

murder attended with such horrible atrocities, and I naturally muse on the question, Can nothing be done to put a stop to such fiend-like barbarity?

*The Need of Faith, Patience, and Prayer.*—In a letter accompanying his journal, Mr. Edgerley says, I admit the external view of matters here still appears discouraging, but when has Satan ever surrendered his powerful kingdom without a contest? In the superstitious, the terrorism, and the murders that abound here, the eye of faith sees only a greater necessity for strenuous exertions and unceasing prayer. At Old Town we have more of the extraneous adjuncts which give interest to missionary operations; here the people are perishing, and they are willing to perish; but if one soul only should be plucked as a brand from the everlasting burning, it would be ample recompense for the labours, expense, and prayers that have been bestowed. The seed now being sown is not lost; it is not as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. It is the word of Him who has declared that "His word will not return void." Here is an ample field for missionary operations in the very inlet to the Qua country, and from this I believe that the beams of the sun of righteousness will diverge and at no distant period illuminate the numerous towns of the interior, bringing its now degraded inhabitants out of the service and thralldom of sin and Satan into the service and the joy of the ever living and true God.—*U. P. Mis. Record.*

### WESTERN CENTRAL AFRICA.

#### THE OVERTHROW OF FETISHISM AMONG THE FANTEES ON THE GOLD COAST OF AFRICA.

*Fetishes.*—The Fetish is the idol of the Fantee. It corresponds to the *juju* of Old Calabar. The Fantees of the Gold Coast, like the *Bibees* of Calabar, acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being, but they cannot be said to worship Him. "They believe, however," says Mr. Cruickshank, "that this Supreme Being, in compassion to the human race, has bestowed upon a variety of objects, animate and inanimate, the attributes of Deity, and that he directs every individual in the choice of his object of worship." This choice, once made, the object becomes the "Souman," or idol of the individual. It may be a block, a stone, a tree, a river, a lake, a mountain, a snake, an alligator, a bundle of rags, or whatever the extravagant imagination of the idolater may pitch upon. From the moment that he has made his choice, he has recourse to this god of his in all his troubles. He makes oblations to it of rum and palm oil; he lays offerings before it of oil and corn; he sacrifices to it fowls and goats, and sheep, and smears it with their blood; and as he performs these rites, he prays it to be propitious to him, and to grant him the accomplishment of his petition. These rites and supplications are directed exclusively to his idol, without any ulterior reference in his mind to the Supreme Being. During their performance the idolater is sometimes wrought up to a high pitch of excitement and, under the influence of his phrenzy, deludes himself with the idea that his idol has mysteriously communicated with him, and granted an answer to his prayer. He is thus directed, by an extraordinary self-delusion, to the adoption of some ceremonious rite; from the performance of which he expects to obtain the object of his wishes. Nothing can exceed the absurdity of these rites. They have no reference whatever to the subject of petition as a means to an end. To restore to health a sick child, to shield from danger a friend engaged in some perilous enterprise, or to draw down destruction upon an enemy, the idolater may, perhaps, surround his house with a string of wither, hang up some filthy rags to the branch of a tree, or nail a fowl to the ground by means of a stake driven through its body." It is manifest that the poor blinded negro imagines that this object which he has selected as his god, whatever may be the material of which it consists becomes the residence of a supernatural being, in whose power are his life and all his ways. The following case will give our readers an idea of the influence which the Fantees ascribe to the fetish.—A slave woman had a fetish, which was regarded as being very dangerous. Her master died; and an enquiry being made at the priest as to the cause of his death, the answer was, that it was to be attributed to this woman's bad fetish. She was seized, and was about to be put to death when she contrived to make her escape carrying her fetish with her. Sometime afterwards she was discovered in another part of the country by a member of her master's family, who assaulted and beat her, and knocked the fetish which she was carrying off her head. Enraged at this treatment, she poured out an offering of rum before the fetish, and invoked its wrath upon the family of the aggressor. In the course of a few years six members of his family died, and a seventh became dangerously ill. All this was believed to be the effect of the wrath of the fetish. The man was dreadfully alarmed, and was ready to do anything to deliver himself from the doom under which he was lying, and to regain the favour of the idol. He sought out the woman, brought her before a court, and demanded, first, that she should be given up to him as his slave, and, next, that the dreaded fetish should be taken from her and delivered into his hands, in order that he might have the means of appeasing its anger. In pleading his cause he was so influenced by his superstitious fears, and so anxious to gain his end, that his voice trembled, and the large drops of perspiration rolled down his face. The woman did not deny the things alleged against her, and seemed to experience a malicious satisfaction in what had occurred. She was most unwilling to part with her fetish, as it was by it, she al-

leged, that she gained her subsistence. It was decided by the court that the fetish should be given up to her master on the condition of her obtaining, in exchange for it, her own liberty, and that of her daughter and four grand-children, an agreement to which she with difficulty consented. Here, then, was a fetish which this woman preferred to her own freedom and that of five of her family, and for which the master was willing to give six slaves. And what did this terrible thing consist of? "It was," says our author "brought into court carefully covered over with a white cloth, which, on being removed, gave to view a brass pan containing a lump of clay, with parrot's feathers stuck in it."

### TWEN DAYS IN TIPPERARY: OR, NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE IRISH MISSION.

BY ONE OF THE MISSIONERS.

For the sake of some of our readers, it may be well to explain that, in the spring of the present year, a paper was read in London, by the Rev. Dr. Steane, to the friends of the Evangelical Alliance, proposing a special mission of one hundred ministers to some chosen district of Ireland, to preach the Gospel, chiefly in the open air, on week day and Sabbath day, for the space of one month. The proposal was approved and adopted, and measures were forthwith set on foot for its execution. The month of August was the one fixed upon, and Connaught the province originally intended as the sphere of operation, because there, it was believed, the ministers would be kindly received, and their plan carried out with comfort, and some hope of success. For reasons which is not necessary here to state, the field of labour was suddenly changed from the west to the south—a change which had a great influence on the mission—but which the writer is fully persuaded has been, and will yet be, overruled for much good.

It is proper to premise, that no one is responsible for the sentiments contained in this paper, save the writer of it; nor does he wish in the slightest degree to compromise the friends who projected the mission, or to reflect on any one. His object is simply to state facts and events as they occurred, that, if possible, the scheme may appear in its true light. He it observed, also, that reference is made, all but exclusively, to the experience of the Tipperary section, which, however, it is thought, may be taken as a tolerably fair sample of the whole.

Arrived in Dublin, the brethren were sent down in little bands of eight, to the districts marked out for them, there to be subdivided as circumstances might dictate. They started, doubtless, with fear and trembling, to the stronghold of Irish popery, yet not without hope that they would be allowed to speak to the people in the house and by the wayside. But the project had been made public, and the priests being forewarned were also forearmed. They organized a general and fierce opposition, and excited the people to the highest pitch of fury. During the first week of the mission, the riots at Limerick and Clonmel had taken place, and considerable alarm prevailed about the safety of the missionaries.

Of the wilful misrepresentations and gross falsehoods published in the Roman Catholic press, and especially in the *Limerick Reporter*, concerning the speech and deportment of the missionaries, we have not time, and scarcely patience to speak. Were it not that wrong impressions respecting our prudence might rest on the minds of some friends at home, these false statements should be passed over in silence. Suffice it to say here, that not a single controversial sentence was uttered, and that Mr. Dickenson at Limerick, instead of being "heard patiently for twenty-five minutes, until he made an indecent assault on the blessed Virgin," never named the Virgin at all, and was assailed by the fiendish yell of the mob before he had finished the reading of his text!

After the riots at Limerick and Clonmel, the question in the committee rooms in Dublin for twenty-four hours was, "Shall we proceed to occupy the other stations, and, as far as possible, work out our plan?"—It was at length unanimously resolved that we should; and then the question was put, Who will go to Tipperary? Eight immediately stood up, of whom the writer was one. Next morning, with no small measure of anxiety, and after earnest prayer for divine direction, we set forth, followed silently by friends who found it inexpedient to show any sign of recognition, because both they and we were tracked and pointed out by priestly spies, some of whom followed us to our destination.—Four of our number went to the town of Tipperary, and other four to Cahir, a few miles farther to the south-east. The Cahir subdivision found comfortable lodging under the roof of a kind Christian lady; and a large room, used as a place of worship by the Plymouth Brethren, was placed at our service for the holding of meetings. We imagined that the lines had fallen to us in a pleasant place; and so in some respects they had; for the town and its environs are beautiful—reminded us of our own Bridge of Allan; the soil is proverbial for its fertility, and the climate is remarkably fine. "Only man is vile." We soon discovered this. Scarcely had we seated ourselves in our lodgings, when in walked the sub-inspector of police, and, after stating that the priest was running about much excited, asked if we intended to preach in the open air—assuring us that, if we made the attempt, he could not guarantee the peace of the town, or our safety, and that he would require the aid of at least forty-men to shield us from the fury of the mob. We gave him our assurance that we would not preach in the open air without sending him previous notice, and he left us. We then sallied forth, two and two, in different directions, to survey the beauties of the place, dreading no