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At sea, N.lat.38°15, W.long.39°  
Saturday, Aug.1,1835

[p.1] Embarked at Boston, July 20, 1835, in the bark Rosabella, owned by Mr. Alfred Richardson, merchant, Boston, commanded by Capt. John B. Hammatt, bound for Batavia.

Ship's company consists of Mr. Arms, self, and wives, Mr. Dickinson, (all missionaries, bound for Singapore) captain, 1st mate Green, 2d mate Bartlett, six common sailors, and steward and cook, both colored men, in all sixteen.

The Rosabella, named after the daughter of the owner, is of 250 tons burden, entirely new, cost 17 or \$18.000. The cabins are elegantly finished with mahogany and curled maple. Besides the common or main cabin, where the officers and passengers take their meals, there is an after cabin, for the exclusive accommodation of the passengers, nearly as large as the other, ( 9 feet by 6, on the ceiling 9 by 10, the main cabin 12 by 8, ) into which the stern windows open on one side, and the main cabin door on the opposite, so as to give those who sit at the centre study table between these openings, a perpetual cool sea breeze. Each "state room," or lodging room of the passengers, opens into one or other of these two cabins, by a mahogany sliding door, with a blind at the top, so constructed as both to shut out observation from the cabins and to give a free circulation of air. In each state room there is also, opposite its door blind, a window, which is usually kept open during sleep. One third of the space under each berth is occupied as a common receptacle for shoes, slippers, waste paper, &c. &c. the other two thirds with two large drawers, filled with wearing and bed clothes, towels, &c. The sides of the rooms are lined with caps, hats, bonnets, drinking cups, fans, tin trunk of bottles and vials, wife's work box, looking glass, thermometer, book shelves, etc. The floors of the state rooms and cabins are covered with painted flowered carpets, and both cabins furnished with handsome folding chairs. In the centre of the main cabin is the immovable mahogany dining table, through which runs the mizen mast. The floors of state rooms and after cabin are nearly two feet lower than that of dining cabin, and the former [p.12] cabin so low as to permit no one of middling height to stand erect in any part of it. Every one who enters it for study or prayer is of course obliged to take the posture of humility, whether really humble or not. This room is especially consecrated to stillness and thought. No trivial matter may have a place here. Here, too, our little missionary family of five hold our social and prayer meetings, looking for the fulfilment of the gracious promise of our Redeemer, "where two or three are gathered together unto my name, there am I."

It is now nearly a fortnight since we came on board, and I have been so sea sick as not to be able to write till now. The motion of the vessel, which is the *sole cause* of sea sickness, is less to-day than usual. M. has been sick more than I; we are both gradually recovering. Among the greatest discomforts <sup>of sea sickness</sup> are loathing of food and want of appetite. The taste of sea sick persons is both fastidious and fickle. What is desirable to-day is hateful to-morrow. What one proposes as the most refreshing thing imaginable, another abominates as the most disagreeable thing in the world. One declares that biscuit and butter, or toast, is excellent; another can't bear either, but thinks a roast potato would be a fine thing. One hankers after a lemon because it is sour; another wonders how any body can like sour things, and wants some preserved strawberries because they are sweet. In one disputation with M. I vehemently contended that our preserved tamarinds were the most luscious thing in creation; she didn't care a fig for tamarinds, but was sure that a deal of happiness might be derived from the dry crust of a baked pig.

Last Sabbath being pleasant, we had two religious services. They were held on deck, under a large awning spread by order of the Captain. Mr. Dickinson preached in the morning, from Is. 1:2, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they rebelled against me." In the afternoon Mr. Arms preached from Rom. 1 : 16, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth."

Mr. D. says he has had a conversation with our cook on religious subjects. He acknowledges that "his life has been very wicked; that he tries now and then to be a better man, but that the devil has got into him." He has been to sea 43 years, sixteen voyages to the East Indies, and has before been on board vessels where missionaries were passengers.

[p.13] Notwithstanding all that is disagreeable to a passenger at sea, there is so considerable a variety of things novel and interesting, as to make the time pass, on the whole, with tolerable comfort. By time, I mean the intervals of sea sickness, and while recovering; for the Lord forbid that we should be guilty, as so many at sea are, of the sin of suffering any other time to lie heavy on our hands. Every day, when it does not rain, we go out on deck, or more frequently on the "trunk," the flat elevated roof of the cabin, at the stern of the vessel, and erect a tabernacle, or lounging place, with pillows, old cloaks, and comfortables. Here we lie, looking at the vast rolling ocean, or spying out distant sails, talking, reading, disputing, luxuriating in the fresh breeze, and being tossed by the heaving of the bark, till we are called by the Captain down to dinner or tea. We watched the rapid motions of "Mother Cary's chickens," a small sea bird, resembling a barn swallow, and wonder how they can live so many hundred miles from land. They seem to be always on the wing for days and weeks together, though some affirm that they roost on the water. But I doubt whether the surface of the water, rough as it generally is, affords a comfortable roosting. Now and then a "shoal" of porpoises make their appearance, jumping and capering towards the bow; the Captain or mate seizes the harpoon and runs down to the low chains under the bowsprit, near the water, and with uplifted arm waits for an opportunity to strike. Some of the porpoises, as if making a mocking stock of him, for the entertainment of the whole,

come almost under the harpoon, and then instantly dart off out of its reach, repeating it again and again, till every body is tired. The porpoise is generally about six feet long, and weighs 300 pounds. Some parts said to be passable eating. They are called “warm blooded,” i.e. are obliged to go to the surface of the water to breath, like the whale, and some others. Sometimes a lot of them may be seen scooting along down the side of a broad wave, like boys sliding down hill. The Captain says that when we get farther “down,” into the favorite latitude of the flying fish, we shall have them also, in great plenty. We have seen but few. When they venture up into the air, they fly but few rods, and dive back into the water, quick as thought. A few evenings since, a pilot-fish, the precursor of a shark, was seen about the vessel, and presently the shark himself was seen moving along towards us, with his dorsal fin out of water. A large hook, baited with pork, was thrown out; but he was [p.14] too prudent, or not hungry enough, to bite. This instinctive covenanting between the shark and the pilot fish is a curious fact; the former requires that information be obtained, and communicated to him, by the latter, and grants in return, protection and a part of the plunder. When a female shark and her accompanying young are alarmed, she opens her huge mouth, and they all, together with the pilot fish, jump down her throat, till the danger is past, the pilot fish being considered as part of the family.

Nature is seen in some of her grandest forms at sea. Last Saturday evening during a delightful calm, the clouds, in the direction of the setting sun, appeared incomparably more beautiful than I have <sup>ever</sup> seen them on land. The smooth water, mildly reflecting the almost obscured rays of the sun, appeared like an immense resplendent sheet of gold, presenting, with the clouds, a most gorgeous and impressive sight.

Sometimes, at night, the clouds settle on the horizon in dense, dark masses, in the shape of beasts and men, of prodigious size; of houses, towers, and caravans. Nor does it require any great exertion of the imagination to recognize them. When the stars appear, we lie down to get a fair view of them, and to save our necks. In consequence of the rocking of the bark, in spite of our knowledge to the contrary, the constellations of heaven seem all to be reeling to and fro over our heads.

One of the things which first attract one’s attention at sea, is the slavish life of a sailor. On board a merchantman, especially, there are a thousand things to be done, in all kinds of weather, and at all seasons of the year, such as tying ropes, mending sails, adjusting rigging, climbing to the top of masts, washing decks, pumping etc. Many a poor fellow, as he stands on his dreary and thankless night watch, in the rain or cold, shivering and sleepy, at the creaking helm, curses the time when, perchance, he ran away from home, a silly boy, and, in a dream of romance, enlisted as a sailor. Besides his perpetual drudgery, his “perils” are numberless and unavoidable, some of them the most frightful that can be imagined; such, for instance, as tugging his way, in a fierce squall, up to the very highest yards, when it is so dark, withal, that he can only *feel* his footing, and then perform some difficult task of furling or unfurling, while suspended [p.15] from the jerking top by a slight hold which the least unskillful move may break, and precipitate him into the sea, on deck, or the end of some intervening spar. And

then if by repeated feats he acquires the glory of being an expert sailor, what a poor glory it is!

And who would be an *officer* of a ship ? Almost every thing puts him out of humor; he is becalmed, or the winds are contrary. Every squall, and every rising cloud, is pregnant with mischief. There is continual danger of being lost by capsizing, leaks, lightning, pirates, and hurricanes. And for all his vexation and hazard he receives no more from the owner of the vessel than a man does in good employment on land. How much better to be in a snug and quiet house at home, out of the reach of the everlasting storms and fury of the ocean! We hear about men being fond of a sea life; but, in my humble opinion, subtracting the propelling forces of lucre, urgent pecuniary necessity, scientific curiosity, and Christian benevolence, it would be a tough job to get a ship across the sea.

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Monday, Aug.3. The weather, yesterday, being mild, and the sea calm, we had religious services on deck. Mr. Arms preached in the forenoon from Num. 32:23, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Mr. D. in the afternoon expounded and applied the parable of the marriage supper in the 22d of Matthew.

The sea this morning is quite smooth. At different distances under the surface of the water, from one to fifteen or twenty inches, are multitudes of sun fish, of divers colors, and of all sizes from that of a pea up to six or eight inches in diameter. They are generally of a circular form, on the upper side, which reflects the sun. Most species of them are of a transparent mucilaginous substance, except, near the centre of the upper side, a small colored globulous stomach, nearly opaque. When taken from the water, they seem to be a miniature of chaos, a mere "junk of jelly;" but when examined, their organization is found to be as regular and complicate as that of any other animal. One of the several appendages of this central stomach, (and perhaps sensorium,) is a delicate tube or sucker, faintly annulated, which is the receiver of food, and answers, I suppose, for prehensive purposes, as I found some live bugs in the one I examined. Some have four or five or more stomachs; others are long and slender. We saw one of this shape, with thirty brilliant marigold stomachs, in a straight line, say half an inch apart, each the size of a large pea. [p.16] The theory of brother A. is, that no sun fish has more than one stomach, and that those which have more than one, are distinct fish interlocked with each other, for social, or some other such like purposes. But, without making a parade of ichthyological arguments and analogies, I contend that a fish may be a multi-stomach'd, as well as a camel. Moreover, it is credible, that in a voluntary union, in such a free country as the middle of the Atlantic, thirty independent wills, or, if you will have it, thirty instincts, for whole voyages, and in the accomplishment of all the strife-engendering projects of such communities – that there should be acting in such perfect harmony, without any disunion or schism? I think it a great deal more likely that a single fish should be furnished with a gradation of thirty stomachs for the thorough digestion of his food.

We frequently see the "Portuguese man-of-war." This is a vile bit of venomous jelly, or soft, stringy, viscous matter, equipped with a transparent sail, and terrible stings. The top of the sail is about three inches above the surface of the water. The

“stings,” as they are called, are long gelatinous trains, or rudders, which shed a grievous slime on the fingers of those who have the hardihood to handle them, producing a very intense stinging pain and fever, like nettles of the worst kind. We have not yet been able to get one into the ship for examination. The Captain has warned us against having much to do with them. They are always bustling ahead, in a mighty hurry, as if they had important business to see to, at the end of their voyage; if the wind capsizes their vessel, they very dexterously right themselves up, and go on. Indeed, they often turn themselves over, on purpose, to moisten their sail. We saw one splendidly crested with pink. They take their name from their real or fancied resemblance, in contemptibleness, to the Portuguese armed vessels. What the Portuguese themselves call them, I can not ascertain. Not long since, in one of our London or Liverpool packets, a passenger, for deviltry’s sake put one of them into the bathing apartment which he knew a lady was about to use. The touch of the fish threw her into a fit, from which she was with difficulty recovered. The [p.17] scoundrel was afterwards prosecuted by her friends, and adjudged to pay a heavy fine.

As I become used to the motion of the bark, I am more able to study. The least exertion of mind, so little, even, as is required in the lightest reading, cannot be endured by one who is beginning to recover from sea sickness. At such a time, the profounder the stupefaction of a man, the better. I think a Quaker would recover from this sort of sickness rapidly. My intention is, Providence permitting, during this passage, to become well acquainted with Stuart’s Hebrew grammar, Isaiah critically, the three rich octaves of John Pye Smith’s Testimony to the Messiah, besides an occasional peep at other important works. Never has time seemed to me so precious, laziness and idleness so criminal, and intimate critical knowledge of the Bible so transcendently desirable, as now. I fear M. and O. and my own sisters have *not begun* to take that position, in reference to such subjects, which they ought. To be “a good girl,” to attend faithfully to domestic duties, to get lessons at school well, and even to be anxious to go to school, is one thing; but to be aspiring after the possession of a well disciplined, vigorous *mind*, which is continually and rapidly accumulating the materials and the power of *thought*, and securing influence over other minds; is quite another thing.

Last Sabbath evening, in reading my favorite Pye Smith, I was delighted to discover the meaning of Phil. 2:6, “Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God.” Never having examined the passage, I supposed, as multitudes doubtless do, that the idea meant to be conveyed by the writer is, that Christ, because in the form of God; i.e. divine, thought it no usurpation of the rights of the Father, for himself to assume divine dignity. But the original word, here rendered “robbery,” does not mean the *act* of plundering or seizing, as rendered, but the *thing plundered*, or grasped at, and in its remoter or modified meaning in this passage, the thing retained with an eager grasp, or “eagerly claimed and conspicuously exercised.” The true rendering in this: “Let this disposition be in you which was even in Christ [p.18] Jesus, who, though being in the form of God, did not not esteem it an object to be caught at, to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation,” &c. That any one through ignorance, or want of attention, should be blind to the marvelous beauty of this passage, is not all to be wondered at; but how the Unitarian critics, who, in

order to torture it, must investigate it closely, can not see in it our adorable incarnate Redeemer, is strange indeed. Such things impress more deeply upon my mind the truth of that grand principle of the moral government of God, that, in order to a fair probation, every one shall have room to commit folly, if he will, not only, but, from the very arrangements of Providence, adjusted carefully to this principle, in the composition of the scriptures as well as in every thing else, be able to find *plausible reasons* for committing that folly.

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Tuesday, Aug 4. Last evening held monthly concert on deck. Captain and part of the sailors attended. Two prayers, two singings, and an account from brother A. of the state of Patagonia, which, you will recollect, he was sent to ascertain. Among other things concerning the natives of that country, he mentioned that the principal indication of the existence of any religious notions among them is, that they sometimes worship their filthy tobacco pipes, and earthen balls besmeared with blood. I have been thinking, to-day, how well this agrees with the Unitarian notions about the dignity of human nature. The grand object of Sunday School teachers, say the Boston Unitarians, ought to be, to “develop the religious nature of children.” Now if these are not “great swelling words of vanity,” I know not what are. What sort of religious nature is that which, even in its feeble embryo, can assume such a form as it does in Patagonia. A religious nature so noble, and almost irrepressible, it might be reasonably expected, would excogitate some other deity than one who chooses, as his favorite pavilion, a ball of filth. And doubtless his worshipers, as they revolve the elements of their religious nature, go on to invest him with appropriate attributes. True, for convenience’ sake, we apply the term religious to the meanest forms of superstition, to any thing which discovers the most vague recognition of the existence and supervision of any superior invisible power, even if he is located in a pipe-stem. But if this is what the Unitarians mean by religious nature, I should think, that a nature so exceedingly latent and inefficient would be hardly worth developing, and that all the trouble [p.19] and expense might better be saved by substituting a new one, as the orthodox do. But one would think the undeveloped religious nature would show some sort of indistinct resemblance to itself when developed. But if its rudiments, in the case of the Patagonians, give any clear indication of its substantial character, what a hideous thing that character must be when perfected! By the way, the religious nature of the Unitarian teachers themselves is, without doubt, philosophically, harmoniously, perfectly developed. Not a particle of refined moral philosophy or sublime theology has been left behind, which has not been carefully educed. Is benevolence toward the heathen a constituent part of this grandly consummated nature ?

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Wednesday, Aug. 5. A shoal of porpoises seen to-day, steering, as usual, for our bow. The Captain thrust one through with the harpoon, but as he was being hoisted on deck, he struggled so powerfully that he freed himself from the barb, and fell back into the water. Instantly the whole shoal left us and pursued the wounded one, to persecute him to death, as is the custom of porpoises; for they never tolerate any halt or maimed in their community.

The Captain has been showing me a chart of our intended course. From Boston to the Cape of Good Hope, where we stop a week, is about 7.500 miles; from the Cape to Batavia, on the north of Java, about 5.800; and from Batavia N.N.W. to Singapore about 400. We pass through the Straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java.

The bark, till to-day, has inclined to the "larboard," (the left side as you face the bow,) but now leans to the "starboard", (right side) in consequence of a change in the wind and position of the sails. This affects, more than usual, the level of our dining-table. Two slender bags of corn, say four inches in diameter, extend from one end of the table to the other, dividing it into three equal inclosures, and preventing the plates of Mrs. Arms, M. and self, who sit on the larboard, or upper side, from encroaching on the territory of soup tureen, Captain's plate, chicken platter, &c. in the middle, and the latter from sliding down on the plates of Messrs. Arms, Dickinson, and Green who are ranged on the starboard. What would you think, to be shoved away from table half a dozen times while eating dinner, to say nothing of having been flung down half a dozen more while dressing yourself in the morning?

Our captain and mates have visited ports in every quarter of the globe, and often entertain us with accounts of what they have seen and heard. Mr. Bartlett, [p.20]our second mate, says that in conversation with a Hindoo, he inquires why the Hindoo worshiped such gods. The Hindoo replied that all religions, however different they may be, end in heaven at last. He expressed a strong desire to visit Boston, but as he could not do it, at that time, without losing cast, he hoped that among the future transmigrations of his soul, he should have the good fortune to be born there.

The Captain says that while he was in Texas, there were lodged, in the pantry of the house where he was boarding, two quarters of fresh beef, which smelt so deliciously to some five or six wolves that were prowling about at night, that they forced their way into the back window, and it became necessary for the boarders to be roused, to expel them from the kitchen sword in hand. This is the paradise to which such multitudes are emigrating, in hope, no doubt of finding perfect happiness, and as *permanent* as that which M. thought, when sea sick, might be secured in the baked pig skin.

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Monday, Aug. 10. Mr. D. in the morning, yesterday, expounded the beatitudes in the 5th of Matthew. In the afternoon, Mr. Arms spoke from Is. 119:80, "Let my heart be sound in thy statutes."

The Captain says that in Gibraltar, within the fortifications, or inaccessible parts, are myriads of monkeys, which are supposed to come thither through some unknown subterranean passage. They are protected by law from all molestation, in consequence of which they have become so impudent as to climb the artificial parts of the fortifications and hurl down stones on the garrison. The English protect them by law, because they say, "in case of a protracted siege, we should have a year's provision in monkeys!"

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Thursday, Aug. 13. When the sea is rough, I can not stay long in the after cabin, so I have brought out my journal to the roof of the pig pen, where there is more air,

and in consequence of its being in the centre of the ship, less motion. But I have not much to record, except that yesterday a large shark appeared under our bow. [p.21] The Captain tried to allure him, with a junk of pork, near enough to get a thrust at him with the harpoon; but after edging about a while, and in considering matters, he concluded that it was best to be "*o p h.*" Mr. Dickinson, the evening before, bathed under the bow. Though it is said by some of the experienced in sea affairs, that in bathing at the side of a vessel far out at sea, there is no danger of being molested by sharks, still, for fear of one hungrier than the common coming along, I choose to stay on deck, and be pumped on. They can not be caught with a hook when the vessel is moving fast, because their upper jaw projects so far over the under one, that they are obliged to turn over in order to seize the bait; so that, by the time they have turned, and opened their jaws, and are ready to close them, they are left behind. All these tardy preliminaries must be matter of congratulations among the smaller fish. Mr. Sampson, in the journal of his passage to Bombay, mentions that a shark was found, one morning, chasing in this style after a piece of pork hanging near the surface of the water, at the stern of the ship, and was supposed to have been engaged in the auspicious enterprise all night. We have seen, also, large shoals of flying fish. Their wings, striking on the water, when they rise out of it, make a noise like those of a flock of pigeons springing from the ground. They are excellent eating. In some latitudes, it is said, they are sometimes found on deck in the morning, in large numbers. The approach of a vessel in the night frightens them out of the water, and as they scatter, some of them blindly fly on board, where of course they must remain as a breakfast for the crew. I have seen one eight or nine inches long, but they are generally shorter, say six or seven. I shall try to send you one of the wings. We have seen a great many black fish spouting water like the whale, of which they are a species; but they never come near enough to be examined. These fellows always remind me of Dr. Scott's remark on Ps. 104:26, that we "are not sent into the world, as the leviathan into the great deep, to *play* therein."

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Friday, Aug. 14. Early this morning Mr. D. announced to me, through my state room window, that we were passing the tropic of Cancer, and exhorted me to [p.22] get up and *see* it! The sea was tumbling in fine style. The motion of the bark was so great as to capsize the chairs in the cabin. We were going, and are now (noon) at the rate of nine knots (miles) an hour. The waves, for the first time, threw water in at our window. Perhaps it was jerked up by being too suddenly squeezed between the bark and the tropic.

M. has not been entirely free from sea sickness since we left America. The least motion of the vessel makes her sick. Every day she is prostrate on the "trunk," nearly all the time, from morning till night. She is always dreaming about being in Fairfield, and having plenty of good things to eat, and especially her mother's pure cold well water to drink! We all have stranger adventures in our dreams at sea than on land. For instance, I dreamed that I was on the top of a tree with a tiger, disputing.

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Monday, Aug. 17. Yesterday Mr. A. continued his discourse from Ps. 119:80, on the importance of studying the Bible. Mr. D. preached from 1 Cor. 16:22, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha."

Yesterday we came in sight of one of the Cape de Verd Islands, about forty miles distant. The Captain and 2d mate insisted upon it that they saw it distinctly, and tried to describe to us the outline of its highlands, which they say are 7.500 feet above the level of the sea; but, though we strained our eyes to the utmost, we could not see it. I remember it is stated in Hedge's Logic, that the eyes of seamen undergo some change by their habits of looking after objects at a distance. A barn swallow flew about the bark for some time. We saw several "skipjacks," a fish about a foot long, changeable colored, purple, scarlet, and red, in the water, and shining white in the air. We saw some of the *bonito*, pronounced bōneeto, jumping also, at a distance, but can give no description of them. Both these fish are said to be good eating. We have been out a month, and have seen much of the world: sun fish, skipjacks, black fish, bonitos, flying fish, gulls, porpoises, Portuguese man-of-war, Mother Cary's chickens, a shark, and a barn swallow.

[p.23] A pig killed. Some squeamish folks might wonder that a formal record should be made in a journal, of the killing of a pig; but, I tell you, the killing of a pig, and the baking of him, are, to people in our circumstances, no insignificant events. We have all felt the vivifying effects of a taste of this pig, except our excellent brother Dickinson, who has embraced the rigid anti-meat doctrine, and has adhered to it ever since we came on board; but I could plainly see, in his faltering refusal, that he had almost a mind to apostatize. I could not help looking at him with compassion, as he sat at his vile pittance of potato and salt, and flinty sea biscuit, and thought that the stern lecturers on diet ought to make their doctrines a little more accommodating, at least in the case of those of their poor disciples who go to sea.

Since writing the above, spoke a vessel under English colors, bound for Gibraltar, from what place the Captain could not understand. He thinks she belongs to the island of Jersey, off the coast of France, and is loaded with coffee. We were all attention; but I could understand scarcely any thing from the Englishman's speaking trumpet. We have been out hardly long enough to experience the pleasure, so frequently mentioned by voyagers, of seeing those who do not belong or own ship's company; still we were much gratified. The vessel was a bark, about as large as ours. A vessel under full sail, riding over the waves, is really a beautiful sight. Seeing this plain one, gave us an opportunity to judge how much more imposing must be the appearance of our own, with her sleek painted sides and curved gilt prow,

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Tuesday, Aug. 18. N. lat. 13°4. Saw, to-day noon, what none of you have ever seen, and what, probably, none of you ever will see, an exactly *vertical sun*. To-day, and ever since we have been in the torrid zone, the thermometer in my state room has stood at only 80. The weather, at no time since we have been on board, has been so warm as your moderate summer average, and *uncomfortably* warm not an hour. Even to-day, under the perpendicular rays of the sun, I am perfectly cool and comfortable

with thick pantaloons. The tar [p.24] has yet scarcely begun to drip down from the frying rigging over head.

Witnessed the flogging of a sailor. He had several times shown signs of a turbulent disposition, and this morning spoke insolently to the second mate, and refused to obey his orders. As he was about being seized upon, he swore terrible vengeance upon any who should presume to touch him, and laid about furiously with his fists and a handspike. But his arms were soon secured with ropes thrown around him from behind, and he was snaked aft to receive a flogging. After a few blows had been given him, he was lashed to some timbers on deck; he soon disengaged himself, and was fastened down again, tighter than before. After lying here an hour or two, he was tied up to the "shrouds," and ordered two dozen stripes. When one dozen had been laid on, he was allowed a few minutes to breathe and to receive a scolding; the other dozen was then bestowed, when he began to beg. He was then bound to one of the brass cannon at the stern, remained there two or three hours, was "let up," and had ever since behaved himself well. He is potent fellow, able to thresh half a dozen common men. The whole transaction was painful to me, except the securing of his arms. I was amused to see them, in spite of their prodigious muscle, gradually settling down to his sides, under the coils of the rope, like the wings of a fly under the web of a spider. But to hear his howling afterwards, to see the 2d mate laying on the rope with all his might, and the 1st mate standing by, with his face covered with blood from the wounds he had received in the scuffle, was most afflicting. The effect it had on brother D. and myself was what would be called by some, "striking to the [p.25] stomach." But such severe discipline is without <sup>doubt</sup> sometimes absolutely unavoidable, especially in the case of such as have been accustomed to the loose discipline of English ships.

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Thursday, Aug. 20. Six vessels in sight most of the day. We were boarded by one of them, the Jane, of London, 139 days from California, laden with logwood. The mate said that the Captain, supercargo, and three others on board had the scurvy, and begged for some vegetables or other fresh provisions. Our Captain gave him some potatoes, fowls, and a pig. It was a matter of wonder with us that not a word was said about Madeira, or something else good to drink. Our officers say they have never before been boarded by an Englishman who did not contrive, in some circuitous way, to suggest this important topic. This mate was a hideous looking fellow; looked as if he had been brought up on porter; his face nearly covered with his enormous whiskers; only a purple spot left at the top of each cheek. While he was aboard of us, Mrs. A. had on an old drab surtout, to protect her from the rain, and M. an old, thick, heavy, large buttoned, short skirted, drab coat, which the 1st mate had thrown over her for the same purpose. The Englishman must have thought our ladies received him genteelly. — A neat French bark also passed close by us, but we did not speak her.

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Friday, Aug. 21. Last night a young whale, about 17 feet in length, came blowing about us. — Four or five vessels in sight, the nearest an English East Indiaman pursuing our course. All along here, for two or three days, we have had rain,

rain, rain. We make little progress toward the equator; expected to have passed it before now. M. is troubled with some extra sea sickness from the *rocking* motion of the vessel given the “dead swell,” a slow undulation of the [p.26] water, more apt to produce sickness than its usual motion. One of the worst accompaniments of sea sickness is a disagreeable, uneasy, indescribable something or other about the head; the softest pillows are hard and uneven; the whole night is spent in tossings to and fro till the morning. M. deserves the credit of great patience under all this trouble, if it is proper to call such things trouble; more credit than I do, a great deal. She and Mrs. Arms, wherever they are, must have near them a vomiting basin, especially after meals; wherever they conclude to go, on deck, on the trunk, to the stern, under the bulwark, against the pig pen, or the capstan, thither must their husband go, like a Levitical priest, bearing before or after them this precious vessel.

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Saturday, Aug. 22. There appears, almost every evening, a bright sparkling in the water at the sides of the vessel, supposed to proceed from phosphorescent insects. Sometimes, when the water is smooth, it appears to be full of this phosphorescence; the least disturbance fills it with thousands of shining particles. I have heard of some one saying that it is worth going across the Atlantic to see; but I think differently. Still, it is worth seeing. Last evening, a shoal of porpoises came darting about under the bow, each leaving behind him a long, irregular track, of astonishing brilliancy, and frequently crossing those of others. I regretted, that on account of the rain, M. could not be called out to enjoy the singular beauty of this submarine checkered-work of fire.

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Monday, Aug. 24. On account of the sea being rough, yesterday, we had no meeting. The preachers could not have kept themselves decently steady.

[p.27] The sea continues rough. Got up two hours earlier than usual and took my seat where I had a good view of the water; sat a long time singing, and admiring the foaming tops of the waves. When the sun rose, some of them were crowned with rainbows. Some speak with admiration of the spray rainbows which appear in moonlight evenings; but my rude taste, I confess, would be vastly better gratified by the sight of a lunar rainbow *on land*. Ocean scenery costs too much.

The Americans, I find, are notorious among other nations for going every where, and penetrating into every obscure and unheard of nook and corner of the earth. The maritime nations of Europe formerly complained that their ships of discovery were always preceded our traders. Some years ago, a Russian exploring vessel, cruising about an unfrequented part of the South Sea, anchored at an island. In so remote a region, the Russian captain thought, surely here must be a cranny, into which the most adventurous could not have peeped; and so took possession, with due ceremony, in the name of his Russian majesty. But when the fog cleared up, which had covered part of the anchorings thereabouts, he came across a little Nantucket whaler, who was riding at anchor near the island, and knew all about it.

Saw, yesterday, a large flight of tropical birds, called “boobies,” I believe from their disposition to sleep when they light on vessels. They are in color, shape, size, and motion, similar to the common hen hawk of America, and are web footed. Saw,

also, “albicores” leaping out of the water, a fish from two to three feet long, deep yellow, with reddish fins, scarcely ever taken, they are so shy.

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Tuesday, Aug. 25. Spoke the bark Aurora, of Boston, probably bound to South America. This “speaking” business is generally done in a hurry. Vessels pass each other so swiftly, that they have time only to tell where they are from, where bound, and their longitude, not more than five or six words apiece.

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[p.28] Friday, Aug. 28. It may not be altogether uninteresting to you to know what folks at sea have to eat. Probably few fare so well as we. Sunday morning we have fried fresh pig, boiled or sliced fried potatoes, mush, (alias hasty pudding,) and warm bread and butter, and sea crackers, with coffee and chocolate incredibly strong. With the abatement of the fresh pig, and the addition of broiled salt mackerel and what I should call hashed codfish, these articles constitute our breakfast every morning in the week. Sometimes the remnant of the previous morning’s hasty pudding is fried, with now and then a stray flying fish, and cold beef and pork generally. Sometimes ham and eggs. Sunday noon, boiled chicken and rice soup, or baked fresh pig, with potatoes, pickles, gravy, apple-sauce, and all appropriate condiments. Monday noon, the same. Tuesday noon, boiled beef, bean soup, baked pork and beans. Wednesday noon, boiled pork, beef, and tongue. Thursday noon, boiled beef, pork, and rice. Friday noon, boiled pork, beef and pea soup. Saturday noon, boiled beef, pork, and hashed codfish. Besides these things, there is every day, in regular rotation through the week, a dessert, or second course, of some one of the following articles: wheat flour boiled pudding, with raisins; apple dumplings, fritters, potato pie, rice pudding, apple pie, fried cakes or flapjacks, and sometimes a kind of dumplings lengthier than the other. For tea we have tea, warm bread and butter, cheese, and usually apple or potato pie. We have of course no milk in our tea. The boiled beef and pork I never eat; the vinegared souse, pea soup, and hashed cod, I utterly eschew. M. is fond of a sort of stuff which she had learned from brother Dickinson, vinegar combined with mashed cheese. But I must not dwell too long on such small matters; “for after these things do the gentiles seek.”

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[p.29] Saturday, Aug. 29. This morning, about 6 o’clock, passed the Equator. The thermometer stood at 76 in the state room. On deck, part of the day, especially at noon, I was uncomfortably cool in the shade. On shore, either to the east or west of us, it is charmingly warm, doubtless.

It is a good thing for us, that the barbarous old custom of “shaving” is obsolete. Twelve or fifteen years ago, those who crossed the Equator for the first time in their life, if they did not “treat,” had their faces scraped with a rusty iron hoop, besmeared with tar, etc. But we, so far from meeting with such a reception in the southern hemisphere, were told of it as a cruelty, of which the present more enlightened period has become ashamed. Many of the British ships have kept up the custom even to the present time. Probably their officers and owners are as much afraid of reform as the bishops are, and, like them, are fully persuaded that innovation upon abuses only

paves the way for the demolition of every thing sacred and venerable. I rejoice that there is in the world one nation not tenacious of antiquated fooleries.

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Monday, Aug. 31. Though the motion of the vessel, yesterday, was considerable, we had two services on deck. Mr. A. preached on the mischief of little sins, from Canticles 2:15, "Take the little foxes, that spoil the vines." Mr. Dickinson preached on the enjoyments of heaven, from Rom. 14:17, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." All the discourses of brother D. on board, except this, have been, purposely, very plain and simple; this was one his most elaborate. Everyone listened to it with profound attention, not excepting a single sailor. This shows the effect of studied sermons on even the least cultivated minds. It is by no means true that ministers ought, in the composition of sermons, always to be laboring after extreme simplicity of thought and style, for the benefit of the illiterate part of their hearers. This doctrine, carried out, would put the [p.30]church on the retrograde. Our Savior, it is said, preached in the most simple style possible. True, but when preachers can apprehend great truths in theology, and, without the use of abstract words, state them in such a way as to interest the unthinking, and, by involving in the same words so much that is less obvious, as to command the attention, also, of every grade of superior intellect, and, withal, rouse the deep feelings of personal implication in the truths presented, then I am willing to hear a great deal of simple preaching. But profundity of thought united with simplicity of style is an endowment exceedingly rare. This is the great charm in the preaching of Mr. Finney. Men of the highest order of mind, who become familiar with unobvious truths by <sup>almost</sup> immediate perception, have no need of seeking after the aids of style; what they have to communicate, being, in the nature of the case, simple, can hardly be expressed in other than simple language. But the course of inferior highly cultivated intellects must necessarily be the reverse of this. They are obliged carefully to arrange, combine, and condense; consequently their style is more artificial. I would not burden my preacher by always hankering after labored discourses; but I would, if possible, dissuade him from listening for a moment to the senseless clamor of many about the importance of simplicity in preaching, by which they mean a studied avoidance of all thought, of all impressive arrangement and composition, and, in general, of every appearance of art and learning. The gospel is indeed "preached to the poor;" but, most certainly, with the design of *raising* them in the scale of intellectual & spiritual life. How can this be done, if the ministers of the gospel are [p.31] to be always degrading themselves to their taste and attainments, by never calling their attention to any thing out of their narrow range of thought and never uttering in their hearing a word which might not be found in their poor vocabulary? But to return to brother D.'s sermon: It reminded me of the words of the prince Frederick after hearing Luther's speech in the diet of Worms: "O how excellently did our dear Doctor Luther speak to-day!"

We are now in latitude 4°15 south, longitude 28 west from Greenwich, about 400 miles from the coast of South America, off Cape St. Roque. We went within the same distance of Liberia, certainly near enough to qualify us to bear as important testimony concerning it as those who do touch there, and take dinner at its hotels,

especially those who receive a good price for their cargoes of fire arms, cutlasses, rum, and trinkets. At the time we were along there, I forgot to mention, that in talking with M. about Boston affairs, she informed me that the two amiable, well educated, pious young ladies, who talked with us on board the bark, before we left the wharf, and took an affectionate leave of us, are teachers of a colored school in Boston, and are negroes themselves! I had supposed, from their color, that they were *only Indian* girls. And yet we talked with these black creatures, and even took their hands! Surely, this was a most shocking, unpardonable breach of propriety. And their prayers, too, which they voluntarily promised to offer for us, can never have any influence in the court of heaven. We will never do so again.

Saturday night caught some phosphorescent fish. For want of a name, we call them pickles. They resemble in shape and general appearance a pickled prickly cucumber, about four inches long, and three fourths of an inch in diameter, full of narrow protuberances or points, each nearly as large as a kernel [p.32] of wheat. If things are at all disturbed, by the agitation of the water, or the touch of your finger, the extremities of all these protuberances emit a very bright light. The whole body is at the same time transparent, and of a rich green. If you continue to disturb them, the green takes lighter shades; the transparency increases; the light spreads rapidly from the points, till the whole body is in a glow of intense brightness. One of them, in a tumbler of water, carried into a darkened room, afforded light enough for me <sup>to see</sup> to read with ease. In every direction from us, they lay in large compact shoals, like so many beds of embers. When we hit on one of these shoals, thousands of the fish would at once emit their brightest light, so that the vessel seemed to be passing through a channel of liquid fire. The next day being Sabbath, we could not with propriety examine them; Monday morning they were all dead.

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Wednesday, Sept. 2. Last night took a porpoise, young female, about five feet long, weighed about 300. All the "men folks" not only, but Mrs. Arms and M. got out of bed, to see the process of butchering. One of our sailors, used to whaling, first tore off the blubber in strips four or five inches wide, beginning at the neck, and tearing toward the tail. The blubber is the fatty substance which coats the whole fish next under the skin, and adheres to it when stripped off. This, with the skin, was only half an inch thick. The blubber [p.33] duly stripped off, was thrown into a tub for trying into lamp oil. The butcher then proceeded to cut out huge chunks of coarse, black meat, for eating. We had for a long time been anxious to get hold of some porpoise meat; but we now began to suspect that it would be hardly so good as we had expected. The brains, also, were carefully taken out. The entrails look just like those of a hog. A young one was found, withal, from which it appears that the porpoise is not oviparous. This morning a plate of fried liver was on the table; it was clammy and blue, and tasted fishy; but we said nothing, eat [*sic*] moderately, and suspended our decision till dinner, when we should have some of the meat itself. At dinner, a magnificent platter of the meat was set on, well fried; we were determined to be pleased with it, at all hazards; each of us was helped to a stout piece, and began to lay to; but notwithstanding we tried with all our might to like it, we were compelled to give it up.

Out of pure benevolence, to put as good a face on matters as possible, I crammed down considerably more than any one else, by disguising the stuff with plenty of mustard. Our steward, a clever negro, who waits on the table, saw from his corner the whole concern, with no small amusement; but nobody said a word, or even dared to smile. When the pudding was eaten, and the Captain had retired, he came forward grinning: "I guess ye don't like porpis." Brother Dickinson, too, who I suppose felt rather sore about the fresh pig, now took vengeance of us, and laughed with out mercy. However we saw no more porpoise at supper, and probably shall see no more; for which, I think it not unlikely, we are indebted to a sly hint from the Captain to the steward.

The weather, last Sabbath, and to-day, is chilly, but clear.

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[p.34] Friday, Sep. 4. Spoke the Amelia, twenty-six days from Montevideo, probably laden with tallow, hides, and horns. She is an English brig, belonging to Whitby, on the east coast of England, and is bound to Liverpool. Saw also, at several miles distance, an American vessel steering a homeward course. Hung out our telegraph, a string of four blue and white flags, in hope that she might, with her spy glass, recognize us, and report us on her arrival in America.

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Monday, Sep. 7. On account of the high sea, yesterday, had no service. I have never seen the weather so boisterous. One wave broke over the bulwark, and ran down, like a cataract, over the companion-way stairs, into the cabin. Our state room, fortunately, being on the upper side of the steep cabin floor, we escaped. Brothers A. and D. and myself, have all, more or less, been drenched with broadsides of salt water from the windward, and I believe Mrs. A. and M. have once or twice been pelted a little, when on deck. I have read of "mountain xxx waves," and my experience for two days past enables me to assure you that the words are nearer literally than hyperbolically to be understood. The wind, too, is uncomfortably cold. Thermometer at 71. We are now in S. lat. about 20°5, within 40 miles of the island of Trinidad.

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Wednesday, Sep. 9. Cold. Thermometer in state room at 70, on deck 68. Yesterday rain, and so cold, that I substituted a thick coat for my thin roundabout. M. also put on a warm dress. What is strange, I enjoyed last night a good sleep. The night before, the motion of the vessel [p.35] was so singularly irregular and violent, that I could get no sleep at all. I wrapped myself in my old cloak and went on deck; sat under the lee side of the capstan awhile, in the wind and rain; went back to my bed on the floor of the state room, and notwithstanding I had pillowed and padded myself all round about, was jammed without mercy till morning. The next day all my bones were sore till dinner, when by chickens and pudding they were partially restored, and, by last night's good sleep, wholly. It must be understood that I sleep on the floor; the berth is occupied by M. The reason of this unconjugal arrangement is, that there is plenty of good fresh air only on one side of the berth. Only one, moreover, can be lodged in it, on account of the *slanting* fashion of every thing at sea. Suppose <sup>one side of</sup> your own bed to be turned up to an angle of forty-five with the floor: Could two of

you lie in it? As well might you expect to lodge comfortably on the roof of a barn, or on an outside door of a cellar. On the lower side, however, *one* may be accommodated, or rather in the lower *corner*, formed by the bottom of the berth and its side bulwark.

While at breakfast this morning, we were struck by a sudden squall, which carried away our flying jib. I am tired of reeling, staggering, and pitching. What an excellent thing it will be, to walk directly forward, and erect, like a man, when we arrive at the Cape of Good Hope, without holding on to any thing! And what a privilege, to be able to set down a cup, or saucer, or tumbler, without imminent danger of the contents being spilled out! The [p.36] steward has all along, during the ugly weather, girt about our soup tureen with a long narrow bag of corn, to keep it up, something like an anaconda around the body of an ox.

I now consider myself as thoroughly recovered from sea sickness. M. I am expecting will be sick a little all the remainder of the voyage. She has her ups and downs every day; at one time jumping the rope, at another, vomiting. Our vomiting basin is the most important piece of furniture in the house.

Till within a day or two we have been steering a southwesterly course; we are now veering about more and more to the southeast. East Indiamen usually do so, after passing Trinidad. We are now out of the torrid zone.

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Thursday, Sep. 10. During last night, the wind has so changed, that our course is now E.S.E., nearly in the direction of the Cape. We hope to arrive there in about a fortnight, that is, make about eight degrees of latitude, & forty of longitude, or about 2,400 miles, averaging 170 miles per day. We shall have strong westerly winds, which will permit us to hoist our “studding sails” and get along “right before the wind” eight or nine knots an hour, and with but little pitching. (Studding sails are extra sails put up at the sides of the usual ones, making a greater breadth for the wind to bear upon.)

[p.37] Last evening, while we were taking our usual exercise on deck, brother D. told an anecdote of the present king of England. Upon his accession to the throne, his editorial flatterers must of course say something in his favor; but upon ransacking his very barren history, they could produce nothing more than a few pointless anecdotes and insignificant occurrences, which they set off to the best possible advantage. The opposite political party, taking advantage of this unpleasant situation of their enemies, bandied about the following story in the papers, as illustrative of the doltishness of his majesty: That his majesty, as he was one day walking out in company with his prime minister, complained that it rained into his mouth. Whereupon, the minister observed, in reply, that he thought it advisable that his majesty should shut his mouth.

Looking into Warriner’s “Cruise of the Potomac,” to-day, I noticed the following sentence: “It rarely happens that a man who goes to sea, especially on a long voyage, tired of treading the same circle, of beholding the same objects, of repeating the same round of duties, with nothing to stimulate to action, can refrain from becoming a burden to himself, and not unfrequently falling into depression of spirits almost insupportable.” *page 39*. Now in all this sort of thing, there is not a word of truth. For aught I know to the contrary, it may be true that very *many* vacant minded

men may go on “long voyages,” and fall into a great many “melancholy moods,” and may, in consequence of their idleness, become a “burden” to themselves, and “insupportable” to others. Doubtless there are multitudes of men in the world, and respectable men too, who live to make money, and to eat and drink, and who, having [p.38] no higher objects of pursuit, and feeling no interest in any thing in the whole world of literature and of books, are utterly miserable when withheld by temporary circumstances from the only things in which their driveling souls can take any pleasure. But is speculating, or political newspaper reading, or any of that sort of thing, in which such men are wont to bury themselves, a less monotonous “round” than the course of affairs in a ship at sea? All the difference is, that they have made the monotonousness of their own affairs supportable, by investing them with the interest of some imaginary grand *end*, so that their attention is always divided between the present, and the indistinct future. Who “treads the same circle,” and “beholds the same objects,” and “repeats the same round of duties,” with more unvarying uniformity than such men on land? *If there is* a little more variety to them at home than at sea, and if it is sufficient to keep them from being a “burden to themselves;” it only shows the contemptible littleness of minds that can be exclusively occupied with insignificant events, in long succession, of so little real variety, that to minds of larger capacity, they seem to be flatly uniform. But I blame Mr. W. for intimating that such a state of mind as he has described is at all necessary at sea, or even that a man in health is pardonable who suffers from it. What wicked laziness, what incomparable meanness, or to say the least, what deplorable imbecility and stupidity, does that man discover, who, to say nothing of his neglect of his amazing relations, and susceptibilities as an immortal being, can find *nothing to do*, in [p.41] such a world as this! and “falls into a depression of spirits almost insupportable,” because he is for a short time secluded from the rattle and the din and dust of business! What will such men do when they are introduced to that state of being where thought will be their only business? Mr. W. himself can be excused from censure by industrious passengers, on the score of excessive nervousness and general ill health; but I am by no means willing to allow that “it rarely happens” that men are not brutishly idle on “long voyages,” and much less, that from the nature of a sea life, a vast deal that is most interesting can not be found “to stimulate to action.”

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Friday, Sep. 11. Cold and rainy. A great many sea birds about the ship: shear waters, Cape pigeons, and an albatross. The albatross is often found fifteen or sixteen feet from tip to tip of his wings. The one near us is supposed to be ten or twelve feet. He is a noble looking bird. The Cape pigeon is beautiful; but at present I can not give you a particular description of any of these or other birds which we have seen. Multitudes of them constantly follow us, in quest of filth thrown out by the cook.

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Saturday, Sep. 12. A stiff bracing wind this morning. The sea runs rather high; but on the whole, we feel better than we have done for a long time. Our course is nearly east. Have been throwing bits of hasty pudding over the stern, to see the Cape pigeons dive. It is reported of all the sea birds, that they are covered with lice. Our

cook says, that he was once on board [p.42] of a ship in this vicinity, along with some gentlemen who were anxious to taste of an albatross. They soon had the opportunity to do so, which they eagerly improved, and very shortly, were highly gratified with the sight of a great crowd of the same birds feeding with the utmost greediness on the putrid carcass of a whale! The cook says he has parboiled and cooked them in a variety of ways, with all his skill; but after all, they are fishy, stringy, blue, and tough.

We have seen no sails for a number of days. Our latitude is now 28°6 south, longitude 20 west from Greenwich. Cape Town is about 34 south lat. 18 east lon.

The wind carried away my plush cap to-day into the sea. The pigeons pounced at it, but thought it wasn't worth while to carry it aloft. Substituted a straw hat. Such a disaster befalling a member of our little community is an occurrence of considerable importance among us. The wind, moreover, has changed, and brought my state room on the leeward, or lower side. This has given occasion to Messrs. A. & D. to triumph, ^{which they did} in the most unseemly manner, since by the movement they are elevated to the higher and more convenient windward side of the table, which all along has fallen to the lot [of] Mrs. A. myself, and M. But we have admonished them not to lift up their crest too high, because the wind may change again.

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Monday, Sep. 14. Too cold and windy, yesterday, to have preaching. Disappointed in a change of wind which drives us off to the southwest. We shall be obliged to steer this course till we find westerly winds. I have [p.43] no expectation of reaching Cape Town this month. For a day or two past, we have been steering north of east, and of course losing latitude, though we gained some longitude. Our present course loses longitude, and makes latitude. The past week we have made but little progress, and I fear the coming one will be still more unprofitable. So cold as to require more thick clothes. Thermom. 60.

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Tuesday, Sep. 15. Calm, and dead swell. Warmer. Still going southwest. Caught a Cape pigeon. Began to be sea sick immediately after coming on deck, as do all sea birds. It is strange, that when they are set down on deck, without being fastened at all, they can never make their escape, and seem to make hardly an effort to get on the wing. The Cape pigeon, in shape and size, is like the common wild pigeon of America, except that the body is somewhat flatted like the duck, and all aquatic birds; the breast and belly white; the head and neck of a rich deep ash or lead color; back, wings, and tail, white, with spots of the color of the head; bill pointed and black; iris of the eye of the color of the head; feet black. But no description will enable you to form a tolerable conception of his beauty. At dinner we all held a consultation, to determine whether we should broil him for supper, or let him go. We concluded on the latter. Accordingly the Captain tied around his neck a piece of leather, on which he had written, "Bark Rosabella, for Batavia, long. 13½, lat. 26," and placed him on the trunk, in view of the water; but with all his might he could not rise into the air; he ran, clapped his wings, but all in vain. The Captain then gave him a toss, and he sailed away as usual; but seems still disposed to keep along with the Rosabella. I have several times [p.44] imposed on the pigeons by tying several pieces of tough meat to a

piece of wood, and throwing it overboard. They all gather round it with a great chattering and contention; the vessel leaves them far behind; and after wearying themselves a long time to no purpose, they leave the supposed booty and regain the stern. — We have seen the stormy petrel, which is larger, considerably, than the pigeon, and all black, except a few yellowish feathers on the back of the neck. — Several albatrosses have been near us to-day. We wish to catch one; but it is no easy matter. Sailors have a superstitious notion that the killing of this noble bird is followed by some great calamity, shortly after, on the crew who are guilty of such an outrage.

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Wednesday, Sep. 16. Calm, and the most delightful weather we have seen since our embarkation, so far as present bodily comfort is concerned, though it is not very pleasant to be lying nearly still, and with the head of the vessel turned away from Cape Town. Brother D. and I climbed up into the main top, from which the sea looked so inviting, that we ventured to petition the Captain for permission to row out in the small boat a mile or two ahead, to see how the bark looked; but he dissuaded us from it. In an hour or two we were very glad that we staid at home; for a breeze came up which drove the ship along three or four knots, and would have made our adventure uncomfortable, if not perilous.

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[p.45] Thursday, Sep. 17. Pleasant, and five or six knots. Compass still bad; half a point west of south. Of course still losing longitude, though for our comfort we are getting farther down into the region of westerly winds.

For two or three weeks past, I have had an appetite like that of a man recovering from a fever. Dream almost every night of meeting peddling ships loaded with pies, and other good things, for sale, some which I always buy, though the prices are unreasonable. For one mince pie, baked in an oval tin, I was obliged to pay six shillings.

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Friday, Sep. 18. Exceedingly rough sea, dreary and cold. Motion of the bark greater than ever before; crockery thrown off the table and broken. Course about South. Thermometer 60. Obligated to go to bed to keep comfortably warm, or to sit wrapped in cloaks. It is difficult to take sufficient exercise on such days, and want of exercise at sea is no trifling evil. Aching of the bones and poor night's rests may be generally expected by the inactive; and *habitual* lounging is said to be one of the most efficient causes of the generation of scurvy.

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Saturday, Sep. 19. Warmer, and so calm that we scarcely move. We are now in lat. 32, two degrees further north than the Cape, and about sixteen hundred miles west of it. One week of good west wind would land us in Cape Town. Course still south, and west of south.

Held a meeting after dinner, in the after cabin. Talked of our deficiencies in personal holiness, and resolved, especially, that we would be more careful to cultivate

seriousness of deportment in the presence of the sailors. Our kind words and little attentions to them, so different from the more reserved and [p.46] distant manner of officers, to which they have always been accustomed, has secured to us their most cordial respect and affection. Our influence over them must be improved to some good purpose. Accordingly we have determined to be more vigilant in watching for opportunities to talk with them, and all the time to refrain from every appearance of levity. A light remark, or even a look, in such circumstances, may do unspeakable mischief. The opportunities for doing good to the souls of sailors, at least in this vessel, are fewer, and less favorable, than we expected. I am afraid we shall not be able to establish a Bible class. Sailors are not hard to be wrought upon by proper management; perhaps they are even more accessible than any other class of men. Their circumstances seem to supply more, and more affecting, arguments, for immediate attention to religion, than the circumstances of other men. And they seem to be peculiarly susceptible of being affected by disinterested attention, and to be incapable of the *vulgar suspicion* so common among ignorant persons. Our company have all noticed, with much feeling, how ready all of these on board are to do us any service in their power, though always unasked for. If one of us goes on deck in the morning to wash, when one of the acting watch is for a moment at liberty, he runs in a trice to haul a pail of water out of the sea. A commodore might do us a more splendid service, but not half so acceptable.

Several albatrosses sailing about our stern this morning, two of them very large, say twelve feet from tip to tip. Second mate took another pigeon. Tied a piece of tape around his neck, and let him go.

[p.47] Monday, Sep. 21. Too windy and rainy, yesterday, for services. A squall in the forenoon struck us and snapped in two our "fore top mast studding sail boom." Doubtless you will be marvelously enlightened as to what it was that was broken. I am amazed at the force of these sudden blows. It appears to me that this stick of timber could not have been broken, with the same purchase, by a heavy yoke of oxen. Since, all yesterday afternoon, last night, and this forenoon, we have had a very high sea, and a tremendous roll of the vessel, with rain and cold wind. But we have been tacking about so long, to no purpose, that we are very glad to be knocked about, if we only get along. For the last thirty-six hours we have been going about east, just the course we like. Saw a whale, about two miles off, spouting water.

Mr. Bartlett, second mate, who does not eat till the second table, when the first mate can supply his vacancy in the watch on deck, was so careless this morning as to set down the molasses on the lee side of the corn bag on the breakfast table, the consequence of which was, that a great wave threw it over into the butter plate. This was the first time I have ever seen the steward out of humor. Mrs. Arms tried to comfort him by telling him that it would make good pies. The Captain, too, was not altogether pleased at the thorough drenching he took from a wave over the windward bulwark.

Saturday morning, after tea, Mr. A. and wife, Mr. D.[,] self, and wife, went on deck to take an airing, and see the waves. Some kept steady by leaning against the "roundhouse," and some by clinging to ropes and whatever was handy. We sung, in

Silver Street, the hymn containing the stanza, "He formed the deeps unknown," [p.48] &c. This, mingled with the noise of the dashing waves, and of the wind roaring through the rigging, made a kind of music which but few have had the privilege of hearing. The attuning of the *heart*, by circumstances of interest, has a wonderful effect in giving sweetness and expression to the voice.

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Wednesday, Sep. 23. Yesterday and to-day rainy and cold. We are going five, six, and seven knots, rather north of east. This loss of latitude I fear must be made up by tacking again to the southwest, before we reach the Cape. We have now to go, in a straight line, only thirteen hundred miles. If we reach Batavia in fifty days after we leave Cape Town, we shall do well. The steward says he was once in an East Indiaman 105 days from the Phillippine [*sic*] Islands to St. Helena.

The deck, over Mr. Dickinson's state room, leaks, and wets some of his baggage. All the sailors' berths, in the forecabin, are leaky. The poor fellows have hardly a dry place. Mr. A's room and mine are so far entirely dry. On the whole, no missionaries have had so good accommodations as ourselves; at least, such is the opinion of Mr. Anderson. Indeed I do not see how they could be better: new vessel, officers kind, abundant and various stores, a good table, besides private stores, fine state rooms and berths, large libraries and all facilities for study, tolerable health, in most cases excellent; good society, an elegant and well furnished room for retirement from the bustle of the world, much love, mutual kind offices, and high expectations. Besides all these things, we have out of doors, whales, albatrosses, and all the wonders of the sea. We have moreover on board all the three learned professions! Brothers Arms and Dickinson have studied medicine, and Brother D. law. And our officers have been all over the world; so that we lack no important source of rare of curious information, or even [p.49] marvelous, except newspapers, and they are no great thing, though I confess I should like, now and then, to see one. Both our doctors are always ready to draw teeth, or administer physic. I have been vastly amused to see them cramming pills, and such like, by way of preventive or cure, down the throat of almost every body in the ship.

Four porpoises came under the bow, one of them a female with a little one by her side. The Captain says they are of a kind different from those we have seen, and calls them "white nosed" porpoises.

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Thursday, Sep. 24. Calm, and standing to the northeast. A brig in sight, standing to the west.

Have been talking with the brethren about wine. A question has arisen among us whether we shall drink of the various rich wines which are manufactured in great plenty at the Cape. We have come to the *general* conclusion that we will refuse fermented wine, which must of course contain more or less alcohol, and drink unfermented or new wine, if it comes our way, though I think it not at all unlikely that I shall taste of some of the fermented, if tolerably mild. I have long been perplexed about duty in respect to this matter. Our Savior has perpetuated, beyond all controversy, the use of wine, of some sort, by the institution of the Lord's supper. It is

certainly worthy of most serious consideration, whether he made choice of a liquid for so sacred a use, which, according to the notion of many hyper-temperance men, ought, in any and every state and modification, to be locked up and labeled as poison, except when placed on the sacramental table. I can not believe it. Nor will it do, as some have ventured to affirm, to substitute any thing in the place of wine. This would be not only taking outrageous liberty with the [p.50] plain specification of scripture, but destroying the significance of the symbol itself. Who would not be shocked at the sight of a minister pouring out water, for instance, and saying, "This is my *blood*, which was shed for the remission of sins"? True, our Savior *may* have used unfermented wine; but in countries where wine can not be made, how can it be procured without the mixture of some alcohol with it? Or at least, without some alcohol being created in it by fermentation? *How far* is the apostle Paul's principle to be carried, that while the world standeth he would eat no flesh, if it should cause his brother to offend? So far as to deny one's self the use of the most harmless thing, sanctified by being made indispensable to the celebration of the holy supper, because some abominable men, by absurd inference, excuse themselves in doing evil? Or only so far as Paul himself carried it, in his peculiar circumstances? In the countries of southern Europe, our officers assure us, the people all use wine as a common drink, and yet it is seldom that a person is found who injures himself by it. Now would it not be a foolish application of this principle of Paul, for all these nations to give up the use of their wines, fermented as well as new, and to grub up their beautiful vineyards, saving only vines enough to furnish them with grapes, and to demolish their wine presses, except a few to furnish wine for the Lord's supper, because some ignorant, and many more wicked men in America, inferred that they might drink wine mixed with half alcohol, and a little brandy occasionally? I do not doubt that in the millennium, when every body will strive to regulate their food and drink by the laws of nature, wine will be a common drink. "The mountains shall drop down new wine, and the hills shall flow with milk, and all the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters." I seriously doubt whether [p.51] mild alcoholic wines may not be used with the strictest propriety. Certainly new wines may. But even these may not be drunk on board this ship; because the owner, being a whole hog temperance man, has forbidden *all* wine and fermented liquors, including, I believe, even spruce beer. If we were a little church, regularly organized, and wished at the usual time to celebrate the Lord's supper, I suppose we could not, because it would be contrary to this law of the vessel. I do not mention this by way of complaint, or censure of the good proprietor, but to show that there are bounds to things.

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Friday, Sep. 25. Fine weather and fair wind. Going from four to eight knots, southeast. Got up earlier than usual, and saw a new sky sail set. Our masts now present a goodly breadth of canvas.

Mr. Bartlett says that in the Canton markets there is plenty of cat meat, and a great many nicely roasted rats for sale. When he has brought little meat pies, which may be had for a trifle, he has emptied out their contents, for fear they might be of these kinds of meat, and eaten only the crust. I mentioned this to Mr. D. who improves

all opportunities of throwing odium upon us *carnivores*, and he replied, "So he gets only the cat and rat *juice*."

The brig we saw yesterday, is a whale ship, cruising hereabouts. This is the region of whales and whaling. It is most frequented in December.

Our 1st mate has finished a wooden belt or case about the mizen mast, to keep our boarding pikes in. I hope we shall have no occasion to take these pikes out of their place. We have a fine assortment of carnal weapons, muskets, blunderbusses, pikes, and cannon. Part of our deck is a sort of carpenter's shop. The oars of our small boat have been shaved down to a more genteel size, and painted white, in order to pull us into Cape Town in a more handsome style.

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[p.52] Saturday, Sep. 26. We are disappointed in finding ourselves going one point north of east. M. is engaged in cleaning and putting things to rights, with unusual zeal; washing the oil carpet in the state room, the fronts of the drawers, and causing the mattress to be carried out to sun and air, and all that sort of thing, because to-morrow is Sunday, and things ought to be clean.

Brother D. spends part of the day in reading Cobbett's French grammar for Englishmen. He lived some time in Montreal, and can speak French a little, and read it tolerably well. He is also engaged in the study of geography, on reference particularly to languages, religions, history, and literature. His design is to fix in his mind a general map or system of the world, classified with reference to the *origin* of nations, and of their languages, or the division of them into *races*. For instance, the west of Europe is occupied by nations speaking languages derived mostly from Latin; the north and middle by Teutonic; east by Sclavonic, &c. He makes use of Malte Brun's large work, and the American Encyclopædia.

He has been conversing with me to-day about the contemptible notions that prevail in our own country on the subject of education. For instance, thousands of children are compelled to go through with a hateful process, which is called "studying English grammar," and "parsing," almost the only effect of which is to make the whole science of grammar, in the best and philosophical sense of the word, repulsive to them, always afterward. What if some children can parse well, and be able to answer every knotty question which their conceited ignoramus of a district schoolmaster may try to puzzle them with? What does this contribute towards a thorough and accurate knowledge of their mother tongue? Almost nothing, if they should afterwards wish to pursue the study in its higher branches; [p.53] if they should not, they are wretchedly cheated, in being made to believe that they "know something," when they do not. How much better, if they had been taught something important to them as American citizens; as accountable, and immortal; something presented in an interesting and impressive form, the tendency of which would be to make them, to some extent, thinking beings! This grammar teaching is only one among many shocking abuses tolerated in common schools, and most academies, by the American public. Five years of precious time I was compelled to waste in the silly business of "parsing"; and what a profitable acquirement it was, that I became able to "parse well"! All the results worth having, of that protracted labor, or rather idleness,

might be secured in two or three weeks of well directed study, at a maturer age. The prospects of the great mass of the rising generation in the United States, are most dark and dismal, considering what they might know, and what they ought to know, but never will. But ^{it} is consoling to see that there are some whose attention is beginning to be directed towards such things, and that there are causes in operation which must in time produce mighty revolutions in the opinions of leading men on this immensely important subject, revolutions in spite of the stupor of the people at large, and the bigotry of professional teachers.

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Monday, Sep. 28. One service, yesterday, on deck. It was pretty cold; but by sitting in cloaks, we got along with tolerable comfort. Mr. D. preached a good sermon from Is. 48:22, "There is no peace to the wicked."

Since Saturday night, we have been going south. I confess I feel a little uneasy at the prospect of our not reaching the Cape for two or three weeks, for fear our fresh water will not hold out. Enough was laid in at Boston for a long passage to the Cape, with the expectation of there filling our casks. If it should not rain hard, we bid fair to be in an evil case; for we have been out unusually [p.54] long from Boston already, and ships do not come along very often in these parts, else we might borrow.

Our mates tell strange things. They say that while they have been filling casks from the river Hoogly, below Calcutta, putrid human bodies, of which that river is full, have frequently floated down upon them! bodies of men, women, and children! And yet they consider the water of the Hoogly excellent to carry to sea.

Some days ago, M. covenanted with herself that she would eat no meat till we arrived at the Cape. This morning I saved some pieces of hard baked pig skin, which were left on my plate, and carried them into our state room, intending to tie them to a stick and throw them out to bother the pigeons. But in my absence, M. seized upon them and eat up a part, under the pretence that skin is not meat. She had nobly adhered to her resolution all day yesterday; and at breakfast this morning; but when she found herself alone with these bits of skin, it was a golden opportunity, too precious to be lost.

Eating and drinking are, at sea, great concerns. For drink, we have done well. We were provided from the Rooms with plenty of lemons, some of which are good now. Of these we have made lemonade every day when we have not preferred soda. If we had known in the first part of the passage, as we do now, how to preserve lemons, we might have had them to lay by for use in the Indian ocean, where I suppose folks are drier than in the Atlantic. But there we can broach our bottles of excellent lemon syrup, if we do not wish to use our soda all the time. The fresh water on board has at no time been disagreeable, as I expected; at least, it has not been so to me.

Climbed up last evening into the "main top," and staid an hour. The main top is a horizontal frame, or floor, built around the main mast, at the height of thirty or forty feet above the deck, about ten feet long, and five wide. You ascend to it by a rope ladder, called "the shrouds." A coil of rope, which always lies on it, makes a good seat, and you rest your back against the higher shrouds, which are used for going further up. When the wind is not too rough, this is an excellent place for seclusion.

Brother D. at the same time occupied the “fore top,” which is just such another thing on the fore mast, separated from the main top by the main sail.

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Thursday, Oct. 1. Yesterday and day before, a “high sea on,” and very cold. Thermometer 55. In consequence of eating a teaspoonful or two of preserves which had begun to spoil, I have been a little sick, and indisposed to write in the journal. Applied to the Rev. Dr. Dickinson for advice and physic, and have got better. Lay in berth nearly all day yesterday. Nothing crosses my grain worse than this Quaker like way of spending time. It is hard enough to have the mind stupid, and only the body employed, like a high churchman; but to be clammified in both body and mind is still more calamitous. “You shouldn’t speak so, against other denominations.”

A new visitor, called by the Captain “tropic bird,” about the size of a swallow; belly, breast, and under side of the wings, bluish or ashy white; back light grey; do not sail, ^{thro the air} like all the other sea birds we have seen, but flap their wings. These the Captain says, are sadly out of their latitude; they belong farther north. Several prodigious [p.55] albatrosses in sight; some look venerable, as if they might be a century old. It is agreed on all hands, that following in the wake of vessels, to pick up bits of filthy refuse, is too mean business for a bird of so much dignity as the albatross. It ought to be left to petrels and shearwaters. There are now birds following us, of five kinds.

Hauling round to the east, within a point or so. Latitude about thirty-four, as far south as Cape Town. A good west wind would be very welcome. Less cold and rough than yesterday.

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Friday, Oct. 2. We find us going east six knots. Every morning we run aft to the binnacle, to see the compass, as regularly as a family inquire after the health of some one sick in the house. The Captain had ordered up the “stunt s’ls.” We hope to see Table mountain in a week.

Hundreds of tropic birds. We are puzzled to think what they all live on. There are none but large fish in this part of the Atlantic, and as far as we can see, no insects.

I must record my admiration of horseradish. How exceeding excellent! Mr. Arms had foresight enough to bring along several wide mouthed bottles of it grated and mixed with vinegar. It tastes nearly as good as fresh. If we had half a bushel, it would be little enough. Let every body who goes to sea, take great pains to supply themselves with abundance of horseradish.

Mr. Dickinson says that Dr. Cox keeps as an ornament on his mantle- [...]

[...] [p.68] ludicrous combining of means of hatching eggs; but of course, good breeding forbade one to do it at that time.

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Friday, Oct. 9. Land! The faint outline of the majestic Cape appeared this morning at about six o’clock. They have been three or four hours nearly hid in the fog, but we can now plainly see the cottages at their base. The water hereabouts is of an earthy color, instead of green, as it has been. This indicates that we are on

“soundings”. The ship is steering for Table Bay, which appears to lie between a low rocky island on the left, and a high peak, called “Lion’s Head” on the right. 10 or 11 o’clock.

7 o’clock, P.M. On board a ship entering a harbor, after a long voyage, there must of necessity be a great stir. We took little interest in any thing besides the wonderful scenery before us. It is not easy for one who has never been out of his native country to imagine the intensity of interest with which we gazed on the houses, trees, fortifications, and every thing else about us, partly because we were in a foreign country, and partly because we were tired of seeing nothing but water and sky. We were first boarded by the harbor master, whose business was to give directions where to cast anchor, and by the health officer, to whom the Captain swore he had no deadly disorder on board, and delivered his health certificate from Boston, certifying that we were all sound when we embarked. Then came a young man bringing respects to the Captain from some acquaintance; next we were beset by several boatmen wishing for the job of carrying us ashore. After dinner we hired one of them, and were conveyed to the pier, or “jetty”, a platform of timbers built on stakes driven into the mud, projecting from the shore far enough into the shallow water of the Bay to permit boats to fasten to it. As soon as we stepped out of the boat, we met the Captain, who went ashore before us, coming with Mr. Rutherford, consignee of the cargo, to conduct us to the house of Rev. Dr. Philip, to whom we had a letter of introduction from Mr. Anderson. The first thing that attracted my attention as we were approaching the pier, was the pyramidal hats of the Malays, such as we have seen in pictures. The houses which we first passed were so different from any thing we had seen in America, that I thought they were barracks, or something peculiar, and not common [p.69] dwelling houses. But I found ^{nearly} all the houses in town built in the same style: one story, flat roofed, and white-washed on the outside. To the eye of an American, this Dutch fashion of white washing gives an air of respectability even to the poorest houses. We crossed the military parade ground, a large gravelled square, into a principal street, up which, a few rods, was the venerable Dutch mansion of Dr. Philip, opposite a more venerable Dutch church. The Dr. and his lady received us with great kindness. We sat talking with them an hour or two, and then all five of us set off on an exploring tour about town, and and a most gratifying tour it was. Almost every thing we saw, ^{and heard,} buildings, trees, herbs, beasts, people, and language, reminded us that we were in a foreign country and climate. The people are of every variety of color, from the faintest white Englishman down to the sootiest African. I was particularly interested in the three principal classes of features, and their very different expression: the lordliness of the European, the effeminacy of the Asiatic, and the stupid servility of the African. Almost every kind of fruit grows here, of the temperate zones, as well is of the torrid: apples, peaches, plums, apricots, pears, quinces, grapes, limes, lemons, pomegranates, oranges, figs. Some of these are gathered twice a year. Many of the grapes are made into raisins. Many of the houses have handsome flower gardens around them. Some have grape vines creeping about their doors and piazzas, and beautiful walks of arched shrubbery from the front door to the street gate, which frequently hangs between two ancient, Dutch looking, plastered pillars. The walls of their gardens are of plastered stone, eight or ten feet high, the top covered with broken glass stuck in cement. Over

the walls are boughs projecting, full of green figs. The sheep are noted for their ponderous tails, the same as those of Palestine, the fact of which, by direction of the Levitical law, was to be so carefully seen to by the priests. We saw children riding in small carriages drawn by goats harnessed, and others on the back of goats regularly saddled and bridled. Now and then comes a Dutch boor into town from the adjacent country, in a huge thundering waggon, and a pretty slouched [p.70] concern he is. Some convicts are at work about streets, with iron clogs on their heels, to prevent their escape. The well dressed colored females are seen walking in every direction without bonnets, or any covering for the head except a towering comb. Many of them a good looking. I saw two handsome male Malays, and an exceedingly beautiful Moor in full costume. Not having been in a slave country before, I was deeply affected at the profound and hopeless stupidity manifest in the countenance of many of the of the older slaves. There is an indescribable something about the white females, by which one immediately recognizes them as Dutch. If you see a heavy man sitting in the street, smoking, you may be sure he is a Dutchman. The English are few, and generally dressed in style becoming their dignity as lords of the Cape. We were all filled with admiration of the neatness, comfort, and romantic beauty, every where seen. Every advantage of climate, and all possible means of abundance and luxury, seem to be here concentrated. With New England people and institutions, this country might be a paradise. But of such institutions, the slaveholding, sensual Dutch, have no conception.

Towards night, brother D.[,] wife, and self, came off to the ship. Mr. & Mrs. Arms remained at the Dr.'s. Brought along a lot of excellent oranges, and plenty of astounding information to mates Bartlett and Green. The Captain stays at the American Consul's.

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Monday, Oct. 26. Left Cape Town Wednesday 21st, having staid twelve days. For five days I have been sea sick, and unable to write. We are still beating about the Cape, unable to get round.

You will recollect we first went ashore at Cape Town on Friday afternoon, Oct. 9th, and returned to ship, that night. We had an excellent sleep, the ship lying at anchor, the floor, berth, and every thing, being still and level. Next morning, Saturday, we got our baggage and clothes ready for staying ashore several days, and a large bag of dirty clothes for washing. Mr. Arms came aboard after some baggage which he had left. M. [p.71] was lowered into the boat by a pulley and rope suspending a rocking chair, in which she was seated. In the style the Chinese mandarins were lifted in and out of the ship of Lord Macartney! Our luggage in the boat, we set off for the town in high spirits. The boatmen are sociable, intelligent, and always ready to answer any inquiries about the Cape, and to give information concerning ships lying in the Bay. There are now at anchor there, about fifteen vessels, mostly English. Some few are whalers, some seeking cargoes of wine, some importers of staves for wine casks, some East Indiamen stopping for refreshment, some African coasters. Sometimes a tremendous southeaster, answering to a northeaster in the other hemisphere, breaks the cables of vessels in the Bay, and drives them out to sea, or wrecks them on the

surrounding rocks. We proceeded directly to the house of Dr. Philip, accompanied by a long train of negro, Malay, and Hottentot coolies, carrying our baggage on their shoulders.


The first expedition was that of Mr. Arms, Mrs. A. and wife into the “interior of Africa” about eight miles, to the “cottage” and grounds of Mrs. Batt, in *Wineberg*. They went in the “cart” of the Dr. Mrs. B. had been introduced to us in Cape Town the day we arrived. On a visit at her cottage they found Mr. Fairburn, editor of one of the Cape Town papers, and his wife, daughter of the Dr. To both these they had also been introduced before. Instead of taking apart in this romantic expedition, brother Dickinson and myself preferred the more intellectual one of going to the cottage of Mr. Rutherford, about three miles south of Cape Town, on the seashore, in company with the Dr. himself. We rode in the cart of Mr. Tredgold, who accompanied us. The road goes from the town round the “Lion’s Rump,” a part of the Cape mountains, along the granite rock at the water’s edge, a mile or two, to the village of Mr. R. which stands under the other part of the mountain, called the “Lion’s Head.” On this road lies a splendid botanical garden, containing specimens of all the Cape plants, and, if I mistake not, no other. We did not go into the garden. Within a few rods of the road the surf is always dashing, even in the mildest weather, in a beautiful white line, as far as the eye can reach. We saw a large fortified [p.72] powder house, guarded by an armed soldier. I shouldn’t care if this were blown up. Wherever the British government is, there are found haughty officers, lazy soldiers, and all the hateful things pertaining to war. The cottage of Mr. Rutherford stands in the middle of a large and beautiful garden. His front rooms, especially the sitting room, is more spacious and lofty than any I have seen in America. The latticed piazza, covered with vines, gives the building a romantic appearance. The English taste, in such matters, is far superior to ours. The Americans, though they have plenty of room, are sure to construct their houses so as to have as much running up and down stairs as possible; the English have more sense than to build so absurdly. The roof of their country houses, and generally of those in their towns, is one piece with the ceiling, or upper part of the “first story” rooms, as they would be called in America. It is certainly better to have eight rooms on the ground, than to have four chambers, and a garret extra. And a flat roof, properly made, is as good, perhaps better, than any other. — The family of Mr. R. is a good specimen of English society. Mrs. R. is an interesting lady, perhaps rather too still. We staid but half an hour, and returned about dusk. The other party had arrived from *Wineberg*, and had seen several things; but I cared more about the conversation of the Dr. than these and all we had seen besides, especially as we meant to go to *Wineberg* ourselves.

The next day was Sabbath. The Dr. preached in the evening, to give Mr. Dickinson an opportunity in the morning. The Dr. preached from Acts 11:23, “He exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord.” The sermon was one of his best, and produced a great effect. The main drift of it was, the importance of independent thinking in order to vigorous and efficient action, and decision of character. Mr. Fairburn, the editor, tried hard to persuade Mr. D. to permit him to publish it in his paper. Another gentleman, a high churchman, who probably have never heard any good preaching before in his life, said he would give fifty pounds sterling (nearly \$250) a year, to keep such a preacher at the Cape. With the

exception of some of the best sermons of Mr. Finney, I have never known a sermon to produce such an effect. I suppose it was the greater, on account [p.73] of the character of the discourse to which the English are accustomed. Some of them frankly acknowledge that the American preachers are far before their own in the kind of composition appropriate to the pulpit. Unless a man hears with all his might, he cannot tell the substance of an English sermon, after it is delivered, because it is so discursive, or rather, loose, and without *point*, or singleness of object. The quality of concentration, or unity, in American sermons, though to us so obviously important and necessary, seems to be almost unknown to the English; consequently when they hear such a sermon as brother D.'s, the impression left on their minds is *definite* and *permanent*. The effect in this instance was still greater; because it was a time of refreshing in the Dr.'s little congregation; ten had joined the church at the last communion.

As to myself, I was not a little surprised to discover, that notwithstanding I had heard bro. D. preach several times in Boston, and at sea, and had been considerably intimate with him, I was almost entirely ignorant of his real worth. His sermon satisfied me. That Sabbath was a "high day" with me, never to be forgotten. Having been so long away from the sanctuary, my mind was better prepared than usual for the enjoyment of its privileges. The eloquence of the sermon, the unusual spirituality of the prayers, the intense interest manifested by the audience, the evidence presence of the Spirit, and withal, the thrilling music of the organ, and in all respects the sweet solemnity of the place, produced so peculiar and delightful an effect upon me, that I continued to think of it for several days after, with astonishment and rapture, and even now I dwell upon it with fresh interest continually. The services of that Sabbath gave me new and clearer views of my own character, of the nature of prayer, of the nobleness of inflexible adherents to the principles of the gospel, and of the beauty of holiness. I am under unspeakable obligation to bro. D. for this sermon.

[p.74] The next expedition to those of Saturday, was by Messrs. A., D., and self, up Table Mountain. We were accompanied by the older of Dr. P.'s sons, an excellent and interesting young man, about twenty-one years of age. The top of the Mountain is usually covered with a cloud; that morning it cleared off, and promised a good prospect. We were furnished by mother Philip with good store of bread, meat, and crackers in our pockets, for a whole day's consumption; and we took, besides, several large Cape oranges. All these things distended our pockets more than was gentlemanly; but we didn't care a fig what the Dutch might think.

Cape Town lies in an amphitheatre of mountains; as you stand in the town, with your back towards Table Bay, "Devil's Peak," lies on your left hand, "Lion's Rump" and "Lion's Head" (  ) on your right, and Table Mountain in front, between Devil's Peak and the crouching Lion. The town is about two miles from Table Mountain, the farthest of the three; but the Mountain is of so immense size, that it seems to annihilate this distance and to overhang the town. It is flat on the top, as its name intimates, and presents on the side towards the town a prodigious front of perpendicular rock. The sides of the ravine at Trenton Falls are unworthy of notice in comparison with this amazing precipice.

We steered for the foot of the mountain through several Dutch farms, romantically situated on the rising grounds between the town and the foot of the mountain, then over a tract of weeds and bushes. Here we found a great variety of plants, some beautiful, and nearly all new to us. Some of these we gathered, on our return, to carry to the ship; the slaves laughed at us, as we should at a foreigner in America, if he should carry off a load of skunk cabbage from a swamp, as valuable plunder. We were four hours in ascending. Long before we reached the top, even before we began climbing steepest part, one third of the distance from the bottom, brother D. gave out, and we left him behind. I was astonished to find how we were deceived in calculations of distance [p.75] in reference to the mountain. The Dr. tells a story of a missionary who thought it was but a little way to the other side, and started at six o'clock in the afternoon, intending to get over about dark. "But," said he, "four o'clock, next morning, found him groping among the ravines of the mountain!" What appeared from the town to be only a small channel for the rain, scarcely perceptible, we found to be an immense ravine or chasm, five or six hundred feet perpendicular at the sides, and perhaps an eighth of a mile wide. Though the day was warm, we found it uncomfortably cold near the top. We found ourselves in a dense cloud, which of course spoiled our expected prospect. It was useless to wait; for it very seldom happens that the summit is free of clouds; and it rained, moreover, so smartly, that we got quite wet in spite of our umbrellas. On the vast level, or "Table," which we found at the end of the ravine, were innumerable ponds of water, kept full by the almost constant dripping of the superintendent cloud. I had forgotten to say, that before we entered the cloud, we thought we saw far down towards the middle a black speck moving, and by a spy glass recognized it as bro. Dickinson, who had got better, and was clambering up. He joined us on the summit. While descending, we were amazed at the enormous masses of rock, in thousands of places, which had fallen into the ravine from the precipices above. The prophet Nahum probably had reference to some such mountain scenery as this, in the words, "The mountains quake at him, and the rocks are thrown down by him." How awfully grand a sight it would be, to see one of these immense rocks dislodged from its place by lightning, or a shower of them by some mighty earthquake! No rhetorical disquisition could give such an impression of the sublime. On emerging from the cloud, we found the air below clear and warm, [p.76] as before, though we had been quite sure of finding rain, and unpleasant weather. Like Christians in certain <sup>other</sup> circumstances, our difficulty was all owing to our own little foggy horizon.

Another jaunt <sup>of</sup> bro. D. and myself, in company with the Dr. and his son, was to Wineberg. I have seen no scenery in America comparable to this, for beauty. In front was a range of blue hills stretching to the northward, on the sea shore, as far as we could see; on our left the ocean, and on the right the craggy precipices of the "Devil's Peak." The road, which was perfectly level and smooth, had on each side rows of handsome fir trees, tall, and the branches meeting at the top, so as to form a lofty green arch for miles in length. About half way, we came to the seat, or rather "cottage" of Sir John Herschell, a neat one story building, almost hid in thick shrubbery. I have never in my life seen, or imagined, any situation so charmingly romantic. In several directions from the cottage, were paths into the dark thick forest,

leading I suppose to places of seclusion for Sir John. If this is a specimen of English taste in such things, I do not now so much wonder that the English travellers in America sneer, always, at the insipidity and dreariness of our outlandish way of doing things. Something of this sort is certainly within the reach of every one of our wealthy farmers. And it is as certainly of considerable importance to the mental habits of such men, as facts prove. The Dr. had a mind to introduce <sup>us</sup> to Sir John, and ordered the cartman to set us down. But notwithstanding the servant rung the bell and ran in divers directions into the woods and grounds all about, no Sir John could be found. In his "sublime musings," he had wandered farther than usual. It made no little laugh among our good friends at Cape Town; that we came within an inch of going into Sir John's house, and were so near Sir John's great thirty feet telescope that we saw the bottom of the frame in which it was, the upper part being hid in [p.77] the shrubbery, and that we came very nigh seeing Sir John himself! I confess I did not feel much disappointed at not having intruded my insignificant self into the presence of the greatest philosopher in the whole world, for such he indisputably is; though I should like well enough to see him. He is universally allowed to be a greater man than his father, discover of the planet Herschell. The Dr. inquired whether that planet is called in America, Georgium Sidus, or Herschell. Mr. Dickinson replied that so far from calling it Georgium Sidus, there are but few Americans who know what this name means. Even to this day, part of the English, with most shameful perversity, continue to call the planet by the name of their old wine bibber and lecher of king, <sup>rather</sup> than to confer any honor upon its illustrious discoverer. This is a fair specimen of the tendency and spirit of the principles of an overgrown, selfish aristocracy: birth and factitious rank every thing; merit nothing, if too intent on high pursuits to be induced to pay obsequious attention to the driveling, for hunting, beef eating, greasy men, who control the sources of honor in such a country as England. Probably "Lady D'Urban," wife of the Cape governor, is of this latter sort of nobility. Theatrical plays are announced in the Cape papers as being under the patronage of her ladyship! Her husband has a salary of nearly \$25.000 a year, from the British government, for what? For being governor of his majesty's *extensive* colony of the Cape! And his wife a protector and contributor to theatres! And the money for this squandering comes from the suffering, ignorant, taxed-to-death poor of England, whose sensibilities are as acute, whose comfort of as much consequence, whose minds <sup>are</sup> made by God as susceptible of, and justly entitled to, education, as those of Lady D'Urban and her dear husband, with his diamond snuffbox. Without doubt, her ladyship would be found more familiar with the name of Georgium Sidus than of Herschell; [p.78] for among such folks the same notions are found now, as were prevalent half a century ago. What is venerable is sacred, and what is sacred ought to be protected from all rude change. How long will the people of England hold on to such cobwebs and children's playthings! The Dr., who goes the entire swine in whiggism, and is well acquainted with British politics, assured us that the present opposition in England to reform from all this execrable toryism, is maintained principally by dint of *bribery*. In view of such systematic and unreasonable hindrances to the progress of truth, one could hardly regret another French Revolution. Millions of immortal beings are degraded, insulted, trodden under foot, made machines of; education is monopolized, and the most

persevering opposition made to the natural tendencies of things in the arrangements of Providence; and all for the grand ultimatum of doubling the chins and distending the bellies of a few bigoted bishops and other old dolts of almost wholly factitious consequence!

We arrived at Madam Batt's before dinner was ready, and turned into the garden. It is large, and contains a great variety of Cape plants. I noticed in particular the fig, pomegranate, and bamboo. I mistook the bamboo for broom corn. At the farther end of the garden from the cottage, is a latticed summer house for sitting in pleasant weather, and near it a costly imported marble monument over the two of Mrs. B.'s husband. The money paid by this lady for the stone, and the work bestowed on it, and the importing, we do vast good in getting our translations and publishing a-going at Singapore, or in helping poor young men in America to an education; whereas, if Mr. Batt is in heaven, he is ashamed of the whole affair, and if not, he cares no great about it. [sic]

At dinner we had excellent beef soup served up in flowered tureen of massy silver. The soup is the first of the many courses of an English dinner. Then came, [p.79] in due succession, a number of goodly dishes, of all which we ate as much as we ought. The Dr. at another time, apologized to us for the customary protraction of dinners, saying that it is an expedient to keep the company, for *talk's* sake. Whether this is the *only* reason, is with me a matter of some doubt. In conversation with Mrs. B. the subject of church and state was introduced. Though she is a dissenter from the established church, yet, strange to tell, she is unwilling to have it give place to be "voluntary system." She urged the common arguments for the establishment: "That if religion is supported by the civil authority and the law of the country, it is *respected* more than it would otherwise be; and, if the clergy are supported by government, they will preach the truth more plainly and faithfully, because they are *independent* of the people." To the first of these two arguments, I replied that no parade of law would secure any respect whatever to *unworthy* of professors and ministers of religion, and that *worthy* ones are respected for higher reasons; that public esteem is entirely independent of law, in an enlightened Christian community; that it involves an imputation of *weakness* to Christianity itself, or to its professors, to suppose that it depends for respect on such a low consideration as the favor of government and the great; and that, in United States no law whatever could add to or diminish a single whit the very great respect which is paid by the people to religion and its ministers. As to the second, I reminded her ladyship that the greater part of the church of England clergy are so independent of the people that they are not afraid to be seen by their parishioners hunting foxes with a pack of yelping hounds at their heels, and that the chief object of their solicitude is not the salvation of their people, but rather to become skilful in training and breeding hounds; that the untried theory is indeed plausible, but that a fair trial of it for centuries in England [p.82] proves that the clergy supported in this way feel independent rather of the *good* than of the bad part of their people; that in United States no sermon-borrowing or hound-breeding ministers of the gospel could live, so great is the contempt of the people for such men; and that, moreover, in that country, notwithstanding the ministers are entirely *dependent* on their hearers for support, still the whole truth is preached as plainly as it can possibly be, as may be

seen in our numerous revivals of pure religion, which revivals could never be, without very faithful preaching. And, in her own country, do not the dissenting ministers, who are dependent, preach the truth more boldly than the churchmen who are not? But in all these arguments she could see nothing conclusive.

The conversation afterwards turned on the British and American constitutions. Mrs. B. thought it an excellent thing to have king and nobles. I inquired if she thought it no evil to be subject to a constitution by which a dunce is as likely to succeed to the highest place of influence in the government as a man properly qualified. In America we respect men not according to their birth, but according to their talents. Here, young Philip, alluding to our conversation at the Dr.'s the evening before, remarked, "But you acknowledge you have an ignoramus for President." This brought the laugh upon me, and I confess I was at a loss for a moment how to recover myself; but as necessity is the mother of invention, I urged, that though it is true our President is not so great a statesman or scholar as he ought to be, still his military talents are considerable; and though talents of this sort are of secondary importance, it is better to have a man at the head of the nation, of some sort of talents, than have one like the present king of England, of none at all. Besides, our President holds his place only four years, or eight at farthest; whereas, you cannot get rid of your worthless king for fifty years, if he should live so long. However, she thought it no very great evil, because the king would always have counsellors and ministers enough about him to keep him straight.

After dinner, the wine not meddled with, we took our leave with perfect good feeling, and [p.83] got home about dark. On the road I had some interesting conversation with the Dr.'s son, principally concerning the American character. The result of it was, that I was convinced that we Americans are by no means without faults.

The British territory of the Cape is about 588 miles long, by about 300 broad. Cape Town, the capital, has above 20.000 inhabitants, English, Dutch, Scotch, Irish, Germans, negroes, Malays, Hottentots, Mozambiques, and natives of Madagascar, called Malagasse, (pronounced Mălăgăsh.) More than one half are colored people. About 9.000 are slaves, a few of them Malagasse, but chiefly Hottentots, Mozambiques, and Malays. The Malay slaves are about 3000. The remaining 11.000, subtracting from the whole 20.000 the 9.000 slaves, must be divided among the free colored people, which are perhaps 2.000, and the whites. The Scotch, Germans, and Irish are few, perhaps 1.000, the English perhaps about 2.000. This would leave the old Dutch population at about 6.000. The Irish have a small popish chapel; the Scotch a presbyterian kirk, a neat new building; the Germans, who have learned and partly adopted the Dutch language, an old Lutheran Church; the Dutch an old Calvinistic Dutch church; the English an Episcopal church, an elegant and very expensive building. Besides these there is a Wesleyan chapel, the Independent chapel of Dr. Philip, and the hall or room where the Malays hold their Mahometan service. In the Lutheran church the service is performed part of the time in German, part in Dutch; in the Dutch church always in Dutch. The Dutch language is principally used in the colony, but the colored people and the Dutch business men speak good English, at least the latter do, and the others are fast learning, though they use Dutch among

themselves. Some of the Dutch, who circumstances and business do not require it, feel so great hatred to the English, that they refuse to speak or learn their language at all. This stubbornness must after a while yield, because no legal business can be done in any language but English. The old men may hold out, as long as they live, getting others to read and write notes, &c. for them, but the young will have more sense.

There is in Cape Town a singular class of people, called “bastard Malays.” Among [p.84] the Malays imported from the East Indies by the Dutch were many Mahometan priests. As the negro, Hottentot, and Bushmen slaves were never allowed by the vile masters to attend church, or to know any thing of Christianity, it was of course an easy matter for the Mahometan priests, who were slaves associated with them, to convert them to the religion of the Koran. The masters encouraged the proselytizing, and the negroes adopted the Malay dress and pyramidal hat, and to some extent their language. The wretches who would not permit them to receive Christian instruction, are willing that they should attend the preaching of the Mahometan *imam*! But this reign of horrid abomination and tyranny will soon end. In December, 1838, the slaves will all be free. A singular phenomenon, that a Mahometan missionary should meet with such success in a Christian country. The Dutch receive but 35 pounds sterling per slave as compensation from the British treasury. This will hardly make good the loss of those who own valuable mechanics bringing them in thirty and forty dollars a month. Some will by the freedom of their slaves be made comparatively poor. But who can have a heart hard enough to pity the scoundrels? When the poor abused and dejected slave, despairing of this world, attempted to turn his attention towards another, he was put off with the nonsense and sensuality of Mahometanism! and for no other reason than that the religion of the Bible would enlighten him to understand his rights. Our southerners had better import Mahometanism for their slaves.

Dr. Philip is a great man at the Cape, but bitterly hated for having procured from the British parliament the act for the emancipation of all the slaves in the colony, about 80.000. He says if it were not for fear of the government at home, the Dutch would have murdered him long ago. He has been a Wilberforce to South Africa. Among other facts which he laid before the parliament and British public, was one peculiarly affecting: [p.85] That the *better character* a Cape slave had, the worse his condition. He was obliged to pay a higher price for his freedom, if by his extra earnings he was likely to be able to buy it, not only, but was more oppressed and *tasked*, because his time and services were more valuable. His condition was especially hopeless if he had a good *moral* character, because then he would be worthy of *confidence*! The Dutch are enraged at the English government for having, as they say, “*robbed* them of their slaves.” They wonder why it is, that these 80.000 immortal beings should not be deprived of the privileges of education and the light of the gospel, and “*robbed*” of their natural rights, in order that they themselves might be enabled the more to lounge and smoke. The enemies of the Dr. after his return from England, brought an action against him on charge, I believe, of having injured the colony, and with the help of corrupt court, contrived to get him fined £900, (nearly \$4.400) When the people of England heard of it, they immediately contributed the money and sent it to him, together with an overplus as a fund for future like

difficulties. The greater part of the English at the Cape are as bitter against him as the Dutch. While in England he exposed the tyranny and wickedness of the petty aristocratical despots sent by government to the colony. Many of the English people, who did not understand human nature as well as the Dr., had been congratulating him and each other on the happiness of the colony in having passed from the hands of the Dutch to those of the English. "Oh these Dutch!" they would say, "these vile Dutch!" and of course were excessively mortified at finding the English still worse. The newspapers are filled with bitter pieces against the Dr. They say he is the worst man in the colony, and that it can never prosper while he is in it. There is a fish sold in Cape [p.86] Town market, called "Hottentot fish." In allusion to the Dr.'s having befriended the Hottentots against the oppressions of the Dutch boors, the Cape Town people called this sort of fish "Philippine fish," and made the ignorant fish mongers believe that the name was altered, and that they must no more call it Hottentot fish. So they went about town crying, "Philippine!" But when it was found that the Dr. was proud to be identified with the poor abused Hottentots, the old name came again into use. Such a thing could not disgrace a man known to be honored with the attention and friendship of many of the first characters in Europe.

The *character* of Dr. Philip I greatly admire. Notwithstanding all his honors, & fame, and influence, he appears to be perfectly *humble*. His rigid integrity, and his blamelessness of conduct through all his cruel persecutions, can not but have secured the respect of his enemies. His sweetness of disposition and affability of manners united with his great virtues, and irreproachable life, *seem* to make him a perfect combination of all human excellences. Doubtless he *has* faults; but I am sure they are few, and not very obvious. His enemies, at any rate, cannot point them out; they could only say, as was said of our Savior: "This fellow." And yet his intellectual endowments are not extraordinary; his greatness arises chiefly from his vivid apprehension and solemn conviction of the <sup>truth of the</sup> few simple first principles of Christianity; his fixed determination to act on them; and his dependence on God. Such are the men who compel the leading intellects of nations to second their efforts, and to become subservient! I wish a multitude of our American young men, who with a high opinion of their own attainments and acuteness, are always in the attitude of *criticism*, and adhering tenaciously to their wise theories and hereditary opinions, could be brought into contact with Dr. P. They would soon begin to inquire, To what *purpose* are we living, and intending to live!

[p.87] The Dr. seems to make the deep rooted depravity of human nature his *post of observation*, from which he collected his facts, forms his opinions, and makes his calculations for the future. In all that he does, he seems to take into account that men will act as bad as they can. It is not the Dutch, nor the English, nor the Americans, acting under this or that peculiar extraneous influence, or <sup>any</sup> local circumstances, who hold slaves, and abuse power, and revile the good, but it is *man* who does these things. He took pains especially to convince us, that there is no reason to hope the gospel will get a permanent footing in any nation, without persecution and bloodshed. It may, and sometimes has progressed for a while; but when it arrives at a certain crisis, the jealousy of tyrants and <sup>of</sup> the advocates of ignorance will be roused to desperation. History furnishes no instance of <sup>an</sup> anti-Christian government peaceably suffering

itself to be undermined by the principles of the gospel. In Madagascar the missionaries have lately been sent away by order of the government. They were politely treated and desired to remain and communicate the knowledge of the arts and sciences; "but," said the government, "we are convinced there is no alternative; we must prevent you from teaching your religion, or else we shall all have to renounce the religion of our fathers." The Malagasse are forbidden to practice the rites of Christianity, or to hear the missionaries preach, under penalty of death. In China, too, Gutzlaff and others may make a beginning, but when the *tendency* of the Christian religion shall be clearly understood, then every vestige of Christian literature and institutions will be destroyed, and no alternative left between apostasy and martyrdom. To hear this is the result of the Dr.'s long observation and experience, made my ears to tingle.

Every day, after meals, he would sit and entertain us with interesting discussions, and stories of his eventful life. As an illustration of the truth of the opinion prevalent in [p.88] in the United States, that it would be a dreadfully dangerous thing to free all the slaves at once, he said that at the time the Hottentot slaves were freed by act of parliament, an awful report was circulated at Cape Town that the Hottentots at Stellenbosch, in the interior, were plundering their former masters and living on the plunder. The Dr. started off post haste to Stellenbosch to look into the matter. When he arrived there, he began to inquire, "Where is it that the Hottentots are, plundering? Where are they?" "Oh! not here; at *such* a place they are plundering and eating up every thing!" The Dr. proceeded to the place mentioned: "Where are the Hottentots?" "Oh! they are rioting and carrying on terribly at *such* a place!" The Dr. went thither also; but the Hottentots were behaving with perfect propriety in every instance. The manner in which they were enslaved was this: the boors first *hired* them at a stipulated price, and charged them such an enormous sum for the articles they took in part payment, that at the end of the term specified, the Hottentots would be deeply involved in debt to the boors, and obliged to continue in their service to earn money for paying them. They became thus more and more deeply involved, till, by one cheat and another, they were made slaves. When the Dr. laid these facts before the British parliament, that passed an act setting them all free. Thus has he been engaged in conflict with the Dutch fiends for many years. Traveling through the interior, he has many times been in imminent danger of death from the enraged farmers who had lost their slaves. On one occasion, a large mob of them assembled to intercept him. When he came up, none of them had courage to begin the attack but one more ferocious than the rest, who putting his hands on the side of the waggon, and climbing partly up, took his fist, "I'll fight ye, Dr. Philip! You're an enemy of this colony! I'll fight ye, Dr. Philip! Come down out of your waggon, and I'll fight ye, Dr. Philip!" At that, he jumped down and took hold of a large stone, intending to throw it, but it that so fast in the ground, he couldn't pull it up, and the Dr. drove on.

[p.89] He regards the Hottentots as of Chinese origin. The Caffres, (or Caffers, as they call them now,) he says are the noblest race of men he has ever seen. I saw no Caffers or Bechuanas, at the Cape. The Bechuanas occupy a country directly north of the Cape, the Caffers north east. The Dr. says he always feels safe when traveling among nations called savage, but never among the Dutch. They hate him to such a

degree, that some mothers hold his <sup>name</sup> up to their children as a bugbear, threatening to give them to old Philip, if they don't behave better.

He gave as much light on the subject of prejudice against the blacks. In England, he assured us, a colored man, of good education, may marry into any respectable white family as easily as a white man. America and England, he says, do not understand each other. When Dr. Romeyn, of New York, was in Glasgow, some years since, the question was publicly proposed to him: "Would you consent to only daughter, whom you have at home, marry into colored man of suitable education, &c.?" He replied, "I would rather follow her to her grave." The citizens were so horrified at this declaration, that the Doctor could not hold up his head in the city again ever after. The hatred felt toward the colored people by the pious citizens of the northern states is a mystery in the American character which perplexes the good people of Great Britain beyond measure. The American says, "Why! would you marry a *black* man?" English ladies reply, "Certainly, if there were no objection besides his color." "What! and one with wooly hair! horrible!" "Why not?" "Why not! why, who would do such a thing?" The black skin and the wooly hair would be reason enough, and the English lady would never get any better. The truth is, the American prejudice against colored people is not merely unreasonable, wicked, brutal, it is perfectly *unnatural*.

As to the Colonization Society, the Dr.'s opinion is worth more than that of all [p.90] the Americans together. He says, let there be a colony on the coast of Africa, because the Christianizing of the natives can be greatly accelerated by the advantages of a neighboring well settled *government*. But the idea of sending thither the colored people because they can never be elevated to an equality with the whites, and because the good people of the north are fully determined to cherish the barbarous prejudice which supposes it absolutely *necessary* to send them, is <sup>as</sup> abhorrent from the feelings of the good people of England as robbery or kidnapping. It appears to them little minded, and weak, in the extreme, in the Christians of the north, first to help tread down the free colored people to the lowest possible degradation, and then, because they have *accustomed themselves* to associate them with ignorance, and poverty, and drudgery, and filth, wisely and gravely to conclude that it *must always* be so, in consequence of some permanent arrangement of God! And so continue to cherish the contemptuous feeling towards them, and to withhold from them the means of education and refinement, and to express the utmost horror at their children associating with them! "Oh! we don't hate them; we always treat them well; only we believe it was never designed that they should be equal to us." Now suppose such whites were placed among negroes of education and refinement superior to their own, (and this is now possible, and will soon be common) what a ludicrous clashing between a sense of inferiority, and the former wise conclusion that they had better be sent off. Would they still be shocked at the idea of familiarly associating with them? It is easy in America to fall indolently in with popular nonsense; but a groundless prejudice, or dogmatical assertion, in a community of reasoning and thinking English, will pass only for what it is worth. A man in such company is obliged [p.91] to choose between *giving reasons*, and being the object of just contempt. I am ashamed of my country. How can I help it? Even those whom we call her educated men, who ought to know how to distinguish between the substances and the accidents of things, between

the essential nature and the natural susceptibilities of the negro on the one hand, and his accidental present and temporary degradation on the other, even these men have ignorantly or stupidly conformed their habits of thinking to this mean and miserable prejudice. And for such conduct what excuse can offer? The educated ought to be superior to, and independent of, vulgar associations, and not subservient to them; especially ought this to be the case with leading Christians and ministers, who are supposed to be influenced by the principles of the gospel. The sinecures, pluralities, and non-residences of the English, together with all the abuses of their national establishment, and all their other faults, which the Christians of the northern states are so enlightened <sup>as</sup> to see and point out, are reasonableness itself, compared with their own abominable feeling toward the colored people. Speak to an Englishman about any of these things, and he will instantly remind you of our own national crime in this particular. You may, indeed, while you are in the American atmosphere of sophistry and assumption, frame a reply, in imagination, satisfactory to yourself and those about you, but, in the presence of perspicacious and ingenuous Englishmen in their own country, you cannot have the impudence to utter it. You must blush, and hang your head, stung to the quick by a most humiliating sense of the cruelty and moral debasement of your countrymen, apparently so hopeless, and, at the same time, needless. Till you are in a foreign country, you can not tell how much national pride you have. I could weep a river of tears to wash out this dark [p.92] stain from the character of Christians in New England and New York! But lamentations on this affecting subject are of no use; most of my acquaintances, if they were to read this, would only sneer at my weakness, as they might think it, or my incompetence to judge, or at best, hesitate at my supposed exaggerations. One or two generations of Christians in America must, to use one of Dr. P.'s expressions in reference to certain determined opposers of truth, "die off," before Christian principle in relation to this subject will get a footing there, or, <sup>in</sup> the exact words of his Scotch idiom, "die *out*." It cannot be the design of God that one part of his church shall always tread under foot another part, or that, in his future glorious providential developments of the nature of the gospel, any antiquated prejudice shall be found able to resist its power.

The book of Messrs. Matheson and Reed we have not seen, but heard at the Cape but that it is published. I hope they have taken high ground in respect to the American hatred of the negroes. Their main object has probably been to make a book that will *please* the Americans, and soften the asperity of feeling among them, toward the English, which has been produced by the evil reports of former English travelers. They may, therefore, have been inclined to dwell rather on the good things they found, than the evil. They may have consented themselves with saying something about the criminality of slavery in general, and it is very probable that they received wrong impressions from our leading anti-abolition ministers. Considering the strength of the feeling against the negroes, I doubt whether they have judged it best to endanger their main object by setting the thing forth in its real enormity. Whatever captiousness Mrs. Trollope may have shown in some things, in this, her severity was deserved, and a thousand fold more. I was amused to hear the conversation of an English gentleman and his lady in New York. After inquiring particularly into the reasons of the contempt which they saw manifested every where among the Americans towards the colored

people, and expressing their grief and amazement, they declared they would embrace every opportunity of treating them with *unusual kindness*.

[p.99] Dr. P. told us many interesting facts and anecdotes of John Foster, Rowland Hill, Robert Hall, and other eminent men among his friends. He has had much to do with Mr. Wilberforce. The memoirs of Rowland Hill he considers as miserably written. "Men," he says, [""] understand those who are below them, but not those who are above them. Men of one idea do not understand men of two ideas. The writer of Rowland Hill's Life is a man of one idea." He thinks Mr. Hill was not inferior to any man in the kingdom, in intellectual capacity. John Foster, he says, is now and then stirred up to prodigious effort, but is lazy. Mr. Wilberforce's colloquial powers were superior, in his estimation, to those of any other man of his acquaintance. Mrs. Hannah More was too aristocratical, that is, she was rather hostile to the intellectual improvement of the lower classes. — He regrets that biographies are not written by abler men. We get only the oddities, and insignificant events, and much that is merely exterior, while we want to see into the mind and character of great men. We wish to understand their mental history, their hidden treasures and progressive developments. A biography of this sort, of the Dr. himself, would be an interesting book. He thinks much of some of *our* great men, especially Pres. Edwards, Dr. Dwight, and Franklin. The character of Franklin, he says, Americans do not understand. His worth is acknowledged only in Europe. This we acknowledged, though some Americans would have thought it an English conceit. The works of Edwards he was exceedingly fond of when he was studying theology, and preached a sermon on the distinction between moral and natural inability, to a congregation in Scotland, his native country, which astonished them. They had never heard such a doctrine in their life, that men were able to do their duty! They had always been taught that of himself, man could do nothing. Considering the great dearth of good theology in Scotland, and the inveterateness of their triangelism, it is strange that the Dr. is as straight as he is.

[p.100] He is of opinion, from long experience and observation, that in colleges and theological seminaries, the best way of stirring up young men to vigorous and protracted efforts in study and thinking is, to confine the duties of the professors, chiefly, to *conversation* with them, rather than to written lectures. And intellectual grapple with the highly cultivated and disciplined mind of a professor is worth ten times as much for sharpening their powers, as the richest and most elaborate composition heard from the desk. This method he said was tried by a Scotch professor, and the result was, the appearance of those illustrious philosophers, Beattie, Reid, and several of their cotemporaries, commonly known by the name of the great northern constellation. Their habits of mind were formed around the parlor evening table.

The character of the best part of the English, that is, the whigs, I am much pleased with. The present state of British politics is favorable to the improvement of their moral character, because they make attention to them a matter of duty. The interests of religion are deeply involved in the political discussions at present going on in England. The cause of the tories and aristocrats they deeply feel to be the cause of infidelity, and oppression, and ignorance. They admire the American theory of

government, and in part its application; though they are perplexed to account for the fact, or what they suppose the fact, that the Americans are so *enlightened* in respect to the grand first principles of government, and have so generally adopted them in practice, and yet that they are so fully set on withholding their benefits from the colored part of their citizens. "All men, they say, are born equal; yet a part they refuse to acknowledge as equal, and give no reason for it." We of course were obliged to confess that the Americans do *not* understand the principles, and are very far from having imbibed the spirit, of their own constitution. They are delighted at the *rapidity* of the progress of truth in America; especially of temperance principles. In England and the colonies temperance is struggling for existence. I told the gentleman, with whom I was conversing upon such subjects, that in America politics have become so mean, that it is almost a disgrace to Christians to meddle with them, and that we greatly need the agitation of some mighty questions [p.101] so manifestly involving the main principles of political and moral truth, as to compel every body to take sides, like the reform question in Britain; that at present the attention <sup>of the nation</sup> is occupied by just nothing at all.

While in Cape Town, we visited at the house of Mr. Chase, the American Consul for the Cape, at Mr. Rutherford's, Mr. Dixie's, and Mr. Twait's. We spend an evening at the family's house who board the expelled Madagascar missionaries. There are five of these missionaries, three men, two of them married. They told us many things about the Malagasse, showed us some of the cloth of native manufacture, strong, fine, and of brilliant colors, some beautiful spoons made of horn, and a Malagasse Bible. At the Dr.'s there is a wooden miniature model of a Malagasse house with its furniture. Part of the missionaries remained in Madagascar, in hope of a change in government. The natives worship their beatified ancestors, and suppose Jesus Christ to be one of the ancestors of the English. They pretend to be afraid that it is the object of the missionaries to entice them away from the worship of their ancestors, and get them to worship their own.

We were introduced also to three young French missionaries. One of them speaks tolerable English, one a very a little, and one none at all. They were from the interior on business with the Dr. who is Superintendent of all the South African missions of both the Paris and the London Mis. Societies.

But the most interesting character we found, next to the Dr. himself, was a Captain Chapman, commander of <sup>one of</sup> the very large ships of the Hon. East India Company. While his ship lay in the Bay, on passage to India, he frequently called at the Dr.'s. He is a man of dignified appearance, and genteel manners; he has married into a noble family in England. Having so long resided in Calcutta, among the infidel English, and surrounded by the abominations of Hindooism, and disgusted by the hypocritical formality [p.102] of the English churchmen, he has fallen into dejection as to the conversion of the world by the means relied on by Christians, and seems to be inclined to Irvingism. The vital principle and all pervading element of this heresy is *despondency*, as *presumption* is of the American perfectionism. He thinks it is impossible that the world should be converted without a new set of men of apostolic gifts, such as the gift of tongues, supernatural eloquence, some transcendental sort of

faith, and the like. He appears to be rather backward about broaching his new notions to strangers. I tried to draw him into a more distinct definition of them, and questioned him, Do you mean to say, sir, that Christians must use *with more faith* the means they are now using, or that the *different kind* of means must be resorted to? He did not seem to be capable of reasoning at all, and could answer me only in a strange talismanic phraseology, as unintelligible as that of the perfectionists. But, unlike them, his heart seems to be right with God, and the seat of the graces of the Spirit. He led in the evening prayer of the Dr.'s family, into which he had to much good sense and delicacy to introduce any of his *ism*. We were all much delighted with the spirituality of his prayer. We felt our insignificance in Christians attainments compared with him. Every morning, on board his ship, he orders on deck his 130 men, and reads the scriptures and prays before them. He was visiting on board a ship where some of the crew boasted that they were temperance men. He replied, "That may be well enough, but why do you *swear* here?" He left a book with the Dr. for the American missionaries, but we did not read it; indeed, without considerable previous initiation, it would be impossible to gather from it any coherent meaning. On the whole, we were greatly pleased with him. Col. Crāgy, of East India service, and lady, were to be passengers in his ship. Mrs. Cragy, who is pious and well educated, [p.103] it was thought by the Dr.'s family, in argument would prove too much for him.

The Dr. introduced us to the great public library. It has 8.000 large volumes, ranged in a lofty and spacious hall; in the centre is a long table full of periodicals. Looking over the books, I noticed a large quarto entitled "Ornithology of Java," filled with splendid paintings, and Marco Polo's book which so fascinated Columbus. I saw also at huge quarto written by the noted Abbe Dubois on Hindostan. This popish miscreant, with impudence unheard of, has written deliberately to make out the "advantages" of Hindoo cast! I read some of his argument, and found it written, as might have been expected, in the genuine spirit of a sacerdotal aristocrat, *the same spirit* as that of the Protestants of the United States, who are bent on consigning to the hopeless and awful degradation of unalterable cast a part of their fellow men, whose capabilities, essential worth, and final destiny, are the same as their own.

Many other things which we saw, and many interesting communications of Dr. P. I have no time to write. Mrs. Philip is an excellent woman. She relieves her husband of the whole of the burden of managing the pecuniary affairs of all the missions under his superintendence. She reckons with and pays all the missionaries, and leaves the Dr. to his general labors as a philanthropist, and to preparation for the pulpit. They live in plain style.

With a supply of Cape nuts and oranges, and sundry comforts and conveniences, we came off to the ship Wednesday morning, Oct. 21. Before we started, the Dr., collected us in the sitting room and commended us in prayer to the protection of the God of the sea and of the dry land.

The day was rather unpleasant. The Captain fired a salute of four guns, and was soon under way. In getting out of the Bay, the Rosabella struck an English Indiaman, in consequence of a sudden change in wind, and stove in part of her larboard bulwark.

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[p.104] Tuesday, Oct. 27. South east eight knots. Took a porpoise. Only a little of the meat was saved, for the pigs. We prefer beef steak and fresh potatoes. The Captain brought on board a bushel of horse radish, which is very acceptable. It is of great importance that those who go to sea be well supplied with horse radish. I am getting well of sea sickness, but our hens and ducks are dying of it. One of our tortoises fell on his back, and another seeing him helpless, went to him and helped him to turn and recover his feet!

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Wednesday, Oct. 28. Spoke a whaler. She has made twenty four hundred barrels of oil, and intends to whale two months longer, before going into Cape Town. The Captain thinks this is the British whaler which lately, in league with an American cruising near her, seized on four whales belonging to a French ship. They pretended the Frenchman had harpooned more whales than he could manage, and very politely relieved him by taking to whales apiece!

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Thursday, Oct. 29. A shoal of black fish, a species of whale. Mr. Green hit one eight or ten feet long, with the harpoon. He bled profusely, but made his escape. The barb was prevented from taking deep hold, by the point hitting the neck bone.

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Nov. 2. Monday. Having left our cargo of staves at the Cape, we have a large, convenient place for preaching, in the steerage, between decks, which can be used in all sorts of weather. Yesterday I laid a board on the heads of three barrels in a straight line, and covered it with a piece of canvas, for a pulpit. Behind this I placed the preacher in a rocking chair. In the forenoon, Mr. Arms preached from the parable of the prodigal son. In the afternoon, Mr. Dickinson from Rev. 3:20, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," &c. I forgot to mention, that Mr. D. preached another sermon at Cape Town, the next Sabbath we were there, which produced an effect nearly as great as his first. It was from Josh. 24:15, "Choose ye, this day, whom ye will serve." Evening of to-day, monthly concert in after cabin.

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[p.105] Tuesday, Nov. 5. The last twenty hours we have made 175 miles east, part of the time 10 knots.

We have now a fine range between decks, and in the capacious hold, for service and various other operations. In the hold is only fresh water, and ballast, with a few tons of Cape flour in sacks. Bro. D. thinks our ideas won't be so *concentrated* as they have been.

Dr. Philips told us of curious method of defence resorted to by the Hottentots when they, in traveling, unexpectedly find themselves confronted with a lion. On one of *his own* journeys into the interior, if I recollect right, in company with a female, a lion presented himself before them. The Hottentots who drove the team, stood up, and with great vehemence began to declaim against the lion, calling him a scoundrel, rascal, and villain, and asking him if he was not ashamed to be about there, disturbing

a poor woman traveling peaceably through the country. The lion listened attentively to the harangue, seemed to be ashamed, and walked off.

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Saturday, Nov. 7. For three or four days past, a fine west wind, which has driven us along at the rate of 9 or 10 knots an hour. During one day and night, we made 240 miles.

Some days ago, bro. Dickinson requested me to give a definition of *faith*, in writing, without consulting any book. After thinking awhile upon it, I presented him with the following:

*Definition.*

Faith is such an apprehension of the importance of an unseen object, as excites appropriate feeling.

*Remarks.*

The *objects* of faith, in the most strict and important sense of the term faith, may be events or things which are unseen, either because they are past, or future, or because, though at present existing, are in their own nature invisible. It is not merely *conviction* of the reality of unseen objects, because a man may, by loose inference, or careless habit, have intellectually assented to the reality, [p.106] and even the importance of any such object, without the mental act of apprehension, which is analogous to perception by the senses, and which places an object or proposition distinctly before the mind as a reality. Faith, according to this definition, is a complex act; an essential constituent part of it is *emotion*, which results not only from the adaptedness of the human mind to feel emotion in view of the nature of the objects of faith, but from the perception of the important relations of those objects to one's self. This feeling is appropriate: If, for example, a man has an apprehension of the universal presence of God, he will feel an emotion of *awe*, proportioned in *degree* to the distinctness and vividness of his apprehension. "Saving faith" is only faith directed to a certain specific object: The power and willingness of Christ to save. The *generic nature*, or principal constituent of faith, is *a feeling regard to invisible things as important realities*, not so much in relation to its *subject*, as in consideration of the intrinsic worth of the objects themselves.

Mr. D. objected to this definition, that it does not include the *will*, or that faith is *voluntary*. He then produced his own definition: "Faith is the assent of the whole mind, the understanding, the feelings, and the will, to divine revelation." I replied that to include the will is superfluous, since it ought to be taken for granted, as much in this as in any other mental act consequent on candid attention to truth, that the will is concerned; indeed, that his definition is constructed with reference to bad theology and false metaphysics, and is not a strict metaphysical definition. Still, I am inclined to consider his criticism carefully before rejecting it. I objected to the words "divine revelation," because a heathen without any knowledge of divine revelation at all, may attain to the apprehension of an invisible God, and so in the strictest sense of [p.107] the word, may exercise faith. To this he assented, and substituted the words "religious truth." He feels so much interest in the whole subject, that to-morrow he will preach upon it. I am next to produce definitions of law, punishment, hope, repentance,

holiness, atonement, &c. beginning with law, but without consulting books till after definition is produced.

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Monday, Nov. 9. Yesterday, in our new church, the steerage, Mr. D. in the morning preached from Rom. 10:10, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness," introducing his above definition. A good sermon. In the afternoon, Mr. Arms discoursed on Acts 7:51, "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost."

In the evening I had a private conversation with "Alek'['] (Alexander) and Charles, two of our common sailors. I was affected at their extremely ignorance, more than usual. I thought of Foster's remark, that "the *dreams* of such persons are more lively trains of thought, more dignified, and worthy of a rational being, than their waking thoughts." We think they are all more seriously inclined than formerly. I think of taking these two under my special care and instruction. Mrs. Arms calls the cook her parish, and reads to her parishioners when she has a good opportunity.

We are now about in the longitude of the southern extremity of Madagascar.

Dr. Philip told us of a nation in the interior of Africa, toward the northeast, from the Cape, the people of which tell the king his faults in public assemblies held for the purpose. On one such occasion, a man told his majesty that his wife was too old, and influenced his majesty too much. His majesty replied, "My old wife don't influence me any more than your young one does you." And yet this king is a perfect despot. How queer it would be, to hear in such an assembly, Your majesty drinks too much; your majesty laughs more than is dignified; your majesty [p.112] ought not to have made war on such a nation; your majesty spits in an ungraceful manner; your majesty ought not to have favorites who are so impudent to the people; your majesty does not govern his children well; your majesty swears too much; your majesty is too fond of show; your majesty is too apt to tell fibs; your majesty has too many wives; your majesty keeps too many dogs. The Dr. says his majesty hears all his known faults exposed without taking offence.

Having been talking with bro. Dickinson about Dr. Chalmers. I am glad to find at least one, who agrees with me in the opinion that he does not deserve half his high reputation. His works, it is true, are, for some reason or other, tolerably interesting; but they do not contain much important thought, nor is the study of them very profitable. Look, for instance, at his absurd doctrine of triangle-ism, that Christ endured the *whole penalty* of the divine law, instead of the scriptural and sane position that his sufferings were accepted as a *substitute* for the penalty of the law. And what profound theology is contained in the beginning of his sermon on gratitude: "That it is too much to expect from young professors of religion, that they should have disinterested love to God, because this is the highest and most refined exercise of holiness"! As in the first feelings of a regenerated heart do not involve all the essentials of holiness; as if even any *one* of the graces of the Spirit does not involve all the rest; as if a convert must begin with selfishness, and like the anti-total abstinence men, learn *gradually* to become benevolent, lest too great a shock be given to the internal selfish economy. If everyone should embrace the Dr.'s philosophy, I am afraid there would be but few young missionaries. They would be obliged to stay at home till

they had ascended through all the incipient stages of selfishness, up to the very refined and abstruse notion of disinterestedness, before they [p.113] would feel even the necessary impulse; and I fear they would make slow progress under such preaching as that of Dr. Chalmers. Such a doctrine is a disgrace to Christianity, and the preaching of it a vital stab to practical religion.

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Tuesday, Nov. 10. Had this morning an excellent view of a whale. He came right under the stern, a few feet under water, and not more than fifteen feet, in all, from the cabin window; then came up to the surface, within thirty feet from the ship, with a tremendous puff from his nostrils. He was about forty feet long. Some of our men who are experienced in whaling, say they have frequently seen "schools" of 100 large whales. When a whale ship falls in with one of these "schools," the crew kill as many as possible before they make their escape. Sometimes ships run against them when they are asleep in the night, which of course not only frightens the whale, but give[s] a tremendous shock to the ship. Yesterday we were visited by an immense number of black fish, a sort of whale, many of them 25 feet long, and would weigh a ton apiece. Some of them were mothers, with little ones playing at their side.

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Wednesday, Nov. 11. Foggy and drizzling. Moving slowly S.S.E. Had for dinner, rice soup, roast goose and duck, pumpkin pie, horse-radish, and oranges. Now and then we have excellent sago pudding (an East India dish) and super-royal Cape walnuts. Not much danger of the scurvy at present.

Moved our daily evening prayer is into the steerage, to give the men an opportunity to attend. They will be held there only at night; in the morning in the after cabin as usual.

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[p.114] Tuesday, Nov. 12. A fine wind, and going eight knots east. Last night one of our turtles died, and was dissected by Drs. Arms and Dickinson. One of the results was, that the turtle is nearly all liver.

I believe I have not yet mentioned our usual way of spending time. No two of us have exactly the same system, though we all do alike in some principal aspects. As for myself, I get up at half past five, which is at three "bells," wash in salt water; at six, go in to family prayers, in the after cabin; the remaining time till eight, say an hour and three quarters, study Calvin's Latin Commentary on the Epistles, (at present on James); at eight, take breakfast; at half past, take a good stir on deck, if it does not rain; before nine, begin the study of Hebrew, and continue it till a quarter before one; then exercise quarter of an hour walking and running on deck, till dinner; at half past one, write a few minutes in the journal, and sometimes devote a part of the afternoon to more careful and correct composition; till a few minutes of exercise before supper, which is at six, Hebrew again, or sometimes metaphysical theology, or critical study of the prophets, (including biblical antiquities,) and sometimes critical polemics, such as Pye Smith; supper, then a stir on deck till candle lighting; then metaphysics, (at present, Upham on the Will) or favorite miscellaneous writers, such as Burke, Author of Nat. Hist. Enthusiasm, Foster, Robt. Hall. When weather and motion of ship

permits, family worship in after cabin immediately after tea, now held in steerage. Bed about nine. The forenoon and afternoon main study generally interrupted two or three times for two or three minutes exercise, as feelings dictate. Waste but little time reading miscellaneous books, except such as mentioned for evening, and those rather *study* than *read*, paying particular attention to their use of words and construction of sentences, and treasuring up their thoughts. Do not believe in much miscellany except such; it weakens thinking powers, and forms habits of indolence. On Sabbath, usually [p.115] close study of Isaiah or Joel. M. when not sea sick or sewing, takes written synopsis of John's History of Hebrew Commonwealth, studies Barnes' Romans with questions, and indulges, when not well enough for such, in miscellany. Mr. D. part of the day, writes Chinese characters. It is disgusting to me to hear some speak of time hanging heavy. What unpardonably stupid creatures such men must be. Professor Stuart, speaking of indolent students, says, "The mistaken man, finds himself at forty just where he was at thirty. At fifty, his decline has already begun. At sixty, he is universally regarded with indifference, which he usually repays with misanthropy. And if he has the misfortune to live till he is seventy, everybody is uneasy because he is not transferred to a better world." There is enough in such a book as Isaiah, or Hebrews, to employ for its thorough investigation, any mind, for years, and with continually deepening interest. It is amazing that so many men, of apparent sense and forethought, will waste so much leisure, in the early part of their life, and low party politics and barroom speculation, and the like, heedless of the great treasures accessible to them, in the world of thought, and all the time perfectly aware of that awful law of Providence, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If the man sows idleness, and talk, and lounging, in early life, he shall in middle life reap insignificance, and in old age vacancy, peevishness, torpor. I cannot help feeling indignation, to think of the conduct of men from twenty-five years old to forty, with whom I was acquainted when a boy. All the Colonels, Majors, Judges, Squires, and principal men of a town, to whom children were looking up as exemplars, and would spend all, or nearly all, their rainy [p.118] days and leisure time at the neighboring taverns, shoemakers' shops, and stores, talking, laughing, lounging, gaping, and spirting tobacco spit. All the time, they had such an oppressive, though vague, sense of their need of mental stimulus and employment, that they would fall in with almost any proposal for furnishing it, even if it were nothing more than a foolish debating society. But besides the baseness of neglecting their own minds and those of their children, what shall be thought of their conduct in relation to the world that lieth in wickedness? If the neglect to cultivate there only immortal powers, and to educate their children for a higher state of being, were the only perversions of the grand end of their existence with which they are chargeable, their guilt would be comparatively small.

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Friday, Nov. 13. Still eight knots east. Ship rolls so badly, in consequence of the wind being directly aft, that at dinner it was no advantage to be on the windward side; we were obliged to hold our soup plates above the table, and raise one side of them, or the opposite, as occasion required.

Mr. D. has been copying some of the Chinese radicals, and learning their signification. They are 214 in all. Great part of the Chinese language consists of primary characters and ideas combined in the most simple manner, instead of appropriated abstract terms. For instance, to express the idea of *antiquity*, they combine the character for the number *ten* with the character for *mouth*. Ten is a sort of perfect number with them, expressive of an indefinitely great number, much like our term "thousands," or "millions." In connection with *mouth*, it signifies that the thing [p.119] which it qualifies has passed, or has been handed down, through many men's mouths, i.e. it is ancient. In like manner, the sentence, *This is a very laughable affair*, and Chinese would be, There-is an affair ten parts good to laugh. It is amusing to see how far this principle of combination is carried. The sentence, He who comes [busily] saying this person is right, and that wrong, is himself a doubtful character, would be expressed us: "Comes to-speak: 'is, not,' person-who of-course is an-is and-not man," i.e. he is an *is* man, and he is also a *not* man, or exhibits the appearance of being a man, and also of being no man, or, as a more refined language would express it, in the single word, *doubtful*. A set of books for studying Chinese costs about ninety dollars, the dictionary alone, seventy, in six quarto volumes. The number of characters is 80.000, but a good knowledge of only 2.000 enables a man to read tolerably well. The time will probably come, when it will be fashionable all over the world to study this language, as it is now in Europe to study French.

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Monday, Nov. 16. Nine or ten knots N.E. Studding sails up, and pleasant. If this favorable wind continues, we shall enter the torrid zone this week. We have already performed half our passage across the Indian Ocean. Long. 73° or thereabouts.

Yesterday forenoon Mr. Arms preached in the chapel from Mark 10:21, "One thing thou lookest," &c. Had no service in the afternoon, because the "main hatch" was shut down to keep up the rain; of course there was no light in the chapel except what got in through the "bull's eyes."

[p.120] Last night, and night before, ship rolled so much, we could not sleep. We slept soundly during the worst *pitching* and *plunging*; but *rolling* from side to side is quite a different kind of motion. But to be deprived of sleep, now and then, considering our good health, is a small thing.

Bro. D. has been telling me about an old minister in Connecticut, who is worth, in money and lands, \$150.000, and does nothing at all for the conversion of the world, directly or indirectly. He has no children, and will probably die without making a will. So, I suppose, all this property will fall to the nearest of kin. He is a man of learning, and trustee of Yale College. Doubtless he is very much afraid of innovations in literature and theology, and all that sort of thing, and laments the shallowness and degeneracy of the present day, and preaches a good deal on the danger of zeal without knowledge. His philosophical speculations are probably as profound, and their bearing on the improvement of the church and the world as extensive and permanent as those of Pres. A.B.J. of Utica. I long to see the time when the church shall have imbibed so much of the spirit of the New Testament, as formally to refuse communion with all such obstinate niggardliness, and systematic opposition to the progress of the gospel;

at least, wish they would adhere to its *letter*, and separate themselves from “idolaters.” Mr. D. remarked that he would rather be a heathen than to be that man. Sometimes, when considering the state of the world, I have longed to be rich, that our might give tens of thousands; at other times I rejoice that I am poor, because rich men are in more danger of losing their souls than any other men. And then if a very rich man is really benevolent, like Josiah Bissell and Arthur Tappan, he is every where spoken against and his name cast out as evil.

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[p.121] Tuesday, Nov. 17. Going slowly E., pleasant, and a great swell. We have now to make thirty degrees of longitude, and thirty^{of} latitude.

Held seamen’s concert last night instead of our usual evening service. The parable of the good Samaritan was read, and the seamen compared to the man who fell among thieves. The keepers of filching boarding houses were called thieves, and our men were exhorted to act the part of the good Samaritan, in encouraging, and persuading others to encourage, the good boarding houses established for seamen under the auspices of the American Seamen’s Friend Society. Our men were earnestly exhorted also to take into consideration the subject of temperance, now that they are so soon to be beset with the temptations of a foreign port. I wish the cause of seamen were more popular in America. What a happy think it would be, if seamen were more frequently pious men; if their vile songs were exchanged for the sweet strains of Watts, and Dwight, and Cowper; if, when on their night watch, instead of thinking of their last debauch, or giving themselves up to complete stupor, their minds were employed on subjects pertaining to their everlasting peace! It is affecting to think how few of the thoughts of most sailors are thoughts worthy of the dignity of immortal beings; how few of their ideas and emotions are not of the meanest class possible. Now the design of the gospel is to elevate just such minds; they are capable of the same improvement that other minds are; their original faculties are the same; their circumstances furnish the same motives; their convictions of sin are the same as other men’s, and their susceptibilities the same, of faith and hope, of penitence and joy. And who, of all other men in the world, more need the *comfort* of the gospel than they?

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[p.122] Wednesday, Nov. 18. Have been becalmed the last twenty-four hours. A breeze just sprung, by which we go four knots N. No sleep for three nights past. The rolling motion of the vessel in a calm is worse than any other. The officers wonder that we should suffer so trifling a thing to keep us awake; they say there is just motion enough to rock a man soundly to sleep.

Mr. Bartlett last evening told us the story of one of his adventures in Canton. It is common among the Chinese shopkeepers, when they have been favored with the custom of Europeans and Americans to any considerable extent, to ask of them a certificate, in English, testifying in their behalf, which they keep to show to those whose custom they solicit. A Chinese tradesmen, Mr. Tong-shing, carried one of his certificate, which had been given him in an English vessel, on board Mr. B.’s ship and presented it to him to read. Mr. B. took it and read aloud, “This is to certify that Mr. Tong-shing is a d—d scoundrel, liar, and cheat, and if you trade with him, he will be

sure to take you in," &c. &c. &c. The Chinese are notorious for cheating and overcharging.

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Thursday, Nov. 19. Becalmed. Last evening saw a whale blowing little way from the ship. I was mistaken in supposing that whales blow or spout *water*, as I have formerly stated. They never spout water. The air blown from their lungs appears at the distance like a column of spray. Their nostrils, or "blow holes" as they are called, they keep closed while under water, and can probably receive water into their lungs no better than we can. Whalemens distinguish different species of whales, "spermaceti," "right whale," "grampus," &c. by their different ways of blowing.

[p.123] It grows warmer as we get farther north. To-day I go on deck without a cloak, which I have done but two or three times before, since we left the Cape. Thermometer 65. Cold as it is, we are as near the equator as Charleston, South Carolina; and in the southern hemisphere the present month answers to May or June in the other. If, in this latitude, we were on the coast of Africa or Madagascar, it would no doubt be as hot as it is in Charleston or Savanna in June.

Slung my books about the with a piece of rope yarn, and went up into the main top to study. M. sews some, and studies some, every day. Is at present engaged, as before, taking synopses of Jahn and Barnes. Before we got to the Cape, she commenced a regular siege of the prophet Obadiah, which she still carries on. Is troubled a good deal with tooth ache, and is infected with the anti-meat schism.

Visited to-day by a huge shark and his pilot fish. We shall probably miss of the fun of seeing a shark taken.

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Friday, Nov. 20. Slowly N.E. Warmish. More whales. If we had apparatus for trying blubber, we might have made some hundreds of barrels of oil. It would be so clean and agreeable work, that I regret we have not the facilities and the disposition for carrying it on. I do not at all grudge those missionaries their comfort who take passage in whale ships, especially in those which do not try the blubber, but keep it in barrels, to be tried on land. From these barrels of half putrid blubber, a stench must arise more grievous than that from the old valley of Hinnom.

Had a fine view this morning of a large whale three or four hundred feet from us. When whales dive, they show the whole tail above water:

[p.124] I become more and more interested, every day of my life, in biblical interpretation. By this I do not mean bare reading of the Bible with attention, nor laborious study of it with the help of any commentators or other means which happen to come in one's way; but the *science of interpretation* in the only sense of the term, that is, ascertaining the meaning of the inspired writers by placing yourself as nearly as possible in their circumstances and mental position. Now as obviously necessary as this is to any thing like correct interpretation, it is most manifest that most of the old English commentators seem not to have been aware of it, and have explained the several books of the Bible as if they were all written by one man, and he an Englishman. What an unwieldy mass of nonsense xxx for example, has written! Not nonsense in itself considered, always; but a great part of it nonsense in reference to the

text to which it is appended. The simplest texts are so covered by him with xxxxxxxxx 1stly, 2dly, 3dly, 4thly, and dozenthly, as usually to bewilder the mind of the reader, and to convince him of nothing but that the writer commented on could not have had all these things in his mind. It is exceedingly grateful to a hungry student to escape out of such a slough, and turn to such expositors as Stuart and Bush, who labor to ascertain not merely the *one* meaning of the sacred text, but the one which is certain or highly probable from the circumstances in which it was written, the character, mental habits, history, and design of the writer, the analogy of the ancient languages and scripture doctrines, and every thing else which throws light on the subject. Such writers are introducing a new fashion into the study of the Bible. They have the politeness to present the student, as far as they can, with the precise shade of meaning intended to be conveyed by the writer in hand, and by the Holy Ghost through [p.125] him, having the 2dly to be manufactured as occasion arises. Such men are narrowing the grounds of controversy, also, in respect to the drift of multitudes of passages which are ignorantly adduced in proof of as many distracting, or unimportant dogmas; and thus they are putting things in a train to do away dissensions in the church. When I say the *one* meaning, I except of course typical intentions, and instances of the double sense, such as the 2d Psalm, and the prophetic perspective, where the words are pregnant with a gradation of three or four meanings, as in the 12th chapter of Isaiah. All these exceptions are everlastingly established by the simple fact that the Jews were accustomed to look at a multitude of their institutions, and of facts in their history, as pointing to some important ulterior object in the developments of Providence.

A mind stored with the knowledge of facts or general principles of *extensive application* possesses of course immeasurable advantages over a mind acquainted only with particular facts. This is pre-eminently the case in the study of the Bible. Let a man study Jewish antiquities, and become to some extent familiar with a Jewish writer's habits of mind in reference to certain things, and he will be delighted to see what a clear light is thus shed on numberless passages, especially in the Old Testament. He will be continually detecting new beauties in portions of both the Old and New Testaments, which he thought he understood very well before. Take, for instance, the construction, contents, and use, of the holy of holies. Moses was directed to be particular in making the tabernacle exactly in imitation of the model seen in the mount, because its appurtenances were designed by God [p.128] to adumbrate important objects of faith which were in the unseen world. The bright cloud of the shechinah which was enthroned on the extended wings of the cherubim, and was without shape or tangible substance, symbolized the invisible King of glory. The apartment itself represented heaven. The Jews prayed to God, and usually conceived of him, rather as "sitting between the cherubim," than as an all pervading spirit; at least, the more refined idea was an extension or transfer of the other, in view of the significance of the symbol. Allusions to the attributes of God, as seen in this and other symbols are constantly occurring: "Thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth *eternity*," i.e. the holy of holies. "Clouds and darkness are round about him," alluding to the darkness of the apartment when the shechinal light did not appear; "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne," alluding to the stone tables of the law in the

ark, which was considered as the base and footstool of the throne of the visible divine majesty. Now by the light of these associations in the mind of the Jew, look at Rev. 21:23, "The city had no need of the sun to shine in it; for the glory [shechinah] of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Here John alludes to the fact that the holy of holies had no window in it, and was lighted only by the shechinah. Isaiah, Ezekiel, John, and the prophets generally, had not *direct* visions of heaven, but rather through the medium of these appropriated symbols of the temple. John had no other. The allusion distinctly understood, the inference is not easily to be avoided, that [p.129] the Lamb is divine. The Jews always identified the shechinal glory with Jehovah. John here identifies it with the slain and glorified Lamb, in the synonymous number of the poetic parallel:

"The shechinah of God did lighten it,

"And the Lamb is the light thereof."

This conclusion would appear to many to be *attenuated*, but not those who can take the proper hermeneutical position of mind.

Paul has a similar allusion in Heb. 10:12, where he speaks of Christ as having "sat down at the right hand of God." To the mind of a Jew, what would be signified by taking a place at the right hand of the divine presence in the miniature heaven of the earthly sanctuary?

By the way, scarcely any biblical subject is to me so full of interest, increasing, inexhaustible interest, as this of the symbolic shadowings forth of the Jewish tabernacle and temple. I am never tired of meditating on the annual entrance of the high priest into the most holy place. As he lifted the veil, his eye fell on the supernatural manifestation of the divine being, and the sacred symbols of the ineffable things of eternity, the heaven of glory, the adoring cherubs, the mercy seat, the everlasting throne established in righteousness. What must have been his emotions, as he stood there and heard the voice of the infinite God. If we ever find it difficult to attain to a feeling apprehension of the presence of the all pervading *Spirit*, let us imagine ourselves to have entered into the awful place, and to be standing in the *visible* presence of the Searcher of hearts. What besetting sin should we be ashamed of most? And if the adorable God should be pleased, in consideration of the expiatory blood of sprinkling, to speak words of encouragement to us from the golden mercy seat, what grace should we implore?

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[p.130] Saturday, Nov. 21. A pushing wind, and two points north of east, 8 or 9 knots. Warm, but rainy. Whales. Porpoises.

I have all along thought best not to give stories a place in the journal which appear to savor too much of the marvelous, though well attested. I must give one from our good old cook, which I have every reason to believe true. On one of his former voyages to India, he saw two whale boats pursuing a whale. Each boat had a harpoon in him, and a line, as usual, extending from the harpoon to the boat. The whale made directly for the ship in which the cook was, passed under it like lightning, and gave it a blow with its tail which threw all the crew from their feet! They were afraid that the rope, as the ship passed over it, would slide along the keel and catch behind the

rudder, but fortunately it did not. As the boats pulled along by the ship, the Captain observed ^{to them} that they had "A fine horse there!" Almost equal to the Kentuckian who rode up from the Mississippi on the back of an alligator, with a rattlesnake for a whip.

We are continually becoming better acquainted with nautical affairs. I have just learned one important fact or rule. It always provokes the irony of seamen to see anything thrown overboard on the windward side. I had thrown over some orange peel, part of which was blown back by the force of the wind; the steward saw me, and informed me that "it is the rule never to fling nothin' to the windward, on'y hot water and hot ashes."

Claw'd into a box of fifteen pounds of Cape raisins, to-day, presented by Mr. Rutherford. We had forgotten that we had them.

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[p.131] Monday, Nov. 23. A wholesome breeze, and 8 or 9 east. A large British East Indiaman in our wake, which we caught up with, and left behind. We have seen no vessel yet, which could outsail the Rosabella. More whales.

Mr. Arms yesterday afternoon from 1 Pet. 4:18, "If the righteous scarcely be saved," &c. Mr. Dickinson in the forenoon from Rom. 8:7, "The carnal mind is enmity," &c.

It requires some considerable labor at sea to *keep clean*. Trunks, shoes, and clothes get mouldy, those which are laid away; and those that you wear get full of salt, and pitch, and grease. Those who have never been to sea suppose it to be very clean on board a vessel where the decks are washed every morning; but it is all a mistake. It *looks* neat, but you need to take more care of yourself in this respect than on land. It is doubtful whether sea water starts dirt from one's hands and face, or glues it on tighter; fresh water it is not lawful to use for this purpose, and ought not to be, unless you catch rain. Besides this, various generations of creatures come into being, which ought not, and take up their abode in divers places. We have been highly favored in this thing, though even we have found our brown sugar and our sea biscuit sometimes inhabited. When we sweeten our tea, chocolate, and coffee, we dive instinctively at the lumps, taking it for granted that they are too hard for excavation. I say *instinctively*, for we each found it out without information from another. When we get under the frying sun of the torrid zone, a little south of and about Java and Sumatra, the dripping tar will be a new source of dirt.

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[p.132] Tuesday, Nov. 24. A pretty good breeze, but rainy. Rather chilly. Our voyage bids fair to hold out longer than we expected.

Bro. D. has to-day been drawing up a temperance pledge for the Rosabella, to be handed down from generation to generation, till intemperance shall be out of fashion among sailors. It remains to be seen how many names he will secure, and how much dependence is to be placed upon them.

When we were in Cape Town, a gentlemanly looking seaman accosted me on the pier, at the landing place, and holding up a bottle of brilliantly colored liquor, very

politely invited me to drink. I affected, in my looks, great astonishment: "Drink! why, I belong to this temperance ship out here in the Bay! Don't you know that we Americans have learnt better?" I was told afterwards, that if I had consented, the report would have spread all over town.

I believe tobacco is used by all on board except the missionaries. Near the wheel, at the helm, stands a large square deep box as a tobacco receiver for our six sailors, as they stand there on their successive watches. Now this box presents a dangerous and terrific abyss, into which I most sincerely hope none of us will have the misfortune to fall. It would be a great deal safer to fall into the "slush tub," or the pig pen. The mates, and the men in other parts of the ship, usually spit in^{to} the sea, or some corner; but the Captain, by virtue of his unquestioned power, lets fly in every direction. This alone renders the daily washing of the deck ten fold as necessary and wholesome as it would otherwise be.

[p.133] Thursday, Nov. 26. At ten knot breeze N.E. We have been on this course for two days past, and we are all glad at the prospect of getting up towards warmer weather. At this rate, we make about 250 miles a day. Six knots are equal to seven miles. The stunt s'ls are up, the spencers, and all the extra sails, and we fly over the water like a bird, without rolling or pitching.

Thanksgiving. We had pumpkin pie and our pig Jimmy for dinner. If we recommend the revolution of the earth right, when the folks at home are eating their dinner, we shall be sound asleep. Lon. 94°, Lat. 25°.

Our friends at home are just beginning their winter, while we are about entering upon our summer. Those who love cold weather and sleighing are welcome to both; I hope they will enjoy them to their heart's content. I would rather hear the rustling of fans, a thousand times rather, than the jingling of sleigh bells. Give me a bamboo couch, and you may keep your stoves and your warming pans.

We are all in high spirits. The weather is becoming milder every day; we have a fine breeze; we are engaged in interesting studies; everybody feels good natured; and we are elated with the prospect of soon seeing India. The cold benumbing winds of our native country make every thing gloomy; but the fresh sea breeze, such as we have now, exhilarates, and helps to think, to study, and to feel. Stopping at the Cape, too, did us a great deal of good.

A new sort of bird appeared to-day, about the size of a pigeon, and white.

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[p.138] Friday, Nov. 27. N.N.E. eight or ten knots. Warmer. Thermom. 67. Able to stay on deck without a cloak, though not at all uncomfortable with one.

I have been lately thinking, that among the numerous agents employed by Providence in the renovation of this world, there are two classes to which nearly all others seem to be more or less subordinate. One is, the highest order of original interpreters of the Bible, such as Stuart, Bush, Robinson, Tholuck, Jahn, Olshausen; the other, the leading philanthropists who originate great projects for the good of mankind and carry them into effect, such as Luther, Carey, Dr. Philip, Saml: J. Mills, and, recollecting that these illustrious men were at first despised, I will venture to add the names of xxx and xxx. In this latter class, that of the active philanthropists, may be

reckoned a few independent theologians, such as Finney. It is plain, that the great majority of educated men, in all ages, have done very little towards improving society at large, except as they have been moved, directly or indirectly, by such men as I have mentioned. And when they have done any good of this sort, they have done it slowly, reluctantly, and by compulsion of circumstances created by the original thinkers. By the improvement of society, I mean the working into its constitution and habits some newly developed principle in literature or morals, or the bringing of some imperfectly understood principle to bear effectively against specified evil. Those who have contributed any thing considerable, in this way, to the elevation of mankind, unless it were *machinery*, which no man would help seeing to be desirable, have always had to contend less with popular ignorance than with aristocratical pertinacity. The controversial spirit which the great discoveries of Newton stirred up, is a fair specimen of the mind of educated men the world over, in reference to improvement. Changes in the opinions of such men, on great controverted subjects of this kind, are so gradual as to be for a long time imperceptible to [p.139] themselves. At least, important *impressions* seem often to be made on their minds, which they are unconscious of, and would deny, but which are the beginnings of revolutions of opinion. It is wonderful to see the workings of that powerful cause which we call "moral influence." Look at it in connection with the abolition question in England and United States. Influential ministers and leading men begin with contempt; then, the growing importance of the cause compels them to give it a little attention, and they dogmatize and denounce; next, they hear of several men of consequence becoming converts, whose talents and piety are above contempt; then, they condescend to look at abstract principles, but equivocate, twist, torture, and construct complicated definitions, till, by contact for some time with the plain facts of the case, they cannot help feeling that slavery is really a great and threatening evil, of which they had some vague impression before; in the next place, of course, the men they formerly despised they begin now to respect, and to sympathize with, and to esteem less crazy than they did; then, they are better prepared to investigate their abstract principles, and gradually to admit that slave holding is in all cases a *crime*; and as they further consider its aggravations, they begin to feel a little that they ought to do something, but are afraid of popular prejudice; and finally venture to speak boldly, under protection of indefinite favorable impressions already made on the mind of the public by the very men whom they before esteemed as madmen, and but for whose independent investigations and courageous efforts, they would still be the slaves of prejudice themselves. Through all these, and many more intermediate stages, has many an influential man in the United States took [*sic*] his reluctant course, on [p.140] this plain subject. And so it has been, and will be, on many other subjects of important bearings. All such self torture and disgraceful disingenuousness might be saved, if men capable of thinking, would cultivate *the habit of settling abstract principles for themselves*. If they would as carefully see to this real distinction between the noble and the vulgar, as they do to some factitious ones, it would be a happy thing for the world.

In the state of Ohio may be seen an interesting example of the difference between original and subordinate men. Bp. McIlvaine is doing great good in extending the influence of Christianity in a *general* sense, though, I admit, in a very important

sense. His extraordinary eloquence and piety helps to perpetuate this influence, as to certain of its indefinite bearings; but he will never bring the hidden power of the gospel into direct conflict with anyone great specific inveterate evil. The objects of Weld, on the other hand, are so much higher and more comprehensive than those of the bishop, that after the lapse of several years, the effects of his labors will be seen in some grand modification or prominent feature of society. In respect to slavery, (which will be the object of his efforts only till his doctrines have become tolerably orthodox,) these permanent effects will become so important, that even the bishop himself will find that not only no moral courage will be requisite to the broaching of the subject, but he *may* find that his popularity can not be preserved without introducing it into his episcopal charges. In some future retrospective view, he may perhaps have the mortification to perceive that not only none of the moral glory of [p.141] any such splendid triumph of Christianity over this evil belongs to himself, but that all the obstacles thrown in its way by the episcopal authority, no more hindered its consummation, than a feather or a thistle-down contributes towards stopping a whirlwind.

As to the other class of leading men, i.e. the original interpreters of the Bible, the effects of their labors cannot be so distinctly seen; but, immediate and remote, are not less important. By securing the attention of all parties in the religious world to the precise meaning of the inspired writings, in every passage and word, they of course annihilate thousand vulgar and temporary schisms, and promote the *unity* of the church, which is so important to the universal triumph of the gospel. And they are moreover weakening the hands of infidels, by compelling them gradually to resort to less plausible and efficient arguments. But one of the grandest services they <sup>are</sup> performing for the church, is, that they are turning the attention of scholars towards the treasures of biblical literature. The day will surely come, when the Hebrew language will supersede some of the comparatively worthless things now studied in colleges. When all students shall be familiar with Lowth, and Jahn, Hengstenberg, and Tholuck, infidelity among educated men will have become rare. The higher classes in Christian countries will then more distinctly understand the object of their existence, and will bury less of their talent in the earth.

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Saturday, Nov. 28. It is amusing to hear the lamentations of old men concerning the departed glory of old times. Modern times are always degenerate. Our cook says, "We don't have no such blows as we used to, twenty or thirty years ago, when you *couldn't look* to the windward." Course N.N.E. 9 knots.

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[p.142] Monday, Nov. 30. Mr. Arms, yesterday forenoon, a good sermon from Luke 23:31, "If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Mr. Dickinson, in the afternoon, and admirable discourse on the omnipotence of God, from Gen. 17:1, "I am the Almighty God." He considered the power of God as it appears in the creation, unwearied sustentation, and perpetual motion, of innumerable worlds; in the production of vegetable, animal, intellectual, and moral life; and then

proceeded to some interesting inferences. The discourse was a labored one, and very impressive.

We had yesterday advanced so far towards a vertical sun, that I was constrained to lay aside my thick coat for a thin roundabout, to the great satisfaction of the Captain, who has been reproaching my absurdity in wearing so much woolen in the torrid zone. He has had on thin jacket and breeches two or three weeks. Our Sabbath service will probably be held hereafter on deck. The chapel will be too sultry. We are going on bravely, upwards of 200 miles every day. Mr. Green prophesies two or three calms before we see land, and he has the experience of half a dozen or more voyages along here.

A new sort of bird, called "tropic bird," beautifully white, and has a very long spindle tail, so small as to be hardly perceptible at the distance of 200 feet.

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Tuesday, Dec. 1. Still going on our course eight or nine knots. Every day the weather grows warmer. Our knowing ones predicted a calm when we should have reached 15 of latitude, and now we are at about 13, and have not seen it. Rainy. Thermom. 79.

[p.143] Have long and interesting talks with bro. Dickinson daily, on metaphysical, theological, and various other subjects. The better I become acquainted with him, the more I admire his character. Yesterday we went up into the main top, and he gave me an interesting history of his life, and of his experience in relation to his great popularity as a preacher in Boston, Hartford, New Haven, and other cities in New England. He spoke of his early ambition, unexpected successes, aristocratic feeling, and the effects upon his mind of the flattery of great men, and of his breaking away from all these powerful inducements to stay in America. Though it is his own opinion of himself that he is apt to be puffed up, I am sure it would require unusual sharp sightedness in others to see it; for his uncommon modesty and humility are matters of general remark.

The excellence of bro. D. as a preacher arises from a singularly happy union of natural endowments. His literary acquisitions are moderate; indeed, I suspect that in college he studied little, and stood rather low as a scholar. Still, he has somehow or other acquired an excellent style of writing, which, with his personal advantages and powerful delivery, makes some of his discourses exceedingly impressive. The best thing about the composition of his sermons is the prominency given in each to one important idea, or, as some theological students express it, something "sticks out." It is his object, in every sermon, to impress ineffaceably upon the mind of his audience some one grand principle of theology, which he seldom fails to do. This, in theory, seems to be easy; but only a few are able to do it. His sermons, moreover, exhibit richness and dignity of thought. He is always looking at *general principles*; his mind seems to be *stored* with them, and with scarcely any thing else; consequently his materials for new and striking combination are inexhaustible. No one could be more tenacious and he, of [p.144] the privilege, the duty, and the dignity, of independent thinking; and never was independence more conscientiously directed by regard to the grand principles of eternal truth. I reckon it among the richest favors of Providence,

that I am placed under his influence. By habitually comparing my conduct with his, I have become painfully sensible of some enormous faults in myself. Self-knowledge is the reverse of the apostle John's little book: it is first bitter, and afterward "sweet as honey."

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Thursday, Dec. 3. Calm. Thermom. 82. Latitude 9°30. Sun was vertical last Saturday. It is now comfortably warm, and delightfully pleasant. Several boobies about. Caught one; he was very fierce, and tried to bite every body. Measured four feet ten inches from tip to tip; was of a dark brown, scarlet feet, head nearly all bill. A very ugly bird. Caught asleep on the jib boom.

Missionaries kept yesterday as a day of fasting and prayer in reference to our soon beginning our labors, and also in reference to the very interesting state of things on board ship. I have been waiting for some time, to see "whereunto these things would grow." It has now become safe to say, that <sup>we</sup> have a revival. Three of the sailors have for a long time been serious; for one of them we indulge some hope. Both the mates are subjects of deep convictions. Last evening we held our usual family services on deck; bro. Dickinson made some very solemn remarks from "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven." It has been our custom [p.145] for some time past, to select every day for this occasion, some portion of scripture appropriate to circumstances. The selection was made by Mr. D. in reference to the opposition of two sailors in the forecabin, Charles, (the one who was flogged in the former part of the passage,) and Alek'. They were trying to laugh Dick and Jack out of their seriousness. The discourse from the passage selected, made so deep an impression, that the sailors immediately held a prayer meeting in the forecabin. The serious party being the strongest, the others were compelled to give way. They were told that the meeting would be held, and they might do as they pleased. They both concluded to attend. With the exception of these two fellows and the Captain, all on board are more or less seriously disposed. The Captain's heart is still hardened. We exult to see these poor fellows beginning to arise from their dreadful degradation, to a new kind of life. The thought of immortality seems to have scarcely ever occurred to them. We are now all hoping not to see land so soon as we have been expecting, lest we should be obliged to leave things in this critical state.

Immediately after service last evening, we retired to the after cabin, and held a prayer meeting in reference to the case of Mr. Green, first mate. We have strong hopes of getting Mr. Green and Mr. Bartlett to establish a morning and evening service for the benefit of the men on the return passage. In this they would be assisted by Eaton, a sailor, much of a man, formerly 1st mate, but degraded from his place for bad conduct on shore. He gives [p.146] good evidence of penitence. Eaton, Dick, and Jack, moreover, have signed our temperance pledge. Nicholas, an old Norwegian, we cannot prevail on to do it, because he thinks "it sometimes does him good." But we are inclined to think Nicholas is more serious than he has been; he reads the Danish Bible we procured for him at the Cape. Going back, there will probably be a regular division between the righteous and the wicked, one party for God, the other against him.

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Friday, Dec. 4. The cool breeze, and 4 or five knots. Thermom. 82. About 200 miles from land. New bird, with *two tails*, or a double tail, called "man-of-war hawk". Plenty of flying fish.

Charles and Alek' are somewhat softened. The forecastle is being revolutionized. Thoughtfulness, serious conversation, and prayer, have taken the place of stupidity and filthy conversation. As to the effect of all this on *ourselves*, it is one of the least important things, that we have received such a blessing just as we are about to be introduced to the important field of our future labors. Many other important reasons *I* have, at least, for unutterable gratitude to God on account of it. I have never been so happy in my life as now. But this is not the proper place for particulars. The secrets of the heart are not the materials for a journal.

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[p.147] Saturday, Dec. 5. Calmish. Thermometer still 82. The ship in sight, to the west of us, bound southward. Our own course N. Last evening several boobies lit on the rigging and disturbed our meeting with their noise.

Bro. Dickinson is all activity in promoting the spiritual good of the ship's company. He is delighted with some new ideas on the subject of securing the attention of stupid minds, which he has lately acquired by experience. He says, "What fools we have been!" A few days ago, as he was talking with some of the most hopeless of the men, almost faithless, in view of their extreme insensibility, the thought occurred to him, "If I am unbelieving with respect to *these* men, what shall I do when I get among the heathen, whose minds are still more inaccessible? I *must* devise some way of stirring up their dormant powers of thinking, and securing their confidence and attention." Full of this new thought, he began with a few simple facts in natural theology. He inquired, "How do you know A.B. has a mind?" The sailor was puzzled, but after thinking a few minutes, replied, "Because *I* have one, and I conclude he has one too." Mr. Dickinson was surprised to hear from three others the same answer, and they certainly could have had no opportunity to preconcert it. He went on showing them the certainty of the existence of an eternal mind, from the indications<sup>of it</sup> seen in the natural world about them, and especially in the wonderful faculties of our own minds. In the same way he showed them the *attributes* of [p.148] the Eternal Mind, natural and moral, and their relations to the conduct of men. Thus he succeeded to admiration in introducing into these poor dark minds the grand conceptions of God and immortality, of repentance and regeneration.

In conversing with me lately, on this and similar subjects, he exclaimed with deep emotion, "What a dreadful thing *stupidity* is!" He then told me, that two or three weeks since, he was somewhat surprised at my expressing this idea, at different times, in the strongest terms, and with much feeling. As I had spoken in this manner in connection with the mention of Foster on Popular Ignorance, his curiosity was excited to read it, which he did with thrilling interest, and his mind was revolutionized in reference to such things. All his conversation and prayers and preaching are full of it. The addition of such an element to his before extraordinary materials for pulpit effect, has made a surprising difference in his addresses. He forces his way into the mind of every one; the most lifeless are roused to think.


Have had a long talk with Mr. Green. He is given to speculation, and is troubled with doubts and difficulties about the truth of these things. I told him it was the design of God, in the constitution of things as they are, that difficulties should present themselves on every side, in order to a fair probation. Every fundamental truth in morals and religion is supported by evidence sufficient to satisfy the mind of any man who *wishes* to know and to do his duty; but, at the same time, every such truth is designed by God to be liable to plausible objections, so that any man [p.149] who wishes to evade his duty shall have the opportunity of manifesting his moral character, by laying *too much stress* on these plausible objections. If the Alexandrian library had not been burnt, we should doubtless have found in it documents furnishing overwhelming evidence of the truth of Christianity; whereas, by the comprehensive supervision of Providence, the documentary evidence of Christianity, like all its other evidence, is so curtailed and arranged as to give everyone who *wishes* to escape its moral conclusions, a tolerable show of argument. And we might have found in that library early copies of the Bible, of such respectability and in so great number, as to have left no room for the moral dispositions peculiar to Unitarianism. So in other things: If the young man is disposed to be short-sighted and lazy, he can find in his circumstances, which are providentially arranged for the purpose, abundance of reasons why he should not cultivate his mind. The same principle seems to pervade the universe. If the inhabitants of one star had intercourse with the inhabitants of several others, the accumulated experience discovered in this way, would make so deep an impression on their minds that they would be *compelled* to do right; and what *confidence* could such virtue challenge? Every infidel has some one or more objections to Christianity which he considers insuperable, but which do not appear so to Christians equally well qualified to judge such matters. The Bible and the evidences prepared for its support, are designed as a *touchstone* to make manifest the moral dispositions of men. Accordingly, even this argument at times appears unsatisfactory, when the mind is in the wrong moral position. [p.150] This was the substance of a long conversation. Mr. Green seems to understand this important principle, and was particularly gratified with the exposition which it gives of certain passages of scripture, such as, "God shall send strong delusion," that is, shall so arrange matters, that the moral agency of those who "*love not the truth*, but have *pleasure* in unrighteousness," shall not be impeded by there [*sic*] being no "lie" at hand for them to "believe." Before we quit the ship, I shall have another conversation with him on the same subject, because he is <sup>eager to</sup> acquire information of this sort, and I wish to put him in full possession of the universal silencer of objections. Brother D. also considers it important that his speculating mind should have this consideration to refer to continually, and is laboring by illustration to make as plain to him as possible.

Have finished a piece given me by the Captain to read, entitled "A Gentleman in Search of an Investment." It is in Blackwood's Magazine. I read it with about as much interest as I should have listened to one of the sailors' "long yarns." Another piece, The Ugly Man, I read, in compliance with his request, some weeks ago. When shall men cease to treat themselves as monkeys? When shall they think, and read, and talk, and act, with reference to the shortness of the present life, and the nature and certainty of the life to come? Why should an immortal being submit to the degradation of

noticing, much more of being interested in, such drivelling stuff! I hope my sisters will never have the misfortune to be obliged, as I have been to-day, to bring their minds into contact with any of the Literary, or Ladies' Magazines, or any other of the sewers of idleness and frivolity.

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[p.151] Monday, Dec. 7. Mr. Dickinson yesterday forenoon from John 3:16, "God so loved the world," &c. Mr. Arms in the afternoon, from Mat. 22:5, "But they made light of it."

Yesterday a beautiful little fish, six or seven inches long, came about the vessel, called by the Captain, a "sun fish." He had but two fins, one on the upper, the other opposite, on the lower side of his tail,  with which he scull'd himself along, that is, waved them from side to side. He was of a shining silvery white, his gills and fins tipped with red. Dolphins. A shark.

Becalmed all night. Thermom. this morning 82. We are headed east, and with a light breeze should see land to-night. The ship mentioned on Saturday kept in sight till last evening. Captain thinks she is one of "this country ships." Mrs. Arms and M. had their mattresses brought out of their berths into the cabin, last evening, for the sake of sleeping in cool air.

Had a talk last night with Eaton and Jack. Told them it is easy to be religious now when religion is popular, and they are not exposed to strong temptations; that by and by they will have better opportunities to know themselves, and will discover within their hearts a world of corruption; that they need not expect to get to heaven without a great deal of fighting; that the life of a Christian is a continual warfare, and that they must count the cost.

[p.154] The island of Engano is in sight, about twenty miles from us. It is in latitude 5° 25', lon. 102° 30', and about 25 miles in diameter. It lies 50 or 60 miles southwest of the island of Sumatra, (the coast of which runs N.W. and S.E.) and about 100 miles west of its southeastern or southern extremity. Of this island little is known. Its inhabitants are savages, go armed with spears made of hard wood pointed with bone or iron, and are naked. They are of nearly the same color with the Malays on the coast of Sumatra, stouter and more active, though frequently carried off and enslaved by them. Our 1st mate has seen many of the Enganians among the Sumatra Malays, with collars of iron about their necks. The island has abundance of good timber, fish, yams, and cocoa nuts. The natives are disposed to attack those who stop to fill their water casks. The name Engano is probably Portuguese.

We are probably about 70 miles from Sumatra, and 300 from Batavia.

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Tuesday, Dec. 8. We are so near Engano that we can see trees distinctly with a spy glass. Some of them must be very large and tall, probably cocoa nut trees.

Monthly concert last evening on deck. Had three prayers, three talks, and closed with singing "From Greenland's icy mountains." Said a few words about the practicability of converting the world, and the encouragements to effort for that object;

also, concerning the obstacles which sailors have thrown in the way of missionaries, and the important help they might afford them.

[p.155] A shark made his appearance to-day under the stern. The Captain fished for him, but lost four pieces of pork and four hooks, in his mouth. The hooks are probably sticking in different parts of his mouth, with part of the pork. He would have been caught with a shark-hook and *chain*; the line he bit off. He did not touch the bait till the pilot fish had examined it and reported. By this it may be seen what a ravenous fish the shark is; not contented with the pain of <sup>being</sup> pierced with three large barbed hooks. Mr. Green says he has taken sharks which had old rusty hooks sticking in their mouths. Another beautiful sun fish.

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Wednesday, Dec. 9. Had a squall last night, which drove us out of sight of Engano. This morning the wind variable, and rain, which has cooled the air. We are moving slowly N.E. and E. towards Sumatra. In this part of the Indian Ocean, mariners are usually troubled with calms. About September, come the terrible winds called "typhoons," which carry water, forced from the surface of the ocean, in tremendous horizontal showers. Mr. Green mention a vessel which after having weighed anchor for home, remained on the coast of Sumatra *forty days* before getting any wind at all. Sumatra is the country from which Americans obtain all, or nearly all the pepper they consume. The coast is lined with Malays who cultivate it. In the interior live the Battas and other savage tribes. Among the Battas Mr. Arms will probably settle.

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[p.156] Thursday, Dec.10. Sumatra in sight, about ten miles from us. Beyond the coast, sixty miles in the interior, is a chain of lofty mountains. Some of them seem to be nearer. Poogong, the nearest, we know is only thirty-five miles. Its summit is covered with clouds. We are now headed S.E. towards the Straits of Sunda. A cool breeze. Dragon-flies and a miller from land. 9, A.M.

Last night a dreadful thunder storm. The lightning blazed about us on every side, and seemed to strike the water several times on both sides of the vessel, within a short distance. Such awful thunder I never heard. If one of our masts had been struck, we should probably all have perished. About one o'clock I went on deck. The storm had passed over, and I stood for some time, admiring the forked lightning which appeared to strike the sea continually, from the black clouds all over one half of the horizon. On this coast such storms are very frequent and dangerous. This morning we returned thanks to God for our preservation.

Many vessels are lost in consequence of being struck by lightning. They either take fire, or fill so quickly as to go down before their crews can take to the boats. Our Captain was once struck and left senseless for eight hours. Sometimes only the masts are shivered, and the lightning passes over the deck into the water.

5, P.M. We are now within five or six miles of the coast of Sumatra. [p.159] Nothing can be seen but precipices of yellowish rock fronting the sea, and back of them thick forests. Not a trace his any where visible, of the works of man. The

Sumatrans, however, are said to live in huts among these forests. A bark near us, steering for the Straits, under Dutch colors. Thermom. 82.

New Englanders would make this country the most delightful one imaginable. The mountains furnish every variety of climate; and the plains, under their culture, would produce every luxury of the torrid zone. Such people, so situated, might devote most of their time to the cultivation of their minds. But it seems to be the will of Providence, that the best countries should be inhabited by the worst people.

In respect to the novelties of foreign countries, we thought we were tolerably well sobered; but as we find ourselves actually gazing on the mountains, and rocks, and tall forests of Sumatra, we feel the kindlings of romance.

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Friday, Dec. 11. No land in sight. Steering south. On account of contrary winds, we are unable to get into the Straits without “beating,” that is, going zigzag. A deal of lightning last night, but no thunder. Wind cool. 9, A.M.

5, P.M. Still beating about, without gaining much. The mountains of Sumatra perceptible now and then. The Captain seems to be afraid of land. We hope to see some of the islands in the Straits to-morrow. Thermom. 82.

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[p.160] Saturday, Dec.12. No land to be seen. Going E.S.E with a strong wind. Rainy. Thermom. only 80.

Have been talking with Mr. D. about the state of the world and of the church. The notions of multitudes of Christians about the progress of the gospel are truly laughable. I ought rather to say *impressions*; for they do not think enough, to be said to have *notions*. Some will talk even about the “millennium,” as though it were just at hand! and as though the little changes in their own obscure neighborhood were to be regarded as its “dawn”! They speak of the present as a day of “wonderful knowledge” and “light” and “improvement.” Now this very habit of magnifying things almost interceptibly small, is a certain indication of darkness in the mind of the church. It is a matter of fact, that the American Board dare not present to the Christian public at large, their own expectations concerning the renovation of the world, and the little they expect to accomplish for a long time to come; because it would do mischief. The mass of Christians can be affected by scarcely any thing beyond present circumstances. To impress them deeply and permanently with distant, though certain good, is utterly impossible. They will not spend effort and feeling on the future. No other stimuli will do, but things which can be seen, heard, felt, tasted, smelt. Comprehensive philanthropy they can not, will not sympathize with. On what occasion does a sober thinking man need more patience than at some of the great missionary meetings in the United States? One could conclude, from the signs and wonders wrought by the speakers, that only a few more sixpences, and a few more grudging sons and daughters [p.161] are necessary for the accomplishment of the whole work. Only half a dozen families of missionaries, and a hundred or two of schools scattered here and there, will be sufficient to convert the vast island of Borneo, with its ferocious millions, and all the cannibal hordes of Sumatra, into refined Christian nations. And as for China, and the regions round about, Gutzlaff has almost

superseded the necessity of sending thither any more missionaries. At least, he has deposited the leaven, and things are somehow or other so propitious to Christianity now-a-days, that the whole lump will soon be leavened.

The author of Saturday Evening remarks that, “the conversion of the world, Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, will so raise the temperature, spiritual and moral, of the world’s atmosphere, as must dissolve, to its very elements, every community now calling itself a church. All principles shall then invest themselves in new power, all notions of good and evil be recast, all forms and constitutions be new modeled.” What can be plainer? I remember that at the anniversary of the American Board in Utica, 1834, xxxxxx <sup>Dr. Miller</sup> professor in Princeton theological seminary, made a speech, in which he declared his conviction that a “new set of Christians must arise, altogether different from the present.” I wonder if he thought that new set would teach his doctrine, that the atonement is large enough for the elect only. The old Dr. is a fair sample of a multitude of important men in the United States, who are very orthodox in respect to the conversion of the world, and yet are fretting themselves to death every time a theological cobweb is pulled down, or the least advance made towards the radical and tremendous overturn implied in the words “conversion of the world.” As if these reverend fathers had thought to the utmost [p.162] of the capacity of the human mind; as if there were no deeper and richer meaning to be detected in the words of inspiration than they have ever perceived; as if they are any other than men just emerged from the darkness and filth of popery; as if they are in possession of *all* the materials of thought, emotion, and action, the *mere extended knowledge* of which will mainly constitute the glory of the future complete triumph of Christianity! Surely such men must be removed out of the way, whatever becomes of other rubbish.

In order to ascertain how near the millennium is, there is no need of taking heathen, popish, and Mahometan countries into the account; the best parts of Christian America will furnish abundant data. What are the notions which prevail in reference to the education of children among the great majority of religious people in the state of New York? If children can read, write, and cypher, and are pretty well acquainted with the details of the trade by which they are to “get their living,” and are professors of religion, that is enough. No books of real value, no sense of the value of time, no self discipline, no habits of thinking, no study of the Bible on the higher principles of interpretation, no sense of the fact that the body is designed by the Creator to be subservient to the mind, no distinct idea of the object of human existence, no mental action, no refined and elevated emotion. Mind is buried and lost in matter. The parents aim at giving the children and education a little better than their own. What progress can Christianity make among such beings?

[p.163] Mon., Dec. 14. Mr. Arms yesterday morning [preached] on deck, from Ex. 20:7, “Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,” &c. This subject was selected in reference to the cases of Alek’ and Charles, who have forgotten their seriousness and begun to swear again. Mr. Dickinson in the afternoon, from Acts 9:6, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” His discourse was about the regulation of the thoughts, feelings, conduct, and manners, or social intercourse, of such on board as are beginning a religious life. A very useful discourse.

We were all day yesterday near the Sumatran coast. This part is different from that we saw first. Next the sea, extending back 20 or 30 miles to the mountains, is a strip of low, level land, covered with small trees or shrubbery. Part of it is probably cultivated, and the whole exceedingly fertile. This part of the coast is not so much resorted to by the European and American pepper ships as the northwest part, near Nias and Hog islands. Several dolphins came to spy us out, some green, others blue, others yellow, and all with golden tails. They appear to *change* their colors, whether *voluntarily*, I can't tell.

This morning no land in sight, and becalmed. Three vessels in sight. Our next "tack" we hope will carry us by the last point of Sumatra, into the Straits. What is on the map a small bay, is to us an immense ocean.

[p.164] Saw a few rods from the ship a nondescript, which after as close inspection as possible, was pronounced a large turtle, probably asleep. Mr. Bartlett plunged in after him, and we all expected a dish of turtle soup for dinner; but he brought back nothing but a piece of cabbage-tree wood covered with barnacles.

5, P.M. Six vessels in sight, all heading, with ourselves, towards the Straits. No land in sight, but a fine S.E. breeze, which we are expecting will fetch us into the Straits to-morrow. Several penguins drifting along on a piece of wood.

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Tuesday, Dec. 15. Moving slowly forward N.E. in the mouth of the Straits. Prince's Island barely discernible through the fog, on the S.E. Last night a tremendous rain, which filled our long boat half full of water. It poured down in streams and torrents. Our ladies went on deck and took a thorough drenching; and, not satisfied with fresh water, they caused a good many buckets of salt water to be poured on them. We who stood under shelter, heard the roaring and dashing of these many waters, loud and long. This morning we discovered that it had leaked into the "tween decks" and injured some of our books. It is a real drizzling day. If we had not eaten up our roosters, they would stand about, with their tails reduced to a single feather. Spoke a Dutch ship 160 days from Rotterdam. She came so near us, we could see ladies on board. Bound for Batavia. A large, fine looking ship.

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[p.165] Wednesday, Dec. 16. We find ourselves surrounded by the islands of the Straits. Last evening we were in company with four large Dutch ships, one before, one behind, and one on each side. The one on our larboard drifted so near us late in the evening, that our Captain accosted her, and a conversation was carried on in the dark, the parties being unable to see each other. The Dutch captain wound up the talk by "Wish ye good passage, sir." Our Captain thundered, "Thank you, thank you." This Dutchman's English was not so good as that of the one we spoke yesterday afternoon. From Amsterdam to Batavia. Not being familiarly acquainted along here, we had our main s'l, stunt s'ls, and spanker taken in, for fear of going too fast; but the Dutch folks, knowing the way perfectly, spread all their canvas, and left us behind. This morning they are almost out of sight. The names of the islands in sight are Prince's Island, Tamarind Island, Sambólico, and Cockatoo. Moving slowly. Thermom. 83. 9 o'clock, A.M.

5, P.M. We are now close to Cockatoo, which in the morning we saw at a great distance. A mountain forms one extremity, the top of which has been all day hid in clouds. Seven ships near us, one American, the rest Dutch. Our friends who outsailed us last night, we have caught up with, and left several miles in the rear. None of all these ships can keep up with the Rosabella, and they all appear to be without cargoes. Went up very high on the main mast just now, and saw in the water a monstrous "vampyre," at least ten feet from tip to [p.166] tip of his wings. If these suck blood, as the land vampyres do, this fellow might hold the blood of an "80 foot whale". The scenery from the mast equals my expectations. The Straits are sprinkled with romantic islands, as far as you can see, all about. Few of them are inhabited, because they furnish little or no fresh water. They are covered with trees, from the water's edge to the summits of their peaks. No marvel that the lust of the ancient Dutch and Portuguese adventurers was excited in view of this paradise of the Indian Archipelago.

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Thursday, Dec.17. A slow move last night brings Cockatoo five or six miles astern. We are surrounded this morning by new beauties. Java, with its rocks, hills, and dark green woods, is close on our right, and towering blue peaks of little islands on the left, and nearly all round the horizon. We have been much amused by a song of the sailors in a Dutch ship along side, on the occasion of hoisting a studding sail. Their music, though quite uproarious, was regular; they kept time by the inclinations of their bodies as they pulled the ropes. By the side of this magnificent ship, our little bark has lost all the glory which she had in our estimation before. Two trees and a piece of green bamboo floated by just now, and multitudes of a new sort of fish are jumping out of the water. We look upon every floating leaf and stink with an interest that seems to old sailors almost childish. At one time we were visited by a company of singing birds. The area is delightfully soft and cool. It is almost worth a voyage across the Indian Ocean, to be in such a place an hour.

[p.167] Last evening the sky was suddenly overcast, and the Captain ordered down the sails as quick as possible, expecting a heavy storm of thunder, rain, lightning, wind, and all that; but the clouds passed over. 7, A.M. Thermom. 81.

12 o'clock, M. Attended containing five Malays came off to us from Angier (ánjeer) Point," on the Java shore, with fowls, shells, paroquets, onions, green mangoes, cocoa nuts ripe and green, Java sparrows, bññññs green and ripe, and dūrians, for sale. They came along side, and with great earnestness requested us to throw them a rope. One of them climbed down the ship's side and began to bargain. Their confused jabbering set the whole ship a laughing. The Captain bought some of their fowls, cocoa nuts, bananas, and durians. They had no sooner cleared, than a second canoe came, but notwithstanding we threw them a rope, they would not pull themselves alongside, we were going so fast. The third then came, with a better cargo than either of the others. In addition to the articles mentioned, this canoe had green oranges and the far famed mangosteen, or "pride of India." We bought a large number of them, and some ducks and paroquets, (pārōkeets.) The greater part of the Malays had on no clothing except a piece of cloth round the middle, and a turban on the head. They are dark mulatto, slim and effeminate; active and sprightly; not stupid, as I

expected. They behaved with propriety, and spoke some English. We had been repeatedly warned by some on board who have been here before, against eating fruit till we are acclimated; so we only *tasted* of each kind. The mangosteen is said never to injure anyone. The [p.170] durian, next to the mangosteen, is esteemed the most delicious of Indian fruits; but these taste and smell horribly. They are about 8 inches by 6, covered with large prickles, oval, and of a light yellow. The only part fit to eat is a little pulpy matter between the thick outer shell and the large seeds, say a table spoonful in all. The banana is a yellow pod, about six inches long, and one and a half thick. The outer husk is soft and thin; the inner parts, which is all eaten, is white, and looks just like the pith of the common American elder. It is very rich, and tastes rather sickish. We did not buy any of the mangoes. They look like a green pear, except that the narrow part toward the stem is larger. The green cocoa nuts have no meat; the "milk", as it is called, of both green and ripe, is pleasant, and perfectly colorless, like water. The mangosteen is delicious. It is about three inches. in diameter, perfectly round. The outer shell, or husk, which is about one third of an inch thick, is both on the inside and outside of a dark purple, juicy and bitter. Next under this is the soft white pulp, which, with the exception of the seeds in the centre, is the part eaten. It is rather more than two inches in diameter, divided into lobes, or parts, like an orange, and so tender that a slight touch will almost dissolve it. Its taste cannot, of course, be exactly described; I should say sweet, with a little tart, and a little of the flavor of the pine apple or strawberry.

Another boat has just now been up, of which we bought shells and plantains. The plantain looks like the banana on the outside, but is yellowish inside, and richer & more sickish. The Captain says that in time we shall become fond of them. They had also green tamarinds, which we thought best to let be.

[p.170] The mouths of the natives in the last boat looked more black and filthy than any we have seen. They chew bêtêl nut, betel leaf, arica (āříkkā) nut, tobacco, & chūnām, a kind of lime. Each cud is composed of these five ingredients, and in some instances sticks out of the mouth a considerable distance. Their teeth are black. One of the first things they inquire for, on board a vessel, is opium. One of the greater services which Christianity will do for these men I am sure will be to purify their foul mouths.

The natives who came on board the first, this morning, saluted us with, "Good bye, sir," instead of, How d'ye do? Among them all, I have seen but one of the effeminate Asiatic countenances. We are not assured that they are Malays; they may be Javans. There has been more talk and laugh among us to-day than for a whole fortnight before.

We hope to double Point St. Nicholas to-night, which is the northwestern extremity of Java. From the Point to Batavia is fifty miles. Thermom. 84.

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Friday, Dec. 18. A delightful day. Thermometer only 83. Anchored last night to the eastward of St. Nicholas. Now, (2 o'clock,) a fine breeze, and not more than 20 miles from Batavia.

A general passion has seized all the folks to devour bananas and plantains. They are brought to the table raw and cooked. In some parts of the world they are a substitute for bread, and can be lived on pretty well. The whole cabin has been involved in a disputation about the durian. Wife, Captain, Mrs. Arms, and Mr. Arms, contend that it smells bad, and the Captain wont have it in the cabin; whereas, the [p.171] 1st mate, bro. Dickinson, and myself think it is good, and love to smell of it and to eat it. They of the contrary opinion are not at all influenced to suspend their decision by the consideration of their yesterday's experience. At first they didn't like the bananas and the plantains; now they keep eating them all the time. Nor do they pay the least deference to the opinion of all India, which ranks the durian next below the mangosteen, superior, even, to the delicious mango. However, we comfort ourselves with the thought that the progress of truth is always slow. I have eaten lustily to-day of the mangosteen. Yesterday we had 300, now they are all gone.

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Saturday, Dec.19. Another pleasant day, cloudy and cool. Thermometer 81. Anchored last night off a little island of two or three acres. Fastened to a rock near it, is a fishing boat containing a family. The boat serves them for a dwelling house. We are now only six or eight miles from Batavia. We see the shipping in the harbor, and the trees beyond. It is doubtful whether we land to-day. The Sabbath, perhaps, maybe spent full as profitably in the ship. 9, A.M.

12, M. Have been looking all round, with a spyglass at the little green islands in the bay. Some of them have large handsome buildings, and gardens surrounded by plastered walls, in genuine Dutch style. There are forty or fifty vessels here at anchor, mostly Dutch. There are one or two French, one German, no English, & but one American flag besides our own. Two or three Dutch men of war. I am disappointed at not seeing any Chinese junks.

[p.173] Monday, Dec. 21. Spent the Sabbath on board. Mr. Dickinson in the morning from Rom. 1:16, "The gospel is the power of God." In the afternoon Mr. Arms from James 5:15, "Is any among you afflicted, let him pray."

On Saturday, after the ship came to anchor, the Captain ordered down the small boat with four men to row it, and started with Messrs. Arms, Dickinson, and myself for the city. The day was cloudy and cool. About two miles from the ship, we found two piers of open timber work projecting into the harbor. The water between them is called a canal. We proceeded up this canal two miles further, and landed among a crowd of boats, near a dirty place called a market, where were innumerable ragged natives with various kinds of filth for sale. From this place we walked a few rods to the post office, where the Captain delivered his letters and papers. Thence we were taken in a carriage by Mr. Darling, consignee of our cargo, to his mercantile house, half a mile up the city. Here we were introduced to his partner, Mr. Reed. Both these gentlemen are Americans. They politely offered to give us any assistance in their power. After an hour or two of conversation, we returned to the boat, in two carriages provided by Mr. Darling. Just as we arrived, it began to rain, and we were obliged to wait an hour under a bamboo shed, where there were twenty or thirty Malays and Chinese tending their stands of fruit and cuds. Here we bought a parcel of

mangosteens and rambootans. Our boat was rowed back by a set of four Malay oarsmen. The Dutch law forbids foreigners [p.174] to row their own boats, because so violent exercise injures their health. The Captain concluded to spend the Sabbath onshore.

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Friday, Dec.25. Christmas. Last Monday came ashore in the ship's boat, and, according to previous invitation, took up our quarters and the house of Mr. Medhurst, to whom we had a letter of introduction from Boston. Mr. M. is absent on a missionary tour in China. We were loath to comply with the invitation of his lady, for fear we might give her trouble; but she assured us that not only she could accommodate us all, but that her husband would be much grieved if we were to go to a public house. After we had concluded to stay, we were confounded by the driving up of Messrs. Lockwood and Hanson, who are sent here from Canton by Mr. Medhurst, to assist him while they are studying Chinese. These are the Episcopal missionaries who sailed from New York, free of expense, in the ship Morrison. Mrs. M. insisted on our staying. Mr. Dickinson lodges in an uninhabited Malay house in the "compound" (yard or premises) made of bamboo, perfectly neat and comfortable. We are divided into two companies; the married folks, Mr. Arms, myself, and wives, eat at the table of Mrs. Medhurst; the unmarried, Messrs. Lockwood, Hanson, and Dickinson, take their meals at the bachelor's hall of Mr. Young, a building in the rear of Mrs. M.'s house. Mr. Young is the [p.175] principal assistant of Mr. M. in preaching and superintending the concerns of the mission. He is of a light copper color; his father was an Englishman, his mother a Javan. I should suppose him to be between twenty and twenty-five. He speaks Malay fluently, and some Chinese. In the absence of Mr. Medhurst, he preaches in English, as well as Malay.

The business parts of Batavia are some of them as filthy as can be imagined. The town near the water is disagreeable; a little back, it is pleasanter. In the environs, from two to four miles from the water, it is a continuity of palaces. They are built of brick, plastered and white washed, with piazzas. The grounds about them are filled with cocoa nut and other fruit trees. Many accounts of travelers are complained of as too glowing; but I am sure no one can exaggerate in attempting to describe these romantic seats of the Dutch gentry in Batavia. No description could be given, that would not be flat. Most of the intervening bamboo cottages of the Malays are quite hid in thick groves of cocoa nut, mango, banana, plantain, tamarind, rămböötăn, pine apple, mangosteen, and gōkōk trees. The gokok is a small fruit of a pleasant acid taste. All these groves are full of perpetually singing birds. The dwellings and groves of the Malays are situated in *rear* of the premises of the Dutch. Some of them are slaves. A few of the seats belong to the English. Of gardening and shrubbery, the Americans have no idea at all.

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[p.176] In the compound of Mr. Medhurst is his chapel, small neat building of brick, plastered and whitewashed, with a piazza. The floor is of tile, which makes the chapel cool. Over the front door, opposite the pulpit, is a small organ. In front of all that is a reading desk with a prayer book in it; for Mr. M., though a Congregationalist,

or Independent, reads the Episcopal service to gratify the resident English who attend his preaching. In a back room of the same building is the mission printing office, where are printed school books and tracts in Malay, Javanese, and Chinese. From one of the printers I heard a discourse in the chapel, in Malay, with which I was much edified. The pulpit and printing press are both sources of light; so I suppose Mr. M. combined them in^{to} one building to make the light more intense.

On Tuesday, wife and I went to see a Malay house, in company with Miss Sarah Medhurst and Miss Thornton, and English lady teaching school in the compound. The path led through a shady wood of fruit trees, and patches of *bětěl*, poled like bean vines. The lady of the house received us into her front room, which had no floor but the hubby earth. Though her house was better than most native houses, she remarked, just as an American lady would, that “she had a very poor looking house close.” Some of the furniture was respectable, especially her Chinese armchairs. The bedsteads were of bamboo, and very wide. The cooking is done in an out house. Her mouth and teeth were black.

[p.177] I am agreeably disappointed at the propriety and dignity of the manners of the natives, both Malays and Chinese. I have been here a week, and have seen not one improper action, word or look! The politeness of the natives is *real* politeness, that is, it discovers a sincere respect for your feelings. Even the little children in the deep jungles, to whom a white man must be a novel sight, will scarcely gaze at you at all, so deep a sense have they of its rudeness. It has been remarked in my hearing, more than once or twice, by persons whose opinions I respect, and whose opportunities for extensive observation qualify them for judging of such matters, that in no nation not absolutely savage, is there so much rudeness as among the lower and middling classes in the United States. A Chinese or Malay of the lower class, if he were to travel in our country, would think himself among and nation of clowns. At the Cape I began to suspect that America is not all the world, and I am now sure of it.

The population of Batavia it is impossible to ascertain. It is computed by resident foreigners ^{at} from 60.000 to 300.000. The Dutch number the people very carefully, but nobody can find out the result, lest foreigners should make a bad use of it. The government is jealous to a ridiculous degree. Messrs. Arms, Dickinson, the Episcopal brethren, and myself, have all been obliged to pass several foolish examinations and forms, and to receive a solemn permit to remain in the country a week! A custom house officer inspected our [p.178] dirty clothes and writing desks, to see if we were not bringing some bad thing into the country; and when we move our baggage from the *Rosabella* to another vessel for Singapore, a custom house officer will go off with us, to see that we do nothing contrary to law, nor none of that sort of thing. The government men seem to be afraid of their abominable conduct toward the natives being known to the world. They are monsters of cruelty. Only two ideas find a place in their minds, dollars and smoking. A poor native cannot carry a back load of fruit to market without paying an impost, or some sort of devilish extortion, to these big bellied nabobs. The native cultivators of the soil are obliged to deliver coffee to the Batavia tyrants at a low price fixed by law. The natives, as might be expected, hate the Dutch mortally, and long to be placed under the government of the English. For

this reason the Dutch hate the English, and discourage their coming to Java as much as possible. The port and settlement of Singapore have originated principally from the exclusive, selfish policy of the Javan government. The Dutch speculators cannot understand why it is, that free trade would make them richer than a fettered one. They have yet to learn the *a b c* of political economy. "Be not over wise; why shouldst thou destroy thyself."

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Tuesday, Dec.29. We are now on board the *Sachem*, one of Mr. Richardson's [p.179] ships, <sup>400 tons</sup> which came in the day after the *Rosabella*. Seventy dollars apiece for our passage to Singapore. Expect to haul up anchor to-morrow. Left Mrs. Medhurst's yesterday afternoon, to come on board; but when we arrived at Mr. Darling's establishment, he informed us that three boats that day had been "swamped" in attempting to reach the shore, and that it was very dangerous to encounter the surf. Whereupon we drove to the French Hotel and took lodgings for the night. We did not wish to go back to Mrs. M.'s, both because we had already made trouble enough, and because some Dutch missionaries were probably occupying our places. The house of Mr. Medhurst is what the Cox would call a "place of intensity." At the hotel we were shown into two large airy rooms, one for myself and wife, and one for bro. D. Tea, or rather dinner was served up for the three in my room. Two Malays brought in a large number of excellent dishes, mostly meats, with eight sorts of fruit, the mangosteen, orange, rambutan, pine apple, pomegranate, *nahm-nahm*, the luscious *păpăyă*, and another melon, the name of which I forget. Bro. Dick. wife and I ate and drank quite differently from what we should have done, had any body being present. Took an evening walk, returned and had our family prayers, and retired to bed under mosquito curtains. [p.180] In the morning a Malay brought coffee into our room some time before breakfast. After a first rate breakfast, our host sent a servant to take an accurate description of us, our birthplace, destination, &c. to report to government. For supper, lodging, breakfast, we had to pay more than I like to mention; but there was no help for it; no other accommodations were to be had; and every thing in this country must be paid for. On our way toward the landing place, we stopped at Capt. Darling's to thank him for his kind attentions, and to take our leave of him. He is really a most excellent man. I don't <sup>know</sup> what we should have done without him. At the landing place our baggage was examined by native custom house officers, to see whether we were carrying coffee, rice, sugar, nor nuthin', out of the country. There was one article I was rather afraid of, a square case-bottle of pickles sent by Mrs. M. as a present to a relative at Singapore. The officer squinted at it, but let us pass without arrest. At the junction of the canal, or two piers, with the sea, two miles from the landing place, we had to breast the surf, and just escaped with our lives. I tremble to think of the danger we were in. The boat was thrown up in a terrific manner, & fell down on the further side of each steep surf we had passed, with a dreadful crash. One came rolling towards us, "mountain high," and lifted the bow of the boat almost high enough to slide us out at the stern. [ here there is small sketch in-line showing the hull of a boat mounting a surf wave ] and at the same [p.181] time pouring into the boat like a thundering cataract. We were all completely drenched. What had to the horrors of our situation was, that our Malay rowers were frightened, and stopped rowing. We hallooed at them with all our might

and bid them go on; but they could not or would not understand a word. The stupid blockheads did nothing but jabber, and suffered the boat to drift about, with her *side* to the next coming surf! She would not mind the helm, because the oars were not work; so we expected in a moment to be overwhelmed, and certainly should have been, had not the boat turned in some way or another, I cannot tell how, so as to receive the terrible breaker over her bow, as before. One or two more surfs struck us, and we passed into the open sea. Through all this awful peril, I was not frightened; but a few moments afterwards, when I thought of the stupid conduct of our *chunám* spiriting Malays, I felt like tearing all four of them to pieces, which I might have done without any help. The danger was greater than when we were precipitated down the hill near Fairfield. We regard this exposure to death, as we did the other, and intimation of Providence, full of meaning. They have both made on my mind ineffaceable impressions.

When we arrived on board the *Sachem*, we spread our clothes all about, on baskets, trunks, barrels, and tubs, to dry, and spent the afternoon principally in reading newspapers just received by our officers, dated a month later than the day we left America. Capt. Meacom and Mr. Ashmun our supercargo, came off to the ship safe.

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[p.182] Wednesday, Dec. 30. Find ourselves comfortably situated, and on the road to Singapore. Mr. Arms and wife we left at Mrs. Medhurst's. Mrs. A. last Saturday gave birth to a child, which died the same day, and was buried the following Sabbath morning. They must stay in Batavia, of course, till Mrs. Arms gets well enough to go on. Besides, Mr. A. wishes to consult Mr. Medhurst, on his return from the coast of China, about going among the Battas or other natives of Sumátra or Bornéo.

The *Rosabella* set sail this morning, with stunt s'ls up, for Pădăng, a port and island on the coast of Borneo, in possession of the Dutch. The Batavia government have so monopolized the coffee of Java, that it is impossible for the American ships to get cargoes. One after another, they are clearing out. The ^{Dutch} had better give heed the advice of Solomon: to "be not over wise, lest they should destroy themselves." Last evening, our spiritual children, Mates Green and Bartlett, and Eaton, Dick, and Jack, came on board from the *Rosabella*, to take leave of us, and to receive our parting instructions. I gave Eaton a paper, in compliance with this previous request, containing a list of books for him to purchase as he shall become able, and a set of rules for the regulation of his conduct and habits of mind. The paper will be copied by Mr. Bartlett. Particular reference is had in it to their future carriage toward crews when they become officers. They did not fully understand the reason of Captains being so miserable, and so hated by sailors and interior officers, to wit, that they make their own dignity a distinct object of *direct* attention, instead of being mainly solicitous about the right and wrong of their conduct, and leaving the respect [p.183] to take care of itself. Mr. D. has also written a document for Mr. Bartlett. Mr. Green has pretty much got over his skeptical troubles, and appears exceedingly well. I had a good talk with decided and modest Dick, about his devotional habits. We gave them our best wishes, and a box of Cape raisins, and they returned to their own ship. They will keep up their social worship on the return passage. Capt. Hammatt will carry

home with him at huge boa constrictor, twenty feet long. As if the Old Serpent were making an effort to regain his footing in the ship.

Our accommodations on board the Sachem (sâtshem) are tolerably good. There is not quite so much carpeting and handsome furniture as in the other vessel; but we have all substantial comforts. The French vessel which Messrs. Hanson & Lockwood came in, from Singapore, on board of which I stopped a few minutes one day last week, looked and smelt as if all the filth of the ditches of Batavia had been concentrated in it. M.'s berth and state room are in the steerage. Bro. Dick. And I make up our beds outside of the state rooms, in the open air of the steerage. Last night there was a lengthy rain; but we and our things were perfectly dry and cool. The deck is tighter than the Rosabella's. The Sachem is 25 years old, and still good. Ships are generally considered more than worn out a 12 or 15. Our *motion* is much less than it was in the Rosabella. The length of our passage will depend on the wind. It may be six weeks. The distance from Batavia to Singapore is 500 miles, about N.N.W. The seas hereabouts are so full of little islands, that seamen are obliged to keep a good lookout ahead.

[p.184] We have had a time of rejoicing. It appears from the papers brought by the American ships just arrived in Batavia, that there have been a great many anti-abolition mobs, and that an unusual number of rotten eggs has been thrown; sure indication of the progress of truth. We have seen none but the papers of the enemy; but we can judge from them almost as well of the state of things as from good papers. Such laughable resolutions! "His Honor the Mayor in the Chair. An impressive speech by the Hon. Harrison Gray Otis. Resolved, That we will not in any way *interfere* with the domestic concerns of our Southern brethren!" How unmeaning. When great bodies of men publish such childish nonsense as this, I do not think it necessary to hear the other side, in order to be assured that they are driven to very uncomfortable shifts. Now any thinking man, any man at all accustomed to tolerable precision in the use of words, may be defied to find the least meaning in the word "interfere" which is so much used in the resolutions of the pro-slavery meetings in America. People in foreign countries are puzzled to understand it.

How ridiculous the Americans appear in the eyes of foreigners! The people of the South they looked upon as interested, selfish, short sighted, and pity them as they would any other poor creatures similarly situated; but the people of the North are the contempt-stock of the whole world. I wish every American who has any national pride, might breathe a little while in a foreign atmosphere. What can be more silly and put "cork in the crater" of a volcano? And what else are those xxx in the free states doing, who are trying to stop discussion?

[p.185] "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." How plain it is, that Providence designs to put his hook in the nose of the leading Northerners, and make use of their cowardly "expressions of opinion," as they call them, to quiet the enraged Tigers of the South till the abolitionists can gain more ground. And who does not see that all the mobs and imposing City Hall meetings give more and more publicity to the whole matter, and excite curiosity, and fix attention, which is all that the abolitionists want? We rejoice

to see the opposition of post masters. We wonder why they don't build a fence round the wind.

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Thursday, Dec. 31. Steering about N. We are near the "Thousand Islands," which are very imperfectly known. This time of year, ships are obliged to *beat* from Batavia to Singapore; so that the distance actually sailed in some thousands of miles. Last night brought wife's mattress out into the purer and cooler air of the steerage, because it was so *hot* in the state room. At the same time our friends in America were probably eating breakfast near a roaring fire. Had a good breakfast this morning, consisting partly of fried bananas. Our Captain laid in at Batavia had good stock of mangosteens and excellent pine apples, but we don't like his pūmmēllōs. The pūmmēllō is a bitterish melon.

The last day of 1835. This year has been to me a year of nothing but blessing. Twice, if not three times, has my life been preserved in circumstances of frightful danger. Through the whole of this long passage of five months, the loving Providence of God [p.188] has been round about me, and has saved me alive, while others have been swallowed up. Till the past year, I seem to have had no other existence than one of gloom and perplexity. I seem to myself to have just begun to perceive, and to move, and to be conscious of life. Among not the least reasons for joy, is that I have been made deeply sensible of several ruinous habits of mind, and have been graciously enabled, in a good degree, to overcome them. One of the most precious favors I have received at the hand of God <sup>is the</sup> real intimacy and careful guardianship of brother Dickinson. I can never be grateful enough for his persevering correction of my faults. No such proof of genuine friendship can be given, as this. And in many other things I have experienced, as I venture to hope, the sweet sanctifying influences of the Spirit of grace, through the blood of the everlasting covenant. My conceptions of the gospel have been enlarged, specially of its refining tendency, its hidden power, and its destined triumph. I have been led to study the Bible on new principles, and have begun to discover something of its unsearchable riches. And my notions of its great moral principles are better defined. Thus has my heart being prepared, I humbly trust, to sympathize more deeply with the designs of Everlasting Love, and more efficiently to make known the glorious redemption. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." "He redeemeth thy life from destruction, and healeth all thy diseases."

But it is a thrilling conclusion for a man seriously to arrive at, that he is an heir of everlasting life, and a temple of the Holy Ghost, it implies so much! It is an amazing thing to be true of a man, that he is undergoing a process of sanctification. I always feel afraid to look at personal religion *subjectively*. When I look at the history of my religious life, especially of the past year, I fear there is a deficiency of one important [p.189] mark of a child of God. Is not so long prosperity contrary to the laws of the kingdom of grace? In my case, what, and where, and when, has been the *chastening* which every son receiveth? Doubtless enough of it is in reserve, unless I have no part nor lot in this matter. This is too delicate a subject to handle rudely; I can hardly help being alarmed, lest so long a series of blessings may be followed by

chastisement, in due time, *unusually severe*. I feel as if the new year should be entered upon with renewed consecration, and jealous watching against besetting sins, especially idleness, laziness, stupidity, and self confidence.

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Friday, Jan. 1, 1836. Heading N. Last night made 25 or 30 miles of “northing.” We are now in the Java Sea, out of sight of land. This Sea is bounded by Java on the South, Banca, Biliton, &c. on the north, with Borneo; and on the west by Sumatra. On the east I believe it terminates at the Celebean Archipelago. We go through the Straits of Banca into the China Sea. The Straits of Banca run N.W. and S.E. between the eastern extremity of Sumatra on the S.W. and the island of Banca on the N.E. Next east of Banca is the Strait of Gaspar, between it and Biliton. The islands in this part of the world are innumerable.

We are longing to get hold of some New York Evangelists. We want to know how Anti Slavery comes on. We see by the enemy’s papers that it is doing well in general, but we want to see more of the particulars. We should like to know what men of influence are beginning to act like men, and who are still braving it out, as Mr. Bacon, Mr. Gurley, and others, were doing, calling darkness light, and light darkness. We should be pleased to know what impression was made on the mind [p.190] of Dr. xxxxx during his visit to England. We fear the Dr.’s pride of commitment was too strong for the English to laugh out of him. I do not believe he ever had courage enough to meet the shower of rotten eggs which must have gathered for him if it was heard in New York that he had changed his opinion. If he really has embraced the truth, it is a matter of great wonder, but of small importance, at least so far as the *progress* of truth is concerned.

During a boat ride with Mr. Young from the landing place to the ship, he inquired of me particularly about the hatred of Christians, in the free states of America, toward colored people. He had frequently heard of it, and wished to know what it means. He inquired, probably, with the more solicitude, because he is a colored man himself. I replied that it was impossible for me to make him understand it as Americans do, it is so different from English habits of thinking; that I did not fully understand how it had become so inveterate; that I had never heard an adequate reason assigned for it. I told him that it is so deep rooted, that when we left America, it would have created disturbance in most churches there, to have prayed in monthly concert for immediate abolition, or that the church might be incited to effort for that object; that this feeling existed in as great strength in the minds of otherwise the most pious, benevolent, active Christians, as in any other minds; that they were so self deceived about it, that in all they said, they constantly *took for granted* that colored people must leave America in order to rise in character. I cautioned him to make all due allowance for this strange state of mind.

[p.191] Mrs. Medhurst mentioned with wonder that Mr. Lyman, or Munson, I now forget which, while at her house, talking of the subject without knowing the feeling of the English in reference to it, broke out with the exclamation, “Who would eat with a negro!” Said she, “Nothing makes Mr. Medhurst’s blood boil so quick as

this.” They have laid up this saying as a tale of horror. Doubtless it will be told hundreds of times among their friends in England.

Miss Thornton, an accomplished young lady, living at Mr. Medhurst’s, sent out from England as a school teacher, by a society of ladies, told me about the great meetings and other manifestations of the public joy in Great Britain, after the passing of the abolition act. I assured her that the intelligence was received in United States with general indifference; that here and there an individual was glad, but that the great mass of the people of the northern states regarded this glorious event with coldness, if not with contempt, Christians as well as men of the world; and that public demonstrations of joy would probably have been put down by mobs in all our principal towns. She said that the Colonization scheme appeared to her to amount to just this: “We go to hate you; therefore you must be banished out of our sight.”

The English are fond of hatching the poor Americans on this disagreeable ^{topic} whenever they have opportunity. One evening at Mrs. M.’s was an English gentleman of much intelligence. Talking with Messrs. Lockwood & Hanson, he contrived to introduce the hated subject, and gave them an unmerciful drubbing, to my no small amusement. They of course dare not think differently from the bishop, and have brought along with them all the old [p.198] notions of Colonization. His reasoning was so full of good sense, that their assertions (for they could not argue) appeared insignificant enough. They could by no means be brought to *define* slavery. I afterwards found out that Hanson’s father is a slave holder.

I suppose there is enough abolition for the present; so I will talk about something else. That part of the island of Java where Batavia is, is called the kingdom of Sunda. The east end only is here called Java. The folks at Batavia talk as much of going to Java as Boston folks do. The written language of Sunda is lost, though some of the people preserve among them the spoken language. It is very different from the Javanese, and all others. Some years since, a gentleman undertook to reduce it to writing, but found some of its sounds so peculiar, that no characters in use would answer to represent them.

In Batavia, the languages principally spoken are the Dutch, Chinese, and Malay. (Always accent Malay on the last syllable.) The Malay is spoken more than both the others. It is the common medium of communication, even between the English and Dutch. It is in every way as simple as can be. It has no inflections, nor changes of termination. The relations between words are always expressed by intervening particles. For instance, the possessive case,

A man ’s hand.

Ōrāng pŏŏńia tängăn.

The plural is formed by repeating the singular:

Shut the window s.

Tŏŏtŏp jëndālah jendalah.

Observe the smoothness of the sounds.

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[p.199] Saturday, Jan. 2. Going about N. six or seven knots. The coast of Sumatra in sight. Rain last night, and every night, in abundance. Thermom. 79. Cool.

I am delighted with Dr. Parker's project of a Christian colony at Singapore. His communication in the Chinese Repository, for July, 1835, is valuable, but crude. Indeed I care for but little else in it than the suggestion of the *practicability* of founding such a colony. It would have been well not to publish it to the world, for the very important reason, that all the families composing the colony ought to be picked families. It would be no small evil if more than one tenth should engage in the enterprise who would be willing. Fifteen, twenty, or thirty families are at first wanted, who should establish permanent institutions of the right kind; afterwards, the number might be increased indefinitely. Every family ought to have a comfortable property, say to the amount of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars; some would need three or four times as much, especially the cultivators of the land. Tho' the settlement would have no ostensible connection with Christian missions, yet every one belonging to it should have comprehensive views of them. Dr. P. if one may judge from his communication, seems to have no conception of the grandeur of the project. He is solicitous about the hoes, hammers, saws, axes, and files, but not about the colonists' habits of mind. The plan, if worth attending to at all, is deserving of great effort. Not only no vulgar, selfish speculator, should be for a moment thought of, as [p.200] a fit person to take any part in such an enterprise, though he may be a professor of religion; but, if possible, such only should be selected as are capable of clearly understanding the great objects of the proposed combination, and of keeping them steadily in view. This would imply more than ordinary piety and intellectual capacity. It could hardly be expected that every man in the colony would possess extraordinary mental qualifications in every respect; but *some* such qualifications in every one would be indispensable to its prosperity. Everyone should be pliable as to small matters, as well as tenacious of important principles, though mildly and politely so. They should all be able to distinguish, tolerably well, between the substances and accidents of things, so as not quarrel among themselves, or with the English, about trifles; and they should have sufficient independence and energy of character, to be able to lay aside old habits, and form new ones, when necessary. It would be disastrous, if in consequence of contracted views of such things, any petty collisions should arise, which should give birth to invidious terms, such as "the British interest," and "the Yankee interest." They should not deem it grievous to swear allegiance to the king of England, though they ought, everyone, to cherish exterminating hatred toward the all pervading spirit of aristocracy, which, in its innumerable bearings, so much hinders the progress of improvement in England and the United States. They should, in a word, settle together with the determination to form a refined Christian community on a new model, incorporating all the great principles in morals and education, which are now found mainly in certain [p.201] lately published books, and which, even in the most enlightened parts of the United States, are only beginning to struggle for practical ascendancy. For instance, let Grinke's theory of education be adopted, with some exceptions. At the head of the department of education ought to be placed two or three first rate men, able to devise plans for themselves, and to carry them into effect, without fear of contempt. They ought to be men who have so deeply imbibed the spirit

of Christian literature, that they would not think the world coming to an end, if pagan class books were laid by.

The advantages which these eastern countries would derive from such a colony at Singapore, would be immense. The children of the colonists would become familiar from their infancy with the language and literature of the Chinese, and with many other Asiatic languages spoken on the island; and in the common course of things, would, many of them, be excellently qualified in other respects for missionaries, and translators of the Bible and books of science. The children of natives would be educated in Christian families. These would be but a *small part* of the benefits which it might be reasonably expected would be reaped from the colony.

In such a community, the common obstacles of ignorance, self-interest, habit, prejudices of age, education, orthodoxy, as well as wrong associations of ideas, would not lie so thick in the way of philanthropy as they do United States and elsewhere. Perhaps it would be best to have none over thirty-five years old. They should all be from twenty-five to thirty-five, old enough to have acquired some [p.202] experience in business, and not so old but that a change in their habits and opinions may be possible, if desirable. They ought, also, each to learn well some one language.

Several thoroughly educated young physicians would be desirable, both to superintend a medical infirmary at Singapore, and to instruct converted natives in [breaks off]

Evening. I was interrupted by a summons to dinner. Spent the whole afternoon with bro. Dick. in founding an empire. We are just so Quixotic as to believe, not only, that something like the above can be effected, but have actually agreed to take steps towards stirring up the attention of a number of rich men in United States, to the project. Many of them don't know what else to do with themselves.

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Monday, Jan. 4. Yesterday forenoon bro. D. and self went down into fore-castle and made a beginning. There were present six sailors, or one whole watch; there are twelve in the ship, twice as many as in the Rosabella. I spent perhaps half an hour in giving them an account of the change which had taken place among the men in the Rosabella, and in stating to them, in the simplest manner, the nature of true religion. In the afternoon, bro. Dick. preached from Mark 8:36, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" He attempted to show the superiority of the soul over the body, its capacity of enjoyment and of suffering, its immortality, and the absurdity of living without reference to its interests.

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[p.203] Tuesday, Jan. 5. Have been lying still ever since Saturday, at anchor in the mouth of the straits of Banca, between the coast of Sumatra on the left, and the island of Lucepara on the right. The current of the Straits and the monsoon are both against us. We are altogether dependent on the night land breeze, which for two or three nights past, has happened not to blow. Yesterday spoke the English brig Mary Walker, from Canton to Cork. She wished us a *swift* passage! On Sunday a native proa passed us. The captain said she was a pirate, and ordered one of the cannon to be loaded. She thought best, however, to let us alone, and drifted by, at some distance to the left, out

of our reach. The pirates in these seas show no mercy, and expect none. They are very timid, seldom attacking vessels except they are small, or run aground.

People in the United States had exaggerated notions about the hot weather of the torrid zone. We have been lying here two or three days, without wind, only three or four degrees from the equator, and have been more comfortable than we were in United States in the summer months of almost every year within our recollection. In Batavia, too, the air was cool and comfortable in the shade, all the time we were there. Broadcloth would not have been too warm, and by some was actually worn. It is impossible to imagine a more delightful climate. It is true, this is not the warmest part of the year in this part of the world; but we have no reason to believe any other season would be more oppressively sultry than the hot season in the central part of the state of New York. Certainly “dog days” there, are less than any thing [p.204] of the kind here. Those who get their notions from records of the thermometer in books, must get incorrect notions. In the low marshes or grounds about Calcutta, in the province of Bengal, the heat is probably uncomfortable. The ideas of Americans, about the effect of the climate of Batavia on foreigners are, also, incorrect. Batavia is a healthy place. The dissipated and careless die as often in the ports of America. Americans may bless the stars for their frozen ears and green beech fires one half the year; but give me the soft cool air of Java. Thermometer, lately, 80 and 81. Cool.

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Wednesday, Jan. 6. A whiffing of fair wind this morning. Capt. ordered to spread sail, and up with the anchor, and while he is doing it, the wind is shifting so as to be “dead ahead.” We are tired of lying in this dreary place, with nothing in sight but low jungles on each side, that is, thick matted bushes, full of tigers, snakes, and creeping things. From these jungles, whole lots of wasps and ^{devil's} darnin' needles keep coming aboard. I have secured for Orlando, one of these devil's darnin' needles.

I am amazed at the *vastness* of this eastern world. The little island of Banca near us, a hardly perceptible speck on maps, is 130 miles long, and 30 broad. The islands of the Eastern Archipelago are immensely more numerous and populous than one would suppose from the meagre geographies and atlases in use in America. What idea would a man get of the United States from draft outline of three or four 18mo. pages, informing him of its being so many miles in extent, so many inhabitants, professing the Christian religion, an agricultural country, and remarkable for a noble tree called the sugar maple?

[p.205] Bro. Dick. is enraptured with Herder's Spirit of Hebrew Poetry. He says he is in a new world. He laments that nearly all our leading educated men at home, are entirely ignorant of this great subject, the literary beauties of the Bible. At Yale College, no one but Professor Gibbs knows any thing about it. The faculty of that College really think Grimke's doctrine the offspring of *weakness*, though they dare not openly say it. So with the faculties of most other colleges. But the young men of the United States will by and by be delivered from this slavery. Nothing can be more certain than a mighty revolution will take place in all American colleges, which will substitute a natural and common sense course of study for their present absurd and comparatively profitless one. The inveterate prejudices of the present race of

professors, in favor of heathen literature, and their ignorance of the Bible, will doubtless retard the reformation for some time; but it will surely come, and with great glory. These men are gradually passing off the stage. Their successors will be less bigoted, and some of them qualified to judge of the importance of sacred literature, from their own acquaintance with it. It is a shame that such a man as Professor Anthon, who has spent his life in looking after the various readings of Horace, should have so much influence over young men who are one day to occupy important places in society. Look at the list of class books made use of in Yale College: "Conic Sections, Fluxions, Juvenal!" The labor bestowed on this xxxxx would give the students knowledge enough of the Hebrew language to open to them the inexhaustible riches of taste and sentiment [p.206] in which it contains, and would in many of the best minds create such a passion for this kind of literature, as would secure a general triumph over infidelity. If ministers of the Bible do not know what it contains, surely infidels do not. The advocates of mathematics, if they condescend to reason at all, urged as an argument, that a thorough course of fluxions, trigonometry, and all that, *disciplines* the mind. What interesting specimens of *reasoning*, on certain ethical and political subjects, we have lately seen, from the great mass of minds thus disciplined!

Who would not give ten times the mathematical drilling of President Day, and twenty times the lumber of Professor Anthon, for the biblical knowledge of Bush or Stuart? It seems plain, that mathematics ought *chiefly* to be confined to departments of study strictly *professional*. Surveyors, engineers, architects, need them. As to their contributing anything toward mental discipline, the experience of the world, and the testimony of eminent scholars, have decided. If men's moral powers were properly disciplined, a much stronger security against sophistry would be furnished, than in all the discipline of mathematics.

I know a minister of the gospel, a young man, who is a very good mathematician, whose reasonings on all subjects besides mathematics, are usually inconclusive and silly. In his opinions on biblical and theological subjects, I have not the least confidence. On moral philosophy, political economy, mental philosophy, he has no ideas at all. I have never seen an indication of there [sic] having been, ever, during his whole life, any thing in his mind like a noble thought or emotion. Why does not his mental power acquired by his mathematical studies, show itself by grasping some other subject?

[p.209] Herder is a charming book. To read it cursorily will not do; it must be studied. Its principles must be distinctly apprehended, and wrought into the habits of the student's mind. As a detector of hidden beauties in the sacred writings, Herder is in every way superior to L  wth. Lowth is always comparing the beauties he discovers, to something in Greek or Latin poets, and stiffly reduces every thing to some other standard; whereas Herder, having ascertained the historical fact, or national sentiment which brings to light new beauties, presents it, and shows in its light a class of exquisite thoughts, in the intrinsic merit of which he has so much confidence, as to leave them to make their own impression. The reader wonders that is not having perceived the striking beauties before. Thermom. 82. A huge water snake.

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Thursday, Jan. 7. Got a little wind this morning, and moved several miles further up towards the Straits. Let go anchor again, and are waiting for another wind. Spoke the Selma of Dundee, from Canton to Liverpool, a beautiful vessel. A squall last night, which made us cast another anchor. Felt uneasy, but it passed over.

I made a mistake in stating that the Rosabella went from Batavia to Padang. It was to Samarang, on the north coast of Java. I was wrong, too, in saying that Padang is on the coast of Bornéo. It is on the coast of Sumatra. I believe, however, there is also, on Borneo, a small place of the same name.

Had a dispute to-day at dinner about fruit. M. declares that she has seen not a single fruit in India fit to eat. The rest of us are becoming more [p.210] and more fond of the mangosteen and plantain especially. The plantain has lost its sickish taste, and is exceedingly rich and pleasant. It answers for food as well as for fruit. M. ransacked the baggage, and got out some old dry apricots which we brought from the Cape, and got the cook to stew them.

I forgot to mention a few particulars about the family of Mr. Medhurst. Mrs. M. at the age of fourteen, was married to a sea captain. At seventeen, she was left a widow with two children, and no friend but a sister. She has in England a son who has lately been converted, and another who is a church of England clergyman. The churchman is so enraged at the other for embracing evangelical religion, that he will have no intercourse with him, much to the grief of their parents. Mrs. M. has never been out of Java. She is now preparing herself and family for a voyage to England. They will embark with Mr. M. when he returns from China, which will probably be in a month or two, after he has finished the printing of his new Chinese dictionary. To prepare herself, husband, and four children, for so long a voyage must require a deal of work. Mrs. M. has lost five sons. — How long they intend to stay in England, I do not know. Messrs. Lockwood and Hanson will occupy the place of Mr. Medhurst in the chapel, and in the mean time study Chinese. Mr. M. has been engaged in compiling his dictionary eighteen years. Some years ago, when it was far advanced, all his manuscripts were stolen from him.

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[p.211] Friday, Jan. 8. Another little variation in the monsoon this morning, by the help of which we got into the Straits several miles. Thermom. 81.

Messrs. Lockwood and Hanson, American Episcopal missionaries to China, are “*low* churchmen,” that is, they are friendly to experimental religion, and opposed to the views of Bp. Hobart and the other high church American bishops. This might be expected; for no high churchman would become a missionary. Bp. Hobart actually refused permission to Mr. Robinson, Episcopal missionary to Greece, to preach in his diocese on the subject of missions. Mr. Hanson, just before he embarked for China, happens to be on board a steamboat with a certain high church bishop. The bishop in conversation discovered that Mr. H. was destined to China as Episcopal missionary. He inquired, “What are you going to do there? Do you understand the language?” “No Sir; but I shall study it the first thing.” “Are you going to do anything else?” “While I am studying the language, I shall distribute books.” “Books? They were written by Presbyterians, were they?” “Some by Dr. Morrison, some by Dr. Milne, some by Mr.

Gutzlaff.” The bishop expressed his contempt, and was quite reserved in his behavior towards him, the remainder of the passage. Before they left the boat, Mr. H. requested permission to preach within the bishop’s jurisdiction on missions, which he granted; but no thanks to him for that; because public opinion forbade him to do otherwise.

Now suppose this bishop were to preach in the hearing of the pious people of my [p.212] acquaintance in America, on some subject which would furnish no occasion for broaching his anti-Christian sentiments. They would of course think him a pious, good man, and would impute it to my sectarian feeling, if I were to hint that he could be any other. And to call him absolutely hostile to every thing like piety, would be deemed downright slander. It would indeed be very hard to make the good people of United States believe any such thing, except a very few who understand the subject; and yet no other enemies of evangelical truth are so determined against it, as the high church bishops and clergy both in England and America. Take those in the state of New York, for example. What more low, contracted driveling minds than theirs? They think of nothing but the excellence of the liturgy, the greatness of Bp. Hobart, the invalidity of Presbyterian ordination; the irreverence of expressing one’s desire to God, except through the prayer book; and the impropriety of *feeling* in religion. Is this pitiful thing Christianity, which is to regenerate the world? What a sublime moral revolution a converting of the whole world to such a state of mind, would be!

I was rather pleased with the character of Mr. Lockwood. He made one remark which I was somewhat surprised. The high churchmen would have thought it *imprudent*. In indirectly apologizing for the Episcopal church being so behind hand in missions, he said “the attention of the church had been occupied by things of small importance.” This remark was exactly to my mind. He could not have comprehend so much truth in any other. Both Lockwood and Hanson seem to be [p.213] above the disingenuousness of *trying to conceal* the real and important difference between “high and low church” in United States; in other words, between the friends and the enemies of vital Christianity; between the followers of the xxxx xxxx xxxx and such as think for themselves; between such men as McIlvaine of Ohio, and such as Onderdonk of Pennsylvania, White and Doane. I have seen but one or two churchmen so willing to acknowledge this difference. They do not seem at all solicitous, like many of the good low churchmen, to confound light and darkness. It must be humiliating to the high church bigots to see that their missionaries are so dependent on the labors of the unbaptized and ordained, who have prepared the way. They cannot stir a step without a Presbyterian dictionary, a Presbyterian grammar, and a Bible translated by a Presbyterian! What would the “venerable Hobart” say to this, if he were alive? And they can’t help seeing how ludicrous it would be, for Messrs. H. & L. to imitate them in their carriage toward the Presbyterian brethren in China, and affect independence in spite of real dependence. Such things may do in America; but not in circumstances where you can get a fair sight at them. It may do to call all Presbyterian institutions invalid and worthless, in the lump; but it won’t do to conform to this principle their treatment of such men as Gutzlaff, Morrison, Abeel, and Bridgman. Bp. Hobart, in his sermons and treatises, made “communion with the bishop” indispensable to salvation; but where decency forbade the application of principle to particular cases, always tried to show that an indispensable condition is a condition that may be dispensed with.

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[p.214] Saturday, Jan. 9. Moved this morning a few miles further into the Straits, and anchored opposite Mount Parmasang, on Banca. A short distance from us, a steep rock, apparently as white as snow, rises, thirty feet above water. The air is cool. Thermom. 80.

Having been trying to read Washington Irving's Tour on the Prairies, but cannot succeed. — The confession in his Introduction, that during all the time of his supposed enjoyment in Europe, he was unhappy, is worthy of being remembered. No celebrity, however deserved, no intellectual refinement, can make a worldly man happy.

Messrs. Ashmun and Dickinson, with 1st mate Woodberry, went on an excursion to the nearest point of Sumatra, a mile and a half from us. They saw no snakes, cannibals, nor tigers. They were assailed only by mosquitoes. Brought away some wood, and a variety of shells, some of which I shall send home.

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Monday, Jan. 11. Yesterday, Bro. Dick. in the afternoon preached from Acts 17:30, "But now commandeth all men every where to repent." There was no opportunity to preach in the forenoon, because the men were busy, working the ship. Got a little further up the Straits. Found out that our Captain is a Beverly man. Must get a letter ready for Mrs. Barnes. On our arrival at Singapore, I shall be obliged to write about thirty letters.

Was yesterday reading Barnes on Acts, and was amused at his note on 2:31. He says, "From this it appears that David had distinct views of the great doctrines pertaining to the Messiah." In confirmation of this he refers to 1 Pet. 1:11,12, which expressly affirms that his views were very *indistinct*! The passage read thus: "The prophets searched diligently what the Spirit of Christ [p.215] which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. Unto whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto us they did minister," &c. This passage is usually quoted by theologians to show that the prophets knew nothing about their prophecies of the Messiah except the bare fact that they referred to him, and that they themselves were, at least in writing on *this* subject, only the amanuenses of the Spirit of Christ which was in them. However, Barnes is a good commentator. In order to get so many books out of press in so short a time, he must have been obliged, now and then, to "cut and slash."

I am very glad that bro. Dick. has brought along with him Noyes' translation of the Psalms, and that he intends to procure the same critic's translation of Job. I shall send to England, by the first opportunity, after John Mason Good's edition of Job and Solomon's Song. Our common translation of Job is, a good part of it, hardly intelligible.

Had a bit of a dispute to-day with Mr. Ashmun about slavery. He thought slavery might be defended from the Bible. He soon became sensible that masters' putting their own sons under the literary instruction of their slaves, and sending slaves to select wives for their sons, and training their slaves to arms, and periodically

freeing them all, would hardly agree with the American notion of slavery. Mr. Ashmun was named after the noted Ashmun who died at Liberia.

Near us, close to the Sumatra inside of the Strait, is a schooner of war, which we saw to-day fire at and capture a small native vessel, probably a coasting smuggler or a pirate. Thermometer 82.

We are now lying at ^{under} 30 or 40 miles from Miñtōw, the capital or tin depository of Banca.

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[p.216] Tuesday, Jan. 12. Lost three anchors, two small and one large. Sent the small boat all about to look for their "buoys," but they could not be found. A grievous pelting rain to-day. We are all tired of these nasty Straits of Banca. Thermom. 80.

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Wednesday, Jan. 13. Nothing.

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Thursday, Jan. 14. Nothing.

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Friday, Jan. 15. Got along a good piece to-day, nearly out of the Straits. A strong current against us, but a strong wind to overcome it.

Among the baggage of Mr. Arms is a small cask of alcohol, which he brought from America to make tinctures of. This cask, bro. Dick. two or three days ago discovered to be strangely affected by a propensity to move about the ship, and on examining it, found its being movable. Supposing it without doubt diluted and spoiled, he thought first of throwing it into the Straits, but, lest it be of some value, sowed it up tight in a dirty sheet, and put it at the bottom of our barrel of crackers. If it should take a notion to migrate thence, it would have to extricate itself from the sheet, unless it should choose to appear in it, like a ghost; and then get up out from under all the rattling crackers, and put them back over itself again, after its nightly prowling should be ended, all which could not be done without more noise than usually attends such operations. Bro. Dick. had a mind to call the steward, and get him to help us lift the crackers, but I persuaded him that we could do it ourselves, and besides, the steward was busy.

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[p.217] Saturday, Jan. 16. Anchored exactly in the mouth of the Straits. We have been a fortnight worrying against monsoon and current, from the southern entrance; ninety miles with a fairly wind. It might be gone, the other way, in twelve hours!

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Monday, Jan. 18. Rain continually. Remain just where we were. Thermom. 76. No preaching yesterday, on account of the rain. Caught a young booby last night, which, except insects and a water snake, is the first living thing we have seen in the Straits of Banca. These Straits seemed to be, like the Dead Sea, abhorred of all flesh. In them no fish swims, neither doth any bird light thereon. Rain.

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Tuesday, Jan. 19. Rain, and beating about without gaining any thing. Rain.

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Wednesday, Jan. 20. Same as yesterday. No progress. Rain. Thermom. 79. Rain. Last night M. was sitting in our large rocking chair turned back against a hoghead, so as to rest mainly on the hind ends of the rockers. The ship suddenly rolled on one side and through her and the rocking chair over one another till they stopped. She received no harm. Rain.

Bro. Dick. has discovered, to his great satisfaction, that Job 29:6, where the patriarch recounts his former blessings, is translated by Herder so that his "steps were washed" with *milk*, instead of "butter" as in the common translation. He says he never liked the idea of his steps being washed in butter.

Have been reading in Wardlaw's Christian Ethics. It is a useful book, on the whole, but contains some egregious blunders. Two in particular, it is [p.220] almost incredible that such a man could ^{have} been guilty of. In Lecture VI, on the "Origin of Moral Obligation," he makes an absurd comment on the following words of Bp. Horsley: "The Deity determined to create beings who should be capable of being *brought to* that dignity of character which a *proficiency* in virtue confers, and enjoying, in their *improved* state of moral worth, a corresponding happiness." Wardlaw remarks, "Surely, every rational creature, when fresh from the creating hand of immaculate purity, must have been not merely capable of attaining, but in *actual possession* of this dignity." *What* dignity? The dignity spoken of by Horsley; the dignity of virtue *disciplined*, and strengthened; of *tried* principle, in distinction from inexperienced innocence. Now can Dr. Wardlaw suppose that it is in the power of Omnipotence to create a being *already tempted*, of fixed virtuous *habits*, of moral principle *tried* and *proved*? Is it possible to create an *experienced* being! Ridiculous. The common sailors in the Rosabella know better than to confound innocence with virtue. It is easy to see that the Dr. throughout this book, is fettered by the old triangular cobweb of *physical* depravity, and *physical* holiness; of material past experience. No man can have a system of theology at all decent, without distinctly apprehending the grand centre doctrine of the Bible, that man is a free moral agent; and this doctrine I really believe Dr. Wardlaw does not understand any better than British theologians generally, that is, scarcely at all. Of this, his book presents abundant evidence.

However, the Dr. in this treatise has given to the world much that is valuable. Many of his passages, and some whole discourses, are correct and eloquent.

A bark beating in company with us, to-day run aground on a shoal to the east of us, but got off before dark. We came near the same shoal a few minutes before. Rain.

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[p.221] Thursday, Jan. 21. Still at anchor in the mouth of the Straits. Rain. Rain. Spoke a ship from Singapore to New York, probably loaded with sugar. Rain.

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Friday, Jan. 22. No rain last night, and a pleasant morning. It seems good to see the light of heaven once more. Thermom. 79½. We have lain in a week in this dreary place.

The wrath of the cockroaches got roused last night, for some reason or other, and a myriad of them came forth from their holes, some old patriarchs two inches long, and lay to and flew hither and thither furiously, buzzing, and hitting themselves against the sides of the ship, and the people, in a ludicrous manner. To kill them, is the worst that can be done, they are so dirty; and a slaughter would make no odds in their numbers. On board some ships they are exceedingly troublesome. Insects of different kinds are becoming quite too numerous in our baggage.

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Saturday, Jan. 23. Getting along a little. Feel like a butterfly just out of his chrysalis state. A schooner near us carried away one of her masts. No rain. Thermom. 80.

Monday, Jan. 25. At anchor. Cool. Thermom. 79. M. quite sick two or three days past, from rolling of vessel while at anchor. Bro Dick. preached on deck yesterday, from Mat. 11:28, "Come unto me, all ye that labor;" &c.

Found the following note in Henry, on the words, "After this, the heavens were opened, and I looked," &c. Note. "When the heavens are opened, we must look."

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Wednesday, Jan. 27. Got along yesterday six miles! We shall probably have been as long from Batavia to Singapore, as from the Cape to Batavia. Our main top gallant yard broke into, yesterday, fell and tore away a piece of the larboard. bulwark. Thermom. 79.

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Thursday, Jan. 28. Beating. No rain. Thermom. 80. Cool. Pleasant. Ships.

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Friday, Jan 29. Weather pleasant. M. has been sea sick three or four days.

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Saturday, Jan. 30. Calmish. No progress. M. better. She sits in a rocking [p.224] chair turned back a little, and fastened in that position. From the sides, arms, and rockers of the chair, extend in different directions, cords, ropes, and strings, to keep it in its place; from the right arm to the ceiling over head, and from the right rocker downward to the bottom of a neighboring hogshead, both to keep her from falling to the left; from the left arm and rocker, in like manner, to keep from falling to the right. There are several other useful ligatures, which extend from the centre to various remote points, so that wife, when in her chair, somewhat resembles a spider in the midst of his web; with this difference, however, that she hardly ever sallies forth after food; it is brought to her.

We all feel deeply interested in the Malay language, *bhāsa Mālāyu*. Have committed to memory 100 words which we copied at Batavia. A few resemble English and Latin words: *tāng-ān*, hand, (from the Latin word *tangere*, to touch?) Bōku, book; *di*, de; *dua*, two; *ya*, yes. In the Lampung language, spoken in part of Sumatra, yes is *eya*; in Bugis, one of the four principal languages spoken on the large island of Cēlēbēs, it is *iyō*; in Javanese, *iya*. It is plain that the word *kartas*, paper, has got into the Malay from the Portuguese; but what remote bearing could the Latin or

Greek have had, strong enough to displace the ancient numeral for *two* in the Malay, which, as far as can be ascertained, is an original and independent language? And as to the original words for yes, in the other three *very different* tongues, what has become of them?

In Malay, eye is *mātā*, day *ārē*; combined, *mata are*, sun, literally eye of day. Morning is *pāgē*, (hard g); early in the morning, *page page*. (The dieresis " over *a* signifies that it must be sounded as *a* in father.)

We find the geography of this part of the world full of Malay names. *Timor*, for example, in Malay, is *east*. *Pulo*, so frequently prefixed to names, signifies island: Pulo Lingen, island of Lingen. Pulo Pisang, Plantain Island. (*i* in Pisang long *e* or *ee*.)

I devoutly wish that the ambition of a multitude of young Americans might be inflamed to come and master hundreds of these interesting Asiatic languages, to compile dictionaries and grammars of them, to become familiar with their literature, and to modify and enrich it with American principles and ideas!

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Monday, Feb. 1. Progress very slow. Pleasant and cool. Thermom. 79. Preaching yesterday by brother Dick. on deck, from Rom. 14:17, "The kingdom of God is not [p.225] meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," the same sermon we heard from him in the Rosabella on the Atlantic, with which we were so much pleased. It received the same fixed and delighted attention as it did then. Every sailor had his mouth wide open. A man who has the power of influencing men after this sort, need look up to very few as his superiors. Bro. Dick's health is so poor, and his constitution so feeble, and the Chinese so hard to learn, I am afraid he will never speak in this style to the people of the Celestial Empire.

M. is considerably better. The motion of the Sachem has been so great for several days past, that I have been three or four times on the very verge of sea sickness myself. The swelling and dashing of the Chinese sea remind me of what Squire Fowler said of the town of Remsen, that it was "a small state, but had great power."

We are all three anxious to get to Sing. both because we are tired of the dirt and stench, and drizzling, the mould, rust, worms, ants, bugs, and cockroaches of a sea life, and because we want to begin studying the Malay. I am so anxious to become familiar with this delightful tongue, that is the subject of my dreams day and night.

One evening, we had at Batavia a fine sit-down, under the pendent lamp, at the large round table, and took in an amusing lesson of about forty words in Malay, from Mrs. Medhurst and daughter, and Miss Thornton. A younger daughter of Mrs. M. six or seven years old, voluntarily took me under her special instruction. I went on, making improvement; but she soon gave out that she was "not fond of teaching Mr. North, he asked so many questions about the words." She then attached herself to Mr. Lockwood. A day or two after, a little boy came to me, and, with a very sweet voice and manner, said, "Sir, if you please, I will teach you Malay every day at twelve o'clock." I was obliged to decline his offer, for want of time. The children of Mrs. M. as well as those of her orphan asylum, all speak Malay. But we do not place much dependence on what we learnt at B. The language is *written* the same every where, and is pronounced *so nearly* alike all over Oceanica, that natives meeting from its

opposite extremes can understand each other with perfect ease; but like all other languages, it has its provincial vulgarisms. At Singapore, we shall find it pure.

I am much pleased to see in a number of the Herald which we brought with us, that a Mr. Ward, living at Padang, on the west coast of Sumatra, is compiling a large Malay dictionary. It is said that he has already collected 40.000 words, 3500 more than there are in Mr. Marsden's large quarto dictionary. There must be some mistake in this; there cannot be so many words in the language. Though I have little confidence in the compiler's *literary* qualifications, I am glad to receive any help of this sort. A mere list of words and significations would save labor to a student intent on becoming thorough. Marsden's can still be resorted to as a dictionary of literature. Of this, there is to be a new and enlarged addition.

The four principal *written* languages of Sumatra, are the Malay, Korinchi, Rejang, and Batta.

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[p.226] Wednesday, Feb. 3. Crossed the Equator. Cool and pleasant. Thermometer 80.

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Saturday, Feb. 6. This morning, our first sight of the continent of Asia. The south-western extremity of Malacca is about ten miles from us. Sing. is about 25 miles to the N.E. We hope to get in sight of it to-day; it is not improbable we shall anchor in the harbor this evening; if we do, we shall stay aboard till Monday. We think it best not to disturb Mr. Tracy's Sabbath, and brother Dick. wishes to preach to the sailors.

Passed through the Straits of Dryan yesterday, alias Dürían. They are full of little islands. The scenery surpasses every thing we have seen, except at the Cape of Good Hope. Last evening, after dark, were surprised to see a great number of lights along the eastern horizon. Concluded that they could not be from pirates, they were so many; but were probably the fires of (of) natives on the island of Bintang, cooking their supper. Thermom. 79.

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Monday, Feb. 8. No preaching yesterday; men employed in working ship. On Saturday afternoon, spoke the United States sloop of war Vincennes. Her second lieutenant boarded us. He is a Norwich man, formerly acquainted with bro. Dick. Breath smelt strong of wine. Told us we should find Mr. Ballestier & lady fine people. Eagerly inquired for late papers. The Vincennes has been from home three years, cruising among the islands down east. Will pass up the Straits of Malacca, show herself along the coast of Sumatra, to astonish the natives, and then go straight home. She is a fine looking vessel. The U.S. sloop of war Peacock is cruising somewhere in Oceanica; but the Vincennes has not seen her.

Anchored last evening, at about 7 or 8 o'clock, in the harbor of Singapore. Were soon boarded by two young men after letters and papers; one of them the son of the American consul. Took tea with us. So dark when we anchored, could see nothing of the town but the long rows of lights in the *bazárs*, or streets of shops. Of course went on deck early this morning. With what interest we beheld the native shipping, the

palaces of the English, the oriental costumes of the different natives, in the boats around us, and on deck, I leave you to imagine. Some of the Bengáleees, and Klings, are not much larger round than a pipe stem, and very tall. The Klings are the noblest looking race of men I have seen, except the Á'räbs at Batavia. We shall go ashore by and by, in the Captain's boat. 7, A.M.

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Tuesday, Feb. 9. Came ashore yesterday forenoon. Passed right under the stern of a large Chinese junk, a combination of every possible awkwardness. One would [p.227] suppose the ancestors of the Chinese must have purposely made the junks unmanageably clumsy, to keep their posterity from the contamination of foreign intercourse. The Chinese ship builders themselves, in spite of the national bigotry, cannot help seeing the superiority of the European vessels. Two or three years ago, some Canton traders built a few ships in European style, but were forbidden by the mandarins to use them. They are now laid up a rotting. These mandarins would work well with the English bishops. Some junks have two rudders! What if a difference of opinion should arise between the helmsmen; what would become of the junk?

Saw also a large vessel from Cochin China, built very well. Siamese vessels come loaded with sugar. About 40 sail in the harbor, mostly Chinese.

We were rowed a few rods up the mouth of a small river, and landed, among the crowd of Chinese, Kling, and Malay boats, near the office of the American consul. A multitude of native families live in small boats, roofed, and moored a little distance from the warves. They are called "óráng lá-ōöt," men of the water. We found ourselves among a crowd of all nations, kindreds, people, and tongues: Malays, Chinese, Bugis, Moormen, Jews, Armenians, Bengáleees, Indo Portuguese, and how many others I cannot at present ascertain.

The consul received us with the greatest imaginable politeness, and ordered his palankeen, to carry us to the house of Mr. Tracy. The *sais* misunderstood him, and drove us to the consul's own house. Mrs. Ballestier came out and urged us to stay with her the rest of the day, as Mrs. Tracy had not yet recovered from her late sickness. We of course declined, and she gave the *sais* directions how to find Mr. Tracy's. He drove on, to an elegant house, but Mr. T. didn't live there. He drove to another; but could not understand the Chinese servants, nor they him. At length a man who understood his language, offered to go and show him the house. This fellow knew no better what he was about than the other. They took us to a large beautiful building, which they thought was Mr. Tracy's. We thought, as we came between the lofty pillars of its piazza, that Mr. T. must be a very extravagant man, and altogether unfit for a missionary. Here, after making some noise, we succeeded in rousting an English gentleman, to whom we stated our object. He [p.228] went into the interior of the building to make inquiry, and after a considerable time returned, saying he *believed* Mr. T. lived in such a place. When we arrived at the place, Mr. Tracy had apparently never been heard of ^{there}; the servants looked at one another, and knew nothing about him. We could not direct our guides what to do; because neither they nor the servants could understand a word of our language; so you may judge what perplexity we were in. Our little poney, it was evident, could go but a little further in the sun. We began to

be convinced that it is an excellent thing to understand the language of the people among whom you are; a very good introduction to the study of languages. At length a little girl came to the door who spoke English; and though it was none of the best, it was a luxury to hear it. She said Mr. Tracy lived in the next inclosure. We started once more, concluding that Mr. Tracy must be a very obscure man. This house looked more like an appropriate residence for a missionary, than any we had seen. Its retired location, and humble verandah, no one could find fault with. Mr. T. came out and gave us a hearty welcome.

Mrs. T. has a son more than a week old, I believe, Friday 17th inst.

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Saturday, Feb. 20. Have been so busy the past fortnight, that I have not had a moment for writing in the journal. I found Mr. T. up to the armpits in all sorts of business, some of which he knew nothing about. All belonging to my department, I have as fast as possible taken off his hands. He was printer, preacher, type founder, superintendent of the mission, and builder. I found it scarcely possible to stir a step without a knowledge of Malay, and the day I arrived, procured a good teacher. Since, I have been studying, bargaining, getting furniture, transporting things from ship, bothering about, putting things to rights, and planning a building for foundry and office, eighty-eight feet square. All these things I have been doing, sometimes by interpreters, sometimes by signs, sometimes by a few English words and signs, sometimes by a [p.229] few Malay words and signs, sometimes by signs and a few Malay and a few English words together. It is necessary here to deal of good part of the time with Chinese. They find much greater difficulty in learning Malay than we. In bargaining with them, it is necessary to mix broken Malay, broken English, and signs together, and so *make* a language for yourself as you go along. If you have to do with a Kling, you are still worse off. With the Indo Portuguese you can get along rather better, usually, than with any of the others. Many of these, however, speak not a word even of broken English. Their own language, the European Portuguese can hardly, if at all, understand. I have been obliged, the last fortnight, to do business with people speaking *seven* different languages, and seldom a man among them, speaking two tolerably well. If the people of Babel had as much trouble building their tower as I have had in building my office, no wonder they abandoned their project.

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Monday, Feb. 22. A heavy shower yesterday. The air, this morning, delightful. Thermometer 79. Generally, since we have been here, 81 and 82.

Yesterday bro. Dick. preached in the mission chapel, from John 5:39, "Search the scriptures." Sermon well received. First Sabbath, bro. Wolf preached. The congregation is very small. From 15 to 30, mostly English. There is no preaching in any native language; no preacher that understands one well enough. Mr. Tracy, two or three times a week, has a sort of talk, or Bible class, through an interpreter, among the Chinese; but it can hardly be called preaching. There is no mission *church* here.

The house and premises where we are living belong to the London Missionary Society. They have no missionary here except Mr. Wolf, a young man, unmarried. He came here last September. Mr. Tracy he found occupying his Society's house, and

preferred boarding with him, to taking the house himself. The agreement between them was, that Mr. Tracy should find board, Mr. Wolf a house. Mr. Tracy thus gets a large commodious house for no more rent than the expense of Mr. Wolf's board. House rent here, is very high. The chapel also belongs to the London Society. — Messrs. [p.230] Tracy, Wolf, and Dickinson, have each a Chinese teacher. Mr. Tracy has been studying Chinese about two years, and is the only one of the three who can speak it. Mr. W. is far in advance of Mr. D. and is making good progress.

Houses here must be built large, or be uncomfortable. The house where we are, has a sitting or eating room 18 by 21; on the right, as you stand ^{in it} with your face towards the front door, are two lodging rooms, the largest of which, in front, Mrs. Tracy occupies, the other M. & self. Next Mrs. T's room, farther to the right, is a smaller bedroom, & a room behind it for an ayah. Next our room is a smaller one which we use for hanging clothes, washing, and all manner of things. Our lodging room opens on one side into the eating room, on the other into the back verandah. On the other side of the sitting room, are two large rooms occupied by Mr. Wolf, one as a study, the other as a lodging room. Next these, farther to the left, are bro. Dick.'s two narrow rooms, corresponding to Mrs. T.'s small bedroom and the ayah's room on the extreme right. Besides these ten rooms, there is a verandah, or as it would be called in America, a "stoop," the whole length of the house in front, and another in rear. These verandahs are indispensable to comfort and health. All these rooms, and the verandahs, constitute the second story; the basement story is divided into book rooms, store rooms, baggage rooms, &c. To one of them, bro. Dick. has moved his study, and when Mr. A. and wife arrive, will move his bed, to give them the rooms he first occupied. The house has been built about twelve years. It is of plank, and shakes, when you walk over it, like the old building of the Goa inquisition, mentioned by Tyerman & Bennett. Wooden houses here, decay in a very few years. People scarcely think of building but with brick, which are as cheap as dirt. Besides what I have mentioned, are the out houses, cook house, stable, bathing house, &c. It is desirable, if not absolutely necessary, that every American and European should bathe daily.

These arrangements for our accommodation are temporary. Mr. Tracy is building a house on the lately purchased American mission premises, situated on the street next back of Mr. Wolf's, or those of the London Society, where we are now. The location is a pleasant one, about half a mile from the landing place, and a few rods from the beach; near enough to hear the roaring of the surf. Before we arrived, he had finished a ^{brick} building of four apartments, for the Chinese block cutters, where they are now at work. Cost, \$370.

[p.231] In a day or two after we landed, bro. Dick. and I went on board the Sachem to see to the moving of our goods ashore. We found the steward in irons, by order of the mate. They had hated each other for some time; when the Captain went ashore, the mate improved the opportunity to revenge himself on the steward. When we went on board, he seemed to be ashamed of his tyranny, and treated us rather coolly. The steward was liberated the same day.

When we had reached the shore, in the lighter, we were greatly concerned about landing. The surf dashed so, against the beach, we were afraid of getting thoroughly

drenched, at least. But two stout Kling boatmen each took one of us on his back, and carried us high and dry out of the reach of the surf. Mr. Tracy sent his Chinese man Kē-sing to superintend the whole concern, and every thing was safely landed and stowed away, with much less trouble than I expected, except the cask of alcohol, which we found had been dug up, unshrouded, and robbed of considerable.

For a day or two, notwithstanding the labor of getting settled, we were thinking of little else than the delightful climate and superior advantages of our new country. The consul declared that nothing would kill us but old age. He said, moreover, that there is no weather here so hot as the hot summer weather in America for two or three of their summer months; and that there had been no rain for a fortnight, and thing he had never before known. I have noticed that the *soil* is of such a nature as to make neither mud nor dust.

The printing and foundry affairs I found in utter confusion. Have scarce begun to regulate them, or even to find out what they are. But little can be accomplished in my department for two or three years to come, till I shall have raised up a set of workmen from among the Malaýs, Portuguese, and Chinese, and task by no means inviting. Till the new building is finished, *nothing* can be done. The old is kept from falling only by props about the sides. Meanwhile, I shall study the Malay with all my might, perhaps the Bugis too. Both are easy. A critical knowledge, however, cannot be obtained of either, without considerable labor. I see plainly, that I shall not be able to bear half the burden that is soon coming upon me, without the help of two or three good boys from America, with whom I can by and by divide it. These will be sent for.

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[p.234] Feb. 23, Tuesday. Messrs. Tracy, Dickinson, Wolf, and self, had just returned from witnessing the Hindoo ceremony of *passing through the fire*. That portion of the Hindoo population of Singapore which is pagan, have never, since their settlement here, so openly exhibited any thing of their religion. The devil seems to be intimating to us how much stronger he is than we supposed. The ceremony took place about a mile from our house. About four o'clock, P.M. a car was seen passing, about twenty feet high, dome shaped, constructed of light wooden frame work, and covered with cloths, of divers colors, patched together in the most gaudy manner. The predominant color was a glaring red. In the centre of the dome, or frame, stood the god, his small red glazed face just discernible amid the heaped profusion of his trinkets and curls. The car was drawn by crowd of Hindoos, preceded by very disagreeable, monotonous music, somewhat resembling that of a Scotch bagpipe, but much louder. Another god, or perhaps a representation of the same, was borne in a sitting posture, on the shoulders of four men. The bed of coals to be passed through, was, I should judge, twenty feet long, twelve broad, and six inches deep. It was glowing hot. At one end was a ditch of water, four or five feet wide, & one deep. The image above mentioned, which was carried on the shoulders of four men, was stationed close to the fire, so as to overlook it; as if to contemplate with satisfaction the peculiarly acceptable service about to be rendered. At the end of the fire opposite the ditch, a kid was presented to the priest, the head of which he struck off, with a huge cleaver, at a single blow. A man instantly seized the body by the hind legs, and

dragged it, as fast as possible, around the fire three times. Several men then began to walk, or rather stamp, through the fire, lengthwise, from the end where the kid was killed, to the ditch, the water of which partially cooled their feet. This they repeated, if I mistake not, two or three times. One man fell flat on his face, in the midst of the fire, by which he must have been burnt badly. For this accident, he received from the Hindoos an unmerciful cudgeling, as soon as the ceremony was over. He will probably never recover. The passers through the fire having finished their exploits, the people began to rub their foreheads with the ashes, as though it were sanctified by what had been done. Mr. T. saw his builder, a man of more than ordinary consequence, in the act of taking up some of the ashes; but as he was raising his hand to his forehead, saw that he was observed, and instantly let it fall by his side. To *read* about an affair [p.235] of this sort in a newspaper at home, is one thing; to *see* it, is another. The whole, from beginning to end, looked horribly.

The place which the ceremony holds in Hindoo theology, the merit earned by it, or consequences attached to it, I have not ascertained. Sometimes it is performed by the Chinese. A Chinaman acquainted with Mr. T., passing us in his carriage, on the way to the place, slacked a little, to tell us that this performance was not so fine as among his own countrymen.

It is painful to think how effectually any people is shut out from all the rest of the world by speaking a different language. The Hindoos might indeed be spoken to, concerning their abominations, in the Malay language; but they understand it, at best, very imperfectly. The hope of displacing from their minds a system imbibed in their infancy, by a few scattering ideas communicated through such a medium, would be vain. Conversion from paganism, by such means, is of very rare occurrence. The Hindoos, Chinese, Indo Portuguese Catholics, Armenians, and others, though continually mingling with each other and with the English, are nevertheless distinct communities, each having opinions, feelings, prejudices, habits of thinking, peculiar to itself; and in these respects they are as really secluded as if they lived each on a separate island.

I have been thinking, too, in connection with this subject, of the ridiculous folly of the opinion that civilization should precede Christianity, or, as a Singapore lady says, “that before teaching them religion, we should try to better their temporal condition.” How profoundly such people must have thought of the subject, to conclude that lectures on morality would cure a superstition so inveterate as to break out in acts of cruelty such as I have described. Such is the wisdom of worldly men, in the things of religion.

Received a line this evening from Mr. Ballestier, requesting bro. Dick, Wolf, Mr. & Mrs. T. wife & myself, to take a “plain” dinner at his house to-morrow, at five o’clock, politely intimating by the word *plain*, that it would be such a dinner as missionaries would <sup>not</sup> be displeased with. Mr. and Mrs. T. think they cannot go, one being busy, the other unwell.

Mr. Ballestier and lady are decided Unitarians.

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[p.236] Wednesday, Feb. 24. A soaking shower. Obligated to go to Mr. Ballestier's nevertheless; for it is the custom here never to stay on account of rain. Went in a palanquin, part of us; Mr. B. sent his for the rest. If this is a *plain* dinner, I wonder what their sumptuous ones can be! I will not attempt to specify, much less to describe, the principal dishes and the several courses of desserts, excepting the Singapore chestnuts, which are two thirds as large as a hen's egg, shape and taste like the American chestnut. The *pŭngkă* blew down upon us a cool breeze, all the time we were at table. After dinner, we were shown a *flying fox*, which is to be carried to American in the Schem.

In the evening, I went to Mr. More's, editor of one of the Singapore papers, and by his help as interpreter in Malay, completed and signed the contract with a Chinaman to build our large office of brick, 88 feet square, for two thousand dollars. Didn't get home till midnight. Found M. wondering why I staid out so long. Took tea at Mr. More's. He is printing a quarto of valuable information concerning the peninsula of Malacca, and other Malay countries. Price will be \$5. Maps (lithograph) will have cost him 5 or \$600, executed in Calcutta. He is a very estimable man. — An unusually hard day's work.

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Thursday, Feb. 25. A most delightful morning. Bro. Dick. brought home three gods, which he bought at a grocery for half a dollar.

Visited by five Chinese boys who wish to be employed in the new establishment. They are all sixteen years old, but one, who is eighteen. Concluded to take two of them on trial for a month, as type cutters, but have little hope of making much of them. For their time and expenses during time of trial, I give them five dollars. On this they can live comfortably. Names, Boon-sing and Tyung-sun. They are only half blood Chinese, like all other children of emigrants from China. The laws of the Celestial Empire forbid females to go abroad; the Chinese who settle in the neighboring countries take Malay wives; the children consequently, like those of the Jews who took wives of Ashdod, speak some Malay, and some Chinese; neither perfectly. Of the two, the Malay seems to be the easiest to them. Two languages more unlike in sound, cannot be. The Chinese not only find great *difficulty* in learning Malay, but have so great *contempt* for it, that they will not be at the pains to acquire more knowledge of <sup>it</sup> than their [p.237] business requires. Boon-sing wishes to learn English; but it seems to be the prevailing opinion among those who ought to know, that no Chinaman *can* learn English. If I procure an instructor in any language, for my Chinese boys, who by and by will probably be numerous, I shall prefer one to teach them better Malay. The dialect of the Portuguese boys needs mending in the same way, in order to make me intelligible to them. Or, shall I aim at becoming familiar with the jargon of their vulgar dialect? They who live in America cannot imagine what comfortable thing it is to be understood by, and to understand, every body. I want to say fifty things, to as many different persons in some way connected with me. All this difficulty of communication, so far from making less talk, makes ten times more; because every thing which would otherwise require but a short sentence, now makes a bother of half an hour. "Ke-sing, just walk over to the other place with me, and tell the Chinaman

that I don't want him to begin to tear down the old office until to-morrow morning." "Antônio, wont you just speak to this Portuguese boy, and tell him he must n't rest his body on one leg, because it will make him deformed; always when he works at ease, he must stand up straight." "Jang-lah, ask this Malay what he wants to make me understand." "Chi-ho, bāwā piśang," i.e. Chi-ho, hand me the plantains. Frequently from such sentences as these, the principal words must be selected, and put together coherently, partly by experience, partly by instinct, according to the genius of the particular smattering of each people. If you begin very wisely to reason *a priori*, and say you will always speak *good* English, and so gradually teach it to others about you, you do it at your peril.

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Friday, Feb. 26. Went, a few days ago, with Mr. Tracy, aboard a Chinese junk. They seated us in the cabin, and brought in oranges. One I carried home for wife, because it came from the Celestial Empire. Before we left, they had their evening worship, which consisted only of thumping with mallets, for two or three minutes, on *gongs*, (which would be mistaken in America for large copper basins,) and lighting splinters of odiferous wood and putting them into their wire cage of gods, to make an agreeable smoke under their noses. This sanctum sanctorum stands on the hind side of the cabin, and the stern of the junk. They allowed us [p.240] to look into it. It was about two feet square, and two high; about a dozen gods stood in rows, from four or five to eight or ten inches in height. Left all the Chinese books we took with us, perhaps fifty. They treated us very politely. This junk's cargo was of bamboo settees, chairs, mats, umbrellas, &c. Sea rolled badly; got went.

Bro. Tracy has received Mark and John, of Gutzlaff and Bridgman's new version, to be printed. With Chinese printing I have nothing to do. It is altogether different from all other printing. Every thing Chinese is different from every thing else.

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Saturday, Feb. 27. Rain. Greatly bothered with different languages. Every morning wife gives my promising Portuguese boy John a lesson in English reading and spelling. I am making out a list of English words beginning or ending with *th*, their meanings in two corresponding columns, one of Malay, the other of Indo Portuguese, so that while he is acquiring the sound of *th*, he may be learning also the signification of a considerable number of important words. As a specimen of Indo Portuguese confusion, *ólla*, thatch, is from the Tamul; *kāduś*, both, is from Malay *ka-dúa*; *děnte*, tooth, from the European Portuguese. It would be a great convenience to me to understand the Indo Portuguese, because it is the only, or at least the best, medium of access to the papists here, many families of whom I shall always find admittance to, on account of their sons being in the mission establishment. Going out a few mornings since, for a walk, what did I discover but a little nasty popish chapel. There was a poor Chinaman in it, kneeling over a bench, muttering prayers. On my return, I again looked into the chapel, and found the Chinaman in the same position fast asleep. The pictures, which the papists aver to be exceedingly useful in giving vivid apprehensions of invisible things to the dull and the ignorant, had utterly failed of answering their benevolent intention. There are two chapels here for the use of the

Beast, one Portuguese, the other French. Concerning the base compromisings and worthless character of the priests, I hope to find time to say something hereafter. They are reported to have made, *somehow or other*, about forty converts from the Chinese.

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Monday, Feb. 29. Bro. Wolf preached in his chapel yesterday, from Phil. 3:19, "Who mind earthly things." The church of England liturgy was read, for the accommodation of the churchmen present. Congregation for this reason larger than usual, by twenty or less, among whom was the *Resident*, a large, beef eating, sleepy looking John Bull.

The English are building a handsome church. The masons and carpenters were busy at it *yesterday*! I hope, or rather we all hope, that the Honorable Company will appoint [p.241] to its pulpit a *pious* chaplain. Such a one would strengthen our hands exceedingly. But if they send a proud, bigoted, exclusive high churchman, ignorant of experimental religion, and a hater of dissenters and of missions, it will be a grievous hindrance to us, and a general calamity to the island. "The good Lord preserve us" from such a devouring wolf. The last English chaplain, who has just left, transferred his service from the London Society's mission chapel to the court house, because he could not conscientiously perform it in the same building with bro. Wolf, who has not been *validly* ordained, that is, by the hands of the bishop! A fine representative of Christianity to these papists, Mahometans, and pagans! He would yoke well with Bp. Hobart's folks in the state of New York, and with the excellent son of Mrs. Medhurst. They would be "hale fellows, well met."

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Tuesday, March 1. Cool. Thermometer 80. Sometimes it is as low as 76. I have yet seen no indication of hot weather. Vegetation is the same as in America in spring, for greenness and freshness. Nobody thinks of *drinking*, except at meals. There is no dust. And yet we have been assured that there is no hotter weather here, at any time of year, than the hottest we have had.

Bro. Dick. has been with bro. Tracy aboard of a Chinese junk. They were treated politely. He observed to me, that there is a striking contrast between the carriage of the Chinese toward Americans on board their vessels, and that of the American seamen toward the Chinese and other natives of the East when in American vessels. Mr. Ashmun tried slyly to set his dog on decent natives aboard the Sachem, though <sup>they were</sup> behaving with perfect propriety; but when the dogs in the junks run at American visitors, they are held back. I shall always remembered this dirty piece of inhospitality in Mr. A. It is, however, but a fair specimen of American manners.

O these tongues! these tongues! We at Singapore can indeed boast of the most delightful and healthy climate in the world, of cheap living, an excellent government, free trade, and every manner of comfort and convenience. But a set off against all this, must be; for Providence designs this world to be a place of trouble. Singapore can by no means be exempt from this general law. The requisite evil, if I mistake not, is found in our *unutterable confusion of tongues*.

It is a law of our family, that every evening, after tea, there shall be opportunity to present matters of general interest to all in the station, to be discussed and settled by

the concentrated wisdom of all the members. I brought forward the following question, or complication of questions: Shall any or all the Malay, Portuguese, and Chinese boys in my department be taught English? Is it desirable for any other reason than that acquaintance with the great body of religious literature can be obtained by them in no other way? Is it not a melancholy conclusion to come to, that we will for ever confine any of these boys to the miserable poverty of their own books and languages? Is facility of intercourse in daily business, alone a sufficient reason for being at the trouble and expense of teaching them [p.242] our language? Shall we not teach them all, at least, good Malay? Since the Portuguese is so much more like the English than either of the others, ought we not to teach the Portuguese boys English, whether we teach it to the others, or not? There is so much confusion and perplexity necessarily attendant on this subject, that it seemed impossible to present it in any better order. The brethren were as much perplexed about the whole concern as I was, and came to no conclusion, except that two or three Portuguese must be taught English, at all events, and probably, more correct Malay than they now speak. The Malay, well mastered, is probably a very good medium of communication. Bro. Dick. thinks it is better than the French. I am determined to promote the cultivation of it as much as I can. My plans for this purpose, which I have already formed, I shall keep steadily in view. It is, and must be, the grand medium of business intercourse all over the Oceanica, especially where Europeans are settled. Any one, therefore, who contributes a *mite* towards defending it from corruption, does real good to every body, and secures no trifling advantage to missionary effort especially.

I am determined to apply to the Prudential Committee for two or three American boys of good education, to occupy different places in my department, and perhaps study each two different languages. Bros. Dick. & Tracy propose to send also for some boys from the American mission establishments in Ceylon, so as to have access to the Klings here, who speak the Tamul. At present, it is impossible to get at them. This proposal we have at present no time to think of. Every thing we do must be well cogitated, because we can scarcely stir, without establishing *precedents*, the bearings of which may be very important.

Some of the English and Americans here, must, in time, forget a part of the words of their native tongue. This must especially be the case with their children who are *born* here. Words are continually creeping into use from the eastern languages: *sais*, for hostler; *dōby*, for washerman; *cooly*, for porter; *dinggy*, for boatman; *sampan*, for boat, and others.

Received an invitation from Mr. More to take tea at his house this evening.

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Wednesday, March 2. A boy brought to me to-day as a suitable candidate for the new establishment. Reads English pretty well, speaks it tolerably; reads and speaks Malay and Siamese like the natives themselves; is himself a full blooded Siamese. His father and mother have lately been converted to popery by a Portuguese popish missionary. They live at Penang, on the peninsula of Malacca. Agreed to take him on trial. The fact of his reading English makes him very valuable. Perhaps the Beast

means to [p.243] send popish boys in such numbers as to convert all my Chinese. If so, he may be circumvented in ways he don't think of. The Beast and his owner do not always carefully distinguish between cunning and wisdom.

Old office fell down to-day with a great noise. Fortunately its weight was not sufficient to do much damage, being built of light poles and thatch. Some stands crushed; damage perhaps \$10. The type was thrown into some confusion; had it all carried out of doors. That the *penchúri penchúri* might not carry it off, (thieves) one of my Malays proposed to watch and sleep by it, last night, alternately with another man. He used the words *gänti gänti*. *Ganti* once, I knew meant *instead of*; from the analogy of the Malay idiom, and the circumstances of the case, I saw, that when *repeated*, it must mean, *by turns*. This is a good specimen of the method of acquiring languages which is resorted to by those who have not the aid of books; indeed it is the only way that they *can* be learned in. By one happy concurrence of circumstances after another, the student acquires a stock of words sufficiently large to enable him to *ask* the names of things which from their nature cannot be pointed at with the finger, nor expressed by any analogy or combination of things visible or audible.

Our buildings have been stationary for two or three days. This part of the year is full of holidays; masons, carpenters, head builders, and coolies, clear out without leave or ceremony. When the indentures of my Catholic boys are drawn, I must introduce a special provision, restricting them to a certain reasonable number of play days in a year. I do not wish to trespass on the Beast's rights of conscience; but now and then his absurd requisitions must be questioned. I am resolved on making war on the Beast and his image.

Went into a Chinese temple to-day. Nothing in it worth mentioning. In the *adytum*, behind the counter, sits the god in an easy chair, snuffing up the odoriferous smoke of the incense sticks, as the asses in Jeremiah snuffed up the east wind.

Our family have received an invitation to take tea to-morrow night at Mr. Ballestier's. What shall we do? We can't spend so much time sipping tea, and it will by no means do, to decline. I would rather have spent two hours in ascertaining some idiomatic expression, by conversation with a Malay, than to take tea with Mr. Ballestier & lady, or even with his honor the British resident, twenty times. To hear one of my native boys distinctly sound the English *th*, gives me greater pleasure than to take tea where there is nothing to be had besides the tea, except unprofitable talk.

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[p.244] Thursday, March 3. Walked out last night on the beach, near our premises. It is a delightful place. Went a mile, to the native bazar; bought and took home two pine apples. Gave five pice apiece, or 2¼ cents for both. Weighed 4 pounds <sup>apiece</sup>. Exceedingly delicious; the best fruit here, <sup>not</sup> excepting the plantain, which we call *food*. If they were really *fruit*, they would rank first. A man without family might live well here, for \$20 per year, that is, *board*.

Mr. More told me, last evening, that is preparing for publication an abridgement of Marsden's Malay dictionary, a thing every body is suffering for want of. Proposed to him to adopt a system of accents and marked vowels so definite as to save the student from the possibility of mistake. He consented, and I have to see to the type

being cut and cast in Calcutta. My own foundry can not be got under way soon enough to do it. He had not before a sort of improving on the miserably loose and indefinite vowel system of Marsden. Howison's dictionary, which is older than Marsden's, spells the words for strength, *kwât*, in the worst way possible, *cooat*, with<sup>out</sup> vowel marks, or any thing else, to save the learner from calling it a word of *two syllables*, even. And who would know whether the *a* is to be sounded as in *squât*, *fâther*, or *hât*? or whether, even if it were a word of two syllables, it should be accented *coóat*, or *cooaí*? The work is full of such nonsense. — The price of Marsden's large dictionary is about \$15.

Mr. Jones, Siam missionary, took tiffin with us to-day. He has been out with me looking at our new buildings. Says he can get no lot to build on, at Bangkok, because the ground all belongs to the king, and the king can only be approached through a long gradation of officers. If the missionaries apply for a building lot, they must begin with some low officer, about on a par with themselves; he ventures, in consideration of good *bonus*, to mention the matter to one a little higher, with a request that he would hand it along up, promising a suitable reward to each officer, according to his rank in the scale. The reward for the perilous service increases in exorbitancy as it gets near the awfulness of royal majesty; and then, ten to one, when the <sup>petition</sup> has arrived there, it will be contemptuously rejected. When a foreigner is admitted to an audience of the sovereign, he must speak by an interpreter; it would be dreadful profaneness to speak in his majesty's hearing in his <sup>majesty's</sup> own language, even if the petitioner could speak it well. But it is very seldom that any but foreign ambassadors obtain so exalted a privilege <sup>as a hearing</sup>. I should make no very loud lamentation if the Hon. East India Company should give this despot another such drubbing as they did the king of Burmah, for his abuses and unreasonable assumptions. These [p.245] eastern <sup>tyrants</sup> seem to think all the world subservient to the gratification of their lusts. The Europeans will not always tolerate the abuses of the court of the Celestial Empire. The politicians predict retribution. England, especially, will insist upon her merchants at Canton being treated decently.

My Siamese boy, it seems, cannot speak the real Siamese, spoken at Bangkok, but speaks only the outlandish or country Siamese, which is very different from the other. I told Mr. J. I should be pleased to have him send me a well educated boy from Bangkok. He replied that if he were to do it, he would be liable to imprisonment. No Siamese can be taken out of the country without permission of some of the highest officers at court. Such permission is almost always refused.

Mr. Tracy's Kling builder has complained to me, that my builder, a Chinaman, has seized on certain stone which belonged to him, (the Kling.) I am mighty well qualified for umpire, I understand the languages of the parties so well.

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Saturday, March 5. Delightful weather. Thermometer 80, 81, 82. Mornings, till about nine o'clock, uncomfortably cool: thermom. 69.

A petition to the Hon. E. I. Comp. authorities, drawn up yesterday, for a grant of land to our Christian colony, near the town of Singapore. Shall probably select a tract within a mile of mission premises.

Thursday evening, tea, coffee, and cake, at Mr. Ballestier's. Mrs. B. has a most splendid collection of shells from various parts of Oceanica, and the isles of the Pacific. Capt. Aulick, of the sloop of war Vincennes, a few weeks ago, made a valuable addition of some ^{specimens} of great beauty. We were shown also a large collection of other curiosities, such as native garments, ornaments, spears, bows and arrows, books, war clubs, agricultural utensils, gods, battle axes, etc. Among the rest, was a Feejee fan. They have also curiosities from the western world, such as belts of wampum from the Rocky Mountains, which of course are as interesting to the English here, as the oriental curiosities to us. The principal of these is a stone image which was dug up at Porto Rico, one of the West India islands. It must have belonged to the aborigines, and is doubtless older than Columbus. Bro. Jones had also, for exhibition, a large Siamese manuscript; the ground was black, the letters yellow.

Notwithstanding the abject slavery which reigns in Siam, the Siamese called the country *Mong-tai*, the land of freedom.

[p.246] In the course of conversation, I very innocently made use of the word *bug*. Mr. More with genuine politeness, took me aside, at a favorable opportunity, and informed me that to an English ear the word bug is very vulgar. The Americans use it as a generic designation of a great many kinds of bugs; whereas, the English apply only to that very dirty animal, the bed-bug, as we call it. They never say bed-bug, but only bug. Some national whim, as absurd as many of ours, has made the *idea* of bed-bugs vulgar to them, and of course the *word* bed-bug, or bug. As I am about taking my leave of this word bug, I beg the privilege of using it a few times. We saw that evening some large bugs, used by eastern ladies for earrings. The head, wings, and whole body of these bugs were exquisitely colored. Each bug has a green hood, into which he draws his head at pleasure, unlike any other bugs I have seen. I longed for one such bug to send home.

A few evenings ago, a man in my employ brought me a monstrous bug, which had flown against his hat full lick, as bugs here are wont to do. He had on his nose a high horn, like a rhinoceros, and is for this reason called the "rhinoceros *beetle*,"["] not the rhinoceros bug. I locked him up in a drawer of wife's new wash stand, where I thought the bug would die. The second night after, wife got up in the night to see what creature was making such a loud noise, like the gnawing of a rat in the room, and found the rhinoceros bug eating a hole through the front of her drawer, which is made of thick "red wood," which is like mahogany. So she carried the rhinoceros bug out into the verandah. In the morning I could in no wise be convinced of what had come to pass in the night, except by seeing a heap of course chips all round about in one corner of the drawer, which were made by the gnawing of the rhinoceros bug. I am very sorry for the loss of this bug, though I am told they are plentier than any other bug in Singapore. I shall try to get another of this sort of bug.

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Monday, March 7. Bro. Wolf preached in the chapel, from the same words as last Sunday: "Who mind earthly things." Congregation unusually large; about fifty. Service of the church of England read. Some military officers present, whiskered and strai<sup>ght</sup> collared. They have doubtless all been baptized and confirmed.

Bro. Dick. Is not a <sup>little</sup> pleased at his success in pulling a tooth at the dispensary, the first time he ever tried. He goes every morning with Mr. T. to the dispensary, which is down town about a mile and half. About thirty applicants are waited on daily. They present themselves in front apartment, around the desk of Messrs. T. & D., state their complaints, hear their prescriptions, one by one, and go into the side room of Kensing [p.247] to have them administered. Many of the patients are opium smokers. The common prescriptions for these is, that they take a thundering dose of tart. emet. and be sure *not to smoke any more opium*. Opium smoking answers to whisky drinking in America. Its effects are nearly the same on health, property, and domestic comfort. Three weeks ago, a poor Malay applied for help, who had been speared by pirates. The spear had been driven through his right arm, in several places, and into his side and back. He is now nearly well. We must have a missionary physician located here permanently. Bro. T. studied medicine only nine weeks. To a young practitioner, our dispensing would <sup>give</sup> an excellent opportunity to acquire *experience*. He might also frequent the hospital, and witness the practice of Dr. Oxley, the British attendant. Indeed, it would be hard to find a better place, the world over, for acquiring practical knowledge of medicine, than Singapore. One might have now and then the body of a sailor for dissection; but it would be dangerous meddling with the body of a native.

The applicants at the dispensary are mostly Chinese. They speak four or five dialects. Their *written* language is precisely the same; but in conversation they can no more understand each other, than a New Zealander can understand an Arab.

— Bro. Tracy has received from Canton a copy of the new version of Luke, for printing. The old version of Dr. Morrison is full of errors. Bro. T. gave the following as a specimen: “Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother.” In his Bible class, the Chinese all understood the passage, as rendered by Dr. M. to be simply, “My brother, and my sister, and my mother do the will of God.” The real force and beauty of the passage, of course, they did not perceive at all; and bro. T. was obliged to acknowledge to them that the fault is the translator’s. Nor is the new version perfect, though it is much better than the old one. In the account of our Savior’s casting out devils, Gutzlaff & Bridgman’s version reads that *spirits of dead men*, or *spirits*, came out of the possessed; the word they have used does not determine the *character* of the spirits, though the Chinese have a word signifying *evil* spirits. This blunder would be likely to confirmed the Chinese in their doctrine of transmigration. A good version of the Bible into Chinese can be made only by Chinese critics, who shall study the original Hebrew and Greek for themselves. When such will be raised up, properly qualified for the work, I am sure I can’t tell.

Heard to-day that there has been a quarrel between the Chinese and Malays, down town, and that a Chinaman has been killed. The cause of the quarrel I have not heard.

Heard that a vessel is to sail for America in a week.

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[p.248] Tuesday, March 8. Learned last night of the death of Mrs. Arms. — The intelligence was received a few minutes before we began the exercises of our monthly

concert, last evening, and of course changed them somewhat. Mr. A. is *somewhere* on his way from Batavia.

Bro. & Sister Tracy expected to sail this morning for Malacca, but the supercargo of the junk came just now (8) to inform them that he does not sail till tomorrow. They intend staying three weeks. Mr. T. is going on important business; we think Mrs. T. may as well go with him for her health, and take the baby along. A great deal of care will, in consequence of this movement, come on my shoulders, especially of Mr. T.'s house, and of the Chinese printing.

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Wednesday, March 9. Bro. T. & wife started to-day for Malacca. Mr. Jones presented some Burman books for the American Mission Library of Singapore. Hope, in time, to collect a goodly mission library, both of oriental books, and of useful information concerning this part of the world, in European documents and books.

A Bugis scribe, three or four days ago, offered me history of the Bugis rajahs, beautifully written in his own language and character, for five dollars. He had been a fortnight copying it, and the common price of such labor is \$10. per month. I did not feel at liberty to apply the money of the Board to such a use, and was obliged to send him away. I greatly regret this, the more, as I shall, before long, want the book to use. If I had two or three hundred dollars of the millions that in America are squandered for the most absurd and silly gratifications, I would send this man to Celebes to copy a large number of the most important Bugis works. For the expense of his passage and living, I might probably secure in real value a thousand times the amount.

Procured two gods such as are worshipped on the northwest coast of America, cut out of black stone. They were obtained of the natives by the captain of a trader, who carried them across the Pacific to Canton, where he died. From Canton they were brought to Singapore, and fell into my hands.

The Chinese language is full of ridiculous stereotyped phrases. It is common for all classes to apply to themselves the most degrading epithets, without noticing it any more than we do, among ourselves, the habit of saying "your humble servant," in letters. If a Chinese asks a favor of his friend, the latter replies, "Your slave will see to it." [p.249] If you ask the opinion of a learned teacher concerning any disputed or difficult matter, he replies, "Old fool thinks so and so."

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Thursday, *March 10. Twenty-nine* years old to-day.

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Saturday, March 12. A deal of rain lately. My big building comes on finely. Planning a dwelling house. We must not trespass too long on the kindness of bro. Wolf. In the plan of our dwelling house, we avoid the extravagances, and combine the conveniences, of many houses about us.

Bought two Tamul books or manuscripts, native style and manufacture, of a Kling, to send home as curiosities. They are both treatises on medicine. I have seen this man engaged in *chanting* these very books. Just think how appropriate! to set to solemn music such sentences as this: "When you are troubled with a diarrhoea, you

must take tartramettic and squills.” The natives of the East seldom read books of any sort in such tones as we do.

Came into port to-day a Portuguese brig from Măcãõ, with New York Evangelists as late as April, 1835. We left America in July, 1835.

Received to-day a copy of one of Leang Afă’s Christian tracts, in handbill form. It begins thus: ‘Our Savior-Lord says, “If a man gets all heaven’s under’s goods, and also lose his own soul, then he has, what good?”’ Literally, from the Chinese.

It is difficult to fix on term, in Chinese, for God. In Dr. Morrison’s time the common one in use was literally “he<sup>a</sup>ven’s Lord.” Christianity goes by the name of “the heaven’s-Lord-religion.” The later Chinese scholars, Gutzlaff, Medhurst, and others, substitute the term “Supreme Ruler;” but this is by no means free from objection, in as much as it is too meagre; it omits or <sup>rather</sup>, does not obviously imply, several of the most important of the divine attributes, such as omnipresence, holiness, spirituality. Some combination of syllables signifying the *Omnipresent Holy Spirit* would obviously imply, or directly assert, the *moral character*, the *omnipresence* and consequent *omniscience*, perhaps infinite *power* of the divine being, and, not least in importance to the Chinese, his *spirituality*. Such a term, however, might be understood to teach pantheism, or might be too clumsy, which would endanger its integrity.

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[p.250] Monday, March 14. Bro. Wolf preached yesterday in the mission chapel, from Is. 50:11, “Behold, all ye that kindle a fire,” &c. Discourse on self righteousness.

Mr. Arms arrived last evening in the Catherine Cornelia, from Batavia, thirty days. Gave us an account of the sickness and death of his wife. Informed us of the marriage of Mr. Lockwood to Sarah Medhurst; also of the death of the cook of the Rosabella. The Rosabella returned from Samarang to Batavia before he left. Went aboard. Says that Dick has apostatized, but Messrs. Green and Bartlett, Eton and Jack, remained stedfast, and are manifestly growing. The Captain hinders them all he can. If he suspects them to be engaged in prayer, he will be sure to break into their room with some foolish question, or will order all hands on deck to tack ship. But their resolution is invincible. The steward is beginning to pay attention to them in earnest. Dick is the last I should have expected would returned to wallowing in the mire. “The first shall be last, and the last first.”

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Tuesday, March 15. Mr. Ashmun, Capt. Meácom (mékũm) and Mr. Höwland, supercargo of the Maria Theresa, took tea with us to-night.

Forgot to mention the *very important event* of our taking tea again and Mr. Bállestier’s Friday night. Saw several new curiosities. Mr. B. is clearing a new plantation of 300 acres, a little way back of the town, to try the soil. He is most anxious about his cotton, even more than about coffee. To have ascertained that this island can produce good cotton, would indeed be worth great painstaking. He showed me a ripe cotton poured which he had grown in his door yard.

A Malay this morning brought me a most splendid tree of white coral, and wished me to go to the beach, a few rods from the house, and examine a large collection of similar specimens. Wife and I went, and found a boat loaded with beautiful coral and shells, all for three dollars. Picked out about one third of the loaded for one dollar. A few of the smallest pieces we shall try to send to America; but the large trees cannot be well packed. Large boxes, moreover, would cost a great deal of money, since tonnage is reckoned by measure, and not by weight. Some of the coral is beautifully tinged with green. You cannot imagine what a fine appearance the whole presented, when arranged on a large table, in proper order.

Discovered yesterday that the reason of the Siamese boy not fulfilling his engagement, is, that the popish priest had dissuaded him from it, telling him that in my establishment the *Bible* is printed, and that in order to printed, he would have to read it.

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[p.251] Monday, March 21. Bro. Wolf in chapel yesterday, from the same text as last Sabbath. Service read as usual. It has a somnific effect upon me, notwithstanding all my efforts to the contrary.

For two or three days past have preferred walking out and *conversing* with my teacher, to sitting with him in my room and using books. Find much advantage from this method. It is plain that familiarity with idiom can never be acquired from books. One afternoon went with him to a large Mahometan mosque, or *mūzjīd*. Was vastly pleased to find myself able to converse a little with the priest. He speaks more distinctly than the common Malays, and more in the bookish or polite style. He treated me very politely, gave me a glass of vinegar and water, and allowed me to look into the mosque. On our return, spoke to my teacher of the absurdity of conducting the service of the mosque in Arabic, which none of the common people understand; ^{that} this practice degrades them to a level with papists; in America and England the *pādrēs* preach to the people in their native tongue, and try to make them understand all about religion, in consequence of which, multitudes of the poor, and the ignorant, are virtuous, as well as others. He could make no excuse, except “*děri dāhūlū, sampei sēkāräng*”: *It was so anciently, and has continued till now*. He was so much affected by what I had said, that he spoke about the absurdity of this practice of his countrymen, the next day, of his own accord. I instruct him a little in English every day. Providence may have great good in store for this man.

Bro. Wolf a few days ago was much pleased at the receipt of a large box of ^{Chinese} books from Malacca; but upon examination, was disappointed to find them all copies of a translation of the English liturgy! He says he shall give the senders a “real blowing up.” Churchmen almost all seem to act as if the liturgy were endowed with moral omnipotence. In England and America it is a preventive of all false doctrine and enthusiasm, a sovereign remedy against all undue excitement and stir, while in China it has the prerogative of fixing the attention of every native who once looks at it, and, by its irresistible beauty and sublimity, charming them out of their idolatry and their habits of vice. If some staunch churchman could be found who would make the tour of China, and faithfully distribute this ineffable book, no doubt whole provinces would

come over to Christianity. — I heartily rejoice that somebody besides the churchmen have preoccupied China. The Chinese are *already* a stereotyped people, and therefore need a religion which will give them a *progressive* tendency. If they should receive the Christian religion in its diluted form of churchism, it would produce a great and important change among them, doubtless; but how much better that they have their habits of thinking formed by a system which would preclude [p.252] the necessity of their fighting over again, two or three centuries hence, the battles which are now fighting in England between the lovers of every thing stereotyped, and the friends of improvement. For certainly, the time must come when the church will be so independent and so spiritually minded, that she will not thank any body for dictating her prayers, in however beautiful a style they may be clothed. The idea that a set of prayers, composed by narrow minded men, two or three hundred years ago, just as they were shaking off the filth of the dark ages, continuing to be the principal medium of intercourse with heaven, through all the progressive enlargements and changes of mind and circumstances, to the end of the world, is so monstrous that it is wonderful it has not fallen into contempt long ago. And then to see the churchmen offering these prayers to our missionaries to be introduced into China, for the very reason that the effect of their use among themselves is to prevent their having missionaries of their own, is quite insufferable. And if our missionaries should comply with the xxx request, the very compliance would be esteemed an “*invalid*,” and consequently worthless service, to be disowned as soon as circumstances should permit.

Lately attended the Chinese service at the dispensary. Mr. Dickinson’s teacher, *Peet*, read and explained two sections of “*Milne on the Soul*,” the other Chinese, about thirty in number, each looking over a copy of the same book. The subject of the first section was, that the soul has no pre-existence, or does not exist before the body; of the second section, that the soul *governs* the body. Two prayers were offered, one in the Hōh-kee-ēn dialect, the other in the Cantōn. This said *Peet* is a hard hearted fellow. Every week he explains the Bible and *Milne* faithfully and eloquently, without being affected himself at all.

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Wednesday, March 23. Weather pleasant as can be. Some rain. Thermom 79. Spoke last night to a Kling about idolatry. My Malay teacher, who speaks both Tamul and Bengallee, interpreted. Inquired of the Kling if his countrymen worship such images as those which were exhibited at the passing through the fire. He replied that the images were only the *representation* of the gods which are worshiped, and were designed to give the worshipers correct ideas of them. I said, Either the images are *really like* the gods in some respects, or are not; if they *are not*, how can they give the worshipers right conceptions of the gods; if they *are*, how insignificant the gods themselves, to *resemble* such things! And what *noble ideas* must be obtained from the sight of them, concerning the gods! In *what respects* do they resemble the gods? In shape? In size? In color? In mind? In power? In the materials of the composition? He replied that when he had [p.253] learnt more Malay, he would talk with me further about this matter.

Received a present from a Malay, of three large cocoa nuts.

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Monday, March 28. Wife attended Chinese service last night at the dispensary, down town. Mr. Wolf's teacher, Lěēm, read and explained a section of "Milne on the Soul," the purport of which was, that the soul may exist without the body, and is not dependent on it for the service of its faculties. Among other arguments, it was urged that the mind is exceedingly active when the body is asleep. — Our Chinamen, I think, improve in singing.

Bro. Wolf preached yesterday in the chapel as usual. Divers military present.

Sent a letter, Saturday, to Mrs. Barnes, by Capt. Meacom, who lives in Beverly.

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Tuesday, March 29. Considerable rain. Last evening, bro. D. and self had a moonlight ramble on the beach, toward the Bugis *cāmpōng*.

Family agreed to restrict conversation to Malaý, at *dinner*, hereafter, instead of tea, as before. When we first begun [sic] to converse in Malaý at table, Chī-hō was vastly amused to hear us. And well he might be. To hear a company of Germans, or Frenchmen, attempting a conversation in English, after having studied it a few weeks, would be to us rather ludicrous, surely.

Last Saturday, bro. Wolf, Dickinson, and Arms, took a sail to a nutmeg and clove plantation three miles north of the settlement. Brought home with them several nutmegs nearly ripe, and some clove-leaves, which taste like the cloves themselves. M. caused a custard to be forthwith made, into which she put several slices, scrapings, or rather junks, of green nutmeg, which, for ought [sic] I could see, diffused themselves through the custard as thoroughly as if they had been dry and grated and the good old way. When we take possession of our new premises, we shall raise all the fruit we want for our own consumption, to wit, jack fruit, cloves, oranges, nutmegs, sour-sop, papaya, <sup>pomegranates</sup>, guavas, lemons, plantains of several species, besides coffee. All these require only to be *planted*. We shall raise but few pine apples, because they need a little extra attention, which we cannot spare. — The jack fruit is as big as a sofa pillow.

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[p.256] Monday, April 4. Thursday, 31st ult. bro. Tracy, wife and "the baby," returned from Malacca well. The same day, Messrs. Shuck, Reed, and Davenport, Baptist missionaries, with their wives, arrived in the Louvre. Mr. D. is printer for Siam, Messrs. Shuck and Reed missionaries for China. They have taken the house which Mr. Ballestier has just left. Yesterday they sent us word they were to baptize two sailors of the Louvre in the harbor, at five o'clock, P.M. We all went except Mrs. Tracy, who was kept at home by her child. On arriving at the place appointed, found the sailors were kept on board the ship at work, by the Captain.

We had previously designed to celebrate the Lord's supper at the same hour; on the receipt of their note, a discussion arose among us at dinner, whether we should put ourselves out of our way in order to attend their baptismal service. We thought it best, on the whole, to avoid every appearance of controversy with them, and to put it utterly out of their power, in future disputes, to refer to our example as proof of the

willingness of Presbyterian missionaries to engage in controversy with them. The Baptist missionaries in Siam have already made difficulty, by persuading some of the converts connected with the American Board mission there, to be immersed. They will probably create similar difficulties in China, now that there is a Chinese Baptist mission. After careful consideration of all these things, we resolved so to manage that they can not contrive to bring us in for a share of the blame and shame of any further difficulty of this sort. If we had not been present at their service, they might say we began to persecute them on their first arrival, when they were strangers in a strange land. Our sacramental service was unanimously appointed to be an hour earlier, at 4 o'clock. It is unpleasant to be taking precautions against *brethren* and *missionary brethren* too; but experience shows that it is necessary.

Monthly concert. Messrs. Shuck and Reed, and Mrs. Davenport present. Also, Mr. More, and Mr. Milton, which five, with our own family, made twelve.

Walking, lately, with my teacher, I was surprised at the reserved manner of a certain gentleman who met us, and felt uneasy, for fear I had unwittingly done something wrong. The day or two after, bros. Dick. and Wolf received similar treatment from the same gentleman, while they were talking with some natives. They mentioned it to me, and the whole truth came out. It seems we are all three [p.257] guilty of degrading the European and American character, by being seen to walk with the natives! Such abominable aristocracy I love to be at war with.

Singapore

Situation. 103°15 east from London, 1°10 north latitude, at the southern extremity of the peninsula of Malacca. A great number of small islands are near it, some few inhabited, but most of them uninhabited, and almost unknown. The two principal places in its neighborhood are Rhio (rĕo) the Dutch settlement on a small island to the southeast, about forty miles, and the city of Malacca, in possession of the English, about one hundred miles to the northeast, on the west side of the peninsula. The dimensions of Singapore island are 12 miles by 14.

Climate, Weather, &c. It appears from the daily record kept by a gentleman here that in 1835 the thermometer stood at 6, A.M. highest, 83.78, lowest, 80.73; at 3, P.M. highest, 89.80, lowest 84.76; 8, P.M. highest, 85.79, lowest 82.75. Fall of rain for the whole year, ninety-nine inches. It is impossible to imagine weather more delightful than we have the greater part of the time. From 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. (especially from 9 to 11) it is dangerous for an American or European to go out of doors without a covered carriage or an umbrella. At the same time it is quite comfortable in the house. I have been too warm only two or three times, and then only in consequence of too great exertion. The great object of foreigners should be to *keep still* body and mind. Mental excitement is dangerous. I once fainted, from feeling too deeply interested in an insignificant affair in the printing office, in connection with some slight bodily exertion. There is rain almost every day, about noon, a little, some part of the year. The day we arrived here, Mr. Ballestier told us there had been no rain for a fortnight, which he considered extraordinary for any season of the year. The *settlement* of

Singapore is close to the harbor. The sea breeze probably keeps the air cooler in this part of the island than it is in the interior, and elsewhere on the coast. Nothing can be pleasanter than a walk along the edge of the bay near our house, by moonlight. The palaces of the English residents, with their hedges and shrubbery on one side of the path, the dashing surf close at your feet on the other, the moon, the soft air, the splendor of the scenery all around, furnish altogether a better treat than any winter evening sleigh ride ever had in the most frozen part of America.

On the whole, I think an American stands a better chance for a long life in Singapore than any part of his own country.

Population. The senses of 1835 gives a population of 25.540, to wit:

[p.258]

	Males	Females	Total Males & Females
Europeans,	100	38	138
Indo Britons	55	58	113
Native Christians (nominal)	186	140	326
Armenians	32	12	44
Jews	6		6
Arabs	55	11	67 [<i>sic</i>]
Malays	5173	4279	9.452
Chinese	9944	823	10.767
Natives of the Coast of Coromandel, Hindostan	1659	69	1.728
Natives of Bengal, Hindostan,	439	155	584 [<i>sic</i>]
Javanese	400	269	669
Bugis & Balinese	1346	1018	2.364
Caffres, (from Africa)	37	25	62
Total	19.432	6.897	25.540 [<i>sic</i>]

This census was taken at the beginning of the present year, six months ago. The population is increasing so rapidly by emigration from China, Malacca, Penang, and many other places, that, by the time this reaches you, it will be safe to say, near 30.000.

The Bugis (pronounced Boogeeś, hard g and s, accent last syllable) from the great island of Cēlēbēs, east of Borneo. They are an interesting people. The Balinese are from the island of Bali (pronounced Bah-lee) east of Java, south of Celebes. One half the Hindoos are convicts. The Caffres none of them from Africa *themselves*; but are children or grandchildren of Caffres and others from Madagascar and the east coast of Africa. The Arabs, Jews, and Armenians, are merchants. The “native Christians” are mostly papists. By they are not reckoned in the census as Indo Portuguese, as they really are, I do not know. Under what head the illegitimate offspring of European fathers and Malay mothers are reckoned, is uncertain.

[p.259] The Chinese are increasing numbers faster than any other people. Every year the junks bring emigrants from the Celestial Empire. The 823 Chinese females given above are all *half* Chinese, except *two*, that is, of Chinese fathers and Malay mothers; and many of them, *children*. Most of the Chinese are unmarried, because the laws of China allow no females to leave the country.

Languages. The principal languages spoken in Singapore, the English, French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Indo Portuguese, Armenian, Arabic, Kling or Tamul, Bengallee, Siamese (low), Javanese, Bugis, Balinese, Cochin Chinese, five dialects of the Chinese, to wit, Cantoñ, Hõk-keé-ën, Tee-oo-choó, Hai-nañ, and Këk; Malay, and the language of the original inhabitants of the island, in all twenty-four. Besides these which are constantly spoken, several others are used occasionally. The five dialects of the Chinese, (six, reckoning the Cochin Chinese,) are, it is true, all *written* exactly alike; all use the same characters, and the same books. To the six classes of people, a book in the Chinese character conveys *precisely* the same ideas; but the pronunciation, accent, and tones, are so different, that they need interpreters when they speak to each other, as much as an Englishman does when he speaks to any one of them. For a Chinaman to study another Chinese dialect requires nearly as much and as long labor as for an Englishman. Missionaries who have studied two dialects sometimes act as interpreters between the natives who speak them. These six “dialect” ought therefore to be reckoned as six *languages*. — The common medium of intercourse is the Malay. Almost every body who is able, is anxious to study English, for obvious reasons.

Character of the People. The Indo Portuguese are a low race. They can be distinguished from the Malays only by a jacket and trousers a little more like the European. They use two languages, the Malay, and the Indo Portuguese, which is a corrupt mixture of every thing. I cannot ascertain what their employments are or how they get their living, except those *few* who are printers. They have just enough of the European appearance and character left, to set in disgusting contrast all the rest. — The Armenians are rich, and of course respectable. Their religion is like popery, full of childish forms. They are surely in their dress and their buildings. — The Jews I know nothing about, except that they are traders. I do not know even what languages they use. — The Arabs are the finest looking men I ever saw. The expression of their countenances, the features, form, dress, motions, are all very imposing. I know very little else about them. They appear to be rich. (Pronounce this word with both *a*’s short, accent on the first syllable, thus: ä’răb, not äřăb.) — The Klings are a lying, thieving, cheating set of fellows. Their very looks show desperate wickedness. If there were none of them here but the convicts from the Madras, I should conclude they were as good a people as any other; [p.260] but those who have emigrated of their own accord seem to be as bad as the others. — The Bengállees (accent on the second syllable, *a* as in *all*) are about the same. — The Caffres are a fine people, active and industrious, notwithstanding they have negro features. Both the teachers in my Malay school for apprentices, are Caffres, as well as the best boy, who will receive the best education, and who is now before all the rest. They ^{all} speak as good Malay as the Malays themselves. — Of the Balinese I know nothing. — The Malays are generally poor; many of them fishermen. I have discovered nothing remarkable about them. —

The Bugis resemble them in their general appearance and manner of living, but are much more enterprising and intelligent, especially in maritime affairs, as may be seen in the fact that they all speak the Malay well, which is very different from their own language; whereas I have never heard of a Malay who could speak Bugis. The Bugis here live in a “campong” (settlement, village, inclosure) by themselves, separated from the settlement of Singapore proper, by a river. — The Javans resemble the Bugis and Malays in appearance and manner of living. Their language is utterly unlike either of the others. They also live in a campong by themselves. — The Indo Britons, that is, children of English men and women, born in India, and children of English fathers and native mothers, are the same as Europeans themselves, except that they speak better Malay. They are equally well educated and respectable.

The Europeans themselves, are, with one or two exceptions, licentious. Many of them keep five or six Malay women apiece; many others, not so rich, one, two, or three. Those who have wives are as bad as the rest. A few respectable Christian families here we do immense good ~~here~~ by excluding from their society every one of these men, not excepting his Honor the G—r. Such a community of Christian families I hope yet to see. Mrs. Ballestier, Mrs. Dr. Oxley, and one or two others, are not of the right sort to undertake such thing, and not numerous enough to carry it through.

Color. Since this is the subject of so great importance in America, I hope my friends wont think it strange, if I devote a separate head to it. The Malays, Javans, Balinese, Bugis, of a dark copper color. The Indo Portuguese are some of them quite black, some nearly white, but most of them of the Malay color. The Caffres are black, and the only people here with woolly hair. The Klings and Bengallees are black, a few of them nearly as light as the Malays. The Chinese are light yellow, an ugly color. The Indo Britons are of a light copper color, which looks very well. The Arabs are some of them darker than the Malays, some of them as light as the Indo Britons. The Armenians are white, with European features. In the public school, I have seen all colors and shades in a single class, and things which in America would excite attention, if not something more. Here no one appears even to know it. A jet black boy spells a word right, and goes [p.261] up; and a white boy, of pure English blood, goes down.

Business. The Europeans and Indo Britons are merchants, agents, &c. except those who are officers of government. The Klings and Bengallees are shop keepers, joiners, masons, pedlars, cartmen, hostlers. The Malays are fisherman [sic], hut builders, garden-vegetable and fruit growers, coolies, boatmen. The Bugis are importers of mats, cloth, raise fruit, make hătap, or thatch. The aborigines are the Helots of the community; they thresh rice for the Kling and Chinese shopmen, in large mortars. The Chinese are every thing: merchants, masons, joiners, cabinet makers, blacksmiths, tailors, grocers, shop keepers, farmers. Some of them are rich, nearly all industrious. They are very screwing in making a bargain. A great trade is carried on by them between this place and China, through the junks. They are all obliged to learn a little Malay, in order to carry on their business; but grievous Malay it is. The Chinese are more valuable subjects to the Hon. Company than any other they have; because

they create the most wealth. The Javanese are cultivators of the soil; among other things they raise the bêtěl nut for chewing. [For the *trade* of Singapore, see seven leaves ahead.]

Soil and Productions. The soil is poor; but if ^{well} cultivated, produces abundantly. The Chinese and Malays raise vast quantities of sago, garden vegetables, yams, sweet potatoes, sugar cane, curry root, melons, pine apples, plantains, sour-sop, papáya, some mangoes and pomegranates. Also, fowls, pigs, goats, sheep, cows, buffaloes. Plenty of eggs in market. Goat's milk is used by the English & Americans. There is no butter. Cocoa nut oil is used instead of it, of which oil there is plenty. The soil is capable of producing almost every thing peculiar to the torrid zone, such as cloves, nutmegs, and all sorts of spice, tropical grains and fruit. Coffee grows on our own premises. Mr. Wolf has in charge for the London Missionary society a plantation of cloves and nutmegs ^{and mace}. Tea grows here. Mr. Ballestier is clearing a plantation for cotton. There are a few bread fruit trees. The mangosteen does not *thrive*, but will *stay*. The rambootañ, an excellent fruit, will grow well, but nobody cares about raising it. Bread stuffs and rice are imported. The horses used here are the little Java ponies; the large horses, such as are used in England and America, do not thrive, though a few are imported from Bengal. Buffaloes are used with carts, instead of oxen; only one to a cart. They are very homely creatures. — Abundance of large and durable timber is found on the island. — Immense quantities of good fish are taken, of several kinds. They are very cheap.

At present, only a small tract of land is occupied, just about the town, on the S.E. side of the island. All the rest is jungle, inhabited chiefly by monkies. When the whole shall have been cleared by the indefatigable Chinamen, and the capabilities of [p.262] the soil fully ascertained, and the whole of it brought under cultivation, what a teeming abundance of grains and fruits and spices there will be, nobody can tell.

Prices of Living, Food, Clothes, Furniture, &c. Food, clothes, furniture, are all very cheap. Beautiful cane bottom, (or ratan) arm chairs are a dollar apiece. This sort is used more than any other by all classes. If you get chairs without arms, or any other kind, made, they cost *more*, because the Chinamen are not accustomed to making them. Splendid tables of "red wood," which is equal, if not superior to mahogany, can be had for \$2.50 apiece. All sorts of cloth here are much cheaper than in America. The cloths usually worn by English and American residents are ^{at} not more than one half the American prices. Tailor's work is about one half. Food and fruit are very cheap. Large pine apples weighing five pounds are at quarter of a cent apiece, very sweet, rich, and juicy. Other fruits in proportion. One dollar and a half will buy enough rice and fish for a man one month. Twenty or twenty-five dollars will board a man a year, well. A *native* can live luxuriously on twenty-five dollars a year, food and clothes; that is, what *he* would consider luxurious living. Labor is cheap. A cooly, that is, a man to lift heavy articles, and do hard work, can be hired for three dollars a month, and find himself. Teachers eight dollars per month. Cooks from three to five dollars per month. The principal expenses of foreigners, Europeans and Americans, are for *washing* and *carriage*. It is necessary to put on a suit of clothes every day ^{clean} throughout. Some articles I wear two days; but generally this is impracticable. A man needs at least twelve complete suits of thin cloth, white; less he cannot do with. At the beginning of

every week the “dōby,” washerman, comes with clothes for that week, and takes away those of the previous week. This clotheswashing is a great business. A horse, covered carriage, and native hostler, or “sais,” are absolutely necessary. A cook, and a cooly to bring water and wood, and do all manner of lifting, are both necessary. Without these three servants, cooly, cook, and sais, no white man can possibly live. If he had any two of them, and not the other, he would die. He cannot walk in the sun; he cannot cook by the fire; he cannot lift at all; and has not a moment of time for any of these things, even if it were possible for him to do them. We do not consider such things here as luxuries, but as *grievous* ^{things} of which we should be glad to be rid, but can not. They are all absolutely unavoidable. But with all these expenses, a man can live a good deal cheaper here than in America. — Building is cheap. The house can be built here for \$2.000, large and airy, which in America would cost \$5.000. Stone, brick, timber, carpenter’s and mason’s work, are all cheap. For \$4. one hundred [p.263] boards can be bought, one foot wide, eight feet long, and all sawed by hand!

Manners and Habits of the People. The people in this part of the world are all *polite*, especially to Europeans, whom they regard with profound respect. They are not so *filthy* in their houses and persons as I expected to find them. Their living is so simple, and requires so little exertion, that they are tempted to be *lazy*. This is not the case with the Chinese. *They* are always at work. All classes are eager for money, and are perpetually devising ways to extort it from you. If you know concerning them, that they are all intent on two things, a little money, and opportunities for sensual indulgence, you know nearly all about them that can be known. — I suppose this properly belonged under the head of “Character.”

Religion. The Caffres, Balinese, Bugis, Malays, Javans, part of the Hindoos, together with the Arabs, are Mahometans. The religious services are prayers twice a day at the mosque, morning and evening, and the chanting of the Koran in the original Arabic, of which neither priest nor people understand a word. How much knowledge they have of the *doctrines* of the Koran, I have not yet ascertained; but I suspect it must be rather scanty, since they cannot read the Koran themselves, and are not instructed in it by the priests. The Catholics here are only a few Chinese and Indo Portuguese, as ignorant as can well be. Part of the Klings and Bengallees, and all the Chinamen excepting a few papists just mentioned, and the few Christians connected with our mission, are pagans; what their notions of religious subjects are, it is impossible to ascertain definitely. The Hindoos have plenty of images; the Chinese have few, and their whole system appears to be more refined. In every shed of joiners or masons, in every mechanic’s shop, in every stall in the market, you will see somewhere, in a conspicuous place, a large sheet of red paper pasted up, with the large black Chinese character or word for God written on it. Under this, is a shelf on which stands a cup of incense sticks burning. Instead of the sheet of paper, they have in their temples a little dark niche of small images; and this is about all that can be found out of the religion of the Chinese. What ideas they have of heaven, hell, sin, God, salvation, I know not. If you speak to them about their worship, they laugh at its absurdity, and go right on, just as before, burning “joss sticks.” Most of the English here are nominally of the established Church, but really infidels.

Public Buildings. These are the court house, a handsome building, the police office, two jails, a hospital, three Mahometan mosques (one of them for the Bugis) two of them handsome; three pagan temples, two of them for the Chinese, the other for the [p.264] Hindoos; a new and beautiful Armenian Church; two popish churches, one called the French, the other the Portuguese; the chapel of the London Missionary Society, a substantial brick building; and the new elegant Episcopal church, not yet finished. The expense of this building is expected to be about \$10.000, which will build here as much as \$25 or 30.000 in America. Among the public buildings may be reckoned the noted institution of Sir Stamford Raffles, erected eleven years ago for the education of native youth. It is called by way of contempt, "*The Institution.*" It is in a dilapidated state, and has been for years the undisturbed abode of spiders, bats, toads, and stray cows. It was a fine building; cost, I believe, \$17.000. It is about to be rebuilt by some gentlemen, who have subscribed for this purpose, and for its support afterwards, \$20.000. The Anglo Chinese College at Malacca will perhaps be merged in it. It stands close to our new mission buildings.

The private houses of the Europeans are large and airy. A few of them stand on the hills just back of the town, but most of them along the beach. They are of brick, plastered on the outside. The native houses are of a sort of thatch, dark, and not very clean. They are huddled together without much regard to order. The basement story, formed by the posts on which the house stands, constitutes a lodging room for goats, cows, and poultry. The native shops, are mostly of brick, and close together, like the shops in American cities, with a narrow "stoop," or shed, all along in front.

Schools. A few years ago, there was not a school in the place; now there are several. The principal one is the public school supported by government, under the superintendence of Mr. More. It receives \$100 per month. There are three apartments in the schoolhouse. In the largest, English is taught, to Portuguese, Klings, Malays, and English. In another, Malay is taught; and third, Kling or Tamul, from native books made of the leaves of a species of the palm, such as those I shall send you. In the back verandah, is a Chinese class. In the English department, instead of writing from a copy lying before them, as in America, a monitor pronounces a word in audible voice, first in English, then the corresponding word in Malay, which are both written immediately by the whole school opposite each other, by the beginners on a slate, by the advanced boys with pen and paper. The exercise being finished, the superintendent goes around to each boy separately, and mentions the Malay words, requiring them to give the corresponding English without seeing the slate. In this way, they not only learn to write, but are at the same time getting some knowledge of English. The monitor the usually officiates is a Bengallee of superior talents; I should say about sixteen years old. He speaks better English than any [p.265] other boy in school. But he is a heathen; and the day I visited the school, had his forehead rubbed with white ashes. — There are also three Malay schools in Campong Glam, supported by our mission; and two Chinese schools, one supported by the London Society, the other by ours. My school for apprentices is probably the best Malay school here. The teachers are Caffres. There are about twenty in it: 7 half Chinese, half Malay, 4 Bugis, 3 Portuguese Indo, 2 half Portuguese, half Malay, 1 full blooded Chinese, 1 Sumbáwan (Sumbawa is east of Java) and 2 Malays. Six or seven of these, the Malays and Bugis, will study English.

— I believe there are a few Chinese schools supported by the natives themselves. But almost nothing is doing in the way of schools, after all, nor will be, till we, or somebody else, get a female boarding school a going, thoroughly Christian. If we can get girls from 6 to 10 years old, and keep them on our own premises several years, something may be done for the cause of education in general, both as respects males and females; if not, not. This is a *sine qua non*. Without it, everything else is good for nothing.

Government. How the island is governed, by what officers, and in what manner, I have not been able to find out, though it is true, I have made no very extensive inquiries. All I know is, that the Supreme Government at Bengal have always living here an Hon. Resident, who is governor, and an Assistant Resident, who is police magistrate. There is also an Hon. Recorder, who is Judge of the highest court. Who constitutes the local legislative power, I cannot ascertain. I have twice had occasion to apply to government, and have found it cleverly disposed. A guard of sepoy (native soldiers) is always maintained on the island.

History. I regret that I have not been able to collect materials for a complete history of the island. I hope to be able to send you such a one some time or another. Marsden says that here was anciently the seat of Malay empire. Singapore is compounded of two Malay words: *sing-ä*, lion, and *poó-rä*, city, i.e. city of the lion. (The native pronunciation is seeng-a-poó-rä, not seeng-gä-poó-rä.) The British took possession in 1819, by virtue of regular purchase from two Malay rajahs.

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Wednesday, April 6. Ätück, the son of the Chinese preacher Leang Afa, is living with us, under the care of bro. Dick. He has just been showing us one <sup>of</sup> A-tuck's translations from Chinese into English, a sentence which reads thus: "If his source be dirty, how can his flow be clean?"

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[p.266] Friday, June 3. Have not written word in the journal for two months. Have been doing so many things, can't tell what they all are. Among the rest, abolition! I have even caused slaves to be set free. Such a job of contracting, building, bargaining, superintending schools, paying money, writing, hiring, discharging, abolition, knocking down and dragging out, I hope never to be engaged in again. Nor have I had an unreasonable proportion of the labor of the mission. Brothers Tracy and Dick. have had their hands full too. We are hoping for some rest when we get settled in our new *place*; but I fear we shall not find it. It is the lot of the first missionaries in a new station only to build, put their house in order, and give place to some who are better. Bro. Sampson, we heard yesterday, has already entered into his rest. His poor wife! a widow with two small children.

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Saturday, June 4. The occurrences of the past two months, which might have been interesting to you if I have written them as they took place, I have now almost forgotten. Leang Afa, alias Äfät, has been preaching here four weeks. He has been, and is now living at Malacca, in the employ of the London Missionary Society. He is, I should think, about forty-five years old, large, fleshy, and good looking. I think he

resembles Dr. Philip very much; bro. Dick. thinks so too. He is a valuable man. Heard him preach. Though I could not understand a word, I was much interested, his whole manner is so different from that of a mercenary, heartless professional expounders, Peet and Gaw. And our last communion, a month ago, he assisted bro. Tracy in the services, or rather had a separate service for the benefit of the Chinese part of the communicants, the English and the Americans keeping their seats. Preaching is his element. We all think it keeps the Chinese too long; they ought to be treated like children, who are incapable of giving attention to such subjects long at a time. He preached, when he first came, at the dispensary, which is used for a chapel; afterwards in the street. As he was to stay but four weeks, we got all the preaching out of him we could, and he was willing to preach a great deal. He is well acquainted with the Bible, and withal has considerable veneration left for the old Chinese sages, such as Confucius and Mencius, but not so as to interfere at all with his orthodoxy.

At the communion season just mentioned, my attention was particularly turned to the pleasant evidence before us that China *can* be converted. There were sitting at the table with us three Chinese converts. They understand and love the gospel. Are the minds of other Chinese more inaccessible than theirs were? What has been, can be.

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[p.267] Tuesday, June 7. Resolved on establishing a female Malay school in Campong Bencoóloo, if practicable. We can get a female teacher for five dollars per month, and ten dollars will build a school house. We have already one female school. Both can probably be made stepping stones to our boarding school.

We have lately agreed upon a regular division of labor among the members of the mission. "Bro. Tracy's Department is as follows:

"1. Care of Chinese block cutters and printers, proof reading, (Chinese) and distribution of Chinese books.

"2. Care of Chinese out schools, and of Chinese instruction in the boarding school.

"3. Chinese religious services. 4. Mission Library.

"5. The spiritual interests of all under his particular direction.

"6. To be the *general* treasurer of the mission, [i.e. money keeper] and the *specific* treasurer of those departments which come under his immediate care. [paymaster]

"7. The dispensary a part of the time.

"8. The general and miscellaneous business of the mission, except such parts as naturally, or by assignment, come under the care of others.

"Bro. Dickinson's Department.

"1. Care of the Chinese boarding school, except Chinese instruction; to provide rooms, food, furniture, books, stationary [sic]; to govern the school, and have the care of its spiritual interests and pecuniary concerns.

"2. Dispensary part of the time.

"Bro. North's Department.

“1. All printing, superintending of proof reading, and distribution of books in all languages except the Chinese. [This includes all proof reading itself, in Malay, and any other language with which I may be acquainted.]

“2. The care of book binding, of the furniture for all printing except the Chinese; of printed books; also, of all paper.

[p.268] “3. To pay all persons employed in his departments. [About 30.]

“4. To be the postmaster of the mission.

“5. The spiritual interests of all under his care.

“6. The care of the Malay out schools.

“7. The control of the buildings and grounds of the mission.

“8. The Malay Department of the boarding school, including furniture, stationary, books, food, rooms, instruction, and government.

“It is understood that each person, being responsible to the mission, may be called upon at any time for an explanation of what he is doing in his department, and that a different assignment of labor may be made at any time by the mission.”

We have also adopted a set of rules, or a constitution:

“Rules adopted by the missionaries of the A.B.C.F.M. at Singapore, to guide them in transacting business of the mission.”

“1. There shall be a meeting for business on every Tuesday evening, and whenever the Moderator considers a meeting necessary, or is requested to call one by any member of the mission.

“2. A Moderator and Scribe shall be appointed at the first regular meeting in each year, the latter of whom shall keep a record of the doings of the meetings, and once in three months transmit to Missionary Rooms an abstract of that record, showing the most important transactions.

“3. All letters and communications centre to the Missionary Rooms shall be first submitted by the writers of these to the perusal of the other members of the mission; and all communications from the Rooms, and others, relating to important interests of the mission shall also be made known to all the brethren.

“4. It shall be the duty of the Scribe to acquaint all missionaries of the [p.269] A.B.C.F.M. arriving at Singapore, with these rules, and invite them to take such part in the proceedings of the mission as their knowledge of the business transacted enables them to do.

“5. In regard to all matters affecting the interests of the mission, each individual shall consider himself responsible to the mission as well as to the Prudential Committee.

“6. In respect to their *personal* expenses, the brethren and sisters of the mission shall be considered responsible only to the Prudential Committee.

“7. Each missionary or missionary’s family shall keep an exact account of all expenditures for missionary purposes, and present an abstract of the same to the brethren who shall draw up the annual report near the close of each year.”

All our business is done by discussion and ballot. This arrangement has had, thus far, an excellent effect, in giving definiteness and energy to every thing.

Bro. Tracy is Moderator for the year, myself Scribe.

We find it necessary for each one to have, in his own department, absolute power to employ, punish, or discharge, as he thinks fit. It is important, too, that each be his own paymaster, because these natives look upon the *money* man as a man of great consequence. Without these provisions, it would be scarcely possible to sustain the establishment.

The “care of the *out* schools” consists chiefly in visiting them, to see that the teachers do not neglect their work, and that the scholars are *really* scholars, and not got in for a short time, ^{merely} to make up a specified number; in providing books, and see^{ing} that they are profitably used. Wife and I visit the Malay schools every morning. The “government” of the schools on our premises, called “boarding schools,” is a very different thing.

Boarding schools, that is, schools composed wholly of children kept as far as possible from intercourse with the heathen, and educated on Christian principles, are going to be, in my humble opinion, the principal means of converting the world. Look at Ceylon.

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[p.270] Wednesday, June 15. The profits to government, arising from impositions on the traffic in opium at this place alone, are sixty thousand dollars a year.

Wife has discovered that *dobys* are in the habit of “*hiring out*” the clothes which they take to wash. If, for instance, they are taken on Monday, to be returned to the owner washed and ironed Monday of the week following, they can very well let them go three days to be worn by somebody else, and still have time enough to wash them before they are expected to be returned. We have often wondered how some poor Portuguese keep themselves so well dressed, when they have no business, and have had none for some time. The secret is, they go to the doby, and select from his ample stock such as will fit, and pay a few pice for wearing till it is time to wash. If an Indo Portuguese lady wishes to go to a ball, she has only to hire an English or American lady's dress which has scarcely been soiled; or, if necessary, have it washed for use that night, and the doby can wash it again before returning, while the proprietor is none the wiser. Many are in the habit of receiving their clothes from the doby only once a fortnight. This affords extra facilities for hiring, to those who can not buy. The only way we can help ourselves is, to restrict the scamps to four days between the times of taking away and of returning the clothes. We may discharge our present doby from our service, but we can find no other who is not just as bad. The Klings, who are wickedness itself, have got the business of clotheswashing entirely into their own hands. A Malay or Chinese doby cannot be found. If the weekly list of the articles taken away by them is not kept with the greatest possible care, they will be sure to know it, and steal something. Who would have thought of taking precautions against hiring out clothes! The heathen exactly answer the description of the apostle Paul: “*inventors of evil things.*”

Went lately with wife, bros. Dick. and Wolf to Bǎtu Běi-áyě, the plantation of the London Mis. Society. The the plantation takes its name from a projecting rock on the beach, resembling a ship under full sail. "Batu Bel-ayer" means *the sailing rock*. We rambled about the plantation a while, gathered a few cloves and nutmegs, went into the house of the Chinese overseer, and returned by way of the "Pine Apple Island," and took in the some of the pine apples. M. had to be carried from the boat across the mud to a dry place, by two Malay boatmen. The rest of us were taken each on the back of a single man. We passed the house of a Malay rajah, built in English style. The whole distance from Singapore to the plantation is three miles. We went the pleasantest way, across the harbor, and round a cape. Such jaunts do us good.

[p.271] M. has made a calculation showing that one hundred dollars will furnish a house, for a moderate sized family, rather "better than a missionary ought to expect": 12 arm chairs 12 dollars (rattan bottom), two high post bedsteads with frames for musquito curtains 12 dollars, sideboard 10 dollars, 4 tables or half tables two of which joined make a dining table 5 feet square 10 dollars; two large high lamps with glass covers to keep heat in, and wind out, 7 dollars; 1 almira or moveable chest for clothes, with shelves, 6 feet high, 4 wide, 2 deep, 8 dollars; 1 coarser almira for food, 3 dollars; bureau 9½ dollars, wash stand and work stand 4 dollars, 1 large book case 6 dollars, two sofas ratan bottom, back, and ends, 16 dollars. All these except the almira for victuals are made of the beautiful "red wood," equal to mahogany. Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Shuck had each given to them before leaving America a plain bureau which cost \$20 apiece. Here you can get bureaus one third larger, and much handsomer, for 9½ dollars apiece. Food must be kept in an almira out from the wall, with the feet in saucers filled with water, to keep off the ants. We have got only a part of the above articles. Some of them are absolutely necessary, such as side boards to lock up crockery in. One night bro. Tracy's side board was opened and crockery taken out. A cupboard would do, but would cost nearly or quite as much. The large lamps are necessary. A sofa or settee is very convenient, if not indispensable, to rest on when fatigued by hard labor. The bed will not do for this purpose, because in the daytime it is not cool. Chairs with arms are necessary, because all chairs without arms cost more. Crockery is at a reasonable price, about the same as in America. Bedding is cheaper. Cotton mattresses wide enough for two persons, 6 dolls. apiece.

No linen sheets, or shirts, or any linen garments worn next the skin, should be brought here. They are considered unhealthy. Cotton is better. Two or three good looking glasses, small, and plain framed; silver table and tea spoons, <sup>2 or 3</sup> tea servers, are about all the *furniture* it is advisable for an American to bring. Looking glasses are not used here for *ornament*, as in America; they are always kept in sleeping rooms out of sight. A good clock would be a very clever thing; they can not be bought here. No broadcloth garments should be provided by those who expect to live here. A piece of good strong broadcloth might be well laid out in making shoes after one's arrival. They will wear longer than leather. One good dark thin coat, say of fine bombazin, is the only article of dark clothing that can be used. Cloaks are of no use. A good supply of calfskin pumps it would be well to fetch along. Shoes here are cheap, but poor.

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[p.272] Thursday, June 16. Forgot to mention that Mr. Arms took passage to Borneo two or three or four weeks ago. The vessel is small, of native construction, manned by Malays only, and owned by a French lady. Her ladyship took passage^{in it} at the same time, for Borneo. They go first, I believe, to Pōntiānăc, a small Dutch settlement on the west coast. I should be afraid to trust myself to a crew of Malays. They are so fond of piracy, they might mutiny against their mistress, and kill her, and her friends. From Pontianac, Mr. A. is to try to get in among the Dīāks in the interior.

Borneo is an interesting country, so far as it is known. There are great numbers of Javans, Malays, and Bugis on the coast, who ought to have large missionary establishments among them, with many schools. The Baptist missionaries here talk of exploring the large settlements of Chinese there. I hope Mr. Arms will find some Diak chiefs who will be willing to send their sons to be educated at our mission seminary, soon to be got up. There is a great deal to do in this part of the world. Borneo alone presents several very large and interesting mission fields. There are thousands of bright children there, who ought to be gathered into schools and taught the Christian religion and the arts of civilized life. And there are thousands of young men and women in America who might do it, and lay a foundation for great things.

Brought home to-day a fine Balinese boy for the boarding school. I have long looked upon him with a wistful eye, as I have found him every day in one of my out schools; but never knew, till to-day, that he is an orphan, and that, therefore, nobody can forbid his coming. He speaks Malay as well as Balinese. Bāli is a large island east of Java. Our xxxxxx brethren will probably get a mission established there. These islands are fine places for xxxxxx missionaries, for three reasons: 1. There is plenty of xxxxx all round about. 2. They are so far of from xxxxxx missionaries, that they cant pick a quarrel with them, but have most manifestly nothing to do but to attend to their own business on their own island. 3. On an island they would be cooped up, exactly to their liking.

When we move, M. will be ready to teach the a, b, c, to her English class. It will probably consist of two boys half Malay, half Portuguese, one Portuguese, one Malay, one Caffre, one Balinese, and five Bugis; in all, eleven, from nine years of age to thirteen or fourteen. A small class of girls we hope to get soon. This teaching of English, if persevered in, promises important results. The native languages have as yet scarcely any thing in them besides native books, except a very few meagre tracts on the doctrines of Christianity. Only the Malay has the Bible. The native boy who learns to read English well, has opened to him a world of new and important things.

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[p.273] Friday, June 17. Have not visited the out schools to-day, because they are not kept. Friday is the Mahometan Sabbath.

I have discovered that my supposed Balinese boy is a native of Sāsāk, an island near Bali. He is a Sasak-an. He was sold from home, several years ago, as a slave.

My Sumbawan boy has been giving me an eloquent account of his adventures. He was once taken by pirates, and when he escaped from them, lived in the woods three days on wild fruits. At another time he was in Singapore harbor, on board a Bugis prow, a slave, and did not know that by the English law he was free. He speaks

of an island somewhere in the seas east of Java, the inhabitants of which are fears cannibals, and have six long sharp-pointed protruding teeth.

I begin to feel stronger affection towards all my boys. When the drudgery of building and furnishing is over, I hope I shall find considerable time to spend with them. They will all soon be able to read Malay. I intend to make Mr. Medhurst's Defence of Christianity, (a work in Malay of 200 pages) and the Gospel of John, Mr. Thomsen's translation, their two principal text books. As soon as possible, I wish to translate a good geography and some other things. The translation of some good book of natural philosophy is much needed, also Blake's First <sup>Book</sup> of Astronomy, a Political Economy short and simple, and Gallaudett's Child's Book on the Soul. We have sent to Boston for globes, air pump, &c. The position I occupy in reference to all these minds is <sup>a</sup> delightful one, notwithstanding its responsibility. If it would do any good, I could cry most Macedonianly to some of the young men in America, "Come over and help us."

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Wednesday, June 22. Last night a trunk was stolen from Br. Tracy's bedroom, containing about \$200. The thief lifted the inside hook of an outer door by putting a wire through a hole which he had bored exactly opposite. The trunk stood within six feet of the mat where the ayah was. We are inclined to suspect this woman of being an accomplice in the matter, but there is no very clear proof of it. We believe she is, at all events, wicked enough to do such things. The man who took the trunk must have been familiar with our household affairs in some way or other. It may have been a former cook of ours. I see no possible clue to the matter, unless it be by means of the gold sovereigns. We have taken steps to detect any one who may offer them to the money changers. But I have not the least hope of success. We "must grunt and bear it." I am thankful the scoundrel did not wait a week or two; he would [p.274] have had a much larger haul. One thing I am quite sure of: there will be *no more* such things about our premises. The money chest will be of very thick strong wood, iron banded, bolted to the floor, the bolts locked. The trunk will be fastened inside the chest, and the chest kept under the bed; so that, in order to take money from it, a man will be obliged to break three strong locks, *after having got into the room*, which in the first place, will be no easy matter, when we shall have moved into our new house. While he is about all this, he will be in danger of ~~his~~ getting his brains blown out; for the wind may not we keep fire arms about us as well as our neighbors. The thieves think we are a sort of harmless people, and therefore are more daring in their attempts to rob us than they are to rob our neighbors who left of a gun now and then, when they hear a noise about their houses. A Mr. Reed, merchant, says he has had twelve hundred dollars in money stolen from him, at one time and another, since he has lived in Singapore.

The business of a missionary in a heathen country must be a business that is heart hardening. He wishes to treat every body kindly and affectionately, but can find no one worthy of such treatment. If he does a kindness, he is almost sure to be abused in return. He is obliged to take for granted, that every man he deals with, is a liar, a cheat, and a hypocrite. If now and then, a man may be found worthy of some confidence so far as *honesty* is concerned, he is so *ignorant*, he can not be trusted. The

missionary is continually obliged to repress every tender and good and desirable feeling, and to cherish suspicion, disgust, and indignation. He is constantly compelled to be *severe* and *inflexible*; to be always admonishing, punishing, forbidding, refusing. Rewarding is almost out of the question; it excites presumption. Missionaries of different dispositions must be, in these respects, nearly the same. I was amused to see bro. Dick.'s change of manner the other day when moving into his new room. The removal occasioned more business than he could oversee, and he was obliged of course to commit some of it to the charge of others. As might be expected, some things were done awkwardly and carelessly. That day he made great use of the words *scoundrel* and *rascal*, neither of which had I ever heard him use before, or anything approaching to them. Indeed, I can not see how any missionary, at least for two or three generations, can help becoming a terrible *aristocrat*, except in this respect only, that he does not *wish* things to remain as they are.

Tasted of some excellent dates, fresh from Arabia. Very cheap.



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[p.275] Friday, June 24. Discovered to-day the meaning of the Malay word *rēbān'* [sic]. It is used in one of our initiatory books, and the fable of the two cocks. It means a *coop*. From our not knowing its meaning when we read the table before, M. and I made the beaten cock to run the into a bee-hive.

A Bali prow has lately arrived in port, loaded with rice. I intend proposing to bro. Shuck to go on board and see her, since he feels so much interested in the Balinese. He ought to pay the boat hire, because he owns a large property in *Virginia*, and I mean to make him do it.

Received at present to-day from a Malay, of a jar of preserved pine apple.

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Friday, June 30. Have been busier than ever, the last week, building & furnishing. The Chinese workmen are so stupid, that if there is a possibility of doing a thing awkwardly, they will be sure to do it awkwardly, though there be ten thousand plain ways of doing it right. One would think that such a simple thing as the common door latch could not possibly be made wrong, and yet a Chinese joiner put on several yesterday, the "catches" of which, instead of being in the usual shape  so that the doors could be shut by simply pushing or pulling, were of this shape:  requiring the latch to be lifted by the hand in shutting, as well as in opening. Another fellow put on the door of the *store room*, inside, a locked which could be used only on one side; of course, he expected that every man who entered the store room would lock himself in, and stay there. Such ridiculous blunders are being committed hourly. The workmen need continually watching. The bestowment of a few kicks on the blockheads would be to me a luxury. Among the English, it is a serious objection to building, that it requires such a long, tedious superintendence, both as to blundering and cheating.

Wife has returned from an airing, during which, she says, she saw some wild monkeys. They must be happy, surely, in their native jungles, where there is nobody to same nay.

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*Trade of Singapore.*

From *China*, come every year 20 junks, some of them <sup>of</sup> 3 or 400 tons, bringing raw silk, nankins, and teas, for trade with Europeans. Their cargoes consist *mainly* of articles for the consumption of the Chinese part of the population of this and neighboring places. They also bring yearly 4 or 500 emigrants from [p.278] their own country, part of whom settle here, but the greater part in other places. The Chinese junks are so foolishly built and managed, that one *half* of those which leave the coast of China are lost! Every junk that goes on a foreign voyage, stands but one chance in two of returning! But the profits of those that do survive are so great, that others are tempted to go.

From *Cochin China* and *Cambodia* about 40 native craft arrive annually, bringing principally, oil, salt, rice, and sugar. The Cochin Chinese vessels are smaller than the Chinese, but are built vastly better. They look very much like our own.

From *Siam* 30 or 40 native vessels arrive yearly, owned and manned almost entirely by the Chinese residing in Siam. They bring indigo, iron pans, tobacco, rice, oil, gamboge, salt, paddy (paddy is unhusked rice; looks like barley) and sugar. Pronounce Siam, See-ám, accent on last syllable.

From the *East Coast of Malacca* 130 native vessels arrive annually, bringing Malay sároongs (cloth worn about the middle) and Malay breeches, hides, gold dust, tin, pepper, bees' wax, and elephants' teeth.

From the *West Coast of Malacca* arrive every year about 100 prows with fowls, tin, paddy, cocoa nuts and fruit.

From the *East Coast of Sumatra* 300 or 400 native vessels, on average, come every year with dragons' blood, ratans, ivory, gold dust, wax, sago, rice, and coffee.

From *Java* 60 native craft, besides square rigged (i.e. European built) vessels, arrive here yearly, bringing Battic handkerchiefs, tobacco, tamarinds, hides, dry peas, rice, and sugar.

From *Báli* 50 prows come yearly, with sároongs, wax, oil, rice, hides, tobacco, and birds' nests.

From *Borneo* 150 or 160 native boats a year bring tortoise shell, camphor, ebony, antimony ore, pepper, mats, gold dust, sago, ratans, diamonds, seaweed, paddy, rice, mother-of-pearl shells, bees' wax, and birds' nests. Also, valuable woods.

From *Célebes*, the country of the Bugis, 50 or 60 native vessels annually arrive, with cargoes of sároongs, (which they manufacture themselves) precious woods, perl shells, ratans, seaweed, wax, tortoise shell, birds' nests, and coffee.

From *Sumbáwa*, and the other great islands east of *Java*, about 30 vessels arrive yearly, loaded with the same articles as those brought by the Bugis, with the addition of white wood oil, wild nutmegs, and birds of paradise.

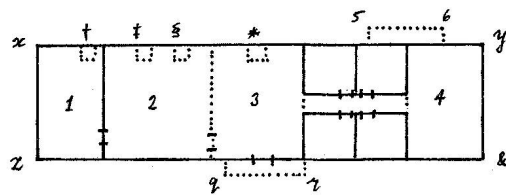
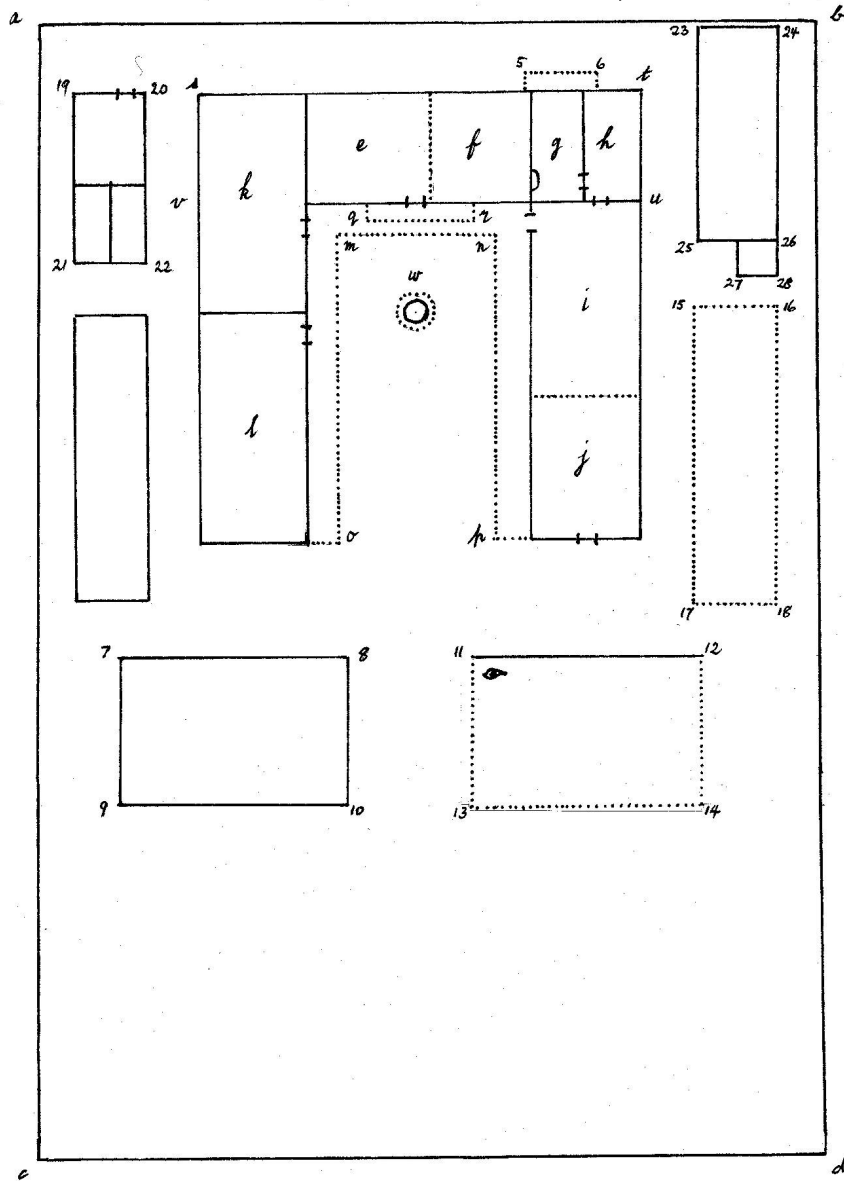
From *Ling-in*, *Billiton*, &c. neighboring islands, about 100 boats arrive yearly with ratans, gambier, wax, tortoise shell, seaweed, and tin. Also, a great variety of produce.


From the *Great Natuna & North Anambas* 30 or 40 vessels a year.

From *Rhio* (a Dutch port, 40 miles off) to Singapore, and from Singapore to Rhio, regular sets of boats ply, (manned & owned by Chinese,) about 300.

About 2000 vessels, European, American, & native, visit Singapore yearly. None of them pay duties. It is a free port.

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[p.280] Saturday, July 16. The above is intended to give some general idea of our mission buildings. A, b, c, d, is the outer fence. The largest building is the printing house and foundry, ninety-two or three feet square on the outside. The room e, f, is the press room, with nine windows, each to have a press opposite. The dotted line is a temporary partition; the part *e* is used as a Malay school room till we have presses to put in it. The whole room *e, f*, is 44 feet long, 22 wide. The room *g* is for wetting paper and washing hands, 22 feet by 10. The room *h* is for forms, cases, chases, and various appendages of the printing department. The room *i, j*, is the "case" or type-setting room, large enough for 50 compositors to work in. It is 22 feet by 66. The dotted line is a temporary partition; the part *j* is at present used as a store room for trunks, boxes, barrels, &c. for Siam, Canton, and elsewhere. The room *k* is for book-binding, folding, stitching, drying, pressing; it is 22 feet by 44. The room *l* is for storing books and paper. The dotted line *m, n, o, p*, is a verandah six feet wide. The dotted line *q, r*, is the ascent to the front door of the second story, which is exactly over that of the first story, between *q* and *r*. The two story part of the building is between *s, t, u, v*; the two wings extending forward from each end are only one story. *W* is the well, built in eastern style; the curb of brick capped with hewn stone. *X, y, z, &*, is the second story of the part *s, t, u, v*. Figure 1 is the type cutting room, where punches and matrices are made, 22 feet by 12. Figures 2, 3, is the "foundry", or room for casting and finishing type. The dotted line is a temporary partition; the part 3 is at present used as a Chinese school room. The four small rooms next to 3 are for sleeping rooms to be occupied by missionaries remaining here for a short time, and eventually by boys from America, if I should be so fortunate as to get them. At present, one is occupied by Atűk, son of Leang Afa. Fig. 4 is bro. Dick.'s bachelor's hall, 22 feet by 14. 5, 6, is a staircase leading to it. *Q, r*, is the staircase, before mentioned, or rather two staircases, one on each side of the front door, thus: . The narrow passage between three and four is not only necessary to the four small rooms, but is very convenient for bro. Dick. in superintending the school, figure 3. 7, 8, 9, 10, is bro. Tracy's house. 11, 12, 13, 14, is the place intended for mine. The eye in the corner is the place intended for my office, from which I can oversee all the departments; the office to be in the basement story. 15, 16, 17, 18 is the ground proposed for my out house, corresponding to bro. Tracy's, on the opposite side. 19, 20, 21, 22, is a house occupied by a Protestant Portuguese employed in the type cutting room; it is one story and a half; in the upper, or half story, the Bugis boys are to sleep. 23, 24, 25, 26, is a Chinese printing building, back of which I am putting up another, larger. Back of the whole are other buildings occupied by Chinese, Malay, and other boys. Still back of these, at the further extremity of the lot, we intend hereafter to erect large buildings for girls' boarding schools, fronting on the road at that end. A little this side, between the boys' houses just mentioned, I am about to build a native house for my principal Caffre teacher, large enough for himself, wife, and several Malay and Caffre boys. All these buildings will make quite a village.

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[p.281] Wednesday, July 20. Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Davenport are this morning I suppose, weighing anchor for Siam. Mr. and Mrs. J. have just returned from

Malacca, where Mr. J. has been attending to the cutting of his Siamese punches. Mr. & Mrs. Reed, and Mr. Davenport, had gone some weeks before in an Arab ship. Evening before last, our whole family went to Mr. Ballestier's, where our friends were staying, to see them, and bid them good bye. One after another of the neighbors came in, till there was a large party. We spent the evening very pleasantly; walked about the spacious sitting-room, reclined, sat down, talked, looked at pictures, laughed, and felt well. I asked Mrs. J. the results of her experience in regard to the government of the boys in her schools. One of them I found to be that flogging is necessary. She said that on one occasion Mr. Robinson flogged *all* his boys, a large number; and that ever since, they have done considerably better. I had been shut up at home, engaged in the tedious business of superintending stupid workmen, and in taking care of my school, for four months. To break loose for only one evening, and get into such a pleasant place, was really most exhilarating. We must do such things oftener, or we shall become ascetics. Extremes are dangerous. It will not do for missionaries to frequent such places, because they have no time to spare; on the other hand, it will not do to seclude ourselves from English society altogether. There are occasions, now and then, when such visits do real good; if we increase them beyond what our peculiar circumstances require, they are unprofitable and troublesome. — I took a very strong cup of coffee, and another of tea. Having taken none for several months before, my nerves were strangely affected; I lay awake half the night in a highly excited state of mind; if I stirred, my whole body was filled with a sensation half pleasant, half painful. My mind was affected as I suppose some other men's are at certain times; I imagined myself and my condition to be much better than the reality. In the morning, when I told about it at the breakfast table, they all thought it was too bad for a missionary to get drunk. I shall be careful, hereafter, what I drink; at least, I shall drink *moderately*.

Mrs. Jones is a goodly woman. Her superior talents and Baptist sentiments make her a combination of very incongruous materials. She is very unlike other close communion Baptists, because you would never know her to be one, unless you were told of it, and even then you would be likely to forget it.

The building occupied by Mr. Ballestier is rather a palace than house. It is said he was poor when he came here. He must have made money fast, to be able to live in such style. Mrs. B. lately had an expensive *party*. As might have been expected, our family was not invited; but with her usual politeness, she sent us some of good things they had to eat, among which was sea weed jelly. They were almost all so rich, we could not eat them. Before the party was had, Mr. & Mrs. B. spent a whole day in settling the question whether Lady Gambier, wife of Sir Edward, the Hon. Recorder, should be seated at table before Lady Grant, who had more recently arrived! Fie on such things. It is indeed true, that "the extremes of civilization verge on barbarism." When bro. Tracy went to Malacca, he thought it best not to be introduced to the gentry of the place, because if he was introduced to one, and not to the rest, and <sup>if not</sup> to all in regular gradation, from the most noble <sup>down</sup> to the most ignoble, offense would be given! There must be a great deal of petty vexation, and childish irritability, in a community constituted in this way. It is downright slavery. A plain man, unused to such complicated affairs, though never so worthy of respect, can not stir without injuring his reputation! It would do me solid good to see a select community of real

Christian gentleman combined, in such a place as Malacca, to put down such a state of things, and bring it into utter contempt and ridicule; and it might be most easily done.

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[p.282] Tuesday, July 26. Bro. Dick. has received a letter from Mr. Arms dated July 4. He had a passage of 33 days from Singapore to Pontianak. The Resident received him graciously, and gave him permission to remain, notwithstanding his Honor is a Dutchman. The whole European population consists of nine officers of government, and 25 soldiers, all Dutch. The terrible decapitating Diaks he finds to be slaves to the Malay rajahs of the interior, and not a proud independent nation as has been supposed. Mr. A. thinks a Bornean mission ought to be established, at four stations, viz. one in the interior, and two more on the coast, at trading places, one on each side of Pontianac, which should be the central station.

On the passage Mr. A. narrowly escaped death from the pirates. Several prows attacked his vessel, and poured in a shower of cannon shot, which, he says, came whizzing round his ears on all sides. He had sometime before, with his spy glass, discovered suspicious movements, and alarmed his crew. They could not defend the vessel, because they were almost without arms; but they were enabled by his timely information to make ready for clearing out, which they did, in a friendly boat that cast off for them from shore. The lady filled the whole vessel with her shrieks, but got off unhurt. Mr. A. lost about \$30 in money, and \$20 worth of other things, among which was his spy glass. They found the vessel full of holes of shot, and almost a wreck. Whether he proceeded to Pontianac in this or another, he does not say. Mr. Arms was before, rather inclined to the Quaker doctrine of non-resistance, and insisted particularly that trading vessels ought not to go armed, as the American vessels usually do. I should like to know whether he is ^{now} of opinion that the pirates ought not, in *this* instance at least, to have had a drubbing.

By the way, measures are being taken to put down piracy hereabouts. Mr. Bonham, our Hon. Resident of Singapore, is visiting native princes in the sloop of war Andromache, to compel them to unite with the British government in catching the pirates. I have little faith in his efforts. Before piracy is suppressed, we must wait till a great many more outrages have been committed, and the Supreme Government in Bengal waked up to do something in earnest. The British government is like other great bodies: hard to move, but when once moved, moved to some effect.

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Day before yesterday, went with bro. Wolf on board a large Borneo prow, of perhaps 100 tons. Saw nothing worth mentioning, except two young Borneans, whom I should have been pleased to get for the Seminary, but could not. Left a few books with the commander and others who read Malay. A month hence, when the Bugis and Java prows come by the score, I shall try hard to secure a lot of boys. It is difficult to get them, because themselves and their fathers can not conceive what else we wish to do with them but to make them slaves. My Bugis scribe told me, if I wished for Bugis boys, I could get plenty in his country by *buying* them, and that the price is low!

We wanted deal of help. A medical man, at least three men to get up and take charge of our seminary, a founder who should devote all his time to making type, a

superintendent of the Chinese printing department instead of Mr. Tracy, and a man to take charge of a girls' school, which man should have a wife. Also, a superintendent of temporal affairs, or steward, answering to Mr. Chamberlain at the Sandwich Islands, who among other things, should do the building. These eight men we want, we much want, we do very much want, we do very exceedingly much want indeed.

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[p.283] Wednesday, July 27. We have got our new couch, or, as I called it before, *sofa*. It is very plain, the back, elbows, and bottom, all of ratan, like the ratan bottom chairs in America. There, the ratan work is expensive; and here it is very cheap. It is exceedingly good, when we are warm and tired, to lie down on this cool couch a few minutes. In this climate, next to a bedstead, the couch is the most necessary piece of furniture in [the] house. We *must* sometimes lie down; but in the day time a mattress is uncomfortably warm. It would hardly be saying too much, to say, that for a person not in good health, a couch is, in this part of the world, indispensable. It really affords to every one, whether unwell or not, very great comfort. Yet, if an enemy of missions from America were to visit us, and see one of us reclining on this plain couch, in the heat of the day, with book in hand, they might go home and say that the missionaries here live in great style, their rooms furnished with elegant "sofas," &c. &c. &c. He would be careful to use the word *sofa*, and not *couch*. The expense of all the furniture used by myself and wife, in our half of the new house, will be only *eighty* dollars, viz. one strong sideboard, to secure crockery, knives, forks, spoons, &c. from thieves, one almira to put clothes in; one plain, very plain bureau, a bedstead, the couch, a wash stand, a large very plain bookcase, without doors; a workstand; an eating table; a study table with drawers for accounts, papers, documents; a dozen chairs, including two rocking chairs which we brought from America. The chairs are all large arm chairs, at a dollar apiece, ratan bottom, the *cheapest* and almost the only kind of chairs that can be got here. We have besides, a plain closet for food, and two large high glass covers for lamps, to keep off the strong evening wind, else they would be blown out, as we can not shut our doors comfortably; also, three or four smaller articles. Now ^{almost} all this furniture, I acknowledge, looks neat, beautiful, very beautiful; but there is not one article among the whole, which the meanest opposer of missions could affirm to be extravagant, or in any respect improper for missionaries. They look beautiful, it is true; and why should they not? They are made of the beautiful red wood which grows on the island, the same to us as beech or maple to you; the Chinamen plane it and rub it smooth, and make ^{it} into furniture, without imported handles, or knobs, or any ornament besides its own native beauty. We have not one article of furniture which the ^{most} unreasonable sea captain or supercargo, or gentlemen passenger, could possibly say might have been plainer or cheaper; for surely he could not have the impudence to say that we ought to have got our furniture made of the common course grained lumber of the country, which would look like a scarecrow, and be very little cheaper, to say nothing of its not being durable. In the long run, it would be much *dearer* than the red wood. The almira for food is made of this coarse wood, because it is kept in a dark, damp place, out of sight. To think of making one's common furniture of it would be quite ridiculous, especially if it were attempted to paint or polish it. Good paint cannot be had here, and this kind of wood will not take a polish; and

without paint or polish, in a short time it looks worse than the outside of an old soap barrel in consequence of the effects of our damp atmosphere. Even the red wood accumulates mould, and must be rubbed frequently in order to be at all decent.

I have been particular in giving you all these facts, in order that you may [p.284] have a defence ready, in case you hear evil reports, which you will be very likely to do, since so many Americans visit this place. I have just seen in a No. of the Foreign Quarterly Review, an English word extensively circulated, a complaint against the sumptuous furniture and style of living of our missionaries at the Sandwich Islands. Doubtless their furniture is substantial, neat, and plain, and nothing more. Probably the writer of that article made a mental reservation, that the furniture mentioned, is sumptuous *when compared with that of the native huts*; and so would be the poorest which he could give the missionaries out of his own garret.

If you see any thing of this kind afloat in hostile newspapers concerning the extravagant living of the missionaries in Singapore, you will know what it means. Our furniture is just as plain and cheap as circumstances will permit. The beautiful appearance of it is not our fault; it is the fault of the wood; and we do not think it best to be at the pains and expense of hiding its beauty, or defacing it, for the sake of trying to please those who are determined on finding fault.

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I have much trouble about the government of my boys. They disobey, tell lies, and strike each other. Last evening, at the regular business meeting of the mission, we discussed the subject of punishment. We see no way to avoid downright flogging. Fining will not answer; because we give the boys no more than absolutely necessary to support them. Confinement is scarcely better; because a lazy boy would almost account it a privilege to stay in a room several hours and have nothing to do. The perverse must be brought to terms by the ratan. For this we have plenty of precedents among the experienced missionaries of our own Society. But the question arises, What says the English law? We believe it forbids whipping apprentices. Shall we bind all our boys by a special legal instrument which shall secure to us the privilege of the ratan? I am appointed a committee to inquire of Mr. Napier what we can do. Mr. N. is the best lawyer in the place. I am to make out a list of questions to him, and request written answers. This appears to me a subject of great importance. I do not know how we can keep our schools a-going any longer without beating severely. The boys have discovered that we do not like to be severe, and have become bold. The stronger abuse the weaker, and all seem to be growing worse than they were <sup>when</sup> under the restraints of the heathen parents at home. But as soon as we get matters fixed, which I hope will be in a few days, I am sure their opinions will undergo as radical a change as those of the Irish who visit the land of liberty. To run away will be of no use; because we shall send police officers to bring [them] back by force. Wife, who has all along had no experience in these things, insists upon it, that there is no need of flogging; but by and by, when she comes to have the management of a lot of girls, I shall be as <sup>much</sup> amused at the change of opinion, as some of the older natives are at mine.

[p.285] Wednesday, Aug. 3. Mr. Shuck sent a note this morning, requesting Mrs. T. and Mrs. North to go and see his son.

We are about to move into our new house.

Received papers from America, but they contain no news except that abolitionism is triumphant in Utica. There was not an abolitionist in the place, two years ago, besides old Mr. Wettmore, and he could'nt get a hearing. This shows how much men think for themselves.

Bro. Wolf has gone to Malacca, to stay a month. His health is getting poor.

Three prows arrived in port to-day from Bali.

I have now above twenty boys in my Malay school. Bro. Dick. has nearly twenty. Wife has engaged three girls, and has a prospect of getting more.

Put a small cheap looking glass in my Bugis boys' lodging room. They have not seen their own faces before, except in water.

Mr. Ballestier thinks of buying "Batu Bel-ayer", the nutmeg and clove farm of the London Society, we *suppose* for a brother of his who is coming here to live.

Killed a scorpion. The sting of the scorpion produces intense pain for two or three days, and if not attended to properly, death. They are very scarce here, as well as other venomous animals.

Bro. Dick. is getting popular among the English.

An umbrella stolen from us in broad day light. A few days before, a block tin roll mould, worth perhaps four or five dollars. The man who stole bro. T.'s trunk is now in jail waiting for trial. He was detected by a money changer in the act of offering a sovereign for exchange. — We lose much precious time in securing property from thieves. We are locking and unlocking a considerable part of the time. Every thing is exposed to thieves, except houses and horses. The houses are too heavy to carry off, and the horses can not be run away with, because there is no place on the island to run to. Stables here have no doors. — It is impossible for the people of Christian country to understand how much they are indebted to the influence of Christianity for privileges and comforts which they never think of reckoning as such; for instance, the privilege of going out of their room a few minutes, without locking the doors after them.

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Specimen of Malay in

Roman Letters

Āpä	guná-nyä	ōräng	měng-ājār	käpādä	ōräng	lǎin	měn-urut
What	use of-it	man	teach	to	man	other	follow
jālän	yäng	bētul, kálu	íya	sīndiri	menurut	jālän	yang bīngkōk?
path	which	right, if	he	himself	follows	path	which crooked?
		straight					wrong

[p.286] [left column]

Specimens of the Characters

of Seven of

the East India Languages

The Chinese reads from top to bottom, and from right to left.

[[Chinese text]]

[right column]

The Siamese reads like English, from left to right.

[[Siamese [Thai] text]]

The Malay reads from right to left, like the Arabic, from which the alphabet is borrowed.

[[Jawi: dan kesudahanmu itu barangkali tiada jahu bahwa bertanya engkau juga akandirimu apakah halmu dalam akhirat.]]

The Bugis, spoken on the island of Célĕbĕs, reads from left to right. It is a sweet sounding language, and easy to acquire.

[[Bugis text]]

The Javanese reads from left to right. It is difficult.

[[Javanese text]]

The Bengállee, spoken at Calcutta and the adjacent country, reads from left to right. It is difficult to acquire.

[[Bengali text]]

The Tamul, or Kling, spoken at Madras, and all along the coast of Coromandel, reads from left to right. It is rather difficult to acquire. It is also spoken by part of the inhabitants of Ceylon.

These two last are not printed at Singapore. The Kling, Chinese, and Malay, are the three principal languages used here. They differ as much in sound as *can be*.