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Art. I.—*Ethnographic View of Western Africa.*

Western Africa may be divided, according to its population, into three grand divisions. *First*—Senegambia, extending from the southern borders of the Great Desert to Cape Verga, a little south of the Rio Grande, and so named from its being watered by the two great rivers, Senegal and Gambia. *Second*—Upper, or Northern Guinea, reaching from Cape Verga to the Kamerun mountain in the Gulf of Benin, about four degrees north latitude. *Third*—Southern, or Lower Guinea, sometimes called Southern Ethiopia, extending from the Kamerun mountain to Cape Negro, the southern limit of Benguela.

The term *Guinea* is not of African origin, or at least not among those to whom it is applied. There is, according to Barbot, a district of country north of the Senegal, known by the name of *Genahoa*, the inhabitants of which were the first blacks that the Portuguese encountered, in their explorations along the coast in the fifteenth century; and they applied this name indiscriminately afterwards to all the black nations which they found further south. In the two succeeding centuries it was applied in a more restricted sense to that portion of the

king, but must have been written at the time and sent directly by Elijah. And there is no doubt, he adds, that he is to reappear, and may the Lord in his mercy hasten his prophecy and speed the end of his coming. May the Lord, we would rejoin, speedily remove the veil which still remains untaken away from the heart of Israel according to the flesh.

ART. VII.—*The Life of Mrs. Sherwood, (chiefly autobiographical) with Extracts from Mr. Sherwood's Journal during his imprisonment in France and residence in India. Edited by her daughter,* Sophia Kelly. London: 1854. pp. 600, 8vo.

SOME years ago, we in common with thousands of readers in England and America—we may now add India—looked with avidity for every new publication of Mrs. Sherwood; holding her to be, without exception, the most captivating writer in her chosen branch of literature, which was that of religious narrative. And as we never yielded to the prudery of those ultra-puritanic censors, who would proscribe all story books, if they happened to inculcate divine things, or essayed by beautiful parables to lead the youthful mind to Christ, we rejoiced unfeignedly in the wide circulation given to books, which, along with a very pardonable Episcopalian provincialism, taught the true gospel, and the way of a sinner's return to God. There are many who can never forget the first time they read and wept over "Little Henry and his Bearer;" and we know those to whom the "Lady of the Manor" was almost a Christian Library. Mrs. Sherwood had the rare faculty of being long without being tedious, and her protracted descriptions, adding to the seeming reality of the story, have sometimes reminded us of De Foe.

At a certain time, exceedingly painful rumours came to our ears, respecting the orthodoxy of Mrs. Sherwood. It was confidently asserted that she had yielded some cardinal doctrines of the faith; that her later volumes had broached heresy; in a

word that she was known as a Universalist. It ought to be for an instruction and a warning—but multitudes believed this evil report and ceased to read the works of this once honoured author. The appearance of the volume named above has delightfully dispelled some of our apprehensions, and restored this excellent Christian woman to her former place in our affectionate reverence. We observe here no deviation from the catholic faith of evangelical Christendom. What other views may be offered in any among her voluminous writings, we cannot venture to say; but in this memoir, which is largely made up of her own diary and reminiscences, we remember nothing which would strike even the most fastidious as unsafe; unless it should be her belief in the premillennial advent, and her accordance with Dr. Malan, as to the faith of assurance. Mrs. Sherwood was no Unitarian. "Some have believed of me," she used to say, "that I doubt that my Saviour, my Redeemer, is perfect God as well as perfect man. Oh! those who say so cannot know how, through the Divine blessing of the Holy Spirit, I have been taught to see this Saviour. No created being could suffer what our Lord has suffered for us, his ransomed brethren. Christ's love for us is eternal—fathomless—divine." She was no Universalist; as we learn from the following remarks of her daughter. "It was whilst we were living in Britannia Square, Worcester, a very large parcel arrived from America, containing many splendidly bound volumes, as a present to me. The books were from a numerous party in America, called the 'Universalists,' with which I disclaim all connnection, as I believe their doctrines, as far as I know them, are a denial of the Holy Scriptures; as they say that the mercy of God is bestowed upon man without the ransom being obtained by Christ. These persons, in their journals, have declared me, and also my daughter Sophia, members of their body; but we wrote at once to disclaim it, though I have reason to think our letters were never published. The works sent, though finely got up, were hateful to us from their sentiments; and Dr. Streeten closed the parcel up again, and forwarded them to a gentleman in Bristol who had dealings in America, who promised to return them from whence they came; and so it was done. It was for the purpose of declaring that my whole trust

and confidence are on the righteousness of my Divine Saviour that I then set to work to write a statement of my belief, which I did in the story of Evelyn, in the third volume of 'The Fairchild Family.'"

The most valuable part of this large volume is the autobiography. If sometimes it abounds in family details and motherly gossip, we believe every cultivated reader will forgive this, for the sake of the characteristic power of description, and the glimpses afforded into corners of English society, both literary and religious, which are seldom revealed, and which, as to manner and effect, often remind us of Mrs. More and Madame d'Arblay.

Mrs. Sherwood was born in 1775, and was a daughter of the Rev. George Butt, a clergyman of the Church of England. The picture which she gives of this accomplished and remarkably winning man, is in her very best manner. Her early life was one of delightful freedom, hilarity and improvement. She was introduced to many notabilities of the day, such as Miss Seward, Miss H. More, and Dr. Valpy. The journal of Henry Sherwood, afterwards her husband, kept during his detention in France, in the eventful year 1797, is not the least interesting part of the book.

Being gifted from early childhood with a talent for story-telling, which was almost oriental, and growing up amidst all the incitements of literary commerce, she could scarcely refrain from composition, and very early entered on the career of authorship as a novelist. Of the works entitled "Margarita," "Susan Grey," and "Estelle," we know nothing but what she tells us; they seem to have gained a certain vogue. The great era of her life was opened by her going to India; and the occasion of this was her marriage in 1803, to an army officer, Captain Sherwood, a man of eminent piety, and the friend of Bishop Corrie, Henry Martyn and Thomason. The life of Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood in India was truly a missionary life. We do not see how it could have been more so, if they had been formally dedicated to the work. And we own that our interest in the volume before us is chiefly derived from this fact, and from the intercourse of Mrs. Sherwood with those devoted servants of Christ, Corrie and Martyn. Of Martyn's little peculiarities

and personal traits, there is so much more in Mrs. Sherwood's easy narrative than in the published biography of that remarkable missionary and confessor, that we shall gratify our readers by copious extracts on this head; especially as the volume is not republished in America. If these are inserted with a frequency not common in our pages, let it be remembered, that material so tempting seldom offers itself for our selection. The first gives an account of Mr. Martyn, at Dinapore; it is Mrs. Sherwood who writes:

"The instant we came to anchor at Dinapore, Mr. Sherwood set out on foot to carry a letter which he had brought from Mr. Parson to Mr. Henry Martyn, who eventually became one of our dearest friends. Mr. Martyn's quarters at Dinapore were in the smaller square, as far as could be distant from our old quarters, but precisely the same sort of church-like abode, with little furniture, the rooms wide and high, with many vast doorways having green jalousied doors, and long verandahs encompassing two sides of the quarters. Mr. Martyn received Mr. Sherwood not as a stranger, but as a brother, the child of the same father. As the sun was already low, he must needs walk back with him to see me. I perfectly remember the figure of that simple-hearted and holy young man, when he entered our budgerow. He was dressed in white, and looked very pale, which, however, was nothing singular in India; his hair, a light brown, was raised from his forehead, which was a remarkably fine one. His features were not regular, but the expression was so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with divine charity, that no one could have looked at his features and thought of their shape or form; the outbeaming of his soul would absorb the attention of every observer. There was a very decided air, too, of the gentleman about Mr. Martyn, and a perfection of manners which, from his extreme attention to all minute civilities, might seem almost inconsistent with the general bent of his thoughts to the most serious subjects. He was as remarkable for ease as cheerfulness, and in this particular this Journal does not give a graphic account of this blessed child of God. I was much pleased at the first sight of Mr. Martyn. I had heard much of him from Mr. Parson; but had no anticipation of his hereafter becoming

so distinguished as he subsequently did. And if I anticipated it little, he, I am sure anticipated it less, for he was one of the humblest of men.

"Mr. Martyn invited us to visit him at his quarters at Dinapore, and we agreed to accept his invitation the next day. Mr. Martyn's house was destitute of every comfort, though he had multitudes of people about him. I had been troubled with a pain in my face, and there was not such a thing as a pillow in the house. I could not find anything to lay my head on at night but a bolster, stuffed as hard as a pin-cushion. We had not, as is usual in India, brought our own bedding from the boats. Our kind friend had given us his own room; but I could get no rest during the two nights of my remaining there, from the pain in my face, which was irritated by the bolster; but during each day, however, there was much for my mind to feed upon with delight. After breakfast Mr. Martyn had family prayers, which he commenced by singing a hymn. He had a rich, deep voice, and a fine taste for vocal music. After singing, he read a chapter, explained parts of it, and prayed extempore. Afterwards, he withdrew to his studies and translations. The evening was finished with another hymn, scripture reading, and prayers. The conversion of the natives and the building up of the kingdom of Christ, were the great objects for which alone that child of God seemed to exist then, and, in fact, for which he died.

"I wish that I could remember more of his conversation at that time; but my memory has been too often heavily laden with diversified subjects to be always vigorous and distinct. There is a reference in 'The Infant's Progress' to one elegant idea of his respecting a rose transfixed with a thorn. The natives have a peculiar taste for forming nosegays by fixing flowers of various colours and descriptions on a thorny branch, and these the gardener often presents as an offering to his master. This offering is usually laid on the breakfast-table. The flowers thus parted from their own stem begin to languish instantly, soon collapse, and lose their bloom and fragrance. It may easily be imagined how such a mind as that which Henry Martyn had, might apply this emblem to the union

between Christ and his people; showing how our life depends on our union, and with him only, as the only living root.

"We were much pleased with Mr. Martyn's sermon, and yet I do not now even remember the text. Mr. Martyn showed us in the Calcutta Collection, which we used in India, a hymn which he had caused to be sung at the funeral of a young and lovely lady, the wife of an officer of the regiment then in Dinapore. Little did I anticipate the circumstances under which I myself selected this hymn to be sung many a year after, at the funeral sermon of my daughter Emily:

> 'When blooming youth is snatched away
> By death's resistless hand,
> Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
> Which pity must demand.'

"In my Indian journal I find this remark:—'Mr. Martyn is one of the most pleasing, mild, and heavenly-minded men, walking in this turbulent world with peace in his mind, and charity in his heart.'"

The references to Bishop Corrie, first in connection with Martyn, and afterwards by himself, confirm the judgment which we had already formed of this excellent man. It was no small privilege to be joined to two such servants of Christ, as were Captain Sherwood and his gifted wife:

"As we were proceeding we met with a boat, bringing us bread and vegetables from kind Mr. Corrie, the late Bishop of Madras, a friend of Mr. Parson, then stationed as chaplain at Chunar. This was the beginning of our intercourse with the simple-hearted, holy Christian. God, in his infinite mercy, though we knew it not, was beginning to lead us out from worldly society into that of his chosen and most beloved children in India. He hitherto hedged our way with sharp thorns, but he was preparing the roses, which after a little while were to render the few last years of our residence in the East as happy as human beings can be in the present state of existence.

"As the day broke, having not yet left Benares behind us, but being still near some parts of the city, we heard a confused noise of horns, cracked drums, and other nondescript instruments, we cannot say of music, but of discord, sufficient to ter-

rify any one who did not know from whence it came. These sounds were from different places of worship at Benares. It was here that Mr. Corrie first began his ministry in India, and many of his letters to Mr. Martyn are dated from thence. It is very probable that had he not been removed from this place, within two or three years afterwards, his life must have fallen a sacrifice to the excessive heats. Mr. Sherwood walked up from the river to the Fort, when he landed at Chunar, and he found Mr. Corrie in quarters there. He breakfasted with him whilst the fleet was coming up, and when it came in view he brought Mr. Corrie on board our pinnace. He remained with us three hours, whilst the greater part of the fleet was labouring through the dangerous rapid which is opposite Chunar, and then he left us. And now let me endeavour to recover my first impression of that humble and blessed child of God, Mr. Corrie. He was a tall man, nearly six feet high; his features were not good, from the length of his face, but the expression of his countenance was as full of love as that of my father's—more I cannot say—with a simplicity wholly his own. He never departed from the most perfect rules of politeness; he never said a rude or unkind thing; and never seemed to have any consciousness of the rank of the person with whom he was conversing. He was equally courteous to all, and attentive to every individual who came within his observation. I had been greatly pleased with Mr. Martyn; I could not be less so with Mr. Corrie. A letter from Mr. Parson had apprized him of our approach, and he met us not as strangers, but in every respect treated us as a dear brother and sister, opening out his own plans for instructing the people, and urging us to make every exertion for the cause of Christianity. This excellent man, as I said, remained nearly three hours with us, until we, with the whole fleet had passed Chunar; he was then obliged to leave us, returning in a small boat."

The long extract which we shall next give, will go further, by its graphic character, to illustrate the life of Europeans in India, than any account of equal length within our knowledge.

"The mode of existence of an English family during the hot winds in India is so very unlike anything in Europe, that I must not omit to describe it, with reference especially to my

own situation then at Cawnpore. Every outer door of the house and every window is closed; all the interior doors and venetians are, however, open, whilst most of the private apartments are shut in by drop curtains or screens of grass, looking like fine wire-work, partially covered with green silk. The hall, which never has any other than borrowed lights in any bungalow, is always in the centre of the house; and ours, at Cawnpore, had a large room on each side of it, with baths and sleeping-rooms. In the hot winds I always sat in the hall at Cawnpore. Though I was that year without a baby of my own, I had my orphan, my little Annie, always by me, quietly occupying herself when not actually receiving instruction from me. I had given her a good-sized box, painted green, with a lock and key; she had a little chair and table.

"She was the neatest of all neat little people, somewhat *faddy* and particular, perchance. She was the child, of all others, to live with an ancient grandmother. Annie's treasures were few; but they were all contained in her green box. She never wanted occupation; she was either dressing her doll or finding pretty verses in her Bible, marking the places with an infinitude of minute pieces of paper. It was a great delight to me to have this little quiet one by my side.

"I generally sat on a sofa, with a table before me, with my pen and ink and books; for I used to write as long as I could bear the exertion, and then I rested on the sofa, and read. I read an immense deal in India, the very scarcity of books making me more anxious for them. A new book, or one I had not often read before, was then to me like cold water to the thirsty soul. I shall never forget the delight which I had when somebody lent me 'Robinson Crusoe,' and when Mr. Sherwood picked up an old copy of 'Sir Charles Grandison.' But to proceed with my picture. In another part of this hall sat Mr. Sherwood during most part of the morning, either engaged with his accounts, his journal or his books. He, of course, did not like the confinement so well as I did, and often contrived to get out to a neighbour's bungalow, in his palanquin, during some part of the long morning. In one of the side-rooms sat Serjeant Clark, with his books and accounts. This worthy and most methodical personage used to fill up his time in copying

my manuscripts in a very neat hand, and in giving lessons in reading and spelling, &c., to Annie. He always dined at our tiffin time. In the other room was the orphan Sally, with her toys. Beside her sat her attendant, chewing her paun, and enjoying a state of perfect apathy. Thus did our mornings pass, whilst we sat in what the lovers of broad daylight would call almost darkness. During these mornings we heard no sounds but the monotonous click of the punkah,* or the melancholy moaning of the burning blast without, with the splash and dripping of the water thrown over the tatties.† At one o'clock, or perhaps somewhat later, the tiffin was always served; a hot dinner, in fact, consisting always of curry and a variety of vegetables. We often dined at this hour, the children at a little table in the room, after which we all lay down, the adults on the sofas, and the children on the floor, under the punkah in the hall. At four, or later, perhaps, we had coffee brought, from which we all derived much refreshment. We then bathed and dressed, and at six or thereabouts, the wind generally falling, the tatties were removed, the doors and windows of the house were opened, and we either took an airing in carriages, or sat in the verandah; but the evenings and nights of the hot winds brought no refreshment. On the 30th of May, the Rev. Henry Martyn arrived at our bungalow. The former chaplain had proceeded to the presidency, and we were so highly favoured as to have Mr. Martyn appointed in his place. I am not aware whether we expected him, but certainly not at the time when he did appear. It was in the morning, and we were situated as above described, the desert winds blowing like fire without, when we suddenly heard the quick steps of many bearers. Mr. Sherwood ran out to the leeward of the house, and exclaimed, 'Mr. Martyn!' The next moment I saw him leading in that excellent man, and saw our visitor a moment afterwards fall down in a fainting fit. He had travelled in a palanquin from Dinapore, and the first part of the way he moved only by night. But between Cawnpore and Allahabad, being a hundred

* The punkah is a piece of mechanism attached to large houses in India, which, being worked, acts as a monstrous fan to the whole house.—Ed.

† The tatta is a screen of fragrant, moss-like grass, which is constantly kept wet by the water-carriers.—Ed.

and thirty miles, there is no resting-place, and he was compelled for two days and two nights to journey on in his palanquin, exposed to the raging heat of a fiery wind. He arrived, therefore, quite exhausted, and actually under the influence of fever. There was not another family in Cawnpore except ours to which he could have gone with pleasure; not because any family would have denied shelter to a countryman in such a condition, but alas! they were only Christians in name. In his fainting state, Mr. Martyn could not have retired to the sleeping-room which we caused to be prepared immediately for him, because we had no means of cooling any sleeping-room so thoroughly as we could the hall. We therefore, had a couch set for him in the hall. There he was laid, and very ill he was for a day or two. On the 2d of May the hot winds left us, and we had a close, suffocating calm. Mr. Martyn could not lift his head from the couch. In our bungalow, when shut up as close as it could be, we could not get the thermometer under ninety-six, though the punkah was constantly going. When Mr. Martyn got a little better he became very cheerful, and seemed quite happy with us all about him. He commonly lay on his couch in the hall during the morning with many books near to his hand, and amongst these always a Hebrew Bible and a Greek Testament. Soon, very soon, he began to talk to me of what was passing in his mind, calling to me at my table to tell me his thoughts. He was studying the Hebrew characters, having an idea, which I believe is not a new one, that these characters contain the elements of all things, though I have reason to suppose that he could not make them out at all to his satisfaction; but whenever anything occurred to him he must needs make it known to me.

"He was much engaged also with another subject, into which I was more capable of entering. It was his opinion that, if the Hindoos could be persuaded that all nations are made of one blood, to dwell upon the face of the earth, and if they could be shown how each nation is connected by its descent from the sons and grandsons of Noah with other nations existing upon the globe, it would be a means of breaking down, or at least of loosening that wall of separation which they have set up between themselves and all other people. With this view

Mr. Martyn was endeavouring to trace up the various leading families of the earth to their great progenitors; and so much pleased was I with what he said on this subject, that I immediately committed all I could remember to paper, and founded thereupon a system of historical instruction which I ever afterwards used with my children. Mr. Martyn, like myself at this time, was often perplexed and dismayed at the workings of his own heart, yet perhaps, not discerning a hundredth part of the depth of the depravity of his own nature, the character of which is summed up in Holy Writ in these two words—'utterly unclean.' He felt this the more strongly, because he partook of that new nature 'which sinneth not.' It was in the workings and actings of that nature that his character shone so pre-eminently as it did amid a dark and unbelieving society, such as was ours then at Cawnpore.

"In a very few days he had discerned the sweet qualities of the orphan Annie, and had so encouraged her to come about him, that she drew her chair, and her table, and her green box to the vicinity of his couch. She showed him her verses, and consulted him about the adoption of more passages into the number of her favourites. Annie had a particular delight in all the pastoral views given in Scripture of our Saviour and of his Church; and when Mr. Martyn showed her this beautiful passage, 'Feed thy people with thy rod, the flock of thine heritage which dwell solitarily in the wood in the midst of Carmel,' (Micah vii. 14,) she was pleased with this passage as if she had made some wonderful acquisition. As I have remarked in the history of my Indian orphans, what could have been more beautiful than to see the senior wrangler and the almost infant Annie thus conversing together, whilst the elder seemed to be in no ways conscious of any condescension in bringing down his mind to the level of the child's? Such are the beautiful influences of the Divine Spirit, which, whilst they depress the high places of human pride, exalt the lowly valleys.

"When Mr. Martyn lost the worst symptoms of his illness he used to sing a great deal. He had an uncommonly fine voice and fine ear; he could sing many fine chants, and a vast variety of hymns and psalms. He would insist upon it that I

should sing with him, and he taught me many tunes, all of which were afterwards brought into requisition; and when fatigued himself, he made me sit by his couch and practise these hymns. He would listen to my singing, which was altogether very unscientific, for hours together, and he was constantly requiring me to go on even when I was tired. The tunes he taught me, no doubt, reminded him of England and of scenes and friends no longer seen. The more simple the style of singing, the more it probably answered his purpose."

"Mr. Martyn's house was a bungalow, situated between the Sepoy Parade and the Artillery Barracks, but behind that range of principal bungalows which face the Parade. The approach to the dwelling was called the compound, along an avenue of palm trees and aloes. A more stiff funereal avenue can hardly be imagined, unless it might be that one of noted Sphynxes which I have read of, but where, I forget, as the approach to a ruined Egyptian temple. At the end of this avenue were two bungalows, connected by a long passage. These bungalows were low, and the rooms small. The garden was prettily laid out with flowering shrubs and tall trees; in the centre was a wide space, which at some seasons was green, and a cherbuter, or raised platform of chunam, of great extent, was placed in the middle of this space. A vast number and variety of huts and sheds formed one boundary of the compound; these were concealed by the shrubs. But who would venture to give any account of the heterogeneous population which occupied these buildings? For, besides the usual complement of servants found in and about the houses of persons of a certain rank in India, we must add to Mr. Martyn's household a multitude of Pundits, Moonshees, Schoolmasters, and poor nominal Christians, who hung about him because there was no other to give them a handful of rice for their daily maintenance; and most strange was the murmur which proceeded at times from this ill-assorted and discordant multitude. Mr. Martyn occupied the largest of the two bungalows. He had given up the least to the wife of Sabat, that wild man of the desert, whose extraordinary history has made so much noise in the Christian world."

"From the time Mr. Martyn left our house, he was in the constant habit of supping with us two or three times a week, and he used to come on horseback, with the Sais running by his side. He sat his horse as if he were not quite aware that he was on horseback, and he generally wore his coat as if it were falling from his shoulders. When he dismounted, his favourite place was in the verandah, with a book, till we came in from our airing. And when we returned, many a sweet and long discourse we had, whilst waiting for our dinner or supper. Mr. Martyn often looked up to the starry heavens, and spoke of those glorious worlds of which we know so little now, but of which we hope to know so much hereafter. Often we turned from the contemplation of these to the consideration of the smallness and apparent diminutiveness in creation of our own little globe, and of the exceeding love of the Father, who so cared for its inhabitants that he sent his Son to redeem them."

In all the previously published accounts of Henry Martyn's labours and self-denials, we think there is none which more exhibits his extraordinary self-devotion than that which we here subjoin:

"From the earliest period of Mr. Martyn's arrival at Cawnpore, he had collected all the pious soldiers, as has been stated before, and he was trying to get a place for them for public worship. It was very remarkable that the building fixed upon for this purpose was a large, empty bungalow, in the very next compound to his own house. This bungalow was in preparation when we returned. They commenced placing pews and benches, and erecting a pulpit and reading desk, and thus eventually a very respectable and convenient place of worship was prepared, although Mr. Martyn remained only to see it opened. But before it was opened, however, a part of the building afforded a convenient place for the meetings of the pious soldiers and a few persons of the higher ranks who longed for something like public worship. In the church compound there was a small puckah house, the former use of which we knew not; but I cast my eyes upon it, and asked Mr. Martyn if he would permit me to have it for the orphan children of the regiment then in the barracks, the girls, especially, who were without mothers.

"Mr. Martyn's school of native boys had proceeded prosperously during the cold season, and he had brought it nearer to himself, whilst he filled his domain with Moonshees, Pundits, and native Christians, and all sorts of odd people; some of whom, when he left Cawnpore, he added to his brother Corrie's establishment, and a few he bequeathed to us. During this time he had formed a friendship with some Europeans, and this blessed minister of the truth had been very useful, also, to several young men, especially to a fine young man of our corps, Lieutenant Harrington, who, about this period of which I am now writing, mixed himself up in all our parties and many of our employments. Another of Mr. Martyn's works at Cawnpore during the late cold season, was collecting together and preaching to the Yogees and Fakeers, a sort of persons who abound in every part of India; persons who, under a thin veil of superstition, are thieves, rogues, and murderers, the very vilest of the vile. It was whilst we were absent that he commenced this strange and apparently unpromising labour. Every Sunday evening the gates of his compound were opened, and every one admitted who chose to come, and then placing himself on his cherbuter, he from thence addressed these people. These Fakeers and Yogees (Mussulman and Hindoo saints) are organized bodies, having their king or supreme in every district. They amount to hundreds in every large station, and, it has lately been better understood, act in concert to gull the people. Even we English, in all our pretended wisdom, have often been deceived by them, as well as the poor ignorant natives. I remember once seeing a man standing by the river side, who was said to have stood there in one attitude for many years, until his beard and his nails had grown to an enormous length, and the very birds had built their nests in his hair. We, of course, marvelled not a little at this prodigy; but we did not suspect, what has since been discovered, that this appearance is always kept up by three or four persons, who combine together to relieve guard, watching their opportunities to make the exchange when no eye is upon them. But, horrid as these standing and sitting objects make themselves by wigs and false beards of matted hair, and a thick plaster of cow-dung, they are not worse, if so bad, as many that move

about the country demanding alms from the superstitious or ignorant people. The various contrivances with which they create wonder and excite compassion can hardly be believed in a Christian country. Sometimes Mr. Martyn's garden has contained as many as five hundred of these people on a Sunday evening, and, as I dare not let my imagination loose to describe them, I will copy from my Indian journals what I have written of them. 'No dreams nor visions excited in the delirium of a raging fever can surpass these realities. These devotees vary in age and appearance; they are young and old, male and female, bloated and wizened, tall and short, athletic and feeble; some clothed with abominable rags; some nearly without clothes; some plastered with mud and cow-dung; others with matted, uncombed locks, streaming down to their heels; others with heads bald or scabby, every countenance being hard and fixed, as it were, by the continual indulgence of bad passions, the features having become exaggerated, and the lips blackened with tobacco, or blood-red with the juice of the henna. But these and such as these form only the general mass of the people; there are among them still more distinguished monsters. One, a little man, generally comes in a small cart, drawn by a bullock; his body and limbs are so shrivelled as to give, with his black skin and large head, the appearance of a gigantic frog. Another has his arm fixed above his head, the nail of the thumb piercing through the palm of the hand; another, and a very large man, has his ribs and the bones of his face externally traced with white chalk, which, striking the eye in relief above the dark skin, makes him appear, as he approaches, like a moving skeleton. The most horrible, however, of these poor creatures, are such as have contrived to throw all the nourishment of the body into one limb, so as to make that limb of immense size, whilst all the rest of the frame is shrivelled.'

"Since I wrote this account I have been inclined to believe that this last case must be one of disease, commonly called elephantiasis, and not an artificial work. When Mr. Martyn collected these people, he gave each a pice; but he was most carefully watched by the British authorities, and had he attempted at anything which could have been represented

to be an attack upon the religion of these poor people, he certainly would have incurred a command to collect them no more. Had he excited them to make any noise or tumult, he would undoubtedly have incurred the same reproof. He, therefore, was compelled to be very careful of what he said to them, and on this account he kept much to discussions upon the moral law. He went over the ten commandments with them. Though he used the greatest caution, he was often interrupted with groans, hissings, cursings, blasphemies, and threatenings; the scene altogether was a fearful one. Nor was Mr. Martyn aware that these addresses to the beggars had produced any fruit, until the very last Sunday of his residence in Cawnpore. Mr. Martyn's bungalow was next to one in which some wealthy natives resided, and on the wall of one of these gardens was a summer-house, which overlooked his domain. One Sunday a party of the young Mussulmans were regaling themselves in this kiosk, or summer-house, with their hookahs and their sherbet, at the very time when Mr. Martyn was haranguing the mendicants below. This was a fine amusement for the idle youths, and they no doubt made their comments upon the 'foolishness' of the Feringhee Padre; 'foolishness' being the term commonly applied, even by the English at Cawnpore, to many of the actions of this child of God. But after a little while these young men felt disposed to hear and see more of what was going forward; so down they came from their kiosk, and entered the garden, and made their way through the crowd, and placed themselves in a row before the front of the bungalow, with their arms folded, their turbans placed jauntily on one side, and their countenances and their manner betraying the deepest scorn."

"We were, during this our second stay at Cawnpore, peculiarly blessed in our society. Few were the evenings which we did not spend with Mr. Martyn and Mr. Corrie, and twice in the week we all went together to Mr. Martyn's domain, the children not being omitted. First we went to the church bungalow, where we had service, and afterwards to his house. One or other of these excellent men usually expounded to us. Our party consisted of some young officers, who were almost always

with us, a few poor, pious soldiers, some orphans of the barracks, and a number of our former pupils. We always sang two or three hymns from the Calcutta Collection, and sat at one end of the place of worship, the other and larger end not being finished, and of course not open. After the service, as I said, we went to the bungalow, and had supper, and generally concluded with another hymn. Mr. Martyn's principal favourite hymns were, 'The God of Abraham praise,' and 'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.' I remember to this hour the spirit of hope and of joy with which we were wont to join in these words:

> 'O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
> Look, my soul, with hope and praise,
> All the promises do travail
> With the glorious day of grace;
> Blessed jubilee,
> Let thy glorious morning dawn.
>
> Let the Indian, let the negro,
> Let the rude barbarian see
> That divine and glorious conquest
> Once obtain'd on Calvary;
> Let the gospel
> Loud resound from pole to pole.'

Oh, what glorious feelings have we enjoyed when, Mr. Martyn leading the hymn, we all broke forth in one delightful chorus. On such occasions all languor was forgotten, and every heart glowed with holy hope. We were then, indeed, somewhat mistaken as to the means which were to bring about our expected jubilee; but we did not mistake as to the magnitude of the love of God, through Christ our Redeemer, and what he wrought for the human race when he cried out on the cross, 'It is finished,' and then gave up the ghost.

"We often went, too, on the Sunday evenings, to hear the addresses of Mr. Martyn to the assembly of mendicants, and we generally stood behind him on the cherbuter. On these occasions we had to make our way through a dense crowd, with a temperature often rising above 92, whilst the sun poured its burning rays upon us through a lurid haze of dust. Frightful were the objects which usually met our eyes in this crowd; so many monstrous and diseased limbs and hideous faces, were displayed before us, and pushed forward for our inspection, that I have

often made my way to the cherbuter with my eyes shut, whilst Mr. Sherwood led me. On reaching the platform I was surrounded by our own people, and yet even there I scarcely dared to look about me. I still imagine I hear the calm, distinct and musical tones of Henry Martyn, as he stood raised above the people, endeavouring, by showing the purity of the Divine law, to convince the unbelievers that by their works they were all condemned; and that this was the case of every man of the offspring of Adam, and they therefore needed a Saviour who was both willing and able to redeem them. From time to time low murmurs and curses would arise in the distance, and then roll forward, till they became so loud as to drown the voice of this pious one, generally concluding with hissings and fierce cries. But when the storm passed away, again might he be heard going on where he had left off, in the same calm, steadfast tone, as if he were incapable of irritation from the interruption.

"Mr. Martyn himself assisted in giving each person his pice after the address was concluded; and when he withdrew to his bungalow, I have seen him drop, almost fainting, on a sofa, for he had, as he often said, even at that time, a slow inflammation burning in his chest, and one which he knew must eventually terminate his existence. In consequence of this he was usually in much pain after any exertion of speaking.

"The 18th of August that year is a day to be remembered by me. The religious persons in Calcutta were just beginning at this time to think of translating some of the best English works on religious subjects into Hindostanee. Amongst some other books they had tried John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress;' but if ever there was a work ill-suited to the genius of the East, it was this work of honest old John's. When a few pages had been completed, the incompatibility of Bunyan's homespun style with the flowery oriental taste so struck everybody, that it was thought the thing must be given up. What could be made of 'Mrs. Bat's-eyes,' 'Mr. Worldly Wiseman,' and 'Mr. Byends,' in a narrative for Hindoos and Mussulmans? The report of this failure had reached Mr. Corrie, and he came over the Parade to us this morning, all glee and delight, with the idea of fabricating an Indian 'Pilgrim's Progress;' but, as he said, 'he had none of that qualification called invention.' He could give

hints and correct blunders, but he had not been in the habit of writing in the style required, and, therefore, it had been settled between him and Mr. Martyn that I was to write, and they were to direct and criticise; in short, it was to be a joint performance, and we formed a conception of our plan that very day.

"Our dear companion, Mr. Martyn, was indeed, as we apprehended, changing rapidly for another state of being. In the autumn of the year before, he suffered from an attack of inflammation of the chest, of a very serious nature, and so feeble was he in the spring, that Mr. Corrie, when he arrived at Cawnpore, on his way to Agra, made an application to the authorities to be permitted to remain there, in order to assist his friend. As it afterwards happened, Mr. Corrie was prepared to take Mr. Martyn's place, as soon as he was obliged to leave the station. Most merciful and tender was that arrangement of Providence, whereby the two beloved friends were thus left together for some months, so short a time previously to the death of one of them; and I have shown how much Mr. Sherwood and myself benefitted by this arrangement.

"I must now proceed to what I call the adventures of a pine-apple cheese. A European cheese was at that time a most expensive article in the higher provinces. One had been provided for our family at the cost of I know not how many rupees, and our little major-domo had received these rupees to pay for it. This cheese was placed every evening on the supper-table when we supped at home, which was five days on an average in the week, our party, whether at home or elsewhere, always including the Padre, as Mr. Martyn was called. It occurred to me one day by mere chance, that Mr. Martyn's cheese was singularly like our own, and on deeper scrutiny, I thought I perceived a remarkable sympathy between ours and the one which appeared on Mr. Martyn's table; as one diminished, so, in equal ratio, did the other shrink. I mentioned my suspicions to Miss Corrie, and we soon became convinced that there was but one cheese between the two families, although both heads of the houses had assuredly each paid for one. Having arrived at this point, I charged our attendant, Babouk, with being in league with Mr. Martyn's head-man in

the affair. I told him that he stood detected; he joined his hands, crouched like a dog, and confessed the charge, crying, 'Mercy! Mercy!' He was forgiven, though from that time the double duties of this celebrated cheese were put a stop to.

"Mr. Martyn himself always supped on raisins steeped in water and sweet limes. I of course gave money to have these provided when he was at our house. They were things of small value there, but I found out afterwards that our little thief bought the raisins at half price from Mr. Martyn's servant.

"We spent some hours every morning during the early part of the month of September, in taking short voyages on the river; for Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Martyn, and Mr. Corrie hired a pinnace, and we furnished it with a sofa and a few chairs and tables. The children went with us, and their attendants. Mr. Martyn sent a quantity of books, and used to take possession of the sofa, with all the books about him. He was often studying Hebrew, and had large lexicons lying by him. The nurses sat on the floor in the inner room, and the rest of us in the outer. Well do I remember some of the manœuvres of little Lucy at that time, who had just acquired the power of moving about independently of a guiding hand; by this independence she used always to make her way to Mr. Martyn, when he was by any means approachable. On one occasion I remember seeing the little one, with her grave yet placid countenance, her silken hair, and shoeless feet, step out of the inner room of the pinnace with a little mora, which she set by Mr. Martyn's couch, then, mounting on it, she got upon the sofa, which was low, and next seated herself on his huge lexicon. He would not suffer her to be disturbed, though he required his book every instant. Soon, however, weary of this seat, she moved to Mr. Martyn's knee, and there she remained, now and then taking his book from him, and pretending to read; but he would not have her removed, for, as he said, she had taken her position with him, and she was on no account to be sent from him. Little Annie, in the meantime, as Miss Corrie used to say of her, had more than she could do, in all the various exigencies of these voyages, to take care of herself, and keep herself safe and blameless, neat and clean; a pretty anxiety ever

manifested itself on her small face, lest we should be overset, or some one should tumble out of the window. But, oh! how dear in their different ways were all these little ones to Mr. Corrie; climbing about him, leaning upon him, and laughing at all his innocent jests. Sweet, most sweet, is the remembrance of those excursions on the Ganges, and such must they continue ever, till memory's power shall pass away.

"In the meantime, I was going on with my 'Indian Pilgrim,' under the eye of Mr. Corrie, being in the Mahommedan part of the story much assisted by some papers of Mr. Martyn. The history of Bartholomew, in this book, is founded on fact. I often went out with Mr. Martyn in his gig, during that month, when he used to call either for me or Miss Corrie, and whoever went with him, went at the peril of their lives. He never looked where he was driving, but went dashing through thick and thin, being always occupied in reading Hindostanee by word of mouth, or discussing some text of Scripture. I certainly never expected to have survived a lesson he gave me in his gig, in the midst of the plain at Cawnpore, on the pronunciation of one of the Persian letters; however, I did survive, and live to tell it many years afterwards."

"On the Sunday before Mr. Martyn left, the church was opened, and the bell sounded for the first time over this land of darkness. The church was crowded, and there was the band of our regiment to lead the singing and the chanting. Sergeant Clarke—our Sergeant Clarke—had been appointed as clerk; and there he sat under the desk in due form, in his red coat, and went through his duty with all due correctness. The Rev. Daniel Corrie read prayers, and Mr. Martyn preached. That was a day never to be forgotten. Those only who have been for some years in a place where there never has been public worship, can have any idea of the fearful effect of its absence, especially among the mass of the people, who, of course, are unregenerate. Every prescribed form of public worship certainly has a tendency to become nothing more than a form, yet even a form may awaken reflection, and any state is better than that of perfect deadness. From his first arrival at the station, Mr. Martyn had been labouring to effect the

purpose which he then saw completed; namely, the opening of a place of worship. He was permitted to see it, to address the congregation once, and then he was summoned to depart. How often, how very often, are human beings called away, perhaps from this world, at the moment they have been enabled to bring to bear some favourite object. Blessed are those whose object has been such a one as that of Henry Martyn. Alas! he was known to be, even then, in a most dangerous state of health, either burnt within by slow inflammation, which gave a flush to his cheek, or pale as death from weakness or lassitude.

"On this occasion the bright glow prevailed—a brilliant light shone from his eyes; he was filled with hope and joy; he saw the dawn of better things, he thought, at Cawnpore, and most eloquent, earnest, and affectionate was his address to the congregation. Our usual party accompanied him back to his bungalow, where being arrived, he sank, as was often his way, nearly fainting, on a sofa, in the hall. Soon, however, he revived a little, and called us all about him to sing. It was then that we sang to him that sweet hymn, which thus begins:

> 'O God, our help in ages past,
> Our hope for years to come,
> Our shelter from the stormy blast,
> And our eternal home.'

"We all dined early together, and then returned with our little ones to enjoy some rest and quiet; but when the sun began to descend to the horizon, we again went over to Mr. Martyn's bungalow, to hear his last address to the fakeers. It was one of those sickly, hazy, burning evenings, which I have before described, and the scene was precisely such a one as I have recounted above. Mr. Martyn nearly fainted again after this effort, and when he got to his house, with his friends about him, he told us that he was afraid he had not been the means of doing the smallest good to any one of the strange people whom he had thus so often addressed. He did not, even then, know of the impression he had been enabled to make, on one of these occasions, on Sheik Saleh. On the Monday our beloved friend went to his boats, which lay at Ghaut, nearest the bungalow; but in the cool of the evening, however, whilst Miss Corrie and

myself were taking the air in our tonjons, he came after us on horseback. There was a gentle sadness in his aspect, as he accompanied me home; and Miss Corrie came also. Once again, we all supped together, and united in one last hymn. We were all low, very, very low; we could never expect to behold again that face which we then saw—to hear again that voice, or to be again elevated and instructed by that conversation. It was impossible to hope that he would survive the fatigue of such a journey as he meditated. Often and often, when thinking of him, have these verses, so frequently sung by him, come to my mind:

'E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Is silent in the grave."

"Mr. Martyn's object for going to Persia was to complete his Persian Testament; but he had no unpleasant ideas nor expectations of the country; on the contrary, all his imaginations of Persia were taken from those beautiful descriptions given by the poets. He often spoke of that land as a land of roses and nightingales, of fresh flowing streams, of sparkling fountains, and of breezes laden with perfumes. Though these imaginations were far from the truth, yet they pleased and soothed him, and cheated him of some fears. Man lives by hope, and to hope and anticipate good of every kind must be a part of the renewed nature. The parting moment, when that holy man arose to leave us, blessing our little children, and blessing us, was deeply sad; we never expected to see him more, and we never did."

We are constrained to say, that for a work proceeding from a book-making family, the one before us is "made up" in very slovenly style. Its principal charm resides in the portion which is autobiography. Throughout, there is a tantalizing looseness as to dates; days of the month and week being given again and again, where one has no clew to the year. It would

be difficult to divine in what year Captain and Mrs. Sherwood returned to England. After that event she continued her religious authorship, and gained access to new acquaintances of distinction in the evangelical world. During this period she learned and adopted the opinions of the pious but peculiar Dr. Malan, of Geneva; whose strong views of faith seem to be a protest against certain latitudinary opinions respecting Christ's finished work, which have prevailed in England as well as America. She departed this life in 1851, at the age of seventy-six.

ART. VIII.—*The Truth and Life.* Twenty-two Sermons. By the Rt. Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, D. D., D. C. L., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Ohio. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 285 Broadway, 1855. 8vo. pp. 508.

WE always expect to find the great principles of evangelical truth, and the spirit of evangelical piety, in the writings of Bishop McIlvaine. Though faithful to his denominational principles, and doubtless, in some points, disposed to lay more steps on externals than we think the free spirit of the gospel warrants, yet on all great questions, he is sure to be found on the right side. It is refreshing to see the true doctrine of the Church upheld as it is in these discourses, by an Episcopal prelate, when even some of our New-school Presbyterian brethren, in the ignorance of their reactionary zeal, seem to be going over to the Popish doctrine on the subject; and denounce this journal as conceding everything to the Independents.* These brethren ought at least to know the historical fact, that the doctrine in question has been held by *jure divino* Presbyterians, high-church Episcopalians, and Christians of every grade and form of ecclesiasticism, provided always, they do not make any particular mode of church organization absolutely essential. As this is historically true, so also it is consistent. There is no

* See New York Evangelist for March 22d, 1855.