

right, erected on the highest and boldest point of a distant promontory, was a small battery of eight guns, capable of sweeping the harbor or guarding its north west entrance against a hostile invasion; to the *left* was the large and strong fort, Charlotte, with its grim looking guns peeping down upon you in stern defiance, reminding you of England's might and England's valor. Immediately in front of you was *Kingstown*, the capitol, with its threefold range of streets running in lines with the curve of the harbor. Behind the town, hills rose upon hills, and mountains upon mountains, far as eye could reach, their bases dotted—*here* with the beautiful villas of the aristocracy of the island, and *there* with sugar-cane plantations—and their summits, groaning beneath primitive forests, clothed with the white drapery of heaven. Winding round the mountain roads crowds of negroes might be seen, the women arrayed in their muslin gowns of spotless whiteness and their many-colored turbaned headdresses, and the men with good beaver hats and broadcloth coats, some on horseback, some on foot, hastening to the house of prayer; and enlivening the monotony of the journey with heartfelt songs of praise. Whilst stretching out to the *West* hundreds of small islands dotted the sea, some presenting their stern granite fronts to the rough surges of the mighty Atlantic, and others covered with emerald green from base to summit. There they stood and gazed, and there they had stood and gazed for ages past, like watchers, sleepless, vigilant; observing the changing fortunes of their parent island under Carib domination, slavery's curse, or freedom's happier sway. The scene was worthy a poet's eye, and a painter's pencil. It repaid an ocean voyage; leaving its impress in indelible characters upon the memory.

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*A short sketch of his life and last hours. **

My father was born at Kennington Common, Surrey, on the 7th of June, 1790, a few months before the death of Wesley. He lost his mother when only four years old. His father, thus left a widower in middle life, did not marry again, but devoted himself to the nurture and training of his two little children. My father was deeply and lastingly attached to his sorrowing parent, whom he greatly resembled in thoughtfulness and judgment, in integrity,

* Written by his daughter, and read by the Rev. Dr. Hannah after the Funeral Sermon preached by him on the occasion of the death of that eminent servant of God, in City Road Chapel, London, June 14th, 1861.