now ordered to repay to the king the cost of the campaign, and to replace the ammunition which had been used in vain. Of some was demanded sixty, of others forty or fifty peredwanes. They were terribly excited, and appealed to the council at the palace for a mitigation of these enormous demands, with little success. Similar sums were demanded from some of the chief people, one of whom had to sell not only his slaves, but his wife, to furnish the five peredwanes; he sold his son too for nine dollars, and the poor boy cried bitterly. There were many upright, quiet men who had wished for peace and free trade, who lost half their families by the war, and were afterwards obliged to sell the other half to pay for it. But whether the real promoters of the strife would remain unpunished, remained to be seen. An under chief entreated Dawson to speak plainly to the king, who he thought could not continue to be deceived. This man asserted that Akjampong was dead.

The king now seemed to care but little about his new house; Owusu Kokoo also passed it with indifference; we were waiting for wood to finish the windows; could we

against every one who had friendly dealings with Ashantee." It was a true report which we had heard of the dreadful doings of a Fantee mob at Cape Coast; they had actually attacked and killed five peaceful Ashantees in Prince Ansa's house, and then stormed and plundered it.

have procured that, the roof might soon have been placed on it.

We were told of a chief who had wished to go over to the enemy with his followers; at the last moment the intended flight was discovered, but it was made light of in the camp, and a promise was given that the affair should not be reported to the king. On the march back, however, the whole party were put in irons and afterwards massacred; others were threatened with the same fate. Adu Bofu was also reported to be hemmed in between the enemy and a river, without the power to extricate himself.

On Wednesday, January 7th, we had returned from the Adae at three o'clock, when D. entered and announced that the English army was at Asiaman (a day's journey from the Prah), that Obeng had been sent from Fomana an hour before to the south, with the Adanse chiefs, and that the king had ordered every man to Coomassie, in order to head them himself. Our position had thus become very critical. Whether we should be placed in irons or killed seemed doubtful, but in any case we knew that God cared for us and would guard us.

Few people in the town slept that night, but were constantly playing Sokoda. In the morning of January the 8th, a sword-bearer came to assure himself that we were all there. In the afternoon we heard that Robert had returned, and had been taken to Owusu Kokoo's house. The chiefs were assembled in the palace, and we felt assured that the Lord would speak a word there too. We called to remembrance how on that day eight years before, we had been married in Christianburg, and we earnestly prayed that our faith might be strengthened! We saw nothing of Robert, but Mose was summoned late in the evening, and two letters were given him to translate, the chiefs were however so impatient, that he only finished one. It was from an

officer on the Prah, who announced that one of the two Ashantee messengers had shot himself.

This officer had shown both prisoners the bridge he had built over the Prah with casks, &c., had made them observe the cannon and arms, and had added that when this bridge was ready an officer would be sent to the king with an ultimatum. One of them replied that the king would certainly kill such an ambassador, after which he became alarmed at the idea of having spoken injudiciously, and fearing he might be sent back to Coomassie, shot himself. When the king heard this, he remarked, "It would not occur to me to kill such a fellow." He then put off further business till the next day.

On the 9th we visited Bosommuru, and enquired if we were to be put in irons. He appeared astonished, and asked from whom we had heard this, adding that he would speak to the king about it. We begged him in any case to come and tell us himself, as we were accustomed to him. On the previous evening, the old Asare had ordered two Elminians to be bound, but they had been again set free, their landlord declaring that the king had given no such order. Everything was fluctuating and uncertain, and we clung yet more closely to our Rock of defence to save us.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BROTHER KÜHNE SET AT LIBERTY.

ON the 9th of January, the day of deliverance appeared at hand, and we thanked God for it.

At two p.m., we were summoned to read the letters in the presence of the king, his mother, and the council. We seated ourselves near the celebrated General Amankwa Tia, and Mr. D. took the unopened letter and read it aloud; while we wondered the hearers did not storm at its stern, sharp words; but they felt their power was already broken, and he was permitted to read it through, word for word, without interruption.

“Sir Garnet Wolseley, knight of the order of St. Michael, etc., reproached the king with having introduced many irrelevant subjects, instead of simply replying to the three questions he had asked. The king knew well that his predecessors had totally resigned all right over Asen, Denkjera, etc.; notwithstanding which he spoke of those tribes as if they were his slaves. He had caused white men to be taken prisoners without the shadow of a reason, and when their friends offered a ransom he had suddenly broken off the treaty, attacked the protectorate in great force, and attempted to take possession of a fort belonging to queen Victoria.

Perhaps the king did not know the actual facts concerning the war. Although he had declared he would keep at peace with the white men, Amankwa had attacked

the English troops at Abakrampa, whereupon fifty white soldiers had put to flight the whole Ashantee army. It had been beaten again in Fusuwei by untrained black troops, and finally driven over the Prah. Thousands of Ashantees were now in British hands, besides chairs, umbrellas, and other trophies. The British vanguard was already at Praso; but the real powerful army was following from the Coast; and from other points troops were advancing upon Coomassie. His majesty must therefore acknowledge that the duration of his dynasty was at stake, for he (the general) was determined, if necessary, to crush Ashantee. But peace could be obtained if the king would in the first place set all the prisoners at liberty; secondly, pay fifty thousand ounces of gold for the expenses of the war; and thirdly, appoint hostages for the signature of the treaty in Coomassie."

All this was quietly heard. If an exclamation escaped any of the chiefs, the king immediately commanded attention. The other letter required no second translation. As soon as the king had assured himself that Mose had read it correctly, we were allowed to go.

At home all was in great perplexity. Several Fantees, amongst them our Kwaku, had been placed in chains, and my wife had collected the most necessary articles for our children, lest a similar fate should befall ourselves. Whilst we were still speaking of its probability, a sword-bearer came running with the order, "*Ohene se bra*" (the king calls). We followed him with beating hearts, but had to pass an hour of suspense in the palace, till again conducted to the court we had left two hours before, where we saluted humbly.

The king began, "Dawson, I wish you to write to my good friend, the general, and tell him that I accept the conditions of peace. I will not fight against the white men. I did not command Amankwa to attack their fort.

Nay, my good friend, keep quiet, and only send an officer here with full powers to conclude a treaty of peace. When that affair is settled, I will let you go."

We could hardly believe our ears at these words. Yet it had not escaped us that the general was determined in any case to march to Coomassie, which the king wished to prevent by an expression of ready compliance. We therefore urged him to show that he meant what he had said by immediately setting the invalid K. at liberty. Beyond all our expectation, he at once replied, "Go, go; I will send you to the governor, but you must leave Coomassie to-night!" It sounded almost like Pharaoh's last command to the Israelites; and thus the way was found to bring out the prisoners from the prison (Is. xlii. 7). Encouraged by this concession, we further begged that the Fantees might be released from their irons, which was conceded on the spot.

How greatly we all rejoiced on again reaching home, where everyone was trembling, while Mrs. Plange and the servants stood round my Rosa ready for an attack similar to that at Fomana. We felt as if going ourselves with our dear invalid; to know that he was free, seemed so clearly to point to our own deliverance.

About eight o'clock a chief brought K., from the king, a beautifully woven dress such as was worn only by the royal family, and thirty-six dollars in gold dust. He was to be summoned to take leave of his majesty at nine o'clock, and was then to appear in the presented dress, which was so heavy that he begged to be allowed to defer putting it on till he reached the palace. Accompanied by M. Bonnat he once more crawled through the courts where the guards were posted, who started up on seeing the torches, but were quieted by a movement of the leader's hand. In the smallest court, by the stone house, sat the king, stroking a cat which lay in his lap, while six

or seven others purred around him, and let themselves be petted by those sitting next him.

K. thanked him for his handsome present.

"Do you really think it handsome?" he said; "only Ashantee kings can make such presents." He then continued, "Aburoni Tenteng (tall white man), you are now going to Amrado (the governor); tell him that I am his good friend. My predecessors never fought with the white men, but all the blacks belong to me; I do not fear them, for I am the man for them (with a fierce glance of the eyes). Tell Amrado, even if he did come to my market place I would not fire a shot at his white men; he must send a white ambassador, I will arrange all with him."

K. replied, "Nana (grandfather), I will tell him all."

"But you must speak softly; you will forget all when you see the white men."

"God's messengers never tell lies; I will tell Amrado that you have been kind to us, and show him this dress."

"That is right, Nana, I will pray to God to give you much wisdom and many blessings."

M. B. then added a few words assuring the king that he would obtain much more honour by making peace than by fighting.

His majesty declared anew that he did not wish to go against the white men, simply against the black. After he had (according to the mohammedan custom) bowed, touching his brow and his breast he said again, "I thank you; now go!" K. then offered him his hand, and returned home through the empty streets.

The king had allowed him to take four of the captive Fantees as porters; torch-bearers too were to accompany him to the next village. After a most painful farewell, our dear brother, the sharer of all our joys, and of all our sorrows, for nearly five years, departed. Two torch-bearers marched before and two behind his hammock;

then two boys who had been presented to him by the king followed, carrying his few possessions. Thus they left us, and entered the dark primeval forest; K. cheering himself by repeating in his heart the cxxiv. psalm.*

The whole of January the 10th I spent at the building without Owusu Kokoo, who had gone to the south in anxiety, after having made fetish. We were in good spirits as we asked ourselves whether we should be able to place the roof and thus crown our work. It would be impossible to do this in less than ten days, and we hoped we should not have so long to wait for our freedom.

But in the evening we heard that everything was being prepared for war; the men were making bullets of lead and iron, drying corn and cassada, and packing up various provisions. The king would not yet humble himself to sue for pardon. Ashantee must show itself valiant! On Tuesday, January the 6th, the holy tree in the market-place had fallen down; this was a bad sign; a wake had to be held, and among other of the devoted victims, a Fantee prisoner whom the king had assured us should not be killed, was beheaded.

In the course of Sunday, January the 11th, it could no longer be doubted that the Ashantees, either the chiefs or the king, were determined to measure their strength with the white intruders. It was universally believed that Owusu Kokoo and Kühne had been sent to prepare for an invasion, and that the army was to leave Kyidwo the following day, though its departure might not take place for another week. A short respite this for troops so completely demoralised, and great numbers of whom had deserted and fled the country. Surely a month would

* Stanley relates:—"January 14th. Yesterday the appearance of a pale prisoner, the wasted shadow of a man, put the whole camp in a state of excitement. It was the missionary Kühne who came to us in Asiaman."

hardly have sufficed to prepare for a fresh encounter. Their plans were however all uncertain, the king alone knew what he was going to do.

But most assuredly on Thursday and Friday affairs with us looked very threatening, for both in Coomassie and the neighbouring villages an order was given that all Fantees should be put in the stocks, and it was said that we were to share their fate. At this critical juncture came a letter, directing the king's thoughts into another channel, and instead of our usual preaching, we had an hour of prayer that we might be resigned to God's will. We were all much impressed by the seriousness of the position, and by God's help our courage was sustained throughout that trying day. We felt that we ought to be thankful if our captivity should serve in any degree to bring about a new era for Ashantee, and we did not doubt that the year 1874 would mark the dawning of a brighter day for this unhappy country.

Mr. D. paid a visit to the chiefs of Mampong and Asamoa Kwanta, to beg these influential men to refrain from giving dangerous advice to the king, at the same time representing to them the serious nature of the present crisis. Both seemed glad to listen to him, and both made the same enquiry as to what effect the last royal letter would probably have on the English general. Of course the same answer was returned to each by D., viz., that he did not know.

On the 12th and 13th of January, reports were constantly circulated as to the progress of the war. The brother of Owusu Kokoo had sold many slaves for the king, and was on that day sent to Kwantiabo to buy powder. The continual excitement was very injurious to my poor wife, for though the town itself was perfectly quiet, troops were constantly starting to guard the road from Daso. We now felt quite sure that the dismissal of

K. was intended to prevent the English general from advancing. We had another hour of prayer, for we felt the necessity of earnest, united, and continuous supplication.

By the 14th of January, the enemy had advanced so far forward on the side of Akem that the inhabitants of a village belonging to Nsuta had fled to Dwaben, and two Ashantees who arrived from the south told dreadful tales of what was going on there. Yet whatever had happened must have been known to Owusu Kokoo, for he had returned on the 10th, without having spoken to the general himself.

We were now summoned again to read the answer to the letter which Mr. D. translated before the council, no servant being present. It was as follows:—

“Sir Garent Wolseley has received the king’s letter conveyed by Mr. Kühne, and rejoices at the peaceful spirit which it breathes. But he considers it necessary to prove its sincerity, that the white men should be released within the next few days, also the Akras, Akwapems, Elminians, and all the Fantees. The king may retain Mr. D. as interpreter. It will not be the work of a moment to stop the progress of the four divisions of the army; as the king must be aware. Queen Victoria wishes that there may be a lasting peace between Great Britain and Ashantee, which he (Sir Garnet), will do his best to bring about. But his majesty must understand that it is as impossible to stop the progress of the white men as to hinder the rising of the sun.”

A letter was enclosed for me from brother K., telling me he had sent me six ounces of gold dust, and expressing the hope that the God who had saved him would also deliver us. All listened with great attention to the reading of the general’s letter, after which my own little packet was handed to me.

The king then asked whether Mr. D. had brought the £1000, or if it had been paid to Owusu Kokoo. The two ambassadors began a discussion, and a hot debate ensued between the interpreters and the chiefs, of which it was difficult to perceive the purport. Some chiefs appeared to think that the money was in the hands of the Ashantees, because Owusu Kokoo had been speculating and making large purchases. The chief of Mampong rose up and sharply accused the interpreter Nantschi of twisting matters.

Once more at home, we united in our daily prayer, "Open their eyes and soften their hearts, direct them, and incline them to hear Thy voice."

The chief of Mampong summoned Mr. Dawson on January the 16th, to consult with him on the most advisable steps to take. D. declined to say much, for he had been warned not to go to the chiefs, "perhaps," rejoined the chief on hearing this, "he who warned you has prompted me to speak to you." D. then mentioned what he thought requisite, though cautiously, for fear of the king; but afterwards conversed more freely with Bosommuru, who complained that the governor would not receive the king's nephew, Owusu Kokoo, as a negotiator; and that he proposed peace, whilst at the same time he was advancing with cannon, and was going to cross the Monse mountain.

If it were so, he continued, they must oppose the cannon with their small arms, and fight to the last man.

We were much depressed in view of the Ashantees sense of honour, so misguided and ungovernable; they looked upon it as the greatest disgrace to be moved by threats to set us at liberty. The continual excitement of those few days completely prostrated us, and but for special help from the Lord, we should have broken down.

We again sought an interview with Bosommuru, and D., who felt this very important, conducted us to him on

the morning of the 17th. We begged the chief to summon Bosommuru Dwira and Mensa Kukua, when Dawson explained the state of affairs, and set all before them in a clear light. Showing them how the patience of the English government was exhausted by four years and a half of waiting, and hope being held out which was never realized. One course only could avert Ashantee's fall, the immediate setting at liberty of *all* the prisoners. "Do not believe," said he, "that it is possible to push back the English. If you destroy those who are on this side the Prah, you will only have defended yourselves from the vanguard, but not from the real army. The English will not rest until they have succeeded in obtaining compensation, even if they have to fight ten years for it."

The three gentlemen listened attentively, assured themselves that *we* were of the same opinion, and perfectly understood that Dawson was remaining as a surety for the carrying out of the governor's word. We, on our part, made it clear to them that the governor was not coming from any desire to conquer, and that if they agreed to his three demands, they would have as much liberty left them as they had previously enjoyed.

To the question why the governor would not even see Owusu Kokoo, we replied by referring them to the part he had played only a short time before in Cape Coast. But strangely enough it now dawned upon us that they had anticipated so much from Owusu Kokoo's mission, because he was armed with a wonderful mohammedan charm, which with a mere shake of the hand was to have the effect of causing the governor to go back. The king's nephew was only considered so far as he was entrusted with a most holy secret.

We parted, yet not without hope that we had made some impression, for the trio pledged themselves to confer at once with the king and his mother, and afterwards to

summon a high council which we should attend, that we might have an opportunity of speaking. We waited, however, in vain for a summons, and the contrary of what we hoped for occurred. The chiefs indeed assembled, *but to swear that they would unite in marching against the white men in the field.* Some started at once, others followed the same night. No one was allowed to sleep in the town.

News came at the same time that the white men were at the foot of the Kwisa mountain, and it was declared to us by one of our Coast negroes, a fetish man from Krepe, who was often in the palace, that the king thought of delivering us on Monday the 19th. This man had the day before been performing fetish, on which occasion he had been tying a block of wood with a rope, to be pulled very tight, while our names and those of the Fantees were called out. In the midst of the operation the rope broke, and the exorcist fell full length on the ground. It was then acknowledged the affair was too much for the Ashantees, and they had better let us go. *

On Sunday the 18th Mr. D. came to us somewhat depressed; having heard that the Ashantees in the neighbourhood of Lake Bosomotsche had encountered the Akems, hunted them like sheep, and either killed or taken them prisoners. When he visited Bosommuru, and enquired the results of the council, he was answered abruptly by the words, "it is too late." He again urged peace, only saying not a moment was to be lost, upon which the minister sulkily rejoined, "the governor will not let anything prevent him now, he is having cannon tied to the trees," &c., and concluded by adding, "I have heard it." So ended the interview. We then tried to gain access

*That the Ashantees have great faith in omens, this incident readily proves; but we never heard anything in Coomassie itself about the anecdote, which was handed round in the English papers, that the king let a white goat fight with a black one in order to see which would win.

to Boakje Tenteng, the husband of the queen mother, but did not find him at home.

The whole of Monday (19th) we spent at the building, hoping to finish one gallery before we left, and I instructed Joseph how to proceed without us. Whilst thus employed, a messenger came from Boakje Tenteng to call us. We went, but failed to find him; and heard from good authority that he and Kwantabisa would be the two last to consent to our being set at liberty. Owusu Kokoo then told Mr. D. that two days before it had been fully arranged that he was to accompany all the Europeans and Fantees to the Coast. The council had agreed with all deliberation, when suddenly the boundary guard, Obeng, sent a message to say—*he* would fire upon the enemy—that if the people in Coomassie had no powder, he at least had some. This stroke wounded their pride to such a degree, that they started, and swore as we have related above.

The next day (20th) another messenger from Obeng announced that the white men were in Fomana, and Kokofu was already cleared of its inhabitants, for the enemy had appeared in the distance. We felt this would touch the king deeply, for Kokofu was the cradle of his dynasty, and regarded as a holy town by the whole nation. Boakje Tenteng danced all the night and morning in the streets, which signified that he was going to the field.

The heavy storm that had been gathering over the devoted land was now about to burst in its fury, and our doubts were great as to whether it would be a crushing storm or a quickening rain, for us as well as for Ashantee. The people in Coomassie itself were getting almost furious. One came into our yard and said to Mrs. Plange, "she need not be at all anxious, but quietly resign herself to her fate! Ashantee would never crawl to the cross, nor give up the prisoners, but rather fight and die with them."

Many seemed to think the same. The sight of my dear wife and children was almost overpowering; but I remembered the Lord was our Shepherd, and we should not want.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE RELEASE OF THE REST.

CAPE COAST, February 3rd.

It is a dream no longer! It is a glad reality! We are free! Hallelujah! Yes, our faithful God can still work miracles; our whole career throughout these years had been one succession of miracles. We are in Cape Coast. The place we have often longed for in our best dreams; before us the wide ocean, the sounding of whose tide seems, day and night, to echo in our ears the words of that sweet music which fills our hearts, "free, free, and once again free." Yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, was the hour so long wished for when we were permitted once more to walk through the streets of Cape Coast! As we saw the fall of Ashantee approaching with gigantic strides, we had often asked ourselves, "will the Lord allow *us* to perish with it, or will He save us at the last moment?"

On Wednesday, January the 21st, Mr. Dawson wrote us that he had decided to "eat nothing" until he had seen the queen mother and her husband, which signified that he would force Boakje to listen to him, for the Ashantees know a man is in earnest if he refuse to eat. This resolution took effect, and he soon came to relate to us the result of his conversation with this personage, who had received him kindly, and wished us to place our petition unitedly before himself and his wife; he even whispered to D. that we should start that same evening—an assurance which had so often been made that we could scarcely believe it now.

After eight o'clock, Boakje sent for Dawson and ourselves ; we found him in a secluded court, and beside him an old lady, whom he introduced as the sister of the queen mother, who was sent to represent her, she being unable to come out. When every attendant had retired, Mr. Dawson thus began :

“Before everything else we entreat the favour of the queen mother, and beg her to listen to the serious words which we are about to speak, and to make intercession to the king for us.”

It is one of the redeeming features of Ashantee custom, that when anyone seeks for protection, or intercession from a high chief, the latter is bound to use all his influence for the petitioner.

Mr. D. continued :—“as we appear before you to-day, to plead for the welfare of Ashantee, we are not moved to make our requests from fear, but because, as missionaries, we wish, as far as lies in our power, to prevent the shedding of blood. We love Ashantee, and therefore wish to impress on her her present position. There is yet a moment left to try to save her, but if she will not listen, she must soon face her ruin. One step is necessary to prove her sincerity to the governor—*all* the prisoners must be set at liberty. Perhaps the king does not believe the governor, but we can assure him that the white men do not lie, and that if he yield, and send away the captives, we will make intercession with the governor for the king. If the king obey, the general will keep his word.”

Dawson further declared that “vexation and mistrust on the part of the colonial government was justifiable ; it had entreated long, and waited patiently for, the release of the prisoners, till it finally saw the Protectorate suddenly invaded.

“Ashantee should reflect on her situation ; not alone

from the Prah would the enemy approach, she would be attacked on all sides. We are now before you for the last time," concluded D., "and beg the queen mother to intercede with the king, that he may let us and the other prisoners leave. We, on our part, solemnly engage to do our best to avert further calamities."

Boakje and his sister-in-law promised to prefer our request at once, and at nine o'clock we were called into the palace, but had to wait until eleven o'clock. Summoned at length to enter, we found the king, looking very depressed, in the fourth court, on a broad verandah surrounded by fifteen chiefs, and his mother beside him.

Mr. D. had to repeat what had been already said, which he did, though with some degree of nervousness. The king at once exclaimed: "Yes, but where are the £1000 ransom?" For such a question we were not prepared, and knew not at the moment how to answer it. Mr. Dawson begged him to consider our words; nothing having been said in the governor's letter about the £1000. I then ventured to add: "The great concern now is that peace be secured; if this is done money matters will be satisfactorily settled." "£1000 has been promised me," rejoined he, "before this is paid I cannot let you go." Hereupon we repeated *why* we had begged for our freedom, not in the first instance on our own account, but because the thought of Ashantee's ruin was so painful to us, and we longed to save further bloodshed. "We promise, and if you wish, we will *swear* that the governor will keep his word if you will send us *all*: that is what he asks from you."

Dark and depressed the king turned to his councillors, spoke half aloud to his mother, and then called out, "Who will go? Whom shall I send to the governor?" Then (receiving no answer), as though he would act the man and hide his fear, he continued, turning to me, "You

Susse, you go." I shuddered at the thought—"Leave my wife and children here?" I asked. "Yes, you go and come back." This was like cold water on our hopes; we all protested "nothing would be gained by this, as the governor intended to have *all* the prisoners;" in short I said at last, "*I will not go alone.*" Dawson then added that "he would remain in Coomassie with his people as a hostage." M. Bonnat advanced, and offered, in case the king felt any mistrust, "to come back himself, so assured was he that the general would keep his word." The king was silent, gazed vacantly before him, then suddenly turned and said, "Go, go, and tell my good friend the governor that I did not march against him. Amankwa Tia attacked the fort contrary to my commands, I have nothing against the white men, go and speak a good word with the governor."

Hardly believing our ears, we advanced and thanked the king and his council, as those whose lives had been given them. Still we were afraid to trust, for although the king ordered two men to accompany us, they were quite common persons; if the order were meant in earnest, why should not Owusu Kokoo, or at least some under chief attend us? "Besides," we asked, "whom did the king include in the command 'go.?' " Probably only the white men, so D. again protested that the governor wanted *all* the prisoners, Fantees, Akwapems, Akras; and alluded at the same time to the remaining condition of peace—the payment of 50,000 ounces of gold. This provoked the king. "What," he angrily exclaimed, "Is it not enough if I send *you*, am I to give up the Fantees too?" His mother was also greatly excited, but we could not understand her, for the tumult grew prodigious, and as soon as the king began to storm, everyone else sprang up swearing and shouting in the wildest confusion.

The interpreters accused D. of wishing to deceive the

king, and abused him violently. He vainly tried to justify himself. The king continued, in a rage, "No one shall be set free; no, *you shall all stay here.*" His words were echoed on every side, and we were assured that every one of us should be killed. We stood petrified, feeling that words were no of use, the noise was so great.

At last, with some vexation, we sat down quietly in our chairs, to wait until the storm should have abated. How little did we dream that on that very evening we should leave Coomassie! Every hope of liberty seemed to have vanished, for the nation rushed on blindly to face its coming judgment, and what might be the result of a defeat the Lord only knew. The king was still unsoftened, but at length when I stepped forward and begged him to compose himself, he gradually became calmer, and said, "Oh, I have nothing against you!" and then gazed firmly before him, as if tortured by a heavy weight, and engaged in a struggle with himself.

Suddenly he broke the silence, "No, you shall go, you white men, and tell my good friend I did not make war against him. I have no quarrel with him. As to the £1000 tell him I will make him a present of it. I do not wish that so small a sum should be the cause of differences between us. Go, speak a good word, I have now done what I can. If the governor will not wait, I must leave the matter with God."

Were these words credible? Was no deception concealed behind them. Thus we anxiously questioned ourselves, and while offering formal thanks to the king, doubts rendered the expression of our gratitude rather cold, and our suspicions were not quelled by observing that two very common messengers (a sword-bearer and a crier) were summoned to accompany us. I repeatedly begged to have Owusu Kokoo (who had accompanied Mr. Kühne), but this was refused. We felt that very likely some plan had been formed to

carry us from Coomassie to some hiding place in the interior. Certainly we hardly looked like people who had just obtained their sentence of liberty, and yet such was the case.

The messengers now received their instructions. Mr. Dawson was commissioned to go home, and prepare a letter which was to be signed by the interpreter. Then the king asked when we thought of starting. "As soon as possible after you have dismissed us, in fact to-day," was our answer. "Very well," he said, "get ready to start this evening. You shall meet the general at Fomana." We could scarcely believe the words; full many a misgiving cooled our little gleam of hope.

When we told the news on our arrival at home, my wife could not believe the truth of it. Still we began to pack. We had been ready to do so a week before, for we did not know where we might be dragged at any moment, and even now we were left to conjecture whither we might be conveyed. The Fantees, Akras, and Akwapems were much depressed, feeling that they would henceforth be bereft of the slight protection our presence afforded, though of course we promised that if ever we did see the general, we should plead their cause. Hope and fear alternated while the time passed, we packed, planning meanwhile, and weighing the possibilities which lay before us. Our comfort was in the nearness of the Lord. Led by Him, we felt that we could go through anything.

About four o'clock a report reached us that Owusu Kokoo was approaching with the presents, and people entered our yard, bearing the king's parting salutation. For Mr. B. and myself there were valuable native costumes, and thirty dollars. A silk dress for my wife, with eighteen dollars, and nine dollars for Rosie. We not only regarded it a pleasure to receive remembrances from Coomassie, but these tokens also reassured us to the

effect that the king really meant to keep his word, and we lifted up our hearts in thankful praise, although we knew that a change of mind might yet occur. Owusu Kokoo told us that his majesty would send for us again before our departure. We begged him to allow us sixteen Fantees as carriers. He promised to try, but thought it would not be possible to obtain so many.

Evening drew in by the time we had done packing, and we all sat round in the open court with the black prisoners; several of these expressing decided hopes that our surrender might lead to a suspension of hostilities, and restore liberty to all the other captives. Palm and his wife (our nurse) alone remained deeply depressed.

It was past nine o'clock when the messenger appeared who was to accompany us, and after another season of weary waiting, we were led through eight courts of the palace into a smaller one, where the king sat in his undress by the fire, with two chiefs. His majesty looked troubled and gloomy, as if our liberation had cost him a severe struggle. On entering the court, we had put on the new dresses; remarking this, he looked down at us and said gravely, "well Susse, so you know how to wear the national dress." Feeling sorry to see him so miserable, M. Bonnat and I again assured him that we would do everything to bring about peace with the general; the result would shew whether we kept our word. He smiled and dismissed us with the words "yes; it is all right, go, and do as you say."

While we were still in the yard, Owusu Kokoo told us that we might have ten Fantees, but not Mrs. Palm, as she must wait until her husband was set at liberty. Thus the king had really *given us up*: We could not fully believe it, however, until we fairly reached the English camp. We now saw Mr. Dawson again, and took charge of his letters and messages. I obtained one more bearer

from Owusu after some trouble ; of course all the Fantees wished to be included among our "eleven," but we were obliged to give the preference to those sent to meet us a year before, by prince Ansa, and these poor fellows heard the decision with loud cries of joy.

At length we were ready to start, and our farewells were accomplished by about eleven o'clock, after which a few friends accompanied us to the market-place, where we went through a second parting, and then laid ourselves in our hammocks. The whole thing seemed like a dream. The night was peculiarly dark, only a few stars being visible, and our road lay through a deep forest. We progressed but slowly, for the bearers had to feel their way, creeping over numberless roots and stones, and once they let me fall into the bush. However this mattered little, for were we not travelling towards the liberty for which we had longed all these years ?

In two hours we arrived at the village of Kaase, three miles from the city, where we remained for the rest of the night, not sleeping much however. Early next morning (January 22nd), we started, hoping to reach Akankawase, a distance of from twenty to thirty miles. On our way we met two chiefs with a small retinue,—Kwame Agyapong, and the interpreter Apea, a cunning man who had always opposed our freedom ; they now, however, saluted us kindly. One of the royal messengers accompanying us had already disappeared, going as he said to communicate the king's message to the chief of Mampong, who was in camp near Kaase. This struck us as rather strange.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we reached Amoaforo, where a fierce battle was yet to take place (January 31st), and here it transpired that we could go no further ; so we visited the chief, who "in consequence of our liberation at the intercession of the Mampong chiefs and of

the queen mother," had been officially ordered to board us. The sword-bearer went out after whispering to the chief that if the enemy approach he was to retire. The chief now sent us some game and yams; he could not give a sheep, for "Amankwa's army had devoured everything." We were just sitting in the twilight at our "fufu," when our first messenger returned. He had really visited the camp of Dsomo, the chief of Mampong, and brought an interpreter back with him, whom the friendly prince offered us as an escort. Little did I think that this brave Dsomo would so soon meet his death in the battle-field. I was glad that my presentiment of treachery was unfounded; still we knew that at any moment the king's decisions might be altered, and thus we were glad when the sword-bearer proposed an early move.

In the morning (January 23rd) I awoke my people betimes, bidding them boil rice for the whole party, and adding that we should not rest till we had reached the white men, so no one was to buy anything on the road. All must resolve to exert themselves to the utmost. When we reached Akankawase, not a woman was to be seen; this showed us the near approach of the enemy, but the men met us there as everywhere else, in a friendly spirit. Our freedom seemed to lighten all hearts, for in their eyes we were the only cause of the war.

Meanwhile we heard by Dawson's boy, that Obeng, who had been obliged to flee from Fomana and was now stationed near Adubiase, intended to meet us on the road and bring us a parting salutation. A curious idea, this seemed to us, for we certainly felt we had seen quite enough of Obeng already. I walked the greater part of the way in spite of my lameness, inciting, urging, and hurrying the whole company; encouraging everyone by the prospect of freedom within two hours, my heart beating wildly all the time.

About half-past nine we reached the first deserted village; not a creature was to be seen. Four and a half years before such empty dwellings spoke to us only of imprisonment, want and misery, now they were signs that the deliverer was at hand. After we had passed several small villages, we suddenly came upon Dompouse, scarcely three miles from the British army. But the streets swarmed with black soldiers, and under the tree in front of the chief's house stood Obeng, with three hundred and fifty warriors. Was he going to afford us his protection to the border, or to attack the English army, under cover of giving us up? It was the last anxious hour we were to spend in Ashantee.

After sitting a long time, we were obliged to go in procession to the proud man, who thirteen months previously had plundered us. He was, however, studiously polite, as were also his subordinates. Sitting under the shadow of a tree we received their return greetings, a solemnity which had never before seemed so dreadfully tedious, and then appeared before Obeng once more with our escort, so that he might be duly informed of the royal message to the general. He appeared pleased, and together with all his followers, begged that we would say a good word for them, as the Ashantees had no quarrel with the white men. Altogether, he said, war was a bad thing. "Look at this village, it is quite deserted; does it not make one's heart ache?" I could but think it really served the Ashantees right, after having burnt so many villages, to be forced now to tremble for their own homes.

Half an hour had elapsed with these ceremonies, and various messengers came up, all begging us to advise the general to come to terms. We broke away at last, and had gone some forty steps when we were again stopped, as a further escort had been despatched to accompany us to the general. We burned with impatience; what

did we want with fresh men? But politeness on our part was inevitable, for were we not still prisoners, and likely to remain so for at least the next three-quarters of an hour! So we waited patiently, till allowed to resume our journey, wondering whether we were to be stopped any more. It seemed not, for we now lost sight of the band of soldiers, and every step of the journey carried us on to freedom. No one wished to linger; no one felt fatigue. M. B. formed the vanguard, while I as rear-guard hurried on the bearers, with promises of rest when we should all be free. This inducement winged the steps of all, as may be readily imagined. With rapid tread, and yet noiselessly, like fugitives, we fled past the majestic trees of the ancient forest.

Suddenly our procession halted. "What is it?" I asked. "Here are your countrymen," was the glad response! I ran forward, and found standing beside M. Bonnat two hussars and a young officer, whose weapons were two revolvers and a carbine. He welcomed us with much emotion; but I cannot describe the feelings that overwhelmed us at this moment! We grasped his hands, as one can only grasp the hand of a deliverer: when I tried to speak, my tongue failed, and tears were all the thanks I could offer.

Our net was broken at last, and with the sense of freedom, the whole world was given back to us. Lieutenant Hart sent word immediately to his superiors, and in a few minutes Major Russell and other officers appeared, greeting us cordially, wishing us every happiness, and inviting us to their table.

But here we had to learn that we were ignorant of the strictness of military discipline. If, before leaving Coomassie, we had hoped to do something for our Ashantee guides, we now found ourselves unable to carry out these intentions. The poor lads were not a little frightened on being at once parted from us, and conducted to a separate

house, there to be guarded till they might be sent home. We could not even visit them, and never saw them again.

The officers conducted us through a number of outposts, along a well lighted path, where hundreds of West Africans were at work felling trees, and levelling the ground. Their joy was great; "welcome, sir," "good morning, sir," sounded on all sides, in the Tshi and Akra dialects. In the superabundance of our joy, we thought we must shake hands with all the Europeans who were employed; but this soon became impossible, for there were whole companies of them. The major felt great pleasure in offering us the first cup of welcome on free soil, for it seems that for the last two days they had given up all hope of our release. They were greatly astonished at our children, and made themselves very merry with little Rosie. How strange all the surroundings, in which we were so suddenly placed appeared to us. The whole thing was like a vision of joy and wonder. We could hardly swallow any of the plentiful food that was set before us, our hearts were much too full.

After resting some hours with our kind friends, we again started for the Monse camp, to appear before Sir Garnet Wolseley. Our way led through the never-to-be-forgotten town of Fomana. From thence a beautiful road stretched to the Monse mountain, past Kwisa; hundreds being still at work on it, while others constructed bamboo huts. What a bustle, and what haste! Carriers and loads of all kinds, cows and horses abounded everywhere. Dawson's boy, who conducted brother Kühne, had on his return to Coomassie, broken out in the cry, "Europe is come to Africa!" This we now saw confirmed, for how wonderful was the appearance of so many white faces in the old African forest.

But we soon began to feel very footsore, and before us

rose the steep Adanse mountain, 1,600 feet in height. It was no trifle for such tired wanderers to have to climb it, yet the word "liberty" acted like a spell, even on the bearers of my wife and children. Thus we reached the summit (though not without some heavy sighs), and were refreshed with a glass of wine and water, and even a cup of tea was offered by friendly hands.

Here it seems the newspaper correspondents had set up their own little camp, and their choice of residence was not by any means a bad one; for the Adanse mountain, with its cool, fresh breezes and splendid view, is about the most healthy spot in the whole of Ashantee. We would willingly have conversed with the correspondents, but Lieutenant Grant, who accompanied us, had impressed upon us the general's orders not to answer any questions. So we passed on, descended the southern side of the mountain, which we found quite as steep as the other, and at last reached the camp, with aching feet, about half-past five o'clock. A battalion of English had arrived in the morning, and formed an imposing sight, while their military music sounded beautifully in our ears.

As soon as we had taken possession of our quarters (which the staff-officers had cleared for us), we were introduced to his excellency. Our first desire was to give thanks for our freedom; for next to God, we certainly owed it to the English army. The general expressed his joy at having been the instrument of our release, although this was not the primary aim of the expedition. Sir Garnet gave us the honour of an invitation to dine in the evening with his staff, and showed us much kindness besides. The sympathy which all those gentlemen seemed to feel in every circumstance of our deliverance was most hearty, and the remembrance of that evening will always be a happy one.

On the morning of the 24th, when his excellency had

gone very early to Fomana, M. Bonnat and I followed him in order to speak a word for the Fantees and others who were still in Coomassie. We had another pleasant conversation with Sir Garnet, in which he asked me about many things, and I commended the Fantees to his care. Here I parted with our faithful fellow-sufferer, who had begged to be allowed to remain with his excellency, while I returned to Monse alone, thenceto set out (January 25th) on our journey to the Coast.

It was with a strange feeling that on the morning of the 2nd February we entered Cape Coast, and had to run the gauntlet, as it were, between men of all colours and costumes, and receive the greetings and welcomes of an ever increasing multitude. Far too many wanted to shake hands, while little Rosie stared at the crowds with most comical placidity, and seemed to think they had all gone mad together.

We were kindly welcomed in the Wesleyan mission house by Mr. and Mrs. Picot, and the missionary Lawerac, and here again I embraced our dear Kühne, who was overjoyed to see us, as he had suffered much anxiety on our account. After he had become composed, I found him more cheerful than in Coomassie, but the physician who attended him said that half of the right lung was gone, which he attributed to the privations he had endured. Captain Lees, the provisional administrator, received us most obligingly, and communicated to us a telegram just received of the battle at Bekwae and Amoaforo, and we also had great pleasure in meeting old Mr. Freeman, the founder of the Wesleyan mission in Coomassie.

That we made purchases of clothes, shoes, and other necessaries of civilized life, it is not necessary for these pages to relate, nor that warm-hearted ladies loaded us with gifts, nor that we ventured out to sea and inspected the magnificent hospital ship, one of the great fleet that

lay at anchor here. The mail steamer arrived on the 6th, and conveyed us to Christiansborg the next day, where we stepped (still as if in a dream) into the midst of our brethren and their people.

Thus were we rescued!—not through a ransom, as Adu Bofu had sworn, but by means of an army which the Lord Himself had sent to deliver us.

And looking back on the chain of wonders through which our lives were preserved, and we ourselves restored to our friends, even the heathen natives expressed astonishment, greeted us with deep emotion, and confessed that they were now forced to believe in our Lord as a living, almighty, and merciful God; for on hearing of our capture, they had all decided that prayer was useless, and we should never return from Ashantee.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE JUDGMENT.

A FEW facts must yet be added to complete this narrative. The British forces had hitherto been sufficient for the defence of the coast towns only, and to keep back the raids of such Ashantees as dared to come within reach of their ships. The whole of the western Protectorate was occupied by them, when on the 2nd October, 1873, Sir Garnet Wolseley landed with his staff of twenty-nine chosen officers at Cape Coast.

He first cleared the neighbourhood of Elmina of the enemy's soldiers, which induced their general, Amankwa Tia, to write a letter declaring he had not marched against the British, but against the kings of Akem, Abora, Denkjera, and Wasa. Sir Garnet replied to this by ordering Kofi Kari to clear the Protectorate immediately, and this order was carried out by the retreat of the Ashantee army. The retiring troops were however to be prevented approaching Abakrampa, the residence of the Abora king, who had been chosen head of the Fantee confederation,—which place was occupied and successfully defended by a small British force against the attack of several thousand Ashantees. On this occasion Amankwa Tia's sedan chair fell into the hands of the British, but he and his army managed safely to effect the passage of the Prah.

The first British troops landed at the opening of the year 1874. They were to undertake the "engineers and

doctor's campaign," which Sir Garnet had planned, so that the European troops might be released from duty in two months. A road to the Prah was already made, and at the chief stations the necessary shelter could be afforded. The camp was fixed in Prasu, from thence the boundary stream was to be crossed.

Two Ashantee ambassadors arrived at this place on January 2nd, bringing letters and negotiations of peace from Kofi Kari. The general would not receive them, but ordered that all the preparations for war should be shown them, and a Gatling mitrailleuse was fired off, which caused one of them to remark to his companion, that now every hope of defence must disappear. His comrade taunted him with cowardice, and threatened to complain of him to the king, upon which he shot himself in the night. He was buried, by his companion's wish, on the Ashantee side of the river. The rest of the party were dismissed by the general over the now completed bridge (January 6th), whilst he insisted upon the conclusion of peace in the capital.

The Prah was then crossed by the troops, who marched to Asiaman, and found on their route many corpses of Ashantee soldiers, who seemed to have died of starvation. Kühne entered the camp at Asiaman on the 14th, and remained there a week. On the 23rd the other white captives arrived in Fomana and Monse.

The Monse mountain (1,500 feet in height) had already been ascended on the 17th by Lord Gifford and his Asen scouts, although a Fetish priest and several companions came forward to meet him, with a warning to go no further, as death stood in the way. But Gifford found only a Fetish thread across his path—near which lay a mangled human sacrifice. A wooden gun and dagger were placed by its side pointing backwards. Of course the English were not deterred by this for a moment.

Another reminder was sent to the king from Fomana (January 25th), to the effect that he was to set *all* his prisoners free (Mr. Dawson excepted), to send the half of the 50,000 ounces of gold, and to give up as hostages prince Mensa, the queen mother, and the heirs of the princes of Dwaben, Kokofu, Mampong, and Bekwae; upon which the general would come himself to Coomassie with a small escort, and there conclude peace. To give the king time he promised to approach very slowly during the following days. This promise, by the way, was an easy one, because of the ever-recurring difficulty of procuring necessary provisions, and a convenient halt could be made in the healthy district of Fomana.

Here the general heard a wonderful story from M. Bonnat. On the 6th of January the great Fetish tree in Coomassie suddenly fell, and the king then sought to learn from the priests what were the prospects of this war. Two men being pierced through the cheek with knives, were bound to trees in the wood and left to die. The priests declared that if their death soon ensued, Ashantee would be victorious. But the poor creatures lived long; one five, the other nine days!

Amankwa had stationed himself on the heights between Bekwae and Amoaforo, about twenty-four miles south of Coomassie, whilst a second army under the prince of Adanse held the towns of Adobiase and Borborase. These latter were taken on the 29th with little loss, and the chief commander's umbrella was captured. The British had not known till then how near they were to this general, Asamoa Kwanta, an old man, who was considered a great master in the art of war, in which he is said to have instructed Amankwa Tia. It was still hoped that the king might wish for peace; and thus in each encounter the English troops waited for the fire of the Ashantees before commencing proceedings on their own account.

But though letters were received from his majesty professing desire for peace, no guarantees accompanied them, and Mr. Dawson, who had to write a few lines of thanks for a present of gold from the general, added as date* "2 Cor. ii. 11." A significant warning!

By 8 A.M. on January 31st the British troops pushed forward, discovering an ambuscade in the neighbourhood of Amoaforo, where the native camp had in the previous night been visited and explored by a scout, whose reward was £20. It now became evident that the king had done his utmost to raise an overwhelming force; he succeeded in engaging the English, and a sharp struggle took place in this primeval forest. The British troops, amounting to three thousand only (European and African combined), were badly covered, and had to fight an invisible enemy, numbering at least twenty thousand.

Happily the Ashantees were ill provided with bullets, and obliged to make use of pieces of metal; but it was almost impossible to take aim at them, so that rockets and small shell had to be resorted to. They kept up with much spirit till the afternoon, when they fled before a bayonet charge, and in the evening they again threatened the English right wing and rear. Asamoa Kwanta seems to have planned and commanded with much insight, yet he lost the battle. Among the many slain were Amankwa Tia, who fell on the left wing, and the brave and worthy prince of Mampong on the right, whilst Apea lost his life in the centre. The English only lost seven men at the time, but over two hundred were carried off the field wounded. They also buried more than a hundred Ashantees after the majority had been taken away by their country people.

On the following day the stately town of Bekwae was

* "Lest Satan should get advantage of us, for we are not ignorant of his devices."

stormed, Fomana being meanwhile attacked (February 2nd) by the Ashantees under their "Moltke," and almost burnt down. The small English garrison could not attempt more than to hold the custom house, hospital, and the magazine. Sir Garnet, amidst constant fighting, now advanced rapidly along the western road, from Adjuman towards the Oda (Da) river, where a letter from the king reached him (written by Mr. Dawson), begging that he would remain where he was, and promising that the demanded sum should certainly be paid. The general again asked for hostages, and proceeded without delay to throw a bridge over the Oda. On the morning of February the 4th the king disputed the passage of the river, and the struggle was maintained seven hours near Odaso, Kari-Kari looking on, seated on a golden footstool under his red umbrella. When defeat was certain, he fled to his villa at Amanghyia.

The British forces now pressed on without delay past Akankawase and Kaase, and marched into Coomassie in the evening amidst the sounding of bagpipes; there were only a thousand Europeans and four hundred black troops. The inhabitants (many of them with arms in their hands) gazed with great curiosity on the many white faces, but displayed neither fear nor hatred in their own appearance. The troops on their part entirely refrained from plunder, but the mob of the town, with some Fantees and other blacks, attacked the houses of princes and nobles, and took various liberties.

The imprisoned Fantees, and among them Mr. Dawson, had been set free, but many were found still bound to large trees, or in the stocks. They all withdrew, most taking with them a suspicious amount of property. The troops who had advanced so far, had again to retreat for want of provisions, heavy rains having also set in. An offer was made to the king (February 5th) to save his

palace on condition of his accepting the terms of peace; in the meanwhile, however, the Ashantees endeavoured to remove from the town as much powder and as many arms as possible.

In the night a dreadful storm occurred, which threatened to make the rivers impassable; the palace was therefore undermined (Feb. 6th), notice having been given to the inhabitants, and the houses in Coomassie were fired; no great spoil came to light, but many curious things were found in the stone palace, which were afterwards sold at high prices in London.

The main army speedily retreated; wading through the rivers, up to the chin in water (the Da bridge being flooded knee-deep), and reached the Prah without any great sacrifice of health. The fact of the Mausoleum of Bantama ("the Louvre and Tower of Ashantee") not being destroyed, was complained of by many Englishmen as a great mistake; but a delay of two days would have endangered many valuable lives, and the burning of Coomassie was sufficient to announce the fall of Ashantee to the tribes of the gold coast. Everywhere the odour of blood predominated over every other; and no European would have willingly encountered a longer stay in Coomassie than was absolutely necessary.

Meanwhile, Captain Sir John Glover, with a small detachment, had entered Ashantee from the Volta. He took the town of Obago (Agnago?) January the 16th, just in time to save the lives of forty slaves who were to fall at a funeral festival. When Dwaben, the second capital of the kingdom, surrendered on February the 11th, Captain Sartorius, sent by Sir John, and accompanied by twenty mounted men, rode through the streets of burnt Coomassie without finding a single sign of life in the whole town. He was to inform the general that Glover was at a distance of eight hours from him.

All this forced Kofi Kari to yield, for the allegiance of many among the minor princes began to totter. He therefore (February 13th), sent an entreaty for peace to Fomana, accompanied by a thousand ounces of the purest gold, as first installment of the war costs. Peace was signed on condition that he should pay fifty thousand ounces more, and open the way for free trade and communication with the Coast, which was to be carried on by a road fifteen feet broad, reaching from Cape Coast to the Prah. He gave up his rights to five vassal states, and also promised that in order to prove his friendship for Queen Victoria, he would strive to do away with the practice of human sacrifices, with a view to the total abolition of a custom so repugnant to all christian nations.

By a subsequent arrangement, the eastern boundary of the Protectorate was extended to Keta, and thus the river Volta ceased to be an apple of discord to the surrounding tribes, while the importation of arms was rendered increasingly difficult to the Ashantees.

When Sir Garnet Wolseley laid before the Geographical Society the particulars of his short but successful campaign (May 10th, 1874), he began by describing the primeval forest, where he scarcely ever saw either the sun or the enemy, although the latter certainly managed to make himself uncomfortably felt.

Scarcely anything beyond a snail-hunt was possible, and although this species of game reached a considerable size, food of that sort was hardly agreeable to European tastes. "When we landed in Cape Coast," says he, "the name of England stood in poor reputation, but now I believe it will be more than ever honoured, and it is almost certain that the interior of Africa will thus open itself to our explorers in an unexpected manner. A further result of the war will be the abolition of human sacrifices—a practice which forty years ago was as firmly

rooted at Cape Coast as in Ashantee. One of my military doctors was billeted in the house of the head executioner" (no doubt Agja Kese, alluded to in the journal) "and heard from him that during last year from two to three thousand human beings had been slain." "We slay," said he, in the tone of a butcher who speaks of his trade, "somewhere about from five to ten a day, and on every day of the week except Friday." It was a terrible sight, that deep pit (Apetisini) filled with human corpses, in all stages of decomposition.

The last reports from the Gold Coast announce that the king has promised to do all in his power to abolish human sacrifices, and that he had sent one of his sons to the Coast to be educated there.

Respecting this son, whom the king even wished to send to England for further instruction, a negotiation was commenced with the Colonial government, inasmuch as the latter wished to know first, whether the prince had any prospect of ascending the throne; an embarrassing question, for the aforesaid throne has lately become very tottering, as might well be expected under the circumstances. Ashantee owed much of its power to the close alliance of the neighbouring kingdoms, Dwaben, Kokofu, Bekwae, Mampong, and Adanse, whose princes paid tribute in Coomassie, stationed soldiers there, and themselves assembled at all the great festivities and important meetings of the Ashantee council. Now, of course, there is a loosening of all these connections, if indeed they are not entirely broken up.

In February last the prince of Adanse, "the custom-house officer" (Obeng), begged the British general to allow him and his people to emigrate to the Protectorate, that they might be able to appeal in future to Cape Coast instead of to Coomassie, where one was never sure of his head. He swore the great oath to unite and form one

nation with the Wasa people. Other tribes also sought to place themselves under British protection, or aimed at completely freeing themselves from the Ashantee yoke; the old jealousy on this subject especially showed itself again at Dwaben.

The British administrator, captain Lees, went himself to Coomassie in July, in order to effect an arrangement of these affairs. He was received in the barely restored town with manifestations of joy and respect. The king and the queen mother coming to meet him, and everyone dancing around him. No definite public information has yet reached us as to the result of the negotiations, but it is said, that the king seemed willing to acknowledge the independence of Dwaben. Lees refused to help the king to subdue the revolted princes of Dwaben and Bekwae, and even visited both of them, and was welcomed with great cordiality. This was a tempting example for the other tributaries, and Okwau, where it may be remembered the prisoners were welcomed with so much sympathy, has also expressed a wish to ally itself to the Protectorate; both Okwau and Dwaben has requested the erection of a missionary station in their towns, and David Asante finds people from these two districts among the most attentive of his hearers at his street preaching in Akem.

From the latest reports we learn that the queen mother, who had long striven against the deposition of her son, had at last herself suggested a change of sovereign, so that the kingdom might at least be preserved for the dynasty, Adu Bofu appears to have rebelled against the king; thus it seems that the continuance of the kingdom will only be possible under very limited and altered circumstances.

Such a change as the abolition of the old national custom of human sacrifices would be a difficult matter for

a popular and prosperous king ; for the humiliated Kofi Kari-Kari it would be simply impossible. In any case, a turning point has arrived in the history of the kingdom, which augers happier prospects in the future, if the right men are found ready to step into the gap, and to sow seeds of Christian culture in the blood-stained soil of Ashantee.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX I.

THE ADAE.

BESIDES the week of seven days, which were apparently appropriated to seven persons, and gave names to every boy and girl, and which were also used by neighbouring tribes in their various languages, the Tshies have twelve months of thirty or thirty-two days, named according to the seasons or the situation of the plantations, but these are different in different places, and are not in general use.

More frequently time was reckoned by the Adae. This feast fell on every fortieth or forty-second day. The great Adae was always celebrated on a Sunday, the little Adae on a Wednesday. According to a peculiar mode of reckoning, the Adae began at different hours of the day.

This manner of dividing the time is also found in other nations, as in Malabar in India, where the doctors reckon the "Mandalam" of forty days, divided into half and quarter circles, as a method of measurement:—

18th December, 1869,	Sunday,	Great Adae.
11th January, 1870,	Wednesday,	Small "
29th " "	Sunday,	Great "
22nd February, "	Wednesday,	Small "
12th March, "	Sunday,	Great "
5th April, "	Wednesday,	Small "

23rd	April	1870,	Sunday,	Great	Adae.
26th	"	"	Wednesday,	Small	"
4th	June,	"	Sunday,	Great	"
28th	"	"	Wednesday,	Small	"
16th	July,	"	Sunday,	Great	"
9th	August,	"	Monday,	Small	"
27th	"	"	Sunday,	Great	"
20th	September,	"	Monday,	Small	"
8th	October,	"	Sunday,	Great	"
1st	November,	"	Monday,	Small	"
19th	"	"	Sunday,	Great	"
13th	December,	"	Monday,	Small	"
31st	"	"	Sunday,	Great	"

APPENDIX II.

THE WEIGHTS OF GOLD IN ASHANTEE.

THE most extraordinary weights of gold may be compared with English money as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
1 pesewa - - - -	0	0	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
1 dama - - - -	0	0	3
1 kokoa (3 pesewa) - -	0	0	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
1 taku (4 pesewa) - -	0	0	7
1 sua - - - -	0	6	9
1 suru - - - -	1	0	3
1 asia - - - -	1	7	0
1 osua - - - -	2	0	6
1 ounce ($\frac{1}{2}$ benna) - -	3	12	0
1 benna - - - -	7	4	0
1 peredwanc - - - -	8	2	0

The following list contains further names:—

1 soafa ($\frac{1}{2}$ soa) - - -	6	taku	
1 fiasofa ($\frac{1}{2}$ fiaso) - -	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	„	
1 domafa - - - -	7	„	
1 borowofa - - - -	8	„	1 dollar (ackie)
1 agirakwefa - - - -	9	„	
1 soansafa - - - -	10	„	
1 bodommofa - - - -	11	„	
1 soa - - - -	12	„	
1 fiaso - - - -	13	„	
1 doma - - - -	14	„	
1 borowo - - - -	16	„	2 dollars
1 agirakwe - - - -	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	„	
1 soansa - - - -	20	„	
1 bodomme - - - -	22	„	

1 nnomanu	-	-	-	24 taku,	3 dollars
1 nsano	-	-	-	26	„
1 dyoasuru	-	-	-	28	„
1 amamfisuru	-	-	-	32	„ 4 dollars
1 suru	-	-	-	36	„ £1 0 3
1 peresuru	-	-	-	40	„ 5 dollars
1 takimansua	-	-	-	44	„ 5½ „
1 asia	-	-	-	48	„ 6 „
1 dyoa	-	-	-	56	„ 7 „
1 namfi	-	-	-	60	„ 7½ „
1 nansua	-	-	-	64	„ 8 „
1 sua	-	-	-	72	„ 9 „
1 asuanu	-	-	-	1 oz.	2 acki (dollars)
1 asuasu	-	-	-	1 „	11 „
1 peredwane	-	-	-	2 „	4 „
1 tesuanu	-	-	-	3 „	6 „
1 ntanu	-	-	-	4 „	8 „
1 ntansa	-	-	-	6 „	12 „

In Akem, an agiratschifa = 1 ackie or 1 dollar; an agiratsche = 2 dollars; a bodoma = 2½ dollars; a dyoa = 8 dollars. Doma, usano, and asia differ in the two countries; soa, suru, osua, benna, and peredwane are the same in both.

An ounce of gold (£3 12 6d—£4) is divided by the merchants on the Coast into 16 ackie; 1 ackie = 1 Spanish or American dollar, 4s 6d,—in England, 4s 2d.

APPENDIX III.

THE GOVERNMENT OF ASHANTEE.

As it has been easy to perceive by the reading of these pages, that the reins of the Ashantee government are not exclusively in the hands of the king, nor does he possess unlimited power, but shares it with a council which includes, besides his majesty, his mother, the three first chiefs of the kingdom, and a few nobles of Kumasi (Coomassie). This council is called "Asante Kotoko," or the Ashantee porcupine, which means that like the animal of that name, nobody dare touch them. The principal drum in Coomassie has as its peculiar strain or motto, "Asante Kotoko, wokum apem, apem reba," which means "if thousands are killed, thousands are coming up again."

It is this Kotoko council which rules the entire kingdom, and deals with the people, who must obey, whatever their own wishes or inclinations may be, in the most despotic way. In case of war the people have no voice, and to enforce obedience they must be ever under the consciousness that the king and his council are the arbitrators of their life or death. In important matters all the other chiefs of the kingdom are called together to discuss the case, but they are sure to vote in accordance with the view of the council, for who would dare to oppose the Kotoko?

At the Yam festival, usually held in October, all the chiefs of the kingdom meet at Coomassie, and have to report the events of the year in the parts under their

jurisdiction. The chiefs belonging to the household or his majesty have in important matters no voice in court, but they have nevertheless great influence, and lose no opportunity of advising the king privately.

In court and in ordinary meetings the king takes his place in his skilfully carved and gold ornamented chair on a kind of platform at the bottom of the court, and over him is held his state umbrella (now in South Kensington Museum), while around him stand some of his sword-bearers and other satellites. On his right and left side are the two state swords, and suspended from each is a large gold nugget. One of these is the war sword. If the king has taken it in his hand, the war is decided.

On the platform near his majesty are seated his mother and the nobles of Coomassie. A little lower down the court, on his right, we find the linguists and some other chiefs, surrounded by under chiefs and servants. On the left are the chiefs belonging to the royal household. In front of his majesty, placed so as to allow a free though narrow passage, are the court criers in great numbers, and lastly the executioners, whose business it is to praise his majesty, "to give him names," as they say, *i.e.*, to cry out his titles, as for instance, "ode tuo tia gyina mpreno ano"—"with a little gun he is standing at the mouth of the canons." "Pam'bo"—"he sews stones together—he tears and binds together again." "Bore" (the name of a venomous serpent) "you are most beautiful but your bite is deadly."

According to court etiquette, the speaker has to address himself to the linguists, who place the case before the king in more eloquent language.

If an accused person is brought before the court the linguists have to discuss the case, to find him guilty, and to pronounce the sentence, which, alas! is too often a sentence of death. The king can ratify the judgment or

mitigate it, by changing it into a fine, or to the mutilation of any prominent part of the face, but in some cases the king is obliged to give way to the will of his chiefs.

The rank of the chiefs can be seen by the different insignia or emblems of their dignity, which always follow them. The three first dukes of the kingdom have large silk umbrellas topped with gold, a large band of elephant tusk blowers, and several drums. They are also allowed to have sandals ornamented with silver and gold, like those of the king. The duke or king of Dwaben has his own keteband.

Chiefs of the second rank have silk umbrellas topped with carved wood, and a very nicely carved arm-chair, ornamented on each side with brass nails. They are preceded by a party of about twelve boys, each of whom carries an elephant's tail; they have also horn-blowers and drummers.

The dukes of the third rank have a carved arm-chair, and servants who carry elephants' tails, but their umbrellas are made of cotton. The chiefs of the fourth rank have the same, but in place of elephants' tails their boys carry horse tails.

Those of the fifth rank have a large portly umbrella, but their arm-chair is common and less ornamented. All the principal captains have their special strains or mottoes for their horns and drums. For instance, Amankwatia's drums say, "piridu, piridu"—go on, push forward. Boakje Tenteng's drums say, "don kofo didi in atem ene sen," or the donkos (negresses from the interior), insult me for what? Bobie's horn has for a motto, "Bobie annae o five agyaman agyaman ne nsam ade wo"—Bobie keeps watch for the king, there is something in the king's hand.

In the following lists we give the names of the dignitaries and the more influential chiefs and captains of

Coomassie and the kingdom of Ashantee. The Roman numbers indicate their rank.

(Coffee) Kari-Kari the king.

Afera Osuwa Kobe, king's mother, Kwakoo Dooah's neice.

THE THREE DUKES OF THE KINGDOM.

- I. Yaw Agyei, king or duke of Dwaben.
 I. ? " " Bekwae.
 I. Djomo " " Mampong

CHIEFS OF PROVINCES.

- II. Chief of Kokofu.
 II. " Korausua.
 II. " Nsuta.
 II. " Abessin.
 III. Oben of Adanse (Fomana).

CHIEFS AND CAPTAINS OF COOMASSIE.

- II. Barempa, brother of prince Ansa. }
 II. Adonten Boaten. }
 II. Asamoah Kwanta. }
 II. Abenkwa Osei (commander of the army). }
 II. Amankwa Tia (chief of Bantama). }
 II. Asafo Boakje. } In absence of the king they
 } have charge over the town.
- III. Karapa.
 III. Agyapon.
 III. Anyin.
 III. Opoku (head of the linguists, minister
 of foreign affairs).
 III. Boakje Tenteng, linguist, husband of
 the queen mother. }
 IV. Yaw Nantshi, linguist. }
 IV. Apea. }
 IV. Amoatin }
 } Very influential men,
 } so far as they are re-
 } presentatives for the
 } provinces.

Besides these a good number of under captains.

KING'S HOUSEHOLD.

- II. Akjampong, the king's uncle, and chief over his household.
 II. Adu Bofo, keeper of the keys, treasurer, eventual commander
 of the army.

- III. Kwasi Domfu, head of the Tasumankwa (priests of the protectors and physician of the Fetishes).
- III. Agya Kese, head of the executioners.
- IV. Nkra Shene, brother of prince Ansa.
- IV. Bobie, " " " (superintendent of police and of the buildings.)
- IV. Owosu Kwabena " " " (head of the king's hammockmen.)
- IV. ? head of the court-criers.
- IV. ? head of the eunuchs.
- V. Kwami Mensa, king's brother (heir apparent).*
- V. Bosommuru Tia. }
- V. Bosommuru Dwira. } Chamberlains and private councillors.
- V. Mensa. Kukua, honorary king's soul.
- V. Saben.
- V. Onyame Dusei,
- And some other under captains.

In reference to the king it may be observed that during the lifetime of his predecessor, Kwakoo Dooah, an ill feeling had sprung up between him and the family of his sister, which increased during the latter years of his reign, and at length ripened into hatred. Kofi Kari sometimes said that his ascendancy to the throne of Ashantee was like a dream to him. It is said that in a moment of excitement, Kwakoo Dooah once sent to his sister a silken band, with a message to the effect, that the best thing she could do was to hang herself. She accepted the brotherly suggestion, and committed suicide. Her son Opoku was then accused of aspiring to the throne, and was sacrificed, with the honour due to his rank, viz., by having his neck broken with an elephant's tusk. Afua Kobe, the mother of king Kofi Kari, is the daughter of Kwakoo Dooah's sister, who committed suicide. It is said that in his last days Kwakoo deeply regretted his conduct towards her.

In reference to the chiefs, &c., of Coomassie, who have

* Present king.

been so often alluded to in the journal, no further explanation seems necessary. Of one, however, we may make the statement which follows.

The old "ruler of the battles," Asamoa Kwanta, is not mentioned in this list, although in reality he was the commander of the whole Ashantee army, when the prince of Mampong was not present. There are peculiar circumstances connected with this man, which the following facts, drawn from Mr. Ramseyer's and prince Ansa's letters, will elucidate.

In the year 1853 Asamoa Kwanta was commander-in-chief during the campaign against the Coast; but, having succeeded in getting the heads of the Assin chiefs who had provoked the anger of the king, he was recalled with the army by king Kwakoo Dooah before it came to a serious struggle. When this peace-loving monarch died, in 1867, a dreadful émeute broke out in the palace, and a nephew of the great marshal's was slain, prince Boakje Asu being implicated in the murder.

Although custom in Ashantee permits a prince to take the life of any subject on the death of his father, yet the aged Asamoa Kwanta took arms, and with his chiefs threatened to destroy Coomassie. This insurrection was only quelled by the entreaties of Ansa's two brothers, Owusu Sakiri and Owusu Intobu; they soothed the old man, who however would not be pacified till he had slain the Audawous prince and two of his sisters; he also demanded the life of the mother of the criminal, but it was ransomed with eighty ounces of gold.

After this the commander-in-chief kept aloof from the palace. The campaign to Krepe in 1869 was confided to Adu Bofu, although his rank was far below that of Asamoa. The prince of Bantama, Amankwa Tia, envied Adu Bofu for the large number of slaves which he had stolen and brought with him from the Coast; on this

account he intrigued against him, and with the help of his followers succeeded in December 1872 in gaining the command in the new campaign. This was against the law, which confided to him and Asafo Boakje the defence of Coomassie; it also offended the troops, who despised Amankwa as a dreadful drunkard. But now that he was at the head of the army the chiefs of Mampong and Asamoa were obliged to be content with an unrecognised but influential position.

After the defeat of Amankwa and his retreat, in January 1874, the command of the army was taken from him and given to the prince of Mampong, with co-ordinate rank as first general to Asamoa Kwanta. He was an old grey-headed man, but full of energy and intelligence, and as far as we could judge, opposed to the war, for he knew all the difficulties and risks it involved. He always behaved kindly to us, and certainly had something to do with our release; he showed too in his last interview with Mr. Dawson (January 17th), that he saw the state of affairs more clearly than any one else. There are only three chiefs superior to him in rank, the princes of Dwaben, Bekwae and Mampong, also the near relations of the king.

APPENDIX IV.

A LETTER OF PRINCE ANSA.

IT will not be regarded as an indiscretion if we give here an extract from a letter of prince Ansa, dated June 21st, 1871, in order to explain the accusation brought against him. It proves better than anything else the feelings of the prince towards his countrymen; it also expresses the king's view of the Elmina acquisition; and besides this it gives an insight into the head and heart of a civilised and christianised Ashantee.

On the 30th of May, the prince wrote to the prisoners thus—"A very serious accusation has been brought against me respecting the letter which I wrote to the administrator by the king's order, with regard to the right of the king to the town and fort of Elmina. The people of Elmina accuse me of having added the following sentence on my own responsibility: 'The king of Ashantee says that the king of Holland is his subject.' The reason why the Dutch governor sends that young man (the commissioner Plange) is simply this, he wishes to make sure whether the king commissioned me to write that letter or not. The Elminers and the Dutch dispute most emphatically that the king has any rights in Elmina. Now, if the king deny having authorised me to write that letter, I shall hardly come up (to Coomassie). I believe I showed you the copy of the letter which I have now given to Mr. Crawford, in order to justify myself before the king."

On June the 21st, he writes again—"When I last wrote I had not time to go into particulars about the accusation. You know that shortly before you went from Ebenezer to Coomassie,* the king authorised me to write to the administrator, that Elmina and the Fort had belonged to his ancestors for ages past, and that therefore they belonged to him. If, then, the British Government took possession of the Gold Coast, the town and fort were not to be included, as they were his. The administrator of course sent this letter to England, and the English government communicated it to the Dutch Government. When the Dutch heard that the king had sent his chief, Akjampong, to Elmina, they were angry, and ordered the governor to banish Akjampong; he was therefore ordered to leave Elmina, but he refused to do so. The governor, wishing to prove to him that Elmina did not belong to the Ashantee king, caused him to be shut up in the Fort. Then the Elminers and Akjampong accused me of having written that letter without the king's knowledge, and especially that the sentence, that 'the king of Ashantee regarded the king of Holland as his subject,' had been added by me. I am sorry to say that my friends who accompanied me as ambassadors (Afrifa, &c.), have taken part against me, and supported Akjampong and the Elminers. However, the Dutch governor and the administrator are on my side; and what is more, the Lord is for me.

"Now I expect to prove how far the king and his council are conscientious, by their owning or denying that I was fully authorised by them to write that letter. The governor of Elmina has decided not to deliver the usual yearly payment unless he apologises with regard to it.

"I am waiting to see whether the king really will beg pardon in order to receive that payment (four hundred

* November 24th, 1870, is the date of that foolish letter.

dollars a year) and my dear brothers, my sense seems to dictate to me that it is best I should stay here and await the end of all this before I take any further steps. I know my countrymen well enough to be sure that it is advisable for me to be careful. I assure you that if they withdraw themselves from me in this affair, it will be all the worse for them.

“You have the sympathy of all my friends, from the governor to the trades-people, particularly Mr. Blankson, Mr. Grant, Mr. Cleaver, and your brethren, the missionaries.

“But I prize most the sympathy of our Lord for His people. (Isaiah xlix. 14-16, lxiii. 9). Wherefore take courage, my brethren, do not despair, for

‘Of every sorrow which *our* hearts can move,
Half is supported in God’s heart of love.’

The Lord is with His own people! Look alone to Him, and your release is certain!

“I have been privately informed that the Prussians think of you with as much earnest anxiety as the British felt for the poor prisoners in Abyssinia. A certain prince Bismarck is particularly interested in you. The Lord is working for you, and who can hinder Him? O trust in Him and you will be safe! I entreat poor Mrs. R. to take courage, she has the deepest sympathy from every one.

“I am sorry to tell you that Paris is in flames; all is dreadful there, the streets swimming in blood; the whole town with its splendid palaces is destroyed. France lies in ruins, more from civil war and their own dissensions than from the Prussians. I will try to send you a few newspapers.

“As some compensation for this sad news, I am pleased to hear from Mr. Schrenk that your house in Anum is not destroyed; some of your teachers and pupils came

from there to the war, and brought this news; your people too assembled in safety. Joseph has not yet shown himself. I only hope he has not confided the goods I sent by him to my country people. If you see my cousin tell him he is not to trust any one; if he do so he will lose my confidence for ever. Write to me all news, particularly what you hear about me. I must conclude with sincere regards, in which my wife and all my family unite.—I remain,

“Ever your sincere friend,

“ANSA.

“P.S.—The exchange of the Dutch possessions is not yet completed. Some say it *will* take place; others that it *will not*. We shall hear the truth by the next despatches from England.”

On August 1st 1871.—The prince again sent a letter by Asengro's messenger (who had formerly shown kindness to the prisoners), and he writes thus:—

“I ordered a piece of material to be given to Asengro as a present from you, and introduced him to his excellency the administrator (T. Salmon), to whom I related how kind he had been to you when you stayed in his village. In consequence of this his excellency presented him with two pieces of material, and the provisions which he required. I am only sorry that my best friends are not in the town just now, or he would go away laden with presents, and all for your sakes. At any rate I will certainly mention him to all my friends.

“I have written to Mr. Schrenk to tell him that I have determined to take a journey to Coomassie, and that one of your brethren was to go also. My wife thanks Mrs. R. for her letter, and begs me to say, that when the time comes, if she is in good health, she will be very glad to go to Coomassie and make her acquaintance.

The king had thought fit to recal the letter which had been written by prince Ansa to Mr. Ussher as having contained vague and clumsy expressions, and this recall had been given in writing to Mr. Plange.* His Majesty had never pardoned this young man for the injury which he alleged had been done to him by the wording of this letter. On May 6th, 1872, after twenty-three and a half years of Dutch government, Elmina was formally made over to Mr. Pope Hennessy, the Dutch governor, at the same time handing to him the staff of office (ivory inlaid with gold), which had passed through the hands of a hundred successive plenipotentiaries, and now came into the possession of the British. But before this time, in December 1871, prince Ansa really made the promised visit to Coomassie at great risk to himself, and without obtaining the results he had hoped for.

From the case of this prince, who had become so much of an Englishman in his ideas, it may be proved that it is possible for something good to come out of Ashantee; and we may be permitted to mention another Ashantee, who through civilisation became more like a German. He was thus designated by the German Oriental Company more than twenty years ago.—“His royal highness Aguarie Boachin prince of Ashantee, royal Dutch moun-

* The terms of the recall (August, 1871), were as follows:—“Herewith it is announced, that the terms of letter of November 24th, 1870, addressed to his Excellency, H. T. Ussher, the administrator of the British settlement on the Gold Coast, through me Coffee Calcalli (Kofi Kari), King of Ashantee in Coomassie, were entirely misrepresented by those persons employed in the writing and dictating thereof. I therefore declare, in the presence of your Excellency's ambassador, Mr. Plange, Government writer of St George in Elmina, and before my chiefs, that I only meant board wages or salary, and not tribute by right of arms on the part of the Dutch Government.” Of course, this declaration did not in the least deter the king, a year later (March, 1873), from claiming Elmina, Denkjera, Akem, and Asen, from the British Government, and the people as his slaves.

tain engineer, for service in Surubagu, East Indies." He was the son of the reigning sovereign, and by his father's wish was taken to Amsterdam at nine years of age, and there educated. He became a convert to Christianity, and was baptized, so that his return to Coomassie seemed impossible. He therefore went to Frieburg to study mining; and there becoming intimately acquainted with many German families, he formed such an attachment to that nation, that he sent from Java, where he was residing, a contribution of one thousand florins for the wounded during the last war, to the editor of the *Gartenlaube* (a German periodical). He was first director of mines in Java, but has now a coffee plantation.

These two instances are sufficient to prove the kind of material for civilisation which exists in Ashantee, even in the palaces of Coomassie; and they also show how little those modern reports are to be depended on, which, while they allow the negro to have as much common sense and more cunning than the Caucassians, yet make him out to be thoroughly heartless.

APPENDIX V.

A WORD ON THE POLITICS OF THE COLONIAL
GOVERNMENT IN THE YEAR 1872.

THE captives feel in duty bound to return sincere thanks to all the officers of state, who have shown themselves in any way interested in their welfare. They can well understand the difficulty of men in their position passing judgment on the actions and motives of the authorities, and they refrain from any expression of criticism on the colonial politics of that period.

But the case is different with the English press. A history of the campaign, which embodies all the events recorded in the preceding pages ("From Cape Coast to Coomassie," *Illustrated London News*), subjects the two facts mentioned in the journal, to severe criticism.

"Mr. Pope Hennessy would not condescend to pay British government money for the ransom of the European prisoners, but he was not above suggesting that the Missionary Society to which Mr. Ramseyer and Mr. Kühne belonged might perhaps be disposed to give £1000 on this account. At the same time our governor actually released a son of Adu Bofu who had been prisoner at Cape Coast, and defrayed his travelling expenses home to Coomassie. The king of Ashantee and his kidnapping general had a mind to get the £1000 which the Basle Mission, we are ashamed to say, had been invited by our government to offer."

The circumstances connected with this son (or nephew) of Adu Bofo were as follows:—

After the invasion of Anum, the British colonial government were perplexed about the steps to be taken. The missionaries in Odumase meanwhile persuaded the friendly king of Krobo to interpose on behalf of their brethren who had been carried off. The latter sent three successive messages by his brother to the camp of the United Ashantees and Akwarmers, demanding that the missionaries should be given up. But they were continually put off by excuses.

When however in October, 1869, Dompree had beaten the Ashantee army, and the tribes in the eastern part of the Protectorate were preparing for an armed attack, the king of Akwarma became so frightened that he sent the king of Krobo hostages who were to answer for the life of the captive missionaries. Adu Bofo, realizing the difficulty of his position, sent his son with these hostages, hoping by this means to keep the people in Krobo from rising.

King Kari-Kari was also impressed with the dangers by which his general was surrounded, so that on November 2nd, 1869, he expressed to the Colonial government his readiness to exchange the missionaries for the Ashantee prisoners.

If therefore Mr. Ramseyer and Mr. Kühne were astonished, when in March 1871 an exchange of prisoners had been made without themselves having been taken into consideration, how much more were they surprised, when in July, 1872, these hostages appeared in Coomassie, set free without any equivalent! This fact shows more than anything the conciliatory disposition of the British government.

The Ashantees themselves mistook this peaceful policy for weakness, and it is therefore not surprising that

Stanley (in his book, "Coomassie and Magdala") states that the ambassador Plange wrote in October, 1872, from Coomassie, "The chiefs here are in hope that in return for the release of the prisoners, they will have the whole Gold Coast."

The same conciliatory policy was followed in the release of Akjampong. The above named work ("From Cape Coast to Coomassie," *Illustrated London News*), relates this in the following manner:—

"Akjampong, with seven hundred followers, was arrested in October, 1872, in Apollonia, and brought to Cape Coast to be set free in the course of a month or two, and sent to Coomassie. This was done without taking into consideration the ransom of the European captives, or the fact that in Akjampong they were sending back to Kari-Kari's council the greatest intriguer and the chief of the war officers, which just signified throwing a spark among a heap of shavings. He came to Coomassie at the great death festivities, and decided for 'war!'"

The missionaries' journals prove that the latter was not the case. War was decided upon before Akjampong's arrival in Coomassie. But thus much is clear from these facts, that *the British Government did not provoke the last Ashantee war.*

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