

ed mass of living beings to my quiet resting place, I could not but compassionate the state of these sons of Ham, who are as sheep without a shepherd, and who might truly say "No man careth for my soul." There is but one Christian Missionary among untold thousands, and probably millions, of these people; hence they literally perish for lack of knowledge; for although they universally believe in the existence of God, yet their ideas of Him are confused and grovelling: for they seem to speak of Him as though He were like themselves, only, possessed, perhaps, of a little more power; and I very much doubt whether they regard God as more powerful than their King. They also believe in a future state of existence; and they think that the next world is just like the present. Hence, a King or Chief here must, according to their views, be a King or Chief hereafter; and hence, also, he must have his servants and slaves sent after him, to wait upon him. And from these views arose the cruel custom of murdering the poor defenceless servants and slaves. As soon as a Chief dies, his successor, who is his nephew, gives orders for the decapitation of some of the deceased's faithful attendants; and at such times they may be seen fleeing for their lives out of the town, to take refuge in the forest, among the panthers; having more confidence in these ferocious animals, than in their brutal fellow-men.

On one occasion, I was returning from a walk in the bush, and was met by several persons, who seemed to be in great haste, and to be much affrighted. The last of the train was a man who was urging along a female with a child to her back, apparently his wife. After they had passed by me, I looked after them; the man, observing me, looked back, placed his fingers upon his lips as token of impos-

ing silence upon me, and was immediately out of sight. I was not at a loss in guessing the reason of this strange conduct; and when I came into town, I soon learnt that a master of these poor creatures had just died. I sent a person in search of them, in order to minister to their necessities; but they could not be found: but I afterwards heard that the executioners found some of them, and killed them.

In a few hours after the death of a person of rank, his friends assemble, and commence the funeral custom by sacrificing human victims; daubing over their faces, arms, and legs with red ochre; putting on dirty clothes; fasting; drinking rum; dancing about the streets: firing muskets; and by assuming the appearance and manners of maniacs. The women, too, join with the men, and their funeral songs are plaintive and affecting; in which they lament their departed friend, and shed abundance of tears, clap their hands and sometimes seem to be given up to frenzy.

After thus parading the streets, and collecting all who feel inclined to join them, the principal friends of the deceased despatch their executioners after the intended victims; but the manner in which these human bloodhounds obey the orders is too horrible for description. The victims being brought, the multitude sit down in groups around their several Chieftains, and take delight in seeing their fellow-creatures butchered. Unless we knew it to be matter of fact, we could hardly believe that such beings existed out of the bottomless pit; and indeed I have often thought, that if there be any beings more like fiends than others, it must be the Asthanti executioners. I could tell you many things which would make you shudder. I have known more than a hundred killed in a day at the death of a Prince; so that the streets have been literally