

From Prince William Quantamissah to the Rev. Thomas Pyne.

Cape Coast Castle, July 24, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is with much pleasure I take up my pen to inform you by these few lines from this place, that we safely arrived here on Monday, the 19th instant, after a long but comfortable and agreeable voyage of 63 days. We stopped at the following places, viz:—Madeira, Teneriffe, Saint Vincent, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Gbaville or Sinoe, and O. Cove. Indeed, I have no language to express my thanks to Captain Trotter and Bird Allen, for their great kindness to us during our voyage.

I wish you very particularly to tell our friends, that the statement that the King has put Coitachu (Korinchi) to death, in a manner that will disgrace the true Christians, and the civilized ears to hear, is an error. I thank the great and merciful God, that Coitachu is alive, but is no longer the chief of Adams; Governor McLean, who knows much of the King of Ashantee, said Coitachu was a bad man, and used to employ women to ensnare the traders.

The climate in this place is very healthy, and Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, and all the missionaries and their wives, are extremely well, and so are all the unchristian Europeans here. I use the word *unchristian*, because their ways are not perfect. There are two messengers just come from his Majesty to inquire whether we have arrived or not; and when they saw us they could not express their surprise and joy, and they said the King and my mother were so anxious to hear about us, that they could not stop a day at Cape Coast, but went away immediately to tell his Majesty. I have no news to tell you at present, and as I have written to you from Madeira, St. Vincent, and other places, and have received no answer yet,* I shall wait a little till I go to Kumasi. My love to all my friends, and accept the same yourself from yours, affectionately.

WILLIAM OSSOO QUANTAMISSAH.

From Prince John Anshah to the Rev. T. Pyne.

Cape Coast Castle, July 26, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR—I feel always happy and delighted when I take my pen to write a letter to you, and particularly the thought of coming to England to dearest Mr. Pyne, really I feel a great comfort. Through the mercy of a good and gracious God, we arrived safely at this place on the 19th July, after an interesting stay at Sierra Leone. In this place we received very kind attentions shown to us by Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, the acting Governor, the officers, and some of the missionaries. Mr. Morgan, the chaplain, kindly took us to see his interesting school of African children. I was indeed delighted to hear them read, so correct and distinct! The master asked them several questions in Scripture and in geography, and they gave such answers that made me quite feel that, *through the blessing of God, our country will not remain long before she sees the light of the Gospel.* We visited the Wesleyan Missionaries in the town, and they very kindly took us also to see their school, and we were pleased with it too. May the Lord help us to do good for our country, and to hasten the time for our people to hear the name of the Saviour, and to become His servants. Another thing surprised and interested me much, was to find so many different tribes from almost all parts of this vast continent, who have been torn away from their fatherland; for the sake of turning them into slaves—beasts of burden, to work with the whip—by their unmerciful masters; but now, instead of their being ill-treated, the Lord has pleased to bring Britons forward to put down this abominable traffic and to defend the weak; and they now enjoy their liberty in that free town. Some of them are in this good Expedition, going as missionaries and interpreters, to tell their countrymen how dear England is wishing for their welfare and their happiness. I am very glad to tell you that only one Ashantee, or Ashantee man, was in the town. He was taken in the war with Sir Charles McCarthy. He is a serjeant in the African corps. The Major was kind enough to turn the troops out for us to see how our countrymen can do; and he exercised them wonderfully well.

We stopped at Sierra Leone a week; after an interesting visit, we set off for Monrovia, in Liberia, an American colony. We came there in three days. We went to shore. Saw very bad huts. The governor's house is, perhaps, the only good

one in the place. No doubt you know the object of this colony. To see such an insignificant place like that, (you cannot imagine how bad the place is—my disappointment is beyond anything,) having an opposition newspaper, although there are not more than 20 Americans there, is quite laughable. No nation on earth will do such a thing with the exception of those who hypocritically call their land the *Land of Liberty*.

We left this place after a short stay, with the intent of going to Cape Coast; but our coals got short in the way, so we called in a town near Cape Palmas, named Greenville, on the Sinoe River, for wood, and stopped five days there. We went on shore with the captain. The natives all Krumen; saw them doing their barbarous custom in dancing; also saw them tormenting a goat for their idols awfully. I did not like the sight; I withdrew from them.

After a long and interesting voyage, we have safely arrived here. Captain Trotter, Mr. Fish-bourne, and all the officers, were very kind to us. Dr. McWilliam was kind enough to learn us how to use our medicine chest. When we anchored we went on shore with Captain Trotter, and the Governor received us kindly. There is no particular news in the town which I could mention to you now, but that it will not be long before we proceed to Kumasi. I am quite well, and may I trust that this letter will find my dear Mr. Pyne in the enjoyment of good health. You do not know how often I look at your picture. I cannot wish for a better likeness, Captain Trotter says, and better present; and I am quite agreed with him. I remain, dearest Sir, yours very affectionately.

JOHN OSSOO ANSAH.

* Sufficient time had not elapsed for the arrival of letters from England to Cape Coast.

† Prince W. Quantamissah is about 22 years of age.

‡ Prince Anshah is about 15 years of age.

MISSIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA, AND THEIR EFFECTS.

EVERY succeeding month brings glad tidings from Africa. When the London Missionary Society commenced its operations in that degraded quarter of the globe (says the report of the Cape Town Auxiliary), "one station only had been commenced by the Moravian brethren, and it is probable that a few Christians felt the necessity of instructing their domestics; but this was the whole amount of labour rendered by the Christian church for the inhabitants of this vast continent; they were without knowledge, without civilization, without God and without hope, in the world." Now, says our intelligent and conscientious friend, the Rev. S. Dyer, "The Scotch brethren, the Moravians, the Wesleyans, and our own Missionaries, are all doing much good. In Caffreland, and other quarters, education, civilization and conversions, are all progressing; and as for Cape Town I have seen and heard for myself. The principal booksellers' shops are stocked with Bibles and religious books—the work of education goes on well—infant schools and adult schools are thriving; and there are many missionary hearts beside the hearts of Missionaries. From the Minister of the Dutch church I obtained some interesting accounts of the working of negro emancipation; and had the friends of Africa heard his statements their hearts would have leaped for joy like mine. Many of the Dutch boers are indignant with the Missionaries—and why? Because, say they, the Missionaries have done them an irreparable injury! what a testimony to the fruits of Missionary Societies! What they call injury is only justice to Africa." With joy and thankfulness may we adopt the expression of assurance from our valued brother, "The blessing of Africa will surely come upon Britain."—*Missionary Magazine*.

DECLINE OF SOCIALISM.—Out of the 58 places where socialism formerly was progressing, there are only 39 left in which its principles are openly taught and acknowledged? In only three out of these thirty-nine branches do their numbers exceed 100; in eight others their numbers are 50, and below 100; in thirteen the numbers are 20, and under 50; and in neither of the remaining fifteen branches does the number of members reach 20, while it goes down so low as three. It will also be seen, that of the 39 living branches, 21 are considerably in arrears with the executive—the amount, in some instances, approaching very nearly to £60.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MOST MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

WE have this day to record one of the most distressing and heart-rending events which has ever occurred in this colony. On the forenoon of Monday week, as has been already mentioned in the newspapers, the two eldest daughters of Mr. John Meagher, residing on the Preston road, the one seven and the other only five years of age, lost themselves in the woods at no great distance from their father's habitation, and the anxious efforts of the afflicted family in search of them that evening proved fruitless and unavailing. The melancholy tidings soon spread abroad, and excited, as will readily be believed, a most extraordinary sensation in Preston, Cole Harbour, Dartmouth, and also through this city. Large parties proceeded on Tuesday and the following days in different directions in quest of these helpless sufferers; a coloured man reported that he heard their cries at a great distance on Tuesday afternoon, and towards the end of the week a fragment of one of their garments was found covered with blood. The impatient anxiety of thousands could not rest satisfied until a last and combined search was made on the forenoon of the Lord's day in the neighbourhood of the place where the bloody piece of cloth had already been found, and soon after noon the mortal remains of these lost wanderers were discovered by the piteous howlings of a dog belonging to Mr. Cuny, one of the party, near the summit of a rocky eminence, more than 7 miles distant from their father's house, firmly locked in each others' embrace, the elder daughter as if endeavouring to protect and to shelter the lifeless body of her infant sister. The report of their discovery soon spread in all directions through the surrounding woods, and in a short time two or three hundred persons were collected at this retired and lonely spot, to witness this sad spectacle; and we have been informed by one of the spectators that there was not a tearless eye in the whole assembly. It is impossible to conceive, far less describe, the excruciating sufferings that these little children must have endured from anxiety, from cold and from hunger, before death came to their relief. Their lifeless bodies, stretched side by side, bore lamentable proofs of the scars and injuries which they received in wandering through the pathless wilderness, their feet and legs being completely covered with wounds and bruises. The countenance of the younger child still wore a calm and placid expression, and betrayed but few symptoms of grief; but we shall never forget the care-worn and agonized features of the elder sister, who, though only seven years of age, had the appearance of a person of fifty or sixty. Distressing as this calamity is, almost beyond precedent, it is a consolation to the afflicted parents, and to the whole community, that their fate has been ascertained, and their bodies have been found, and the sorrowing mother expressed a melancholy satisfaction that she had them once more with her before they were laid in the grave. We sincerely sympathize with this bereaved family, whom the Lord has severely wounded, and we fervently pray that this awful dispensation may be sanctified to them, and to all who read this brief narrative.—*Hal. Guardian*.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

The *Christian Almanack*, published at Dusseldorf, contains the following interesting anecdote of the late King of Prussia.

The King and Queen were standing at the window of the Palace, the Queen holding in her arms the young Prince Royal (the present King of Prussia), who was amusing himself with some gold pieces, when an old man, poor, but decently dressed, approached the window, and bowing low to the Royal couple, of whose real rank he was ignorant, said to the king,

"Will mein Herr kindly give something to a poor old man, forsaken by his ungrateful daughters, and whose only son serves in the army?"

His Majesty replied in a tone of sympathy, "My friend, I have not my purse about me, but address yourself to this lady, who, as you see, gives her children gold pieces to play with, she probably have some to offer to a poor father deserted by his children in his old age."

The Queen immediately gave the young Prince four Frederics d'or, saying, "My dear Fritz, give these to the poor man." The Prince joyfully