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REVELATIONS OF A SLAVE SMUGGLER:

BEING THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CAPT. RICHARD DRAKE,

AN AFRICAN TRADER FOR FIFTY YEARS—FROM 1807 TO 1857;

DURING WHICH PERIOD HE WAS CONCERNED IN THE TRANSPORTATION OF
HALF A MILLION BLACKS FROM AFRICAN COASTS TO AMERICA.

WITH A PREFACE BY HIS EXECUTOR,

REV. HENRY BYRD WEST,

OF THE PROTESTANT HOME MISSION.



THE SLAVE CAPTAIN MAKING "HIS MARK."

NEW YORK:
ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
13 FRANKFORT STREET.

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THE MASSACRES IN SYRIA:

A FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE

Massacres and Outrages Suffered by the Christians
OF MT. LEBANON, DURING THE LATE CRUEL PERSECUTIONS IN SYRIA;

WITH

A SUCCINCT HISTORY OF MAHOMETANISM, AND THE RISE OF MARONITES, DRUSES, WAHABIES,
YEZIDEES, OR DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS, AND OTHER ORIENTAL SECTS; AND AN ACCOUNT OF

"THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN," AND HIS TRIBE OF ASSASSINS

COPIOUSLY ILLUSTRATED.



"They slay utterly old and young, both men and little children and women."—EZRA, ix. 6.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was in the summer of 1856, while engaged in a humanitarian tour of the river districts, that I met with the unfortunate man whose story, given in his own language, is related in the following pages. I found him in a deplorable condition, both of mind and body. The squalid room which he occupied was at the top of an old building in a narrow lane leading from the Bowling Green to Greenwich street. Its broken roof admitted the rains freely, and the filthy rags that constituted his bed, were reeking with puddled water which covered the floor. He was entirely friendless and neglected; and would have been thrown into the street by the landlord or agent, who kept a sailor's drinking place below, if his delirious situation had not precluded removal. Though familiar with scenes of suffering, so common in the degraded localities which hide, if they do not shelter, the poor of New York city, I could not but be shocked at the extreme desolation presented in this instance. The last ravages of consump-

tion combined with torture of mind to render their subject a deplorable ruin of humanity. Grey haired, with nearly seventy winters, and wasted almost to a skeleton, he seemed the naked type of outcast poverty; and yet there was something about his very destitution of friends and sympathy which, from the first, attracted my interest.

The mental state of this old man was worse, if possible, than his bodily condition; for, in his feverish ravings, he raved and threatened alternately all who approached him; and uttered incoherent words that indicated a conscience afflicted with remorse for crimes committed in his past life. I gathered enough from broken sentences to learn that he had been engaged in the SLAVE TRADE, and my feelings were at once pained and interested by the unhappy sufferer's despairing wretchedness. With an assurance to his landlord that I would be responsible for the cost, I obtained a promise of some little attention to the apartment, and took measures for procuring food and medicine, for want of which the invalid was perishing.

I need not enter into a history of the three months that intervened between my first knowledge of Philip Drake and his passage to another and I hope a better life. Let it suffice that I succeeded in interesting him as he interested me, and that the narrative which follows is an authentic record, as far as I can judge. It is simple, and, I believe truthful; and, though disclosing enormities almost beyond belief, does not, I am sure, exaggerate the horrors of that dreadful Traffic to which the man's whole life had been sacrificed.

Though the blood curdles at such atrocities as are here related, there is, unhappily, too much evidence to corroborate the facts; and we are fain to turn from the sickening recital, with Cowper's eloquent lines upon our lips, applied to

"THE GUINEA CAPTAIN.

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave?
Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood!
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells, he steals, he kills—for gold!
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bend round his bark, one blue, unbroken sphere;
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sunbeam circles o'er the waters shine;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,—
But, darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way!
When, swoll'n with hurricanes, the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies;
When, from the burden'd hold, his shrieking slaves
Are cast at midnight, to the hungry waves,—
Not for his victims, strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes, the harden'd Pirate weeps;
But, grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more!"

The story of Philip Drake is but one of a thousand similar records of wickedness which the Slave Trade of our day

might furnish. From all that transpired between myself and the dying man, from intimations and disclosures of *names*, *places*, and *dates*, that leave no doubt in my mind of the accuracy of his statements, I am convinced that the traffic is at this time carried on under circumstances of barbarity and recklessness which disgrace both civilization and Christianity. And when statements like the following, which I quote, are now so common as to be considered only every-day items of news, I think it full time that the disclosures which are made in this autobiography should be brought before a civilized and Christian public, as a reminder of its duty to humanity:

The Mobile 'Mercury' of the 22d July, 1860, says: "Some negroes who never learned to talk English, went up the railroad the other day. They did not get aboard at Mobile, but somewhere up in the piney woods country. It is not necessary to mention the particular place. There were twenty-five of them, apparently all of the pure, unadulterated African stock. Their destination is unknown. They may have been bound for Enterprise, to supply a demand which existed in that market some while ago for full-blooded African slaves, as per advertisement of sundry gentlemen up there, offering to buy such at a certain price. They were in charge of one who knows how to buy and sell negroes."

The New Orleans "Picayune" of the 27th, remarks that "It is believed that the slaver lately burned off the coast of Cuba, whose crew were a few days since brought into Key West, was the bark Sultana, Capt. Bowen, which cleared at New York, the 26th of January, for Rio Zaire and a market. She was sold in December, 1859, for \$15,000, to a foreign firm in New York, for a Havana house. She was fitted out at the foot of Fourth street, East River. It is said that she landed some 1,200 to 1,300 negroes in Cuba before she was burned."

"A 'Congo Club,' being in favor of *reopening the slave-trade*, has been organized at Port Gibson, Miss. T. G. Humphreys has been elected President, and Rufus Shoemaker Secretary."

An account, dated *Nassau*, N. P., July 28, 1860, alludes to the last slave vessel overhauled on our coast:

"A not very large schooner, supposed to be American, struck on the back of Lanyard or Little Harbor Bay, Abaco, on Wednesday night last, and went to pieces. The people from Cherokee Sound found the wreck and saved 360 Africans, who, as just reported, are here. Some were drowned, some died from lassitude, and some of the crew were also drowned. Of these latter who were saved, all appear to be Spaniards or Portuguese, two of whom speak English; but among the blacks appears an intelligent fellow, dressed, who speaks Spanish, and is evidently a decoy duck, used by the traders."

"The condition of the Africans is anything but pleasing; they appear to have scurvy and ophthalmia, and seem to be half starved. Men, boys and girls (there are no women) are all perfectly naked. The original captain had cut his throat and jumped overboard before the vessel struck."

The following, from the N. Y. "Herald" of August 5, 1860, gives a hint concerning our method of importation:

"Padre Island, or rather Father Island, is called so, from being the largest of a number of similar islands along the Gulf coast of Texas, and is about a hundred and twenty-five miles long, by from one to two miles in width. It is an island, because between it and the main shore of Texas there exists a regular belt or estuary of the sea, extending from the harbor of Brazos Santiago to Corpus Christi. Its adaptability has made Padre Island a resort for the initiation of those measures which were necessary in order to make popular a matter of vital importance to the South. To have boldly ventured into New Orleans, with negroes freshly imported from Africa, would not only have brought down upon the head of the importer the vengeance of our very philanthropic Uncle Sam, but also the anathemas of the whole sect of philanthropists and negrophilists everywhere. To import them for years, however, into quiet places, evading with impunity the penalty of the law, and the ranting of the thin-skinned sympathizers with Africa, was gradually to popularize the traffic by creating a demand for laborers, and thus to pave the way for the GRADUAL REVIVAL OF THE SLAVE TRADE."

"To this end, a few men, bold and energetic, determined, ten or twelve years ago, to commence the business of importing negroes, slowly at first, but surely; and for this purpose they selected a few secluded places on the coast of Florida, Georgia and Texas, for the purpose of concealing their stock until it could be sold out. Without specifying other places, let me draw your attention to a deep and abrupt pocket or indentation in the coast of Texas, about thirty miles from Brazos Santiago. Into this pocket a slaver could run at any hour of the night, because there was no hindrance at the entrance, and here she could discharge her cargo of movables upon the projecting bluff, and again proceed to sea inside of three hours. The live stock thus landed could be marched a short distance across the main island, over a porous soil which refuses to retain the recent foot-prints, until they were again placed in boats, and were concealed upon some of the innumerable little islands which thicken on the waters of the Laguna in the rear. These islands, being covered with a thick growth of bushes and grass, offer an inscrutable hiding place for the 'black diamonds.'"

That the experience of one repentant slaver, as given in Philip Drake's narrative, may have some influence in directing public scrutiny into the implication of our country with the worst horrors of Slave Trading, I heartily hope and pray. The poor, misguided being whose confession I here present, is now at rest; and his last hours, I may remark, were soothed by an earnest confidence in the mercy of our Almighty Father. Whatever were his errors, I trust they are atoned for by his contrition; and in placing his autobiography before the world, let me be permitted to share his last wish—that this faithful record may serve some good purpose, in calling attention to the Crimes of the Slave Trade.

HENRY BYRD WEST,

Of the Protestant Home Mission.

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REVELATIONS OF A SLAVE SMUGGLER.

CHAPTER I.

My Orphanage—Stockford Workhouse—Life in a Mill—My Uncle's Visit—Experiences in Moss-picking—Sickness and a new Friend—I am shipped off.

I NEVER saw my father. He was a seafaring man, sailing as mate of a coaster. He was lost in a gale four months after his marriage with my mother, who was the daughter of a spinner in one of the cotton-mills of my native town of Stockford, England. My mother's father was more than an ordinary laborer; for I have heard said that he invented a method of making colored velvets, that turned out very profitably to his employers, though he, poor man, was never benefited by it.

My earliest recollections are of a pale-faced, melancholy little woman, propped up in bed, who used to hold me in her slender arms, and kiss me, with tears in her eyes. Afterward, I remember a room full of strange people, a red box, and a man standing beside it, talking in a loud voice; then a dismal walk through the rain, to a field where some men were digging a hole. God help me! I could not then realize that I looked upon a grave; that it was my mother's, and that I was an orphan.

I could not have been more than four years of age when that event took place, but I soon commenced the experience of a friendless orphan's lot in life. Some of that experience is as fresh in my mind now, when I can reckon sixty-nine years, as if it were only of yesterday. Many bitter incidents, many persecutions and wrongs, could I recall, if I were writing these pages for effect, or to gain sympathy. I might count the days of my boyish existence, like the steps of a hard journey over a lonesome road. Often, in the course of my roving, I have heard comrades or acquaintances wish themselves children again; but I can say with truth, I never felt such a desire in my worst times. A neglected orphan can have very few early pleasures to regret.

To make a long story short, I will only remark that I lost my best friend when my poor mother died, and left me a charge to the parish. It would do no good at this time to narrate all that I endured for the five years that I spent in Stockford workhouse. I was a sickly child, and knocked about by everybody, till at ten years I was sent to the mill to be a *piecer*, as my grandfather had been a *spinner* of the cotton. Here, for two years, I learned what it was to stand on my feeble little legs, during sixteen, and sometimes eighteen hours in twenty-four. Often, when I sunk under the task, completely beaten out, I had my faculties roused up quickly by a savage box on the ear, or a

kick, if I happened to fall down. I was obliged to tie up the threads, with my eyes blinded by tears, and my poor head dizzy enough, till one night I gave out completely, and had to be packed off to the workhouse again. Here I nearly died of a lingering fever.

My pride, if I have any left, might induce me to conceal these circumstances of my humble youth. But what has a dying man to do with pride? I have had enough of it in the world, with plenty of shame and guilt, too, as my story must reveal. If this early poverty were the only subject of uneasiness to be remembered, it would be well for my conscience to-day.

When I was taken away from the mill, I had just turned my eleventh year, but in size and looks was inferior to many children of nine. Three months of low fever and workhouse doctoring did not improve me much; and I was, without doubt, a very pitiful object when a relation came unexpectedly to inquire about me. It was an uncle, by my mother's side, who had run away to sea when a boy, and never revisited Stockford till this occasion, when he found his father and sister dead for many years, and learned that his only relative was a lad in the workhouse. The result was, that either out of curiosity or pity, he came to see me one day, just when I had crawled from my bed, and was lying on a bit of grass near the gate. I recollect well my bewilderment when our work-master walked up, in company with a swarthy-featured stranger, and called out to me, "Look sharp, my lad, and you'll see your uncle!"

I did "look sharp," I've no doubt, and saw a man about thirty years old, dressed in a jaunty suit of sailors' shore clothes, with a broad palm-leaf hat on his head, round gold rings in his ears, and heavy gold watch seals hanging from his fob. Such a grand-looking personage, introduced as an uncle, filled me with astonishment; and I have no doubt that my relative was quite as much taken aback by my forlorn and neglected appearance. However, he spoke kindly to me, gave me a few halfpence, and told me to cheer up, stop blubbering, and try to be a man. Soon afterward he walked away with Mr. Crump, the master, and I was left to my own reflections concerning the newly-discovered relationship. He never came to the workhouse again; but, as I learned at a future time, he left some money with the parish overseers, to be expended for my use, and promised to look out for me as I grew older.

This brief visit, and the idea it gave, that there was one human being in the world who acknowledged kindred with me, made an epoch in my miserable boyhood. Long after the occurrence I used to dream at night of the bronzed face, black, sparkling eyes, and blue sailor rig of my mother's brother; and sometimes my fancy would indulge in dreams of his powerful protection and a share in the enormous riches which his gold watch-keys denoted him to possess.

But I found out that dreaming was not reality. No sooner was I able to walk about once more, than a new arrangement was made for my services by the parochial authorities, and I was again let out, without articles, to a cushion-maker. My experience in a cotton-mill had not imparted a relish for labor, but any change was preferable to pauper gruel and drugs; so I gladly bade good-bye to Stockford Union and its frowning Master Crump. "Mind your catechism, lad," was his last growling injunction. "You're not long for this world, any how, or you'd be articulated reg'lar; but while you're spared, you must work sharp and mind your catechism!"

I cowered, as usual, under the master, and thanked him for the new catechism, in blue paper covers, which he presented on parting. Nearly six years of stripes, starvation, sickness, and abuse, in the Union, had made more im-

pression on my youthful memory than the meagre lessons in orthography imparted by the portly master and his termagant wife. Still, through slow and bungling teaching, I had learned to read before I was sent to the mill; and since my illness I pored a great deal over the only book thus far known to me, which was the English Church Catechism. Therefore, I may thank that workhouse for the first bits of education I received.

My employment under the cushion-maker was one quite suitable to make the overseer's prediction true regarding my short life. I was placed in a close, hot shed, in which was a machine called "the picker," driven by steam, and used to cut and hackle the matted moss for cushion-stuffing. It was a revolving cylinder, stuck full of narrow knives, or sharp nails, that seized hold of the dry, tangled moss, separating and loosing its fibres. My business was to feed the machine constantly, and to pick out all sticks or knots before they got in contact with the spikes. An older lad attended with me the first day, and next morning I was left to work alone.

I had looked back on my two years' slavery as a *piecer* in the cotton-mill with feelings of horror; but before I passed a week in the picking shed, I think I would have gone back to my mill without murmuring. It was mid-summer season, and through the open door I could see the green fields, the trees, and the cattle lying in the shade. But around me a cloud of stifling dust was whirling continually. My ears, nose, and throat were choked with bits of flying moss; my head was addled by the dizzy noise of the whirling picker; my eyes were blinded by dirt and smarted with pain. All day, from daybreak to sunset, I was imprisoned in this horrible place, watching the devouring machine, and supplying its sharp teeth with new piles of moss. When I was let off at dark, I had a scanty supper of black bread and a pot of thin beer; and after this, was sent to sleep on a pile of dirty cushions in the loft over my picking shed.

On beginning this life, I was scarcely able to stand, from my recent sickness; but I continued to undergo the new torture without complaining, during several weeks. I felt myself failing, however, and soon contracted a cough from the constant irritation of my lungs by the moss-dust. Six months, I have no doubt, would have finished me, had it not been for a timely accident, which occurred in the fifth or sixth week. My left hand was caught by the picking knives, and two joints of the third and little fingers nearly stripped to the bone.

As I was not regularly indentured, my cushion-making employer declined the expense of supporting me whilst invalided; so the parish overseers were obliged to receive me back, though much against their will. My wounded fingers were dressed and poulticed, but my cough resulted in a lung fever, which soon brought me again to death's door. About this time, I encountered the first friend I ever had—a boy, near my own age, who was a nephew of the parish curate. His name was Arthur Jackson, and, as he will be mentioned hereafter in these pages, I shall relate how he first became interested in my wretched fortunes.

It was about three weeks following my accident in the picking-shed, that I was reduced to the lowest stage of my lung disorder, and no one for a moment expected that I could survive. I had suffered so much, since I knew what existence was, that it is not to be supposed death could have much terror for me; but Mr. Crump, the master, was not willing to have me go without being made sensible of fear. He came to my mattress at night, with the curate and the boy Arthur, whom I have mentioned. The clergyman asked me many questions, and shook his head at my replies. The work-master hoped I

might have mercy shown to me, but feared that I must suffer punishment, as I had been obstinate and heedless. They both prayed for me, and went away; but after a little while, the lad Arthur crept back, and took my shrunken right hand in his.

"Poor boy!" he said softly, "isn't your mother dead?"

I looked at him wonderingly, and answered that I supposed she was.

"But you had a dear mother *once*," said Arthur. "So had I; and when we were little, our mothers held us in their arms, and kissed us, and loved us very much."

"*Yours* might have," I answered; "but I'm a poor work'us boy! Nobody ever loved me!"

"Yes, indeed, poor fellow!" replied the boy. "And both our mothers are now with the angels, watching us, and waiting for us to come to them. You are going very soon, my uncle says, and oh, you will be so happy!"

I looked at this lad in amazement, as he clasped my thin hand in both of his, lifting it from the bed, whilst his eyes, filled with tears, were raised upward. A strange feeling came over me, and I felt my breath getting shorter.

"Oh! oh! boy," was all I could gasp, "*I love you!*"

It was an unaccountable impulse that prompted this exclamation, as if I suddenly felt that I had discovered something, and ought to tell of it. My agitation must indeed have been violent, for the effort at speech caused a vein to burst in my throat, and the next moment I fainted, the blood gushing from my mouth.

When I recovered consciousness again, it was to experience a dull, painful languor, and a sense as of weariness in all my limbs. But my fever had subsided. The hemorrhage of my throat relieved its inflammation, and my cough was much easier. For several hours I remained in a state like stupor, but at length a naturally healthy constitution began to fight against disease.

My first inquiry, when I found myself able to speak, was for the curate's boy. I felt a longing to see once more the only being who had ever spoken to me of a lost mother. Mr. Crump, at first, paid no attention to my entreaty, but when it was repeated several times, he commanded silence.

"Mr. Jackson's nephew, indeed!" he cried. "What is he to you, my lad?"

"Oh! if you will beg him to come to me!—if I could only see him again!" I implored, in trembling tones.

"Tut! tut!—be quiet," said the master; and turned away, in his usually pompous manner.

But the next morning Arthur Jackson did come, of his own accord, to the pauper boy's sick-bed, and through a long, sweet hour, I knew what it was to be happy, for the first time in my life. The next day, and succeeding one, saw the curate's nephew visit the workhouse, and his coming was to me better than air or medicine. I listened for his light, springing step on the stairs, and my hand was stretched to meet his before he opened the door. Even now, when nearly three score years have passed, I can recall my short interviews with Arthur Jackson with unmixed satisfaction. My earliest and best friend! can I hope to meet him again in the world I am going to?

Arthur was not a resident of Stockford. He was visiting his uncle, the curate, during his holidays, and thus it was by chance only that I met with him. Bitter was the intelligence to me that he must leave, and return to his school; and when, at length, his bright face faded from my poor bed-side, and I heard his departing step for the last time upon the stairs, it was as if the sun had gone down, and I was again on the brink of my grave.

It is not much to say, that I learned more of myself, and of all things, in those brief meetings with Arthur Jackson, than I had ever imagined before. His presence seemed to warm me, and I grew and expanded under it. Boy as I was, ignorant and depressed by hard usage, I could recognize this youth's intellect and grace, and it furnished me a standard, henceforth, to measure others. But during weeks that followed Arthur's departure, I could only dwell on his memory with grief, and wish myself dead, because it was hopeless for a pauper lad to think of him as a companion or a model.

As my general health improved, my lacerated hand also became healed, though I carry a mark of the accident to my grave, in the shrivelled first joint of my little finger. I was now twelve years old, and it became manifest to the Stockford parish authorities that it was time the town should be relieved of my charge. Unfortunately, I had a poor prospect for usefulness, on account of my repeated attacks of sickness, my apparent fragility, and a reputation among the town's folk of being a "luckless lad." Probably it was a consideration of these circumstances that induced an abrupt summons of myself and Mr. Crump before our parochial board of overseers, three stout, red-faced men, in powdered wigs, who sat at a green-covered table, with snuff-boxes before them. I well remember the fear and trembling that beset me, when the master pulled me roughly by the arm into their awful presence. They asked me if I would like to go to my uncle, to which I gave a joyful affirmative; and it was then concluded, doubtless, that I should, as soon as practicable, be packed off from the Stockford Union's parochial limits. A bundle of patched clothing, tied in an old Spitalfields handkerchief, new leather brogans, corduroy breeches and a red leather hat, were appropriated as my outfit, whilst a letter without fastening, but made formidable by a stamp in green wax, was addressed to "Maurice Halter, Boston, United States," and given to my charge as a future passport.

The day before I was to be placed on board the packet, there arrived a small square bundle, with my name superscribed, to the care of Mr. Crump. Great was the parochial curiosity to learn its contents, but my joy was greater when I found it to be a present—a present to me, the parish boy, from Arthur Jackson. It was that treasury of childhood, "Robinson Crusoe," in two volumes, and there came with it a few kind words from Arthur, written on a scrap of inclosed paper. How priceless that token of remembrance was to me! My tears fell upon the pictures, as I turned the leaves. I hid the precious volumes under my head, and cried myself to sleep, for the last time, in Stockford workhouse.

I need not dwell on my departure. I had no leaves to take. I was hustled away at day-break, to ride ten miles to the sea-port, from which a collier was to start for the Welsh coast, to intercept the Irish emigrant ship, as it left Holyhead.

It was a cold, drizzly morning when Mr. Crump tumbled me, with my bundle, over the wet side of the coal-lighter, on a deck crowded with shivering figures of old and young men and women, children like myself, and babes crying in arms. "Good bye, lad; study your catechism, and don't forget Old England!" was Mr. Crump's parting advice, with a shilling in my hand; and so I left my native shores, expatriated for the crime of poverty.

CHAPTER II.

An Irish Emigrant Ship—Typhus and Dysentery—Sharks fed with Passengers—Seventy-seven days' Passage—Arrival at Boston—Quarantine in Olden Time—A Search for an Orphan—I find a Friend in a Stranger—Dr. Thady Mooney—I adopt a Profession—A kind Couple—I lose my Protectors—The Scotch Apothecary, M'Intosh.

I WAS knocked about by the sailors, shoved aside by rough passengers, and nearly swept overboard by a swing of the sloop's boom, before I managed to creep under shelter, behind a huge pile of corded boxes and clothes-bags. The rain soaked through my brown stuff frock, and the tossing of the lugger sickened me, long before we made Anglesey light, and hove-to under lee of a weather-beaten packet-ship, from the Irish coast, bound for Boston, in the United States. The sea was rough, causing great confusion and difficulty in transferring the collier's freight; but at last it was effected, and, with some forty other English paupers, from various parishes, I found myself damped among four hundred Irish emigrants, in the steerage of the ship *Polly*, of Waterford, Captain Herring.

I have experienced many hardships, and seen bad voyages, in my life, as I shall have to relate hereafter, but my first taste of the ocean on board the *Polly* was a thing to be remembered. Child as I was, I knew not what arrangement had been made for my keeping, but during two days I was totally neglected by everybody. I crawled to a dark corner of the bulk-head, and lay coiled up, with my head on my little bundle. The ship's motion renewed my sickness, and through the long dark night I strained and gasped for breath, thinking to die every moment. In the morning I was unable to stir, from weakness. I could see the crowds of emigrants all around me, some lying still, some sick, others talking, laughing, or quarrelling. Women were cooking food, and old men smoking pipes, and the atmosphere was already close and stifling. No one came to my dark nook throughout the day, though heavy feet were incessantly tramping by. I heard cursing and groaning on every side. I was so deadly faint, that I could not have moved to escape being trodden on. In this way another night passed, my head getting dizzy, and my mouth dry and cracked, so that I could not utter a sound. After the second morning, I lost all consciousness, and for many days, as I learned afterward, was raving with fever.

But I need not recapitulate all the horrors I suffered in that voyage of seventy-seven days from land to land. I should have perished with hunger, in the first place, had it not been for the charity of a poor family, whose bed was stretched near my nook in the bulk-head. While the fever was on me they watched, and, I have no doubt, were the means of preserving my miserable life. Needy and wretched themselves, they shared their "bit and sup," as they called it, with the poor English orphan.

I think that packet ship, *Polly*, of Waterford, must have been as bad as any slaver that ever skulked the Middle Passage, with battened down hatches. She was 202 tons burden, and carried 450 odd steerage passengers. They were so thick between decks that the air became putrid, and whenever her sick squads were ordered up the gangways, one or more was sure to gasp and

die, with the first gulps of pure air. The steerage became pestilential before our voyage was half made, for the emigrants' beds were never cleaned, and whole families literally wallowed in poisonous filth. The bodies of men and women, and their tattered garments, were incrustated and impregnated with the most offensive matter. Typhus fever and dysentery soon broke out, and then the mortality raged fearfully.

Looking back through half a century to that long voyage from my native land, its main incidents are blurred in my memory; but I can recall enough to cause a shudder even now, after the many dreadful scenes which my life has since been familiar with. I can remember one day in particular, when I had clambered to the deck, and crept out to a coil of chain near the capstan. Thirty corpses were hauled up during the morning, and cast overboard, to feed a school of hungry sharks that constantly followed the vessel. Most of the bodies were women, with long hair, tangled in their filthy garments. No sooner did one of them strike the water, than two or three sharks snapped at it, till the ship's track was marked with blood. It was a sight that no after horror ever effaced from my mind.

The *Polly's* crew, when she left Ireland, consisted of but ten, and four died of dysentery before we were half way across the Atlantic. As all the passengers could not be stowed below the hatches, a sort of pent-house had been rigged on the quarter, where about fifty were barely sheltered from the elements. When I began to pick up a little strength, after my fever, I contrived to ingratiate myself with some of the deck people, and was allowed to make my bed behind a barricade of sea-chests, where, for twenty days, I was comparatively comfortable.

We had typhus first, and dysentery afterward, and the latter was the scourge of that voyage. The ship's provisions threatened to give out before our last mortality began, and though they were refuse stores of the worst kind, they had to be doled out in the most niggardly way. When dysentery commenced to thin off the passengers, there was enough and to spare of the oatmeal and damaged rice; but water grew scantier every day. Foul weather soon set in, and the *Polly* was driven from her course into the hot latitudes. Here a succession of hurricanes tossed her about, and the deck sheds were soon demolished. There was no alternative but to crowd all below hatches, and I was driven down with the rest, to undergo a month's torture with more than 300 sick and dying men, women, and children. In a few days I relapsed, and betwixt fever and dysentery, I hardly know how I survived the awful residue of that voyage. Ninety passengers died in the last four weeks. When we made the first light, off Cape Ann breakers, we had 186 left out of 450 odd passengers, and some of these died before landing.

I was in a pitiable condition—a skeleton, with dirty rags hanging loosely about me. I crawled on deck with the rest, and dragged myself to the gang-plank, where I fell down from sheer exhaustion, and lay in the thick slime of the scuppers. It would have mattered little to me, if some sailor had kicked me overboard out of his way; but neither sailors nor passengers took any notice of my cowering body. They were all engrossed with their own miseries. It was a chilly day, though the sun shone pleasantly enough. I watched the emigrants as they crowded, like spectres, in squalid groups, at the vessel's side, whilst her feeble crew of half a dozen were dropping anchor in the stream.

Nothing was to be seen on all sides but ghastly faces, and nothing heard but feeble moans, as the word went about that we were to be kept at the quarantine station. I had nothing to say, and no friends to take notice of

me; but my turn came with the rest to go ashore. I was glad, though weak and sick, to be scrubbed and washed; and I slept soundly under the tents, on clean straw, that first night of quarantine. The hospital wards were full, and most of our emigrants remained squalid; so the outside air was necessary to their disinfection. I afterward heard that some of the tents were removed from one spot to another daily, because the ground on which they stood became quickly unsafe from the impregnation of venomous vapors. Lime was then sprinkled over the deserted spots; all bedding and clothing were burned, and the Polly was fumigated for a week; but she never could be purified, and was afterward condemned and broken up as a pest ship. I arrived at Boston in April, 1802, and was over twelve years old, but looked younger. Sickness and hard usage had stunted my growth. During my first week ashore, huddled under canvas with the abler families, I got strength rapidly, and began to feel reconciled to my new quarters. As the emigrants were sent off in boat-loads, I used to wander on the beach, shaking hands with those I knew, and witnessing many sorrowful scenes when old-country people came off from the city to seek friends, only to find their names on the dead list. At last, one day, a visitor came inquiring for some one, and, much to my surprise, I was called out by the steward and presented to him. He was a little, spare old man, in a snuff-colored coat and rusty hat, and leaned on a cane at the tent opening, peering through green spectacles. I could feel his sharp eyes on me as soon as I made my appearance. He spoke quickly, with a slight touch of brogue. "Well, *gossoon*, is your name Thomas Driscoll?"

"No, sir," I answered; "my name is Philip Drake."

"It's not the lad at all!" cried the old man, addressing the steward. "Sure it's Thomas Driscoll, my daughter's poor orphan child, that I'm looking for, misther. Where's he, if you please, sir?"

"This young un's the last left of the Polly's freight," said the steward.

"And please, sir, I'm an orphan child," I ventured to say, as I fancied the old man was regarding me through his glasses. "A good many lads died in the ship—more'n twenty, sir!"

"And was Tommy Driscoll among 'em—d' ye mind?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Was he an Irish boy? There was an Irish boy, named Tommy, fell overboard," I replied, remembering an incident that had been talked over in the Polly's steerage.

The steward here remarked that the visitor might go up to the office, and look at the ship's list; and the two walked away, leaving me standing by the tent. In a short time, however, the old man returned alone, and came close to me, seeming to scan my face closely. "My lad, you're an orphan!" he said. "Do you mind where you're going?"

I stammered out that I believed I had no friends, and then broke into a fit of weeping, for I was still very weak.

"Cheer up, *gossoon*! The Lord, maybe, will open a gap for you," said the old man, taking my hand. "Tommy Driscoll is gone, poor orphan; but you're his age, and you've a look like my own Maggie's when she was little. So, if you like, I'll take ye with me and befriend you, lad."

The stranger's words and manners were so novel in their kindness, that I whimpered more violently than ever, and clung to the hand which had clasped mine, as if it were saving me from drowning. The old man patted my back, spoke a few encouraging words, and then marched me up to the steward's office, where some speedy arrangements were made for my transfer to a new protector. An hour afterwards, with my sole property—the workhouse bun-

dle—containing Mr. Crump's letter to my uncle, I was conveyed in a boat, with the old gentleman, to Boston wharves, and that night slept in the back crib of his shop, near Copp's Hill, at the north end of the city.

My new master, Mr. Thaddeus Mooney, was an apothecary, and lived with his wife in Sun Court, near what was then a busy thoroughfare—Ann street. The couple were both turned of sixty, and had kept the stand upward of twenty years, during which period they had contrived to scrape together a moderate competency. Doctor Thady, as the neighbors called him, was a quiet, serious old gentleman, dividing his whole leisure between his devotions (for he was a strict Catholic) and the reading of ancient books, piled on several shelves in the back-room of the dark store. I was soon initiated into all his habits, and made familiar with his character; and I can look back now through nearly sixty years, and discover no worthier and more harmless man in all I have come in contact with. If ever a good Samaritan lived, it was Dr. Thady Mooney. The poor blessed him, the rich respected him, and it was a gloomy day in Sun Court neighborhood when he was called to leave it.

Mrs. Mooney was as quiet and good-hearted as her husband, and I soon became attached to her. She called me her "English boy," and acted the part of a mother to me. My work was light, the hardest portion being to pound drugs in a big iron mortar, under a porch in the yard. I was encouraged to read, and the apothecary became my teacher in many useful studies. The summer glided by pleasantly. Winter came, and I was sent to a school connected with the Catholic Church. Mr. Crump's English Church catechism was discarded for another, and I grew to be a very devout repeater of my new creed. Perhaps it was Doctor Thady's evident satisfaction that stimulated me, but I soon became noted as a "good scholar," and great things were predicted concerning my future. Meantime, I learned to be quite expert in the shop, and was relied on as a compounder of simple prescriptions.

But my promising life in Doctor Thady's service was destined to have a speedy end. Another spring passed, and summer was half over when the malignant fever of 1803 broke out at the North End in Boston. Among its first victims was Mrs. Mooney, and she was soon followed by the doctor himself, who, exhausted by grief and watching, became delirious, and was taken away to die in a hospital. My escape was a miracle, for I attended them both to the last, and was left, when all was over, in sole charge of the little shop, till some distant relatives came to dispossess me.

I lost my kind protectors, and with them all fine prospects in the future. A Scotchman, named M'Intosh, succeeded to the business, and I was allowed, on a small stipend, to keep my place as assistant. But there were no more indulgences for me. My new employer was a thrifty, penurious man, intent on money-making. He began at once to compound for the market. Mixtures, pills, plasters, ink, were to be manufactured; and the pestle and mortar, the boiling-kettle and roller, were never to be idle. I had no longer any time for book-reading, and school was not to be thought of. Mr. M'Intosh was determined that I should earn my living; and I did so, from day-break to a late hour of the night, at constant drudgery. On Sundays, when the shop windows were closed, we put up pills in boxes, labelled "M'Intosh." My master hated the Catholics, and would not hear of my going to church. So passed another year of servitude, till I was turned of fourteen, and a little stouter and stronger. "Hard work," as M'Intosh said, "agreed with lads."

Whilst living like a son with Dr. Thady and his kind wife, I had devoted myself to study; and being pretty apt, had picked up a good many ideas. Under M'Intosh, I had no leisure for books, but I brooded over my lot a great

deal. The unsealed letter of Mr. Crump and the Stockford overseers, to my uncle, was still kept among my few valuables, and I often read it over, wondering if I should ever encounter Mr. Halter. Dr. Thady had made inquiries, without avail, and I had told my story to many Boston acquaintances, without being able to discover any trace of my lost relative. But we were soon destined to cross each other's paths again.

CHAPTER III.

My Uncle turns up—I Part from Mr. M'Intosh—At Sea again—A Gale—Monte Video—Rio de Janeiro—A Brazilian Slave Overseer and his Hospital.

ONE September afternoon I was sent with a prescription to the Moon Stage House, a noted starting-post of eastern coaches. It was at the junction of a narrow lane, with Ann street, and its large bow-windows projected into the street. As I passed them, hurrying into the house, I caught sight of a man whose face appeared to be familiar. After delivering the prescription, I saw this man through an open door, reading a newspaper, whilst he puffed a cigar. He was dressed in a fine black suit, and wore a heavy gold chain, crossed on his satin vest. His hat rested jauntily on his curly head, and I could see that he wore small ear-rings. Some sudden impulse caused me to approach him, and he looked up from the paper, fixing his black, bright eyes on my face. Then, like a flash, it occurred to my recollection under what circumstances I had seen this man before. I sprang forward and put out my hand, crying, "Uncle, don't you know me?"

"Who the devil are you?" was the stranger's unflattering response.

"I'm poor Phil Drake, from Stockford Workhouse."

"The deuce, you are!" cried my uncle, drawing a long breath, and looking about to see if any one was observing our abrupt meeting. But there appeared to be no other occupants of the bow-windowed parlor. Then my new-found relative began to take an observation of me, examining my person from top to toe, without speaking. I did not neglect to do the like to him.

I saw the same swarthy face, glittering eyes, and white teeth which had been impressed on my imagination since our brief interview in the yard of Stockford Union. The dress differed, but I could see that he still had a sailor air, though clad in fashionable shore clothes. He was somewhat stouter, too, and of course older, though I hardly noticed any change in the expression of his features.

It was apparent that my uncle recognized me after his close survey of my appearance, and that his impression was rather favorable, for he muttered "umh," and told me to sit down, on a chair near him. A short conversation sufficed to acquaint him with my story, and the result of it was that I went away with a silver dollar in my hand, and an appointment to come again in the evening, which I, of course, kept faithfully, without a word to Mr. M'Intosh.

My uncle was eating supper in his room, and poured out a glass of wine, which I was afraid to drink. He laughed, and said I was squeamish, and soon began to question me concerning what I had learned, in figures, in books,

and even as to shop matters. Before we parted, he told me that he was a sea-captain, and that I should sail with him, on his next voyage, from the port of New York. I also ascertained that he was not known as Halter, but Captain Richard Willing, a piece of news which accounted for my ill success in former inquiries.

"My lad!" said Captain Willing, as we parted that night, very good friends, "I shall make it my business to rig you out, and to-morrow I'll overhaul your old Scotch apothecary."

To-morrow came, and my uncle presented himself at the shop whilst I was pounding at the mortar. Mr. M'Intosh called me up, gave me some parting counsel, and shook hands with both of us; and that day, after getting a complete new outfit, I took the stage with my uncle, to join his vessel at New York. Our journey was not so quickly performed as in these days of railroads and steam, but in due time, we reached—not New York city—but the little town of New Rochelle, where we took a boat and were rowed off to a vessel which was lying at anchor in the Sound. It was nearly dusk, and a storm was coming up; but that night saw us beyond the landward, on a southwardly course, which soon gave us plenty of sea-room.

My uncle had little to do with me on our day of embarkation, except to point out my berth, but next morning, he gave me to understand what duty was expected of me.

"In the first place, Philip," said he, "you've got no uncle on board this vessel; I'm captain of all on board; you are to help the surgeon, as his mate, and keep your mouth shut. If you do your duty, we shan't quarrel—if you don't, look out, my lad!"

This was my introduction to sea-life; and from that day to the end of our voyage, my uncle never showed me favor, nor allowed any familiarity on my part. Our crew consisted of thirty, including the captain, mates, and surgeon. The surgeon's name was Maxwell. He was a Scotchman, about thirty years old, stout and thick, with a pock-marked face, and yellow, bilious eyes. He was present when the captain assigned my duties, and took charge of me at once, to initiate me into the secrets of his medicine chest. Thanks to my experience under Dr. Thady and M'Intosh, I was quite as much at home with the surgeon's bottles and boxes, as he himself was; but I had to undergo a long lecture on care and caution from his lips. He was a coarse fellow, and began to snub me at once; but I had the prudence to answer nothing, and appear to be much indebted for his advice; so that he conceived, as I thought, a favorable opinion of me.

At this period (1805), I had nearly reached my fifteenth birthday, and was growing in size and vigor. I soon became used to sea life, and contrasted it often with my recollections of the Polly's dreadful voyage. My uncle and I had little intercourse. I slept on deck, midships, where the surgeon's medicine chest and our berths were located, and we messed with the mates; Captain Willing taking his meals in the cabin.

The brig commanded by my uncle was a sharply built craft, of about 300 tons, and a swift sailer. She was named the "Coralline," and was well defended with an ample magazine, and a dozen heavy carronades; as it was a time of war, when French cruisers swarmed the seas. We sailed under the American flag, and, as I learned, were provided with papers from a noted Boston house of West Indian traders.

No incident of importance occurred in our run southward, until we experienced a two days' calm, about five weeks after leaving Boston, as we were making the coast of Brazil. The calm was succeeded by a violent hurricane,

which drove us before it at a fearful rate, and gave me new ideas of nautical life. The sea ran, without exaggeration, "mountains high," and the *Coralline* seemed like a cockle-shell dashed to and fro. Every soul on board was obliged to lend a hand in working for the brig's safety; but to keep our course was entirely out of the range of human skill. On the second day of the storm, our bowsprit was sprung, and foretopmast carried away, and the greater part of our water casks stove. At last, on the third day, the gale began to subside, and we found ourselves at the mouth of the La Plata, the largest river of the world. There we were threatened with new dangers from the vast sand banks, on one of which we struck, and with great difficulty extricated the brig. As we had no pilot, we were forced to send boats ahead, trying for soundings; and so, for near a hundred miles, we crept up this river gulf, which was like an ocean in itself. At length, we made the harbor of Monte Video, and cast anchor under shadow of a huge sugarloaf mountain which stands at the back of that city. Several vessels had been driven in before us. There were Portuguese traders, a couple of Frenchmen, and some privateers.

After casting anchor, we were visited by a port-officer, who examined the brig's papers; and in the evening Captain Willing ordered two sailors to pull him ashore, taking me with him, in the yawl. We went to the house of a wine merchant, whom my uncle had previously known in the West Indies. Here we were well treated, but as the captain and our host talked in Spanish, I could make nothing of the conversation. This incident, however, made me aware that there were other tongues beside English, that were useful to travelers, and I took a resolution to make myself acquainted with Spanish as soon as possible.

After visiting the wine-merchant, my uncle presented himself at the governor's house, where a dozen whiskered soldiers, with long swords, and shabby uniforms were keeping guard. The governor of Monte Video, at the time, was Don Blas d'Hinojosa; he appeared to be about forty years of age, and a pleasant-looking man. Here we were regaled with fruit and coffee, and my uncle was attended by two strapping negroes, the first slaves I ever saw.

We remained at Monte Video nearly ten days, while the *Coralline* was undergoing repairs. I had a good many opportunities of observing the place and its inhabitants; but it is not my purpose to dwell on them. Surgeon Maxwell took me with him on an excursion up the river, and showed me several islands, with peculiar names. There was one, completely covered with tropical flowers and fruits, so brilliant that it seemed like a rainbow arching the water, and filled the air with overpowering fragrance. This was called the Isle of Flowers. There were two other islands, one called the Isle of Wolves, another the Isle of Serpents, which I was informed were appropriately named.

We hastened away from Monte Video to avoid the *Pamperos*, which began to blow across the harbor. These furious winds blow from the immense plains called *Las Pampas*, which stretch over an area of a thousand miles, inland. We took advantage of the first freshening, and bowled out of the La Plata at a splendid rate, with new topsails set, and everything in order. After a short coast run, we entered the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and I looked for the first time upon that fine city, which I was to visit often again in after life.

There is no handsomer view in the world, I think, than that afforded from a ship's deck, in sailing up the bay of Rio. When I caught sight of the high hills, covered with white-walled convents and country houses, and saw the gardens stretching on every side, I thought the scene must be like Paradise itself. As we drew near an anchorage, the whole water front was visible, with the prince regent's palace and the royal cathedral directly facing the sea.

As I had been told that Rio at that time contained a population of one hundred thousand souls, I was prepared for something splendid; but the magnificence of the view far exceeded my expectations.

But when I went ashore next day, with my uncle and the surgeon, I felt greatly disappointed to find the streets so narrow, filthy, and crowded with all descriptions of dirty passengers; Indians and negroes swarmed on all sides, and some of the latter were hideous objects to behold. I soon began to learn something of these black-skinned fellows, and to get an inkling of my uncle's business in Rio. At this same time I had already picked up a little Spanish, as there were several South American seamen on board the *Coralline*; and now I contrived to add some Portuguese words to my stock.

I adopted the plan of writing down all foreign words on hearing them, in order to learn their meaning afterwards. This gave me my first idea of keeping a private journal, which I have done at intervals through many voyages since. A great portion of my notes went, with more valuable things, when I was cast away on the African coast, long years after the time of which I am now writing.

We had been a week in Rio, when I was directed, one morning, to make up some medicines, and accompany Dr. Maxwell in a short trip up the bay. A couple of stout negroes pulled our jolly-boat some three miles above the palace, and we landed on a shelving beach, at the junction of one of the many little coves with which these shores are indented. We left the boat in charge of our blacks, and walked inland, under the shade of the thick woods, till we came in sight of a large white building, and an inclosure containing a score or more low sheds. Within the inclosure, and swarming all about the grounds which surrounded the principal building, were at least a thousand negroes, sitting, standing, and lying down, under a broiling sun. Some of the men were fastened together in pairs, by hand-cuffs, but the majority were loose. Dr. Maxwell hurried through the sable groups, till we reached a veranda of the big house, where several yellow-skinned fellows were watching a white man, who was swinging half out of a hammock. The surgeon addressed this gentleman as Mr. Floss, and was answered in a round English voice. Mr. Floss wore cool, white pantaloons, and a loose shirt of fine linen, but that costume did not prevent his appearing hot and uncomfortable.

"Well, doctor, I'm glad you've come," said Mr. Floss, "for my live stock is going off like rotten sheep. Take a glass of wine, Max, and I'll be with you in a jiffy. Here, youngster (winking at me), don't be afraid of a sip of claret. Rodrigo, my hat and fly-brush!"

Mr. Floss was a red-faced man, with a low forehead, shaggy eyebrows, and a dull leaden cast in both his eyes. He spoke in a loud, brisk tone, and the mulatto, Rodrigo, jumped to obey him as soon as he heard his name uttered. He fetched his master a broad-rimmed straw hat, and an instrument which I thought was a cat-o'-nine-tails, though Mr. Floss had asked for his fly-brush. Surgeon Maxwell was helping himself to a liberal supply of claret wine from a table near the hammock, and I ventured to swallow a small quantity. Mr. Floss then took the doctor's arm, and I followed, carrying the medicine case. We passed by the groups of negroes, who shrank out of the way to avoid the fly-brush, which Mr. Floss was swinging carelessly as he walked along, and soon entered one of the wooden sheds, where a dismal spectacle was disclosed to me.

The hut was square, with thatched roof and latticed sides, so that the air circulated through it pretty freely. But in spite of this, the atmosphere at once recalled to my mind the horrible steerage of the emigrant ship *Polly*.

More than a hundred naked blacks were lying on the bare ground, in every stage of disease. Their skins were shrivelled, their limbs and faces emaciated, almost like skeletons. My first look at them appalled me; but as the surgeon and Mr. Floss walked in, I was obliged to follow.

Here was, indeed, a strange scene disclosed to my boyish eyes, and curiosity struggled with disgust when I saw that these poor creatures, sick and dying, were of that sex which, when white skins are concerned, we distinguish by the name of "tender." Most of them lay prostrate, with eyes closed; some looked up as we passed, and others moaned. There were a dozen old negresses, having bits of white linen tied around their waists, who glided about, with earthen pitchers, giving drink to the wretches under their charge. As Mr. Maxwell stopped, and said something to Mr. Floss, that gentleman broke out with an oath that sounded unnatural in such a place.

"Yes, sir," he exclaimed, "I've lost five hundred, more or less, since April, and something's got to be done! There, sir," he continued, touching a female at his feet with the toe of his shining pump—"there goes three hundred dollars. I can tell by the way the wench's eyes are rolling."

Mr. Maxwell stooped over the black, who appeared to be a full-grown woman, and felt of her pulse. I crept nearer, and gazed upon the poor creature, my heart beating almost audibly. Mr. Floss stood by, puffing his cigar, and balancing his fly-brush, whilst his face wore a discontented expression.

The slave was writhing in the agony of death. Her tawny skin was loaded with thick drops of sweat; her lips were drawn apart at the corners, showing the white teeth and red gums, as if in a ghastly grin; her eyes rolled in their sockets while she gasped for breath. Suddenly she gave an unearthly screech, and leaped to her knees with hands outstretched. Mr. Floss jumped back, almost treading on another female, and at the same time whirled his fly-brush, letting its cords fall on the breast and head of the dying negress. She fell on her face, and straightened out—dead.

"Pon my soul, Max," cried Mr. Floss, whose red face had become pallid all at once, "I thought the wench was making a spring! They get the devil in 'em sometimes. By Jove, she's dead! isn't she? I told you so."

Surgeon Maxwell made no answer; for, though more hardened to such scenes than I was at the time, he could not help noticing the mingled brutality and cowardice of his friend, the overseer Floss, who had dealt the negress a blow out of sheer fright at her sudden scream. Meanwhile, I was looking at the back of the corpse, on which I could see, in a raised blister that ridged the dark skin, the two letters, "R. F." I also glanced furtively at the "fly-brush," which had astonished me, with its heavy swing, and saw that its braided cords were loaded at the ends with small bits of coiled lead.

Continuing his round with Mr. Floss, our surgeon examined several of the poor patients, and prescribed for some of them a powder or draught, my medicine pack furnishing the ingredients. After due inspection of the female hospital, the overseer conducted us to a second shed, crowded with men and boys. Here he kept his fly-brush in constant readiness, and I thought, with very good reason; for some of the negroes glared at him when we passed, as if they would gladly tear him to pieces, and die for it afterward.

CHAPTER IV.

Value of "Live Stock"—We leave Rio de Janeiro—Chased by French Cruisers—A Fog and a Drift—The Coral Isles—A Runaway Slave-hunt—I commence Journal-keeping—A chance Cargo.

THE scene I had witnessed made a strong impression on my mind; and when we returned on board the Coralline, I asked many questions of Mr. Maxwell, concerning Mr. Floss and his "live stock." The surgeon was smoking a cigar at the quarter rail, and looking out upon the busy harbor of Rio, full of shipping, and all ablaze under the rays of the setting sun, which cast a red glow upon the water.

"Youngster," said Mr. Maxwell—I shall never forget the curious leer of his saffron eyes, as he looked at me—"Youngster, you'll know bimeby the market valuation of such 'live stock.' Niggers, Philip, are the making of white men! This fine city of Rio would soon be swamped if it wasn't for niggers, young man!"

"But what's the good of abusing the poor people, as Mr. Floss did?"

"That's his business, and none o' yours, youngster!" replied the surgeon. "Niggers are trying to the feelings, and when a man's scared of 'em, he's apt to cut up rough sometimes. Floss isn't worse than other overseers, only he's a little nervous, I take it."

Mr. Maxwell turned away, and began to puff his Havana, leaving me to my own reflections.

This was the second week of our stay in port, and the Coralline's hands, together with a score of shore blacks, had been busy for some days past in stowing a mixed cargo of colored cottons, kegs of powder and rum, trinkets, tobacco, and other goods, suitable for a trading voyage. Casks of water and provisions were shipped next, and, in a week more, the brig was ready for sea again. My uncle, while in port, lived pretty generally ashore, leaving the vessel's care to Mr. Osborn, his first mate, who was a great crony of Mr. Maxwell, the surgeon. The surgeon had ordered a new supply of medical stores, and I was kept busy two or three days in assorting and labelling our calomel, sulphur, Peruvian bark, and other drugs, in the way I had been taught under Doctor Thady and M'Intosh. Meantime, the captain came aboard, the anchor was weighed, and we started on our voyage for—Africa.

I did not then attach the significance to that word "Africa" which now surrounds it in my memory. Orphan as I was, with my only relative between the same decks that furnished my own shelter, I felt little anxiety of mind concerning the *whither* of my voyage. I was of the age when adventure is welcome and change little considered; and as we left the bold shores of Brazil, with a full sheet, and the spray dashing over the brig's cutwater, I began to dream of future distinction and profit, perhaps, when manhood should make me my own master, to sail the world as I liked.

But I was soon to experience another variety of what the underwriters call "perils of the sea," for we had hardly cleared the continent than we were hailed by an armed brig, which, hoisting a private signal, fired a gun to leeward, and endeavored to bring us to. I was on deck, watching my uncle,

who reconnoitered the stranger through his spy-glass, and then ordered the man at the wheel to keep straight on, as we were under a press of canvas.

Another, and another gun, warned us that we were pursued by a determined enemy, if enemy it was; but the only reply our captain vouchsafed, was to show some private merchant pennons fore and aft. We were keeping our course, and the other vessel did not seem likely to overhaul us speedily, when a second stranger loomed up on the larboard tack, apparently a consort of our neighbor, whose signal was hauled down, and the tri-colored flag of France run up in its stead. This was no sooner seen by Captain Willing, than he ordered the stars and stripes to wave from our main-top, and we rounded to at once.

We were soon boarded by a French officer, who blustered a great deal at first, but my uncle was quite cool, and showed his American papers. The result was a hob-nobbing of wine-glasses, and our Gallic visitors were bowed over the Coralline's side, with an interchange of "*bons voyages*," and a present of some cigars from my uncle to the cruiser's commander.

But the affair was attended with other results beside the detention of a few hours, for the wind which had been fresh and favorable, now died completely away, and a heavy mist began to obscure the setting sun. In a brief space, the two French vessels, which had fallen off to leeward before the calm, were quite hidden by the increasing fog, and, after consultation with Mr. Osborn, the captain ordered in all sail, and prepared for a change of weather, quite usual in those latitudes, where hurricanes succeed calms with fearful suddenness. Every stitch of flying canvas was brailled away, and all loose gearing stowed securely, whilst the sun was dipping blood-red under the horizon, and the air getting murkier every moment.

An hour wore heavily on, and the mist thickened, but no breath of air agitated the sea. There was no creaking of cordage, no swaying of the mast, not a sound heard, except a long rippling wash at the prow, which I could distinguish as I leaned over the bow davits. We were drifting through that heavy fog on one of the mysterious currents of the Atlantic.

That night was a sleepless one to all on board the Coralline. My uncle summoned me to the cabin, where he was studying a coast chart, and I was then kept running up and down between him and the first mate, who watched the compass; whilst two of our crew were constantly casting the lead, under direction of Mr. Frost, the third officer. The evident anxiety of all, not excepting Surgeon Maxwell, who took post by Mr. Osborn, with his everlasting cigar, was quite unintelligible to me. I would rather have enjoyed the quiet, damp atmosphere, and apparently unmoving vessel; but a sudden loud call of the starboard leadsmen, of "soundings!" and a more startling cry from the larboard one, of "shoal water!" brought my uncle on deck, with an order to let go the anchor. During the remainder of the night, our vessel rested upon the sluggish stream without motion, and all hands watched anxiously for another morning.

Contrary to general apprehensions, there was no further presaging of a hurricane, and at day-break the fog lifted sufficiently to enable an observation to be taken, and to discover the brig's position, apparently surrounded by innumerable small islands and low sandy banks. They were visible on every side, some bordered by sharp reefs, others covered with thick woods, and indented by narrow coves. My uncle examined the shores through his telescope, and I heard him say quickly to the first officer:

"Blacks, Osborn—a nest of pirates!"

The mate took the glass, and shook his head.

"No pirates, sir! I'll wager a keg of rum, they're runaway niggers, from Domingo!"

"What!" cried my uncle, "do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it; I can see a boat full in yonder cove, and they've got not a musket among them! I heard that the French were hunting them six months ago."

"Zounds! we'll try the sport ourselves then," said the captain, "for we can't budge from this whilst the calm continues!"

A boat was soon manned with fifteen sailors, under the captain's own command. I was permitted by my uncle to go with the party, and my impression of what occurred ashore will be seen by the first entry I ever made in a journal, and which I have transcribed from the old copy-book where it was written nearly fifty-four years ago, in the year 1805:

June 8th, 1805.—This day I begin keeping a journal. I have seen a great many strange things since I left Boston. My uncle, Captain Richard Willing, is captain of the brig Coralline; Mr. Osborn is first mate; Mr. Frost is second mate; Mr. Maxwell is surgeon; I am surgeon's assistant. Yesterday we were boarded by a Frenchman, and all last night lay at anchor in this place; there is no name for it. Mr. Maxwell says it's a cluster of the Spanish Antilles.

The fog cleared away a bit, about sunrise, and I went ashore with the captain and fifteen sailors, in the cutter. We pulled up a little creek, and surprised a black man and woman fishing, and the sailors seized and gagged both. They tied the woman neck and heels, and stowed her in the boat, and then made her partner tell all about the island. I could not understand their lingo, but my uncle soon marched the man away, with fourteen sailors, and left only one in the boat to wait for our return.

The black fellow was awfully frightened; one of the sailors kept a pistol at his head all the way. We followed a path through the woods, and soon came in sight of a beautiful shaded valley, overgrown with flowers, where a number of huts were built under the large trees. We saw a crowd of black men, women and children, sitting on the grass; some were cooking round a fire, where a brass kettle was boiling; others were rolling on the green, playing with black babies, and some eating and drinking. They seemed to be enjoying themselves greatly, whilst we watched them from the thicket. My uncle whispered to the boatswain, and some of our men crept away, to get another position. My uncle fired a pistol, and the whole party then rushed toward the blacks, who began to scream, and threw themselves down on the grass, begging for mercy. I hardly knew what was going on, before half the negroes were tied hand and foot. Some of them cut off into the wood, and some made fight, I suppose, for two were knocked down, and killed by the sailors. We returned to the boat, with more than 40 black men, women and children, and they made three boat loads. All this was done in about two hours. I never saw my uncle in better humor. He ordered rum to be served out to all our men, and gave some to the poor blacks, who looked down-hearted enough. One woman has been moaning all day, and refuses to eat. One of the blacks killed by the sailors was her husband, so Mr. Maxwell says.

After mess, the captain, Mr. Osborn, Mr. Maxwell, and all the rest, except Mr. Frost and two sailors, went ashore again in the yawl and pinnace. We heard firing a good many times, from the island, and the men did not get back till dusk. They brought off about thirty blacks, and Mr. Maxwell told me they scoured the island pretty thoroughly, as it was only about two miles long, though covered with vegetation. He says there's to be another hunt to-morrow morning, before we leave, on a larger island, a short distance off.

July 9th.—I wanted to go with the expedition to day, but my uncle left me in the yawl with our boatswain, on the beach of an island not far from the one we visited yesterday. I saw a large turtle near the rocks, on the top of the water, but he made off, when we tried to catch him with our oars. We waited two hours for the crew, and heard guns pretty often. It was very lonesome on that beach, as we

could not see the brig, on account of a point of land running out. I was somewhat skeery about the blacks attacking us, but the boatswain had a musket and two pistols loaded, and he said the niggers were afraid of their shadows, when white men hunted them. Besides, our men had found out that there was not a weapon on the island, but clubs; as the blacks had run away nearly naked from the other islands, and lived here by catching fish and turtle. Our party came back in three hours, and brought a gang of blacks lashed together. My uncle was cursing hard, and looked savage, and all were sober enough; one of our men had to be carried on the shoulders of two messmates; he had been knocked down by a club, in the hands of a big black. But the worst has to be told. Another powerful negro had jumped from a rock into the sea, with one of our men, a Portuguese sailor, and held his head under water, till both were strangled.

Our wounded seaman was carried aboard in the yawl; likewise Mr. Maxwell, and some of the blacks, who were scowling horribly, though secured hand and foot with irons we had in the boats. A couple of trips got the rest aboard, but when we were shoving off the yawl, we heard screaming, and four women came running down the wooded beach. The captain waited till they got near, and sent some of the men to tie them. Two of these women had babes in their arms, and one was a girl about twelve or fifteen years old. The other was an old negress who seemed to be a grandmother. My uncle refused to take this last on board, and she yelled frightfully as we left the shore, and stretched out her hands, till we rounded the point, and lost sight of her entirely.

July 10.—We got away from the reef-islands yesterday, and have been sailing before a good breeze all night. We have here a hundred and five blacks handcuffed between decks, and I begin to see how slaves are treated. My uncle does not use a "fly-brush," like Floss the overseer, at Rio; but I had no idea that he could be so stern. Before we weighed anchor, two canoes and a raft paddled aft, from the smaller islands, and about thirty more blacks were alongside, and begged to be taken on board. As near as I can find out from Mr. Maxwell, they wanted to rejoin their relatives who were chained under hatches. But my uncle saw that they were nearly all old men and women, some of them decrepit. He picked out three, and ordered the others off; but as they resisted, he made the sailors shower them with hot water from the brig's coppers. It was cruel to hear the poor wretches cry out, and moan, but they would not paddle off, till our gunner fired a six-pound shot, and demolished the raft. I think this was barbarous, and told Mr. Maxwell so, but he says the people were too old to be good for anything, and that my uncle knew his business. He says I had better recollect my uncle's advice, to "keep your mouth shut."

CHAPTER V.

My Journal Continued—Account of St. Domingo Troubles—My Uncle in Luck—Isle of St. Vincent's—African Coast—Our Schooner—Town of Malee—Gold Hunting—Our Expedition—A Forest March—Quobah the Ashantee—A Negro Ambuscade—The Author is captured by Negroes—A Night of Horror—Journey to the Interior—Arrival at Yaliaba—King Mamme.

My respectable uncle, Captain Willing, of the brig Coralline, had made a lucky stroke in hunting the runaway negroes, and lost no time in profiting by it. Three days after the capture, his blacks were assorted, handcuffed in pairs, and transferred on board a Florida trader, which we spoke in the neighborhood of Cape François. My uncle received several bags of doubloons and new supplies of provisions, in exchange for them. Mr. Maxwell dined on board the Spanish vessel, whilst we were lying to, and after returning, was

very sociable with me. I proceed with my journal, in which I entered an account of what he related to me at that time, concerning the captured run-aways.

July 15th, 1805.—Mr. Maxwell, our surgeon, has told me all about the poor blacks. It appears that great fighting has been going on in the Isle of St. Domingo, between Frenchmen and the blacks. The Congo negroes rose on the plantations, and set fire to the white people's dwellings. Several black chiefs made war on the French, and dreadful massacres took place on both sides. Six thousand negroes were killed by bayonets and thrown overboard from French ships, and about a thousand more were poisoned in prison at a place called Port Republicain. The French got some old ships filled with black prisoners, and stifled them to death with burning brimstone. They also cast them over in pairs with weights tied to their necks, and drowned them. The Johncrows and sharks made meals of them. Mr. Maxwell says:

The negroes retaliated on the French in the most horrid way. They went off in boats and attacked traders, butchering their crews and passengers. One packet bound to St. Marc, was boarded by blacks, and the captain and officers had their eyes bored out with cork screws. A French frigate captured one of these boats, manned by twenty negroes, and took seventeen ashore, where they were stoned by the white people, and then kicked and trampled to death; some of the French women stamped on the negroes' faces till they expired.

July 16th.—We parted company last night with the Florida trader, which took our run-away negroes. Mr. Maxwell says my uncle will make fifteen thousand dollars by his lucky bargain. He finished telling me about the negroes. It seems that several thousands of the more peaceable blacks abandoned St. Domingo, and took refuge in different islands of the contiguous uninhabited groups. Many were afterward hunted out by French crews and speculating slavers; and my uncle was one of the luckiest of the latter, in obtaining and getting rid of the negroes, without much delay of his voyage. Mr. Maxwell says it was a golden opportunity.

July 17.—My uncle had me to dine with him to-day, and asked about my Spanish studies. He gave me a grammar and definer. I intend to work hard on this language. Besides, I am picking up scraps of French from our cook, Antoine.

August 12.—Last night we arrived at this place, the harbor of Porto Prada, island of St. Vincents. Mr. Maxwell says we have made a good run. I went ashore this morning, in the long boat, and spoke Spanish with a Portuguese soldier. He said he could teach me Portuguese in a month, if I stayed here. He asked me for some tobacco, but I had none to give him, for which I was sorry, as he seems a pleasant chap. I saw a negro baby on the sand, with its stomach swollen like a bladder. This island is one of the Cape de Verd islands. It is not much of a place, but we are glad to get fresh meat, and take a run ashore, after our sea life.

August 20th.—To-day, I had a first glimpse of the African coast. My uncle says he will take me with him on a trading trip inland. A party of six are going, with the surgeon and myself. My uncle is going to buy gold-dust, and afterward load a cargo of slaves for the Brazils.

August 22.—We cast anchor yesterday, here at the mouth of the Rio Volta, a trading station. Here we land a large part of our cargo, consisting of powder, guns, rum, cotton cloth, and trinkets. My uncle has chartered a schooner belonging to Don Josey, the owner of this trading post, and leaves the Coralline in charge of Mr. Osborn, chief mate, to run down the coast to Congo. We are shipping a new crew of woolly-headed fellows, who run up the shrouds like monkeys. Mr. Maxwell calls them Fishmen.

August 25.—We are working up the broad river, and everything is new to my eyes. I think Africa a strange country indeed, and had no idea it was so beautiful. The country on both sides of this river seems like a garden, and much finer than Monte Video, or even Rio. I can see the natives cultivating their cornfields, and we have passed two villages full of people, living in round topped huts, covered with green branches. We anchored last night opposite a very large field, with herds of cattle browsing the grass; and the black people brought us milk in a canoe.

August 26.—This morning I went ashore in the schooner's boat, and saw the

blacks cultivating their rice-fields. They have dozens of canals crossing in all directions. We brought off some poultry and fresh eggs.

August 29.—The schooner is lying at anchor off this place, which is quite a large town, full of people. There is a big space, inclosed with posts and boards, for a market, and the huts form a semi-circle on a hill-side overlooking the river. This town is called Malee, and is under dominion of the African King of Ashantee. There are about three thousand inhabitants here, principally traders from the interior and the mountains, where the gold mines are. A pretty large stream runs by this town into the river, near where our schooner is anchored. In the middle of Malee is an idol-house, where the Fetish is kept. The Fetish is a false God, which these heathen blacks think very powerful. He looks like a China ornament, and is made of red clay, daubed with black and white streaks. He is about two feet high, and sits squatting on a palm-leaf mat. He has several priests to wait on him, and these poor ignorant blacks bow down and worship him day and night.

August 30.—We are going up to the mountains to trade with the gold men. To-day I went through the market-place, and saw the slave-gangs. There is a war going on between the King of Ashantee and his neighbors, and he is capturing a great many prisoners, which he ships down the river to sell as slaves, or else sends to the mountains to wash out gold. The slaves are here traded for blue cotton gowns, called *tobes*, coral beads, looking-glasses, and trinkets of brass and copper, as well as for gold dust.

Our proposed expedition to the mountains, which we could see rising to a great height from the plains beyond Malee, promised to open new wonders to my youthful fancy. We set out with a long procession of black traders and soldiers, as a guard for the white men. Soon after leaving the town, we entered a dense forest, where hundreds of red monkeys were jumping from tree to tree, and chattering at us. The trees were gigantic, and laced over by creeping vines, thick with flowers of crimson and yellow, as large as a peck measure. On every side we could see birds of the finest feathers, so tame that we might have caught them in our hands.

The head man of the Ashantee soldiers, who formed our body-guard, was a ferocious-looking black. I could not help observing him narrowly. Though so many years have passed since that expedition, yet its incidents are impressed on my memory, and I can picture this man Quobah as if he were present now. He was black as jet, with a high, conical head, and wool braided in stiff hanks. His teeth were filed sharp. His cheeks were slashed with two deep cuts, colored by some red earth, that gave him an unearthly appearance. When he first rolled up his eyes and glared at me, I felt a chill run all through my frame. Quobah was a giant in limbs and height. He carried a huge spear, and had a powder-horn and pouch strapped to his neck, and was dressed in a wide sack of yellow cloth, striped with blue, with a red tasselled cap on his head. It required three slaves to bear his arms—one carrying a heavy, curved broadsword, another his club, and a third his musket.

My uncle was quite familiar with this terrific fellow from the first, but I kept away from his grim face, and trudged along by Dr. Maxwell's side. We had nothing to do but walk, as there were plenty of blacks to carry all luggage, our party consisting altogether of one hundred and fifty. My uncle had given me a light Spanish carbine, which I kept slung to my back, with a knapsack containing ammunition, and a few little curiosities I had picked up at Malee. The novelty of such a journey prevented all feeling of weariness. Besides, our days' journeys were short, and at night we halted in some beautiful valley, and were served like lords with every African delicacy. The women ground corn, cooked rice cakes, and milked the cows, that were driven along with the party as pack-beasts. Afterward, our blacks beat the tom-

toms, or wooden drums, and kept up singing and dancing till it was time to camp down. Then the Ashantee soldiers set a watch; the white men swung their hammocks under the trees, and the night passed well enough, except for the crying of wild beasts, which was not so agreeable to me at first.

But our march was destined to be interrupted, and I myself compelled to see a little more of Africa than I had anticipated when we started from our schooner at Malee.

One evening we encamped on the borders of a smooth river, shaded by immense trees, whose roots extended in the shallow water like enormous serpents. The sun was setting splendidly whilst we ate our supper. There was not a breath of air moving the broad leaves of the palms. Some of our blacks were lounging about, smoking their pipes; and others lay upon the grass, whilst their wives fed them with butter-rolls and nice bits of a kid that had been killed and stewed since we halted. In the midst of this peaceful scene we were attacked on all sides by a sudden enemy, and the quiet banks of the river became all at once a bloody field of battle.

I was seated under a tree, drinking water from a calabash, when the first shouts and a shower of arrows threw our camp into confusion. Next moment the forest appeared to be alive with a legion of savages. I saw my uncle seize his pistols and sword, just as a ferocious negro, armed with a huge club, was making at me. Quobah, our Ashantee chief, jumped before me, with his gun levelled at the strange black; and this gave me time to spring to my feet and grasp my carbine, which was lying beside me. I had no opportunity to fire, however, before at least a dozen enemies darted in from all sides. I was beaten down before I could lift an arm. What else took place during the combat I was spared from witnessing; but when I came to my senses once more, it was to behold a horrible sight.

I found myself lying at the foot of a tree, tied hand and foot, so that I could scarcely move. The forest seemed all on fire around, from a multitude of torches stuck in the ground, and waved up and down in the hands of a savage multitude, running to and fro, yelling and singing like maniacs. I could see the river shining luridly under the blazing light. Fires were lit on its banks, and the negroes danced about and between them. Never did I imagine that human beings would resemble devils so much as did these shouting negroes. Their sable bodies were smeared with white in bars and streaks, so that many looked like skeletons as they leaped back and forth. Some were joined hand in hand, whirling in a ring; others brandished fire-brands, and trotted in a single file, squatting like frogs, close to the ground. A group, within a few rods of me, were striking their spears and clubs together, and beating wooden drums. One of them spied me as I turned my face, and suddenly jumped toward me, screeching horribly, and swinging something in his right hand. He was a gigantic negro, daubed with white. His wool was gathered into two stiff braids, standing up like horns. As he stopped before me, he dashed the thing he was grasping close against my breast, and I screamed aloud in recognizing it to be a human head—the head of a white man—dripping with blood.

The sights I beheld that night can never be effaced from recollection, but I cannot describe them as they appeared to me. Hour after hour I was compelled to look on the fiendish figures of the negroes, who continued their orgies till the morning dawned. Only a short distance from the tree to which I was fastened, the savages were engaged in constant murders. A score of them, armed with heavy war-clubs, surrounded a log near the river-bank, and every few minutes some victim was dragged to this log to be massacred. The poor

wretch was held by the legs, with his head on the timber, and a dull blow of a club ended his life immediately. When I closed my eyes to shut out this awful spectacle, I could still hear the blows and yells. If I looked in another direction some new horror met my view. In this manner my first night of captivity among savages passed miserably indeed.

Near daybreak, I fell into a short sleep, filled with frightful visions. I was awakened by a hand loosening the thongs which bound my limbs, and tried to rise, but was so cramped that I could not stand on my feet. The fires at the river side were smoldering. Hundreds of dusky figures were lying around them, or rising from the thick grass. I heard a noise of wooden drums and conch shells, and hordes of savages began to swarm from the forest aisles. They were painted and armed in war-fashion, and made a terrible appearance to my tearful gaze, as they crowded the river bank. I looked fearfully for some trace of my travelling companions from Malee, and shuddered as I thought of them. The white man's head that I had seen by torchlight, in savage hands, seemed dancing still before me.

Before sunrise the black camp was in motion. I saw our cows driven past, and behind them about fifty of the Malee soldiers and their attendants, tied together, in couples. A company of hideous savages followed, bearing the spoils of our caravan, garments, pieces of cloth, guns, and other weapons; but the most dismal sight came next, some score of heads and limbs of the massacred prisoners, held aloft on spear-points, ghastly objects in the morning light. I grew sick on seeing them, but nevertheless felt relieved in noticing that the bloody remains were all of black-skinned victims. But my disgust was increased in observing as they passed, that those who bore the reeking trophies were females. Besides their spears, they had bows and arrows slung across their naked breasts. I then called to mind what I had heard reported at Malee, concerning women-warriors of the Dahomey king. This induced the suspicion that my captors were of the Dahomey nation, which turned out afterward to be the case.

The thongs that had hurt my ankles all night were taken off, and one of my guards gave me a drink of water, and some morsels of dried curds, which relieved the cravings of hunger. I was then placed between two of my captors, and received a smart punch in my side, from the butt-end of a spear, to signify that I must go forward. At the same instant, raising my eyes, I saw the well-known figure of Quobah, our Ashantee captain, bound like myself, with the addition of a cord about his neck, held by a gigantic savage. Quobah's forehead was cut and bleeding, and he was entirely disarmed and naked. But he strode on, with head erect, and eyes rolling gloomily from left to right, taking no notice of my glance or exclamation. He was hurried forward to join the main body, and I soon lost sight of him. Shortly afterward, I was surrounded by a number of female blacks, who kept up a chattering, and danced before me, grinning like monkeys. In this manner the day's journey commenced, and I was forced along at a rapid pace for several hours, before another halt.

I need not dwell on the hardships endured, during a week's march, before we reached the place of my destination. I soon began to look about me, and though unable to understand a word that was spoken, I could comprehend something concerning my captors. We kept a well-beaten track through the forest, and along the banks of rivers, one of which we crossed. I then had an opportunity of seeing the whole force of the war-party spread over the shallow fords, and reckoned them to number at least a thousand. Soon after this, however, small gangs were continually branching off at cross paths, taking squads of the

prisoners with them. At last, after dwindling down to about a hundred, we reached a walled village, and were received with great rejoicings by all its inhabitants. Our party encamped in the centre of a fine grove of cotton-wood trees. Here I again saw Quobah, the Ashantee, who had been transferred from another gang at our last halting-place. He was corded about the neck as before, and his arms were secured to his side by means of a wooden hoop around his body, tightened behind with a wedge-shaped piece of wood. I soon learned by signs from the women-slaves, that the Ashantee chief had been troublesome, and nearly effected his escape on the march.

The town of Yallaba, at which we now arrived, was situated in a valley called by the same name. It was about half a mile square, entirely inclosed by an adobe wall, and rendered nearly inaccessible on three sides by a wide swamp which lay between the ramparts and a sluggish river. The cotton-wood, where we were welcomed by the people, grew outside the south wall, and was surrounded by cultivated fields of rice and corn, interspersed by numerous huts and pastures stocked with cattle. We were greeted by a hideous noise of drums and shells. An old black man, fat and greasy, dressed in a shirt of red English muslin, such as curtains are made of, and wearing a tarpaulin hat on his grey wool, was here seated on a pile of soft sheep-skins, and Quobah and myself were led before him. I was obliged to kneel before this old fellow, who turned out to be the king of Yallaba. I was nearly as naked as Quobah, for my clothes had been stolen away piece-meal on the march by the chattering women. The king pinched my flesh, rubbing it with his black hand, and muttered something in his own lingo. The women then gave me milk in a gourd, and led me away, leaving Quobah standing before the sheepskins.

Such was my reception at Yallaba. I afterward found that I had made a favorable impression on the fat king, who was called Mammee. Next day we entered the town, and I was relieved from my fetters, and permitted to roam about in the court-yard of Mammee's square house, or palace. It was not a very grand mansion, but it extended over an acre, or more, and was guarded by fifty female soldiers. I was taken in charge by the king's women, and treated liberally with milk, curds, fruit, and rice cakes. After witnessing the cruel treatment of my late companions by these Yallaba blacks, I was fearful of being reserved only for torture, or perhaps for food, as I had heard that many of these negro nations were cannibals; but I soon found that my youth and white skin made me a sort of curiosity. I was kept among the house slaves, and assisted the women in pounding corn between two flat stones, and preparing fagots for fires. Finding myself unmolested, I began to regain my spirits, and made myself familiar with many words of the black language. I have always been quick at catching up foreign expressions, and my aptness made me a favorite at Yallaba.

CHAPTER VI.

Captivity in Yallaba—Quobah the Captive—A Lion in the Valley—Quobah to be Sacrificed—He Volunteers to Kill the Lion—Great Battle between Man and Beast—Quobah's Liberation—Preparation for a Slave-hunt—Our Expedition—Capture and Burning of Towns—Successful Return, and a Sacrifice.

It was, as near as I can recollect, about the middle of September, in the year 1805, that my captivity began in the Yallaba valley. If I should describe every incident of nearly two years' sojourn among these people, I might fill a book with curious stories; for I accompanied many war excursions and hunts of wild animals, and mixed in the ceremonies and customs of several Dahomey tribes. But I must hurry to more stirring years of my life; although it would have been as well for myself, perhaps, if I had never left Yallaba, or at least, never mingled with my own white race again.

About three months after our arrival, I found means to communicate with Quobah, the Ashantee chief. I had lost sight of him, but heard from the women that he was kept for sacrifice at a grand feast in honor of the king's fetish. All the negroes have fetishes, or idols, which they look upon as guardian angels. King Mammee's fetish was a sort of scarf, which he always wore under his other dress. It was woven of different sorts of hair, of men and beasts, birds' feathers, claws, and bits of bone, strung on cotton cloth. The old chief believed that this fetish protected him from dangers and enemies. On a particular day, this wonderful scarf was to be charmed by the priests, and made more powerful still, and on that occasion Quobah, the giant captive, was to be offered in sacrifice. I was told all this by the king's youngest daughter, who was quite a handsome little girl, in spite of her tawny skin. Her name was Sooluh, and when I saw her first she was about twelve years old.

Quobah, it appeared, was considered a great prize. He had been taken only after a desperate struggle with a dozen Yallaba warriors, and was kept chained and guarded in one of the strong rooms of King Mammee's house. It was through Sooluh's influence that I was admitted to speak with him. He was gloomy and silent, at first, but I got him to speak a few words of broken Spanish, which I managed to understand. By these I learned that the Dahomans, who attacked us, were often at war with the Ashantee nation, and that a mutual hatred existed between them. In regard to my uncle and Dr. Maxwell, he thought they had escaped, and that the white man's head I had seen belonged to one of the sailors. I felt much relieved on hearing this.

I continued to see Quobah several times, and carried him a few fruits, which Sooluh gave me. I told him what I had heard about the sacrifice, but he already expected it, and only grinned scornfully, saying that he knew how to die, like an Ashantee warrior. Things were in this state, when a catastrophe took place that altered matters considerably.

I had heard rumors for some time back, concerning the ravages of a lion in the surrounding country; and one morning little Sooluh came to tell me that the beast had attacked the slaves who were gathering corn, and killed a dozen the night before. The king was in great trouble, for all the field people had sought shelter in the town, afraid of another visit. A consultation

of the priests was held, and the fetish was consulted about the alarming visitor. At length it was decided that the lion was an evil *fetish*, and that, to appease his wrath, it was necessary to sacrifice Quobah at once. Accordingly, the Ashantee captive was led into the public square, and all the people gathered about to witness his massacre. King Mammee sat on his throne of sheepskins; and the priests were all armed with immense clubs and swords.

Quobah stood with his arms folded, rolling his eyes around the circle of Dahomans, until he heard all that his enemies had to say. Then he addressed the king and priests abruptly. They listened to him attentively, apparently quite impressed with what he said. When he had finished, they consulted together, and, much to my surprise, the Ashantee was unbound and led back to his quarters.

But the mystery was soon explained. Quobah had proposed that, as he was to be sacrificed in any event, he should be allowed to choose his own method, by volunteering to go out alone, and fight the lion. The priests decided this to be lawful, and the king expressed his satisfaction. I need not say that the poor field people of Yallaba were glad to find a champion against their dreaded foe.

No time was to be lost, as the sun was declining, and the king of beasts was expected to visit the valley again, that evening. The cattle had all been driven within the walls, and the huts deserted since the previous night. Quobah was to go out, with such arms as he might select, and either slay the lion, or fall a sacrifice to the evil fetish, and thus avert destruction from the husbandmen.

I had, of course, no faith in the fetish charms, but I could not help being impressed with the solemn manner in which the priests dismissed Quobah on his adventure, from which no one expected him to return. They chanted a dismal strain, whitened their faces, and beat their heads with stones. The women howled in chorus, and the Dahoman warriors clashed their swords and spears together. Quobah alone appeared to be unmoved, as he marched to the south gate, armed with a long spear, his own huge sword, which had been restored to him, and with my carbine, the only really serviceable fire-arm in the town. He had scarcely got beyond a heavy stone, that secured the log door, before a terrific roar sounded from the fields, which made our Yallaba soldiery retreat suddenly, whilst the Ashantee leaped boldly out.

I was standing among the king's people, with Sooluh clinging to my hand, when the lion's roar startled everybody. We climbed to the wall, and looked over. Here, sure enough, was an enormous lion, cantering over the fields, a short distance from the gate. His mane was standing erect, and he lashed his tail with furious strokes, as he saw Quobah slowly approaching him. I watched the Ashantee, and held my breath as he appeared marching to certain death. The priests and women began to howl, and the men pounded their war-drums to frighten the lion; but he only lashed his tail the fiercer, and crouched for a spring. Quobah sunk on one knee, and fronted the beast; I could fancy his eyes rolling with the glare that had frightened me when I first beheld him. Next moment, the lion leaped, and alighted on the sharp point of Quobah's spear, which the crafty warrior had suddenly raised, whilst the butt rested on the ground. The Ashantee jumped aside, and left the brute floundering, with the lance through his shoulder.

At this instant, another loud roar was heard from the forest, which hemmed the fields, at some distance. All eyes were turned in that direction, and we beheld a lioness crashing through the corn, followed by two half-grown cubs. Then, indeed, it seemed that all was over with the Ashantee, for the wounded

lion had broken the spear to fragments in his struggle, and was crouching for another spring, though evidently sorely hurt. Quobah lifted his gun—my light carbine—and held it ready to fire; whilst he turned his head a moment toward the advancing lioness. Then, as the lion made his second leap, the Ashantee sprang nimbly aside, barely escaping the fatal sweep of his enemy's paw. The lion fell heavily, on his wounded shoulder, and uttered a groan of pain; while Quobah, running close to him, placed the carbine at his very mouth, and fired. When the smoke cleared we could see the lion on his back, writhing in the agonies of death, and the lioness snuffing the earth, about twelve feet from Quobah. For a minute more, the beast kept her nose to the ground, her eyes burning in the rays of the setting sun, like fire-brands. She then gave a roar more frightful than any we had heard previously, and rose with a flying leap, directly toward the Ashantee warrior. The next that we saw was a cloud of dust whirled around the man and beasts. Quobah had awaited the lioness' attack, close beside her mate, and with all his gigantic strength had driven his sword-blade straight into the animal's mouth. We heard a stifled roar, and could see the ground torn up for a brief space, and then, as the dust settled, we beheld the lion and lioness stretched side by side, and Quobah lying across them, covered with blood. The two cubs sat on their haunches, a little way off.

Old King Mammee, who was on the wall, clapped his hands together, and the priests and people raised a shout of joy. The gate was then opened, and crowds poured out into the fields. I ran amongst the rest, keeping Sooluh by the hand, till we came near the field of battle. There was no holding back among the people, now that their great enemies were slain, and in a very short time they lifted Quobah from the enormous bodies of the two brutes. The Ashantee was still living, but his left arm had been mangled, and his breast was torn across by the lioness' claw. He still grasped his sword with his right hand; the blade was red with blood from hilt to point. Before the sun went down, however, the brave chief revived, and had his wounds dressed by the king's doctor, who permitted me to assist him in the operation. Meantime, the soldiers had attacked, and killed the two cubs, and thus freed Yallaba from lions for many a day. The lioness' teats were full of milk, and Quobah had the satisfaction of drinking some of it, as well as feeling its effects in a wash for his wounds. He recovered in a few weeks, and was solemnly set free by King Mammee and the fetish priests, who desired to make him a member of the tribe, and offered him one of the princesses for a wife. But Quobah was a true Ashantee, and refused to abandon his nation. He received the skins of the lion and lioness, as his own prize, and was dismissed with honor, to his native country. I ventured to ask leave from King Mammee to accompany Quobah, in order to return to mine; but the old man refused me promptly, telling me he had other views in regard to my future. I was, therefore, obliged to content myself with Quobah's promise that he would try to let my uncle know—if he were still alive—that I was a captive of the Dahomans, in Yallaba.

After the Ashantee's departure, I was allowed, as a great favor from King Mammee, to take my carbine at times, and go out to shoot in the woods, in company with the young Yallaba princes. I here turned my little knowledge of medicine to account, by culling several herbs and simples used in pharmacy, which abound in the African forests. I afterward compounded these, and prepared both draughts and balsams to use in fevers and acute diseases. This exhibition of medical skill, in a youth, was received with wonder by the king and his physicians, as well as by the priests, who decided that I must

possess a powerful *fetish*. So it appeared, as I grew in size, and begun to understand the Dahoman language, that I was in a fair way to become a person of consideration. After the season of rains, which occurred some months following Quobah's dismissal, I was allowed, for the first time, to accompany an expedition that was organized with the design of capturing slaves for the great Dahoman market, held yearly at the capital town, called Abomey. I will briefly relate the incidents of the slave-hunt.

The preparations for this affair were going on through all the different towns for months before we started. Old King Mammee never left the valley, on account of his unwieldy size and rheumatic affections; but the eldest prince, named Caribo, was made commander of our war-party. We set out with three hundred men, and travelled east for two days, before we joined the main body of about twelve hundred. Four hundred of these were women-soldiers. The most were armed with bows and arrows, clubs and spears; but there were about a hundred muskets among them. The army was made up of war-parties from different towns, like Jallaba, each having its priests, who carried fetishes in front. Some of the fetishes were human skulls or scalps, hung around with shells and pieces of jingling metal.

Besides warriors, there were gangs of slaves to carry provisions and luggage, and the whole force was led by a son of the Dahoman king, from Abomey. There were women, also, to prepare food for the soldiers. We halted every night, and had a feast and dancing. On the seventh morning we reached the enemy's borders, and came in sight of a quiet village. Here our hunting began, by the Abomey general firing off his gun and giving a shrill yell to encourage his followers. Immediately our whole army of blacks rushed upon the village, and commenced battle. The resistance, however, was not very great, as our approach had been unexpected. Our warriors climbed over a wooden stockade, hurling their spears, and shooting their arrows and muskets. The inhabitants were taken by surprise, and, after fighting a few minutes, turned to escape from their town, but found themselves completely surrounded. It was all the work of one hour after daybreak, and when the sun peeped through the trees, at least three hundred prisoners were secured. They consisted of men, women, boys, and girls. Old people and infants were not considered of value, and were knocked on the head or stuck with spears as fast as they were brought in. I turned away in horror from these cruelties of the savage blacks, for my heart was not then so callous as it afterward became.

The Dahomans had a great feast that day, and toward evening we marched several hours. The captives were yoked together in couples, with bamboo collars, and a long ox-hide band connected a half dozen collars together. Besides this, their hands were bound behind, and a tall Dahoman marched beside every couple, beating them with a heavy whip whenever they appeared to lag. We halted that night and part of the following day, and the next evening arrived near a larger town than the one we had surprised. It was situated in a valley, and I had a view of it at sunset from the top of a wooded hill on our line of march. Here our captives were made to lie down, and stakes were driven in the earth, fastening them securely. When the night was somewhat advanced, the main portion of our force set off in small parties to creep into the unsuspecting town. I remained behind, with about a hundred, who had been left to guard the prisoners. I had no desire to witness another slaughter of unresisting old men and women.

About an hour after the warriors set out to descend upon the valley, a bright flame shot up from the town, announcing their presence. A chorus of bells, cries, and groans broke the silence of the night, and in a few moments

more the whole valley seemed in flames. I ran to the brow of the hill, from which I could look down upon the scene, as if it were looking into the street from the roof of a house. And an unearthly scene it was. The sky grew red, and the town could be seen as plainly as by daylight. I distinguished the different Dahoman warriors leaping and running about, whirling their weapons. Hundreds of houses were on fire, and their wretched inhabitants, rushing from the flames, were received on the points of spears by their enemies. At one part of the village a severe battle raged for some time. Muskets were discharged, and I could plainly hear the shouts on both sides, and the clash of their weapons. In other places, the naked women and children were running for their lives, pursued by Dahoman soldiers, who dragged them back and threw them on the ground. The light of the blazing huts lit up everything, and made the savage figures seem like beings of the lower world engaged in some infernal ceremony.

It was near morning when the fires smoldered out, and the work of capture and massacre was finished in that place. More than four hundred choice slaves had been taken. After they were shackled, we pushed on without rest, for fear of pursuit, as we had heard that the enemy were assembling in our rear. We marched homeward several days, and on the way surprised three other small hamlets of blacks. When we halted at last, to divide the plunder, before separating, it was found that our hunt had resulted in the capture of nearly a thousand slaves, of which more than two-thirds were youths of both sexes. Besides this, we had seized a large quantity of corn, cattle, and other spoils. The share of our Yallaba warriors was quite considerable, and when we reached the valley, a great feast was held in honor of their bravery and good luck. Old King Mammee sat on his pile of sheepskins, and distributed feathers to the principal men, and the priests made a solemn sacrifice of two young boys to the king's fetish. The poor lads were cut to pieces with knives by the women-soldiers, and afterward burned before the idol.

CHAPTER VII.

Yallaba—The Princess Sooluh—A Scorpion Bite—Life among the Blacks—A Proposition of Marriage—I become a husband at Seventeen—Another War-party—I am made Prisoner by the Foola—Fandee and the Foola People—The Gambia—Captain Fruley and his Sloop—Slave-packing—Kidnapping—The Brig Friendship—Congo River—Mutiny and Murder—Taken by the Kroos—Captain Baker—Up the Calabar—Dr. Maxwell again—My Uncle sends for me.

I HAD now been upward of a year among the Yallabas, and could talk their lingo quite glibly, as well as handle the spear, or bow and arrow, with some dexterity. My constitution had improved, and my body was getting hearty and tough, which changed me greatly in appearance. Before going on the slave-hunt, I had been rubbed with palm-oil and blacked with some sort of earth, so that I looked like a negro at first sight. This was by King Mammee's order, and I had to submit. I became reconciled to the palm-oil, when assured that it kept off venomous insects; for I once nearly lost my life by the bite of a scorpion, as I shall now relate.

Sooluh, the youngest daughter of King Mammee, was a sort of playmate of mine from the first. She was a mere child when I arrived at Yallaba, but in

a year or two, she grew into quite a little woman. After my return from the slave-hunt, she appeared more shy than formerly of my company; but it was not from any ill will, as the following will prove.

One sultry afternoon I felt like having a good swim in the river, and took a small gourd of palm-oil to rub my body with. After enjoying myself in the water, I lay down on the soft grass awhile, and fell asleep, only to be awakened suddenly by a sharp pain in my left side. I got up quickly, and a large scorpion fell from my naked breast, which so frightened me that I screamed and fainted back, expecting certain death from the bite, which is generally fatal in a short time. The next moment I was embraced by a pair of soft arms, and Sooluh's head sunk on my shoulder, her lips fastening on the scorpion bite, which had already begun to swell. My brain grew dizzy, my eyes closed heavily, and I knew nothing more till I found myself lying on my own mats in the king's house. My side was bound up with pieces of astringent bark. Sooluh was sitting near the mats, watching me with her large black eyes, whilst several other females clustered round the door. I soon learned that I was out of danger, thanks to Sooluh's prompt assistance. The young girl had heard my cry, and seen the scorpion making off. She ran to my assistance, and, kneeling beside me, sucked the venom from my wound before it had spread into the circulation. I soon recovered, and it was said that I must have a very wonderful *fetish* to protect me, as the bite of an African scorpion is regarded to be incurable. But though I escaped, poor Sooluh was taken ill next day, either from the reaction of her excitement, or from swallowing some of the scorpion's venom. She became delirious, and I soon found myself nursing her, as she had watched me; but in a few weeks we were both well, and better friends than ever.

My imitation of the dress and manners of the Yallabas, and apparent contentment with negro life, won the favor of all, but my associates were among the princes and young chiefs. I had abandoned many scruples that I felt at the beginning, and joined in the savage amusements and ceremonies on all occasions. I was waited on by slaves, and shared all the feasts of King Mammee, who led an indulgent life, with his score of wives. My full dress consisted of a piece of calico cloth, wrapped about the loins, and a sort of cloak, which Sooluh wove of mango leaves, split fine, and fringed with colored threads of unravelled cotton.

It was, as near as I can recollect, after I had been twenty months with the Yallabas, when King Mammee sent for me one day to confer on me a special honor—no less than to make me his son-in-law by marrying me to Sooluh. He made a long harangue, telling me that his fetish and mine were to be henceforth very powerful, that he himself was my greatest friend, and that I would become more popular with all the tribe after being united to Sooluh. My youthful vanity was touched by this mark of royal favor, and I was not averse to the princess, who had saved my life, and was the handsomest young negress I had ever seen. I consented at once; Sooluh was sent for, and came dressed in her *tontongree*, or white cotton shift. She was attended by her sisters and a train of maids, and the ceremony of marriage was performed by the women leading her to my hut. After a special feast, with singing and dancing, I became a husband at the age of seventeen years.

Great rejoicings and entertainments followed my marriage, and I found myself a distinguished personage, whilst Sooluh was become the envy of all her female friends. But I had not enjoyed my new honors long before another great slave-hunt was announced. Prince Caribo set out to lead our war-party, as before, and I accompanied him as a doctor and general favorite.

This was my last expedition with the Yallabas; for, before we reached the rendezvous of other Dahoman war-parties, we were set upon by a superior force of hostile negroes, and nearly all our party taken prisoners. I was captured by the chief, stripped and tied, and then marched twenty days' journey through a dense forest, till we reached a negro settlement on a large river, which I afterward ascertained was the Gambia.

Fandee was the name of this African town, which belonged to a tribe of the *Foola* negroes. After my arrival here, I saw no more of Prince Caribo, or the Yallaba warriors, but heard that they were sent off in gangs to the rice-fields, which abounded on the river shores. I was conducted to the *Foola* prince, who was a gigantic specimen of African royalty, being six feet and a half in height as he stood. He was thick-lipped and flat-nosed, but had a good forehead and commanding expression. He wore gold rings in his ears, which reminded me of my uncle, and his shoulders were covered with a variegated mantle of native cloth, which hung like a priest's surplice over his huge limbs. He asked me questions, and I found I could comprehend his language very well with my knowledge of the Dahoman tongue. I made no secret of my story, and gave him as good an account as possible of my experience at Yallaba. The result of this interview was my release from strict confinement, and liberty to look about among the people of Fandee, who were generally larger and better featured than the negroes I had heretofore seen.

The women of Fandee were quite free and attractive, and were very curious about the white stranger; but though I saw many handsome forms among them, I could not help thinking with regret of my Yallaba wife Sooluh. I was then a young man, and my heart had not become hardened.

The population of Fandee appeared to be industrious and thrifty. I soon learned that they were not ignorant idol worshippers, like the Dahomans, but Mohammedans, with books, or at least written scrolls, in their houses, which were read by young and old. The market was in the centre of the town, which was surrounded by walls of mud baked hard in the sun. Fruit, vegetables, rice, pepper, milk, and meat were sold. The women wore bands of blue and white cloth folded round their waists, and hats of plaited straw. They polished their bodies with palm-oil, and had bracelets and anklets of shells and beads.

After stopping at Fandee a month, I was taken in charge by a party of *Foolas*, and carried down the river in a canoe, till we reached a trading station and slave market, where I was greeted for the first time in two years by the sound of a white man's voice, in my own language. My heart leaped when I saw a man in the dress of an English sailor, and learned that a vessel was at anchor near the town.

Captain Fraley was a Bristol trader, engaged in the African trade, and had half a dozen sloops at different stations on the Gambia, taking in cargoes of negroes to ship from the coast. The place to which I had been brought by the *Foolas* was one of these stations, called Wadec. It was merely a depot for slaves, with a few sheds built for their shelter. Captain Fraley, it appeared, had heard from one of his negro agents that a white man was at Fandee, and had bought me from the *Foola* prince for half a dozen muskets, a keg of rum, and a piece of Manchester cotton. "You see, my boy," said the Bristol trader, laughing, as he shook my hand, "you're a regularly purchased slave, but I'm ready to bargain for your ransom on favorable terms."

I was overjoyed to meet such a jovial, good-natured fellow-countryman as Captain Fraley seemed to be. He was acquainted with my uncle, and had seen him within a year; so that I knew he had escaped the Dahoman massacre.

I went with this pleasant captain on board his sloop, which was to sail down the river on the following morning. She was more like a pleasure yacht than a trading vessel, being about twenty-five tons burden, with a snug little cabin, where we found her skipper, Captain Fisher, and sat down to a supper, with English plates and glasses. I handled the knife and fork awkwardly enough at first, but managed to satisfy my appetite; after which I gave an account to my new friends of my experience in African manners and customs. I was shown a cot in one of four comfortable lockers of the sloop's cabin, but was awakened in the night by a noise of groaning, which startled me greatly; so that I went on deck, though the air was chill, and a thick mist covered the river. Captain Fraley heard me, and called out, asking what disturbed me, on which I inquired about the groaning; and was told that it was only the "darkies." Next morning all was explained. The sloop's hold was crowded with a cargo of eighty slaves, stowed in a space of hardly thirty feet, as the hold was only ten feet long. The blacks were placed in a sitting posture, one within another's legs, so that each did not occupy more than three feet. As this was the first time I had seen slaves packed, I expressed my surprise to the Englishman, who laughed, and told me I would see closer stowage than this before long—a remark that was soon verified.

We dropped down the Gambia, and were joined next day by a smaller sloop of ten tons, with forty slaves aboard, in a hold about nine by four feet, length and width, and two feet between ballast and deck; but this cargo consisted of boys and girls. Our own craft was afterward made to accommodate a deck-load, as there was quite a stock of slaves waiting at all the stations.

I found Captain Fraley a pleasant man in the cabin, but he had no feeling where negroes were concerned as a matter of traffic. He was engaged in extensive operations on the river Gambia, and owned quite a fleet of Bristol and Liverpool craft, which he supplied with cargoes from his factories on the African coast. His mode of obtaining slaves was generally by fair barter, but he also organized hunting parties on his private account, to operate with various negro kings. Captain Fisher, of our sloop, informed me that he had been upon many hunts on the small rivers which emptied into the Gambia. It was customary for parties of sailors and coast blacks to lie in wait near the streams and little villages, and seize the stragglers by twos and threes, when they were fishing or cultivating their patches of corn. Sometimes an attack was made by night on the huts, and as many seized as could be conveniently managed in the boats.

By degrees I became familiar with all the usual methods of catching slaves, and by the time our sloop arrived at the coast, I exhibited so much quickness to Captain Fraley, that he made me an offer to receive me into his employ as clerk, at wages which would soon make me independent. I was flattered, and would have consented at once if I had not set my mind on finding my uncle, who was supposed to be then, as Captain Fisher heard, at a slave station near the Congo River. Captain Fraley agreed to give me a passage in one of his coasters, just starting southward, and assured me that I might rely on him at any time if I wanted to better my fortune.

The Bristol brig in which I embarked for Congo, was to carry out supplies for a factory of Captain Fraley's on the Angola coast, and bring back a cargo of slaves to the Gambia stations, where his chief depots were located. She was a heavy sailer; and when we reached Embomma, near a hundred miles from the mouth of the Congo, we found that Captain Willing had left that settlement a week before. There was nothing for me to do but accompany the schooner to Angola, and thence back to the river Gambia, for I had neither

money nor acquaintance elsewhere. But I was soon to experience another turn of fortune.

The brig, in which Captain Fraley had given me passage, was named the *Friendship*. Her captain was a Londoner—one Thorley—a rough but honest seaman, who treated me very well. There were likewise eight Portuguese and Danish sailors on board, the mate an Irishman, and an English cabin-boy, myself, and two Guinea negroes. We had hardly cleared the Congo River outward, when the Portuguese and Danes mutinied, and took the vessel.

I was talking with Captain Thorley below when we heard a noise on deck, and he ran up to see what it was about. I waited a few moments before I followed, and, to my horror, stumbled over the little cabin-boy, lying by the companion rail, with his head split open. The crew were then throwing Captain Thorley overboard, after having knocked him in the head with the cook's axe. At the same time I heard a faint cry of "Boat! boat!" and saw our Irish mate just drifting astern. One of the Portuguese sailors ran toward me, brandishing a handspike; but I called out in Spanish, begging my life, as I had no other chance against the mutinous crew. He turned away, and I remained in expectation of instant death whilst the bloody work went on. Our two Africans being called from below, where they were asleep, the Portuguese cook brought them each a tin cup full of rum; and whilst they were drinking it, two other mutineers shot them with musket-balls through the stomach, and then threw them overboard.

I thought my turn was now sure, but the fellows, after talking together a few moments, presented me with a cross, and demanded that I should swear never to divulge the murders, which I was glad to do, though with small faith in their good will to me. They then began to overhaul the brig, which was laden principally with damaged British goods, muskets, powder, and rum. They plundered the officers' chests, and filled two boats with provisions and whatever articles they thought most valuable. I was allowed to get into one of the boats, and then, after scuttling the brig, these pirates pushed off, and steered for the coast, which we reached on the third day after the massacre. Both boats were swamped in making a landing, a Portuguese and a Dane being drowned in the surf. Some of the provisions and rum-kegs were washed ashore, and the mutineers drank themselves drunk, and lay down on the sands. About noon we started for the bush, but had not walked far before a gang of blacks appeared, armed with clubs and spears; in a few moments we were all stripped and bound, and I was once more a captive among negroes. I found that we had fallen into the hands of a tribe of Kroomen, as the coast negroes are called; and my ability to talk a little of their lingo was of service very soon. The head man of the Kroos could also speak a few English and Spanish words, and most of the party had been employed by ship masters at different times. These Kroos had a great number of canoes, hollowed from light wood trees, hauled up on the sandy beach of a cove, which was shut in by high reefs and a line of tremendous surf. The Kroos inhabit the African coast, together with the Fishmen. The interior tribes are called Bushmen.

Our captors dashed into the boiling waters with their wedge-pointed boats, and picked up several articles of the pirates' plunder. Afterward they marched us several miles inland to their village, where they were welcomed with great noise of copper drums and gun-firing. Our rum was distributed, and a bullock killed, for a feast.

We remained two days in the Kroo village, and were then taken back to the beach, where we found a boat belonging to an English ship then in the offing, and were soon safely aboard the *Brothers*, a Liverpool slaver; I told

her captain the story of the *Friendship's* loss, and four of our six mutineers were at once put in irons. The other two were nearly dying, and made a full confession. I here learned that my uncle, Captain Willing, was still on the coast of Africa; and the captain of the *Brothers* promised to take me to Calabar, where he then was. I was overjoyed at this good luck, as I considered it.

The *Brothers* was a ship of 500 tons, with a crew of forty, English, Scotch, and Portuguese. She was coasting for a supply of slaves, in exchange for rum, powder, guns, salt, and cotton cloths; and had a schooner on deck to run up the rivers. I got into the good graces of Captain Baker, her commander, who was a kindly sort of man. We arrived at the outlet of Calabar River, and there heard that Captain Willing was on the Qua, a saller stream about eighty miles inland. The schooner was here launched, and I went aboard of her, to ascend the river. She was supplied with water, beef, rum and yams, and a quantity of handcuffs, muskets, powder and ball; and the second mate of the *Brothers*, McVery, was her skipper. On her arrival at the Qua River, I found that my uncle had gone still further inland, on a negro-hunting expedition. He had two forty-ton schooners, lying before a negro depot, at the mouth of the Qua, and on boarding one of them, I saw, to my great surprise and joy, the familiar face of Doctor Maxwell.

The surgeon was hardly able to believe his senses, when I made myself known. Instead of the pale-faced, undersized lad of fifteen, he saw a stout, manly fellow, tanned like a Moor. But he received me cordially, and told me that my uncle was a couple of days' journey up the Qua, at the chief negro town. I related my adventures; and a Fishman messenger was shortly dispatched with the news of my resurrection, as Dr. Maxwell called it, whilst I swung my hammock on board the schooner to await his return. The surgeon informed me that he had been to Brazil and the West Indies twice, since their escape from massacre, on the night of the Dahoman attack on our caravan. There had been only one white killed on that occasion, a sailor, whose head I afterward saw. I learned that the *Coralline* was at a place called Camarones, a couple of hundred miles down the coast from Calabar, and that Captain Willing, in partnership with a rich Spaniard of Rio, was shipping cargoes every month from various stations on the Guinea coast.

On the fifth day after my arrival, a message came from my uncle that I should join him at once; I bade good bye to the surgeon, who was busy in charge of a new batch of blacks at the station, and set out, in company with a couple of Fishmen, for a tramp inland.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Calabar and Qua Rivers—Town of Gambo—King Ephraim—Making up a *Kaffe* of Slaves—Shakoe the Driver—Inspecting the Stock—Branding the Blacks—March to the War—Packing Negroes—Arrival at Camarones—I recover my Chest—Resume Journalizing—Stowing a Cargo—Arrangements for Comfort—*Revolt of the Slaves*—A Deadly Struggle—Arrival at Berbice—Dutch Slave Market—An Incident—Rio de Janeiro again—Don Juan and his Daughter—Dr. Maxwell leaves us—My Uncle's Plans—Back to Africa—Cape Palmas—Prince Vinegar—Rio Basso—Don Ricardo's Settlement.

THE country about the Qua River is a very fine one. The forest which we travelled was full of game and fruits. Pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, citrons, and guavas, were everywhere to be seen; and we passed through two small villages of negroes, where yams, sweet potatoes, and wild sugar-cane were growing abundantly. The Fishmen told me that all this territory had been once covered with thriving towns, and the pastures filled with flocks and herds; but the slave-hunts had broken up the settlements, and thinned the population to a few scattered families. I saw some cultivation of the soil going on by women, but scarcely any full-grown men. These women were mild and kind, treating us to milk and yams, and preparing huts for us to sleep in.

I found my uncle at a large negro town, called Gambo, and was welcomed cordially. He told me my knowledge of negro tongues would render me useful as his interpreter, and congratulated me on my manly looks. Next day I was presented to the negro King of Gambo, who was called Ephraim. I found some difference between the language of the Foola and Dahomans, and that of the Gambo nation, but soon contrived to pick up a stock of new words.

My uncle was making up a *kaffe* of slaves from several lots brought in by hunting parties. A *kaffe* is the common name for a train of slaves driven to the rivers or sea-coast. My uncle had a standing bargain for supplies, so there was no chaffering concerning prices. He bought by the twenties, allowing so much merchandise for each score of picked negroes. A thirty-gallon keg of brandy, a half dozen pieces of colored cottons, and twenty-five pounds of gunpowder, were given for any prime lot. Different articles, such as iron spear-heads, coral beads, tobacco, and gilt trinkets, were exchanged proportionately for other lots. When the slaves were brought in by the hunters, they were fastened to stakes driven in the ground, by couples. Every morning my uncle went out to inspect a new batch driven in during the night. A mulatto overseer was his principal examiner—a burly, savage fellow, who knocked the poor blacks about without mercy. He would flog a negro senseless on the slightest provocation, and was constantly lashing them with a knotted leather whip. I ventured to remonstrate with my uncle about such treatment of the slaves, and was told that this mulatto was considered the best *kaffe-driver* on the coast. "He makes the black rascals think him the devil," said Captain Willing, "and that insures their respect."

"But," I said, "these blacks appear to be good-tempered and mild, uncle?"

"Very good," laughed my uncle, "and Shakoe takes care to keep them so! Let him alone, Phil, or he may do you an ill turn some day!" This caution closed my mouth.

The business of inspection and choice of stock was done in a shady wood, near the centre of the town, where my uncle's quarters were. Shakoe's whip

cracked a signal for each squad's arrival; and my uncle, in shirt and duck trousers, with a palm-leaf hat, walked up and down the fettered line, smoking his cigar. Shakoe was a sort of negro doctor as well as overseer, and could tell an unsound slave almost by a glance. He handled the naked blacks from head to foot, squeezing their joints and muscles, twisting their arms and legs, examining teeth, eyes, and chest, and pinching breasts and groins without mercy. The slaves stood in couples, stark naked, and were made to jump, cry out, lie down, and roll, and hold their breath for a long time. Women and girls were used no more gently than the men by this mulatto inspector.

The day before we were to start from Gambo, the *branding* was done; and a deal of flogging had to be done also, to keep the frightened negroes quiet. Shakoe's lash and the heavy whips of his assistant negroes were not a moment idle. The slaves were fetched up singly, made to lie down on their faces, and thus held by a big negro, whilst another kept the branding irons hot in a fire close by, and a third applied them between the shoulders of the shrieking wretches. At first there was horrible yelling, for the poor people expected to be tortured to death; and I was called upon to talk to them in their own lingo, though my assurances had not much effect. Shakoe plied his leather till it became actually crusted with blood.

After the scourgings and brandings were through with for that day, the negroes were allowed double rations of rice, yams, and beans, and then coupled for the march. That night King Ephraim gave a feast to my uncle, and a slave sacrifice was made to the fetish for good luck. The sick, maimed, and feeble negroes, discarded by my uncle in making up his *kaffe*, supplied victims enough for this occasion, and several of them were cut to pieces before we started from Gambo.

Our march to the river was a painful one. Shakoe and his assistant "devils," as the slaves, no doubt, considered them all, marked their way with blood. When we reached the Qua, and marched along its banks to the Calabar depot, I let the whole *kaffe* pass me, and the slaves presented a deplorable appearance as they moved along, scarred and bleeding. I began to look upon the overseer with abhorrence, and thought his systematic cruelty useless; but my uncle laughed at my scruples, and said, "Let Shakoe alone, Phil; he understands his business better than you do."

Our *kaffe* numbered one hundred and fifty full-grown males and females, and about a hundred youths of both sexes. I had seen the process of close packing in Captain Fraley's sloops on the Gambia; but I felt puzzled to know how two forty-ton schooners were to stow our freight, as Captain Willing assured me was intended.

Dr. Maxwell and the two skippers of the vessels were at the station to receive us. Here the *kaffe* was overhauled and barber's work done. The heads of all slaves, without distinction of age or sex, were shaved, and they were scrubbed with sand, standing in the water. The schooners were fitted with bulkheads, in the fashion of regular slavers, and the sexes divided on each side. The largest males were packed first in the hold, sitting cross-legged in rows, back to back. They faced each other closely, and a hundred were thus crammed into each schooner under decks. The women and girls were all stowed in one hold. After securing these below, about fifty were tied around the masts and rails of both vessels; and by this time every available foot of space had been covered with black flesh. As it was now impossible to shift these people while we were in the river, they were served with their rations from wooden buckets, let down by bamboo poles to each row.

Our departure was speedy, as the rainy season sets in after the first of June,

and it was then May, whilst my uncle had several other ventures on the coast. We made good progress down the Calabar, and arrived safely at Camarones in five days, losing only three boys and two girls, who were suffocated in the hold, and thrown overboard at sea. At Camarones we found the Coralline, waiting for her freight, and I soon trod her familiar decks. Here, likewise, much to my gratification, I regained my Boston sea-chest, with its little stock of worldly effects; among the rest, my "Robinson Crusoe," and some other books, keepsakes of poor Dr. Thady. My journal, too, was safe, as I had left it in the chest on board our schooner, at Rio Volta; so I recommenced my diary, and began to feel at home, for the first time in nearly three years.

May 8th, 1808.—This day, after twenty-seven months' wandering, captivity, and various adventures, I resume my journal, on board the Coralline, Captain Willing. Last night I passed ashore, with my uncle, who is looking after the shipment of a thousand slaves, to Brazil and the West Indies. The barracoon is a large building near the landing-place, and some two thousand blacks are collected there. We lodged in a room over the ground floor, where these negroes are confined. I was unable to sleep on account of the noise of their groans and complaints. They kept up a mournful chanting all night, in spite of repeated lashings by the keepers.

This morning the loading was commenced early. The blacks were all stripped naked, and shipped by twos and threes, in canoes through the surf. Our brig, the Coralline, is to carry seven hundred. Her bulkhead is secured strongly, and double decks laid, two feet apart. Two carronades are mounted, so as to sweep the hold, in case of a rising of the slaves, which sometimes, I hear, takes place before they are permanently secured. My uncle says the Coralline is better fitted for carrying slaves than any vessel of her burden on the coast.

May 9th.—Our cargo is safely stowed. The blacks are shackled down in tiers, on the decks, sitting between each other's legs, fore and aft. One slave deck rests on stanchions, over the water stowage. The blacks are strung across in gangs of six or eight, according to size, and their ankle-bolts are secured by two rods of iron running midships, and padlocked in the centre. When the rods are drawn out, the shackles drop, and a gang can take its turn to go on deck for air.

May 10th.—To-day has been a busy day. The slaves are all below, and the Coralline sails to-morrow for the Indies. I think the arrangements for the slaves are excellent. My uncle tells me they are to get two meals a day, of boiled beans or rice; each has a light wooden dish and spoon tied about the neck, and every gang is to be allowed a pipe and tobacco once a day, to pass around. Besides this, my uncle says, the gangs are to come on deck, in fine weather, to dance and enjoy themselves. So the poor people will take a good deal of comfort. This slave trade is not such a bad thing after all. My uncle says it is a necessary evil. I think he is getting rich.

May 11th.—Out at sea, running before a fine breeze; everything in order. Dr. Maxwell and myself dined with my uncle to-day, and he was quite pleasant; more than I ever knew him to be before. He advises me to study navigation. I intend to do it.

May 20th.—To-day has been an exciting one on board the Coralline. We had a revolt, or nearly so, of the whole black cargo. Shakoe, my uncle's mulatto overseer, is dead, and some twenty slaves have been thrown overboard, dead and wounded. It seems that this revolt has been threatened for some days. Dr. Maxwell was told by a sick boy last week, that the negroes had threatened to kill Shakoe, but my uncle laughed at the threat. The mulatto was hated by every slave on board, and it appears that this morning a slave struck him with his shackle, while on deck, and then jumped overboard. Shakoe became furious, and rushed down into the hold, cutting right and left with his whip. By some means, a gang got loose, and broke off the iron rod that had fastened their ring bolts. They attacked Shakoe, and beat his brains out, and succeeded in liberating half a dozen other gangs, and getting on deck all together. Our watch, and the negro sentinels, immediately fired their muskets into the crowd of naked blacks, who had begun to

arm themselves with handspikes, buckets, and any other missile to be found loose. Dr. Maxwell and I were on deck at the time, and Captain Willing came up in a hurry, with a loaded pistol in each hand. Our white crew rushed aft, and the mate served out arms, with which the blacks were driven back, though not before two sailors were killed and one wounded. It was a terrible affair, while it lasted. The negroes fought like wild beasts, and had they succeeded in releasing all below, we should have been overpowered and every one of us slaughtered. Thirteen blacks were shot on the deck, and seven wounded seriously. All these were flung into the sea, and the other rebels, about a dozen, secured again. It was a narrow escape for the brig. I begin to think this slaving a dangerous business at sea, as well as ashore. That rascally Shakoe deserved his fate, for he abused the blacks shamefully. His head was all beaten to pieces—a ghastly sight, and the negroes tore his whip into bits not bigger than my finger.

July 15th, Berbice, in Guiana.—We arrived at this place yesterday. My uncle expects to get high prices for the cargo, as there is understood to be a scarcity of help on the plantations. This is a very gay town; the streets are full of belles and beaux, in handsome clothes. I went with my uncle this morning, to call on the Dutch governor, who received us kindly. There was a large party of Indians in the grounds of the government house. They sat on the grass, eating crabs, which they stewed along with cabbage and capsicum in cooking pots made of baked clay. They were copper-faced people, with long black hair, and nearly naked. I hear they are in town to get their rations of rum and powder. Wherever these Indians go, they make their squaws, or women, carry the cooking vessels, hammoos, calabashes, and crab-baskets on their backs. The men walk on, with their bows and arrows.

July 16.—The great market sale of slaves has been going on all day. The Dutch planters are buying our cargo up at good prices. Some of the Dutch maids are good looking, in their short green jackets and scarlet petticoats; they moved about, inspecting the naked Africans, as if it was a common thing. Half our blacks were sold at to-day's vendue. The auctioneer sat in a high chair, at one end of the large room, and the slaves stood on a stool in front of him. He made them turn round about, as they stood, in their breech-cloths, before the people; and the purchasers walked up and felt of them, to try their flesh and soundness. The darkies were obliged to go through every sort of motion; it appeared as if their limbs would be pulled out of joint, or their jaws cracked by some of the Dutch boors; one dame was not satisfied till she forced a wench to screech by squeezing her breast cruelly.

July 17.—The vendue is over, and our cargo is scattered among the Berbice planters. The full grown fellows fetched as high as one thousand guilders, and the boys, girls, and women from seven hundred to eight hundred guilders, which are considered good prices. Some curious scenes took place at the sale, showing that blacks have feelings as well as whites. One poor negro man, tall and well-formed, was shily, and refused to show himself off to advantage, till a young and good looking negress was brought in and placed beside him; then he started forward, held up two fingers, and pointed to the girl, knelt down, and clasped his hands, and showed, by all his motions, that he wanted to be sold with his wife; she ran to him, and clasped him in her arms, crying and putting out her hands, till at last the auctioneer decided to sell them together, at which they seemed almost beside themselves with joy. This pair brought seventeen hundred guilders.

Leaving Berbice, the Coralline made a quick run to Rio de Janeiro, where I was introduced to my uncle's partner, Don Joam de Cobral, a Portuguese trader of great wealth. At this time I was taken into my uncle's confidence somewhat, and learned that he had accumulated a considerable fortune. Don Joam was a stout man, past middle age, and lived in style at a country house in the mountains, a few miles from Rio. He had a dozen illegitimate children, whom he was educating, and lived with their mothers on his large estate. Donna Maria, a quadroon girl, sixteen years old, was at her father's house when I went there first, in company with my uncle, and entertained us with

playing on the harp and singing. She was the handsomest young woman, with negro blood in her veins, that I ever saw. This girl, with several brothers and sisters, was afterward sold, to pay her father's creditors, when he failed in 1813. At the time I saw him, however, Don Joam was considered to be a millionaire.

One day, shortly after our arrival at Rio, my uncle took me to walk on the public promenade, overlooking the bay, and we sat down to coffee and cigars in one of the shaded booths. Here he informed me that he had withdrawn from partnership with Don Joam, and that he now owned the Coralline and several schooners, without a partner. I then learned, for the first time, that the English government had abolished the slave trade with her colonies, and that henceforth no slaver could sail under the British flag. "Captain Fraley," said my uncle, "has broken up his coast establishments, and left the field clear for us. The Coralline is now a Spanish vessel, and you and I, Phil, must sink our English birthrights, and resign all claims to our large estates in Stockford."

I laughed at my uncle's joke, and expressed myself as ready to sail under Spanish colors as any other.

"You do well, Phil," he replied, "and you sha'n't regret your choice. You are soon learning foreign lingos, and when you master navigation you'll be worth double to me. Maxwell and I part company here, and if you like to take his place in the brig, you can do so."

"I hardly think I am competent to fill a surgeon's berth," I answered.

"Gammon!" said my uncle, "you're not called on to be a court physician. Brimstone and molasses, calomel and jalap, and salt water in buckets, are Maxwell's whole *materia medica*, and I think you can take a hand at them as well as he."

"Where is Dr. Maxwell going, uncle?"

"He drops his kedge here in the Brazils, with Bob Floss, who has risen from a poor overseer to be an owner, and drives a heavy home business in wool and ivory."

I remembered Mr. Floss and his "fly-brush" very well, and thought our old surgeon would have enough to do with sick blacks under such a master.

Shortly after this conversation with my uncle, the Coralline shipped a new crew of Portuguese and Spaniards. Captain Willing and myself remained, the only Englishmen on board when we left Rio, with a new cargo of rum, coarse cotton cloth, tobacco, and gunpowder, with dried beef and oatmeal as provisions. Our destination, as before, was the Guinea coast; and I now quote from such portions of my journal as contain matters of interest:

Nov. 3d, 1808.—Cast anchor to-day off Cape Palmas, African coast, and shipped forty Kroo fishermen, with their canoes. This part of the coast is considered to be a fine field for the traffic. My uncle intends establishing a station on one of the rivers.

Nov. 6th.—We have chopped down to this place called Assinam, a couple of miles from the mouth of a river said to be populous. Our Kroomen are engaged in setting up sheds, and we are to have a grand *palabra* with the natives, who have sent messengers to negotiate. The country hereabouts is ruled by a black king named Prince Vinegar. He must be a sour sort of fellow.

Nov. 8th.—Our trading post is quite a respectable place already. The river bends at this point, making a little harbor, and the shore is thick with grass down to the sandy beach, the forest behind making a semi-circle. Our Kroos got the assistance of some hundred blacks, and we have a picket fence and covered sheds, to shelter goods. Pots are boiling, hammers and saws sounding, and canoes running back and forth to the brig, which commands the whole beach with her guns.

There is safe anchorage here, and the river is navigable for the brig some thirty or forty miles up, so it is said.

Nov. 9th.—King Vinegar and his chiefs visited us yesterday, for a *palabra*. King Vinegar reminds me of my old father-in-law, King Mammee, of Yallaba. Poor Sooluhl! what has become of her? She was an affectionate girl, and I think of her often. King Vinegar is fat and old, with a skin shining like black lead polish. He is called quite a powerful monarch in this region, and came attended by five hundred warriors and slaves, bringing several of his wives. My uncle treated him with a "dash" or present of a couple of thirty-gallon kegs of rum, served out in rations to the principal men. It is understood that we are to hold undisputed possession of this part of the coast, and my uncle is to have jurisdiction from a point just above this place, to the sea, more than two miles of fine country. This jurisdiction includes the power of life and death over any negro, under the rank of prince, who may come within our domain. The same power is exercised by every black king over all persons in his territory. So my uncle is a sort of *Moneego*, or prince-born, as far as the station is concerned. My uncle is now known as Don Ricardo, and my name is transmogrified into Felipe. So we are called by the crew, and so we shall pass, if we chance to be overhauled by British armed vessels, and there are several now on the coast.

Nov. 10th.—My uncle has told me his plans about future operations. The British slave trade ended in July last, but there are many British Liverpool and Scotch vessels on the coast now, with full cargoes. Don Ricardo intends to make our new settlement a depot for these, and we shall run cargoes to the Brazils. We have landed a couple of carronades, and will soon have a respectable station.

Nov. 11th.—To day arrived the Loango, one of my uncle's schooners, from the Congo. She is anchored off our settlement, which Don Ricardo has christened Rio Basso. In her came a Spaniard, Don Miguel Barca, a crony of my uncle, who is to be factor at this place. He seems a pleasant fellow, about thirty, with white teeth, which he shows a great deal. To day King Vinegar sent us a couple of bullocks and a milch cow.

The above extracts from my journal commence to record the routine life I led at Rio Basso, during five years that I remained there. The settlement grew to be one of the most thriving on the windward coast, and was the means of saving scores of British merchants from ruin, if it did no good otherwise. By means of our fast schooners, together with the Coralline and an American built brig, just her mate, called the Florida, we kept up a constant tapping of the coast, from Cape Palmas to the Rio Gambia, whence Captain Fraley's stations were still supplied with negroes. My uncle received the cargoes at Rio Basso, transhipped them to his own or other legal bottoms, and coined money by every operation. His brokerage was from a fifth to a half of each cargo, according as he shipped in his own or other vessels.

Don Miguel Barca was an experienced factor, and under his management, Rio Basso station soon grew noted as a slave factory, and became a resort for vessels in which British subjects still continued to have interest. We soon had extensive barracoons erected on the mainland and several small islands in the wide channel of the river. My uncle made several voyages in the Coralline with full cargoes, and became noted in Africa and the West Indies as a shrewd and successful trader, who never lost a cargo, though privateers were swarming every sea. During all this time, I officiated as a sort of port-surgeon and apothecary, and got to be pretty well skilled in the treatment of white men as well as negroes. My own experience helped me not a little; for I was sick nearly two months under the coast fever, which gave me a hard turn.

CHAPTER IX.

Life at Rio Basso—Building Barracoons—Don Miguel's Household—Our Slave Quarters and Hospital—Safe Transshipments—Sierra Leone and my Uncle's Foresight—I leave Rio Basso—Captain Leclerc and Diego Ramos—Journalizing—Ophthalmia shows itself—Smallpox breaks out—The Boa Morte a Pest Ship—A Slaver's Sabbath—Poisoning and Suffocation too late—Leclerc in Danger—Ramos in Good Spirits—A Hurricane in the Gulf Stream—Florida—Proceeds of our Cargo—The Boa Morte Sold—I start for the United States—Slave Smuggling—My Impressions of Travel.

Factory life in Africa is no desirable lot for a civilized being; but the five years of my situation at Rio Basso passed without much tediousness. My uncle had made a liberal contract for my services, agreeing to allow me three negroes per month to ship on my own account; and the prospect of laying up a snug sum before reaching majority was a tempting one to a youth like me. I made myself familiar with King Vinegar's people on the river, and visited many black nations further inland. Don Miguel was a hasty tempered man, but sociable and good natured in the main, and we got on very well together. He played the grand lord in Rio Basso, and could get more work out of our blacks the first year than I supposed possible. Under his management we had a couple of hundred darkies constantly employed in cutting down trees, and assisting our white force, which numbered twenty, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Dutchmen. Besides being surgeon, I was accountant and paymaster, and had to settle with King Vinegar and other chiefs for provisions which they sent in. All this time we were loading and transshipping cargoes of slaves from various parts of the coast. As soon as our barracoons were ready they were filled with stock, and no vessel had to wait an extra day for lack of negroes, during the early years of Rio Basso's settlement.

Our first accommodations were poor enough, tents and hovels being the only shelter; but before the rains, we got under a commodious roof, and in the course of a year I had a house to myself, separate from that of Don Miguel. The manager's was larger than mine, and this was necessary, for the Don's family was extensive in the female line; he had two quarteroon wives from the Verds, and I know not how many favorites, of mulatto and even darker hues. Our barracoons, as the slave-pens are called, were built close to the river, and on an island about a hundred yards in the stream, thickly grown with mangrove-bushes, bamboos, and palm-trees. They were constructed of cane, matted with vine, and plastered with mud, the whole strengthened by uprights and picket barriers. Into these capacious receptacles the slaves were driven on arrival, and placed in charge of gangmen of their own color. The gangmen superintended the head-shaving, washing, and branding, and saw that the blacks were duly secured every night to posts driven in the ground. The proportion of gangmen was one to twenty slaves, and they took turns standing guard, with whips, through the nights, to keep order.

We had a quarantine hospital built on a little island further down the river, for treatment of sick stock, and a burial-place in the sand behind. I instructed a dozen intelligent blacks in the mysteries of simple drugging, cupping, and blistering, and in a short time could boast of quite a medical board. We were generally lucky with our patients, and lost a small average. Out of seventy-

two thousand slaves received and transhipped from Rio Basso, in five years, we lost only eight thousand; and this included deaths by accidental drowning, suicides, and by a smallpox epidemic in 1811, when our barracoons were crowded, and when we shipped thirty thousand souls to Brazil and the West Indies.

A year after the establishment of barracoons at Rio Basso, the colony of free negroes planted by the British abolitionists at Sierra Leone, near the old Portuguese factories, was taken possession of by the British government, and an English man-of-war was stationed on the coast. My uncle's policy was then found completely successful. His schooners coasted up and down, running into rivers and creeks, where English factories still kept up inland connections, and bringing down cargoes to Rio Basso under the Portuguese, Spanish, and French flags. If boarded by a British cruiser, my uncle or his captains could always show papers corresponding with the flag carried; and he was so good a linguist himself that, with his swarthy face, he could pass for any countryman, besides his own. His English name was twisted into Spanish as Ricardo Villeno.

But I must hurry over this part of my life to the next voyage I made, from Rio Basso to the Floridas, and its dismal records, as entered in my journal of that year:

Oct. 28, 1812.—Left Rio Basso this day in the Boa Morte, formerly an American trader, now owned by Don Ricardo Villeno, my respectable uncle. She is commanded by a creole of St. Domingo, Pierre Leclerc, and bound for Pensacola, in the Floridas, with a cargo of nine hundred slaves. Monsieur Leclerc is a peppery little fellow, an old slaver, and has an interest in the freight. The second officer is Diego Ramos, a Portuguese from Fayal, and we three were in the round-house, as every inch of space is occupied by the blacks, cabin and hold knocked into slave decks, and packed tight at that. The stock is healthy, however, and we look for a profitable trip.

Oct. 30.—Leclerc is reckoning up his anticipated profits, and I may as well do the same. I have one hundred prime blacks—only twenty females—all branded, in good Spanish, with my name, "Felippe Drax," and I begin to feel the anxieties of a property owner. My little venture, at present prices, ought to bring me \$8,000—a tolerable set-up, with a little stock left on hand at Rio Basso. I shall invest in profitable goods, as my uncle advises, and go back prepared to begin trade for my own profit. I can find no fault with my uncle; the Don has become rather moody of late, but he has kept his business word, and I have to thank him for a good start in the world.

Nov. 1.—Everything prosperous, only three sick cases, low fever. Quinine will make them all right, though the sharks are following us, as if they smelt sickness. Leclerc and I have had a chat to day about this African business. He says he's repugnant to it, and I confess it's not a thing I like. But, as my uncle argues, slaves must be bought and sold; somebody must do the trading; and why not make hay while the sun shines?

Nov. 2.—Pedro, my assistant, reports one of our patients blind. We had half the gangs on deck to day for exercise; they danced and sung, under the driver's whip, but are far from sprightly. Captain Leclerc says he never knew such a sluggish set; yet they all appear healthy.

Nov. 3.—Bad news. We have ophthalmia among the slaves, decidedly, and spreading. Eight are reported as blind.

Nov. 4.—Captain Leclerc is sick, confined to his berth. The ophthalmia is spreading among the blacks. I have nineteen on deck, under treatment.

Nov. 7.—My God! That scourge of destruction, the smallpox, has broken out. Leclerc is down with it, and two of the crew, and I fear it is among the slaves. We are threatened with foul weather.

Nov. 14.—I make another entry in my journal. God knows whether I shall ever reach port alive. The Boa Morte is well named. It is a death ship, and has been

feeding the sharks with corpses for seven days past. I have not slept a dozen hours during the week, and it is now Sunday evening, and a fit Sabbath day for a slaver, perhaps. Death and despair on every side. Last Tuesday the smallpox began to rage, and we hauled sixty corpses out of the hold. Diego Ramos can hardly control the crew, and we have to rely on gangs of slaves to drag the dead heaps from among the living. Captain Leclerc is out of danger, but remains blind with ophthalmia. God help us all, if this goes on.

Nov. 15.—I have got through another day and night, and am yet alive. Diego Ramos and a half dozen sailors, are all of the crew to be relied on. We stimulate the blacks with rum, in order to get their help in removing corpses; thirty negroes and two Portuguese sailors were thrown overboard to-day. I have been among the blacks in a reckless way, under the artificial excitement of laudanum and liquor, and the sights I witnessed, may I never look on such again. This is a dreadful trade. Leclerc says it sometimes drives men crazy, and I think it is no wonder. A few days more of this infernal pest ship will make me insane, I really believe. Diego Ramos says, if we had known it in time, we might have saved our cargo, by poisoning the first cases; but who could foresee its spread in this manner. Some of the blacks are raving mad, and screech like wild beasts. Diego Ramos says we might close the hatches, and suffocate all below, as a last resort; but Captain Leclerc will not hear to that alternative. Besides, we have near seven hundred still, and may save half. And my venture is among the saved ones as yet; not one of my band has gone overboard, so Diego says. Lucky, but will it be so long?

Nov. 16.—The *Boa Morte* is a floating hell. Our drunken negroes almost command the ship. Diego Ramos was obliged to shoot one to-day, or the fellow might have strangled him. Never can such scenes be imagined as we witness every day. I wonder how Diego can keep so cool; I wonder that I am not sick, blind, or crazy with the rest. Captain Leclerc, I believe, is dying. He is sleeping now, while I am writing, and his face is like a sheet, in whiteness. He asked me to read a chapter in his French Gospel to-day. It was the first time I had seen the Scriptures since I left McIntosh's shop. What a life I have led since then—what a youth, and manhood!

Nov. 17.—We have had a violent storm, and the hatches are closed. The work of death goes on unseen. Captain Leclerc is better to-day, and begins to see a little. God grant he may recover! Diego Ramos is still well, and so am I, after all we have gone through; but what would tempt me to pass such another ten days as the last? Not all the wealth of the Indies! Leclerc is quite serious and intends to abandon the slave traffic. He says to-day he thought it an accursed thing; I told Diego Ramos, and he laughed, remarking that the "devil was sick, and wanted to turn monk." I feel scruples myself about this matter, in spite of Diego's ridicule. If I get my \$8,000 for the slaves—should they survive—I am inclined to invest it in some other business in a more civilized way. It is a horrible night, the lightning glaring, the wind roaring, and the ship tossing! I think Captain Leclerc is right. I hope I shall never be so hardened as Ramos. That fellow would laugh at the gallows.

Nov. 19.—Thanks be to God! we are alive, on a steady sea, after experiencing a most frightful hurricane. Yesterday even Diego Ramos thought we were lost. The sun went down red, as the previous night, and Diego prophesied a continuance of the tempest, which before terrified us. The wind shifted to the west, the sky grew black as ink, and was filled with fiery appearances. The thunder roared and lightning flashed incessantly. Our ship was whirled about like a top, and driven before the gale, nearly all night, without a rag of canvas. We heard guns during the storm, but have seen no sail, though we are approaching the Mexican Gulf to-day. Captain Leclerc is on deck, very feeble, but able to see once more. Diego Ramos advises not to open the hatches, till we reach port, which we hope to do by sunset, if the wind continues fair.

Nov. 20.—Anchored last night in Pensacola Bay.

The voyage of the *Boa Morte* terminated at Pensacola Bay, after we had landed our surviving negroes on one of the shallow beaches near the mouth of the Escambia River. Here, with the assistance of laborers from the neighbor-

ing town, we rigged sheds for our sick, and took measures for lime-washing and fumigating the ship. Strange as it may seem, we saved five hundred and nineteen out of our nine hundred; and, much to my satisfaction, sixty-four of these had my brand, so that I was not such a loser as I expected to be.

Captain Leclerc was as good as his word. He sold the *Boa Morte* to the house of Bernard & Co., at the Matanzas, and closed his accounts with my uncle's consignees. After settlement of all our business, I found myself entitled to \$6,430, proceeds of my negroes. Diego Ramos came in for his own share of luck, as the captain presented him with fifty slaves, in testimony of his skill and services, which, no doubt, saved the ship and all on board. After resting a few days at St. Augustine, where I took a final leave of Captain Leclerc, I agreed to accompany Diego on a land trip through the United States, where a *kaffle* of negroes was to precede us, for whose disposal the shrewd Portuguese had already made arrangements with my uncle's consignees.

I soon learned how readily, and at what profits, the Florida negroes were sold into the neighboring American States. The *kaffle*, under charge of negro drivers, was to strike up the Escambia River, and thence cross the boundary into Georgia, where some of our wild Africans were mixed with various squads of native blacks, and driven inland, till sold off, singly or by couples, on the road. At this period (1812) the United States had declared the African slave-trade illegal, and passed stringent laws to prevent the importation of negroes; yet the Spanish possessions were thriving on this inland exchange of negroes and mulattoes; Florida was a sort of nursery for slave-breeders, and many American citizens grew rich by trafficking in Guinea negroes, and smuggling them continually, in small parties, through the southern United States. At the time I mention, the business was a lively one, owing to the war then going on between the States and England, and the unsettled condition of affairs on the border.

Diego Ramos spoke English as well as I did Spanish, and we passed very well for a couple of southern merchants. I had taken drafts on Philadelphia for the amount of my credit with the house of Bernard & Co., and was able to make a show of ready money, and indulge in a little display at our hotels. Diego, with an eye to business, looked after the sale of the negro squads, and, through his means, I became a guest on many plantations on our line of travel. I had an opportunity of studying the practical working of slavery in a civilized and democratic country, as I had seen it in the huts and rice fields of the Volta and Gambia rivers and in the Brazilian empire. I was also enabled to estimate the influence of civilization on the Congo and Ashantee stock after a generation or two, and compare their condition on American plantations with their native life in African forests. What I saw and what I thought, in my journey from Florida to Philadelphia, in 1813, may be gleaned from a few brief notes then made and copied afterward into my journal:

I have begun to jot down my impressions of these States for future reference. Last night I passed, with Diego Ramos, at a plantation on the river, which they call the Ockmulgee. Mr. Olds, our host, was very frank on the subject of slaveholding, and is an opponent of the traffic, though a large planter of cotton. He spoke of the treatment of "black boys," as they are termed by many of his neighbors. A case had lately occurred of a "boy" being hung up by the wrists to a tree, with a wooden rail tied to his feet, and beaten by his master till he expired under the torture. This cruelty was perpetrated on suspicion of a petty theft, which had been committed by the master's little son, who afterward confessed to the fact. I inquired what punishment was inflicted on the owner, and was told that the subject had been talked over, but no complaint made. A slave's testimony is not taken

against a white man; and any crime may be done in presence of a black, by his master, without fear of detection. Mr. Olds called up a black fellow, who had been in his family for fifty years, since his birth. This negro is his master's confidential servant, and is trusted to go into the town weekly to draw money from the bankers. He has a wife and children very faithful and industrious, and they are all emancipated by provision of our host's last will and testament, as he himself assured us. Such are the lights and shades of slavery.

In Carolina I have become acquainted with several wealthy farmers. Slave merchants drive their kaffles in gangs of ten over the highways, and have pens in the principal villages, where they hold vendues. The number of mulattoes is astonishing. I am told by residents that illicit connections between whites and negroes are much more common than formerly. I have noticed some really handsome quadroon men and women on the auction block, the latter commanding double prices; this indicates the state of morals among the white population.

Cultivation of the land in the slave territory is slovenly done, compared with Brazil and Guiana. There is much waste of labor in all operations. I have seen a gang of blacks, with two oxen, engaged a whole morning in drawing a log of timber from the river, to build a house a few miles off. In Rio Basso we should have a dozen cut down and shifted by such a force in the same space of time. The slaves hereabouts are well treated and fat, though nearly naked or ragged; the men wear linsey woolsey shirts and trowsers, the women a petticoat of coarse ducking, and all go barefoot. I have seen boys and girls of fifteen on the plantations, without a stitch of covering, in full sight of their master's verandas. Licentiousness is so common in this country that no one seems to remark it.

In Virginia I found the oldest plantations, and well stocked; but the practice of intercourse between whites and negroes is ruining the slaves for usefulness. A respectable citizen of Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock River, told me that slave-breeding is getting to be the most profitable business in this quarter. Whole farms are used as nurseries to supply the market with young mulattoes of both sexes. Irish and Scotch overseers have charge of the gangs. The fertility of the negroes in this country is almost the same as in Africa; on a farm near Alexandria, I counted thirty about to become mothers, and the huts swarmed with pickaninnies of different shades.

I heard a story yesterday concerning a slave family, which shows the effects of the system. It seems that a large owner at his death, lately, liberated some thirty odd mulattoes, his own children; but his eldest son and heir, a dissipated white man, succeeded in destroying the writings, and afterward sold his dusky skinned brothers and sisters, with some of his own children, to a company of Georgia slave-dealers. One of the blacks, who had a wife and children, according to slave usage, refused to surrender their liberty, and defended his own by barring his hut and threatening the dealers with concealed firearms. An attack was made by night on the negro, and his hut fired. The slave, with two of his young sons, fought until one of the boys was shot, when the whole family were seized and driven to the river, to be put on board a Georgia sloop. At the beach this desperate fellow made fight again, and was assisted by his wife, a strong wench. The Georgia men were unable to master either, till they had beaten the woman with their muskets. The black tried to swim the river, but was shot at and drowned; and the negress was so badly injured that she is said to be quite valueless. I had this account from an eye-witness, who lived at the place where the affray occurred, called Harper's Ferry, near the seat of government of the American States.

CHAPTER X.

A New Voyage—A Partnership Scheme with Diego Ramos—New Society and an old Friend—Brother and Sister—Shipwreck—The Mandingoes—Death of Arthur Jackson—Rio Basso again—Our Speculation—New Tyre—My Uncle in Love—Donna Emelin, the Nun—Burning of a Convent—Honeymoon at Gambia—Our clipper Miranda.

At Philadelphia, Diego Ramos got notice of a clipper brig just starting for the Cape de Verdes, and a trading voyage. She was the *Adelaide*, owned by an old shipper named Blackmore at the docks. Our business being over, we took passage in this vessel, and left the Capes of Delaware, December 11th, 1812. We made a short run to Santa Cruz, Isle of Teneriffe; and it was after leaving that place that I encountered an old friend, and suffered new vicissitudes of fortune, as I shall relate.

Sig. Ramos had proposed to me, while we were on our travels, to join him in an African venture; and I, having confidence in his business qualifications, as well as energy of character, agreed to take half the risk; putting up my ready money with his, which made a capital of \$10,000. Our scheme was to buy a vessel at the Verds, or at some African station, and ship a cargo to the West Indies, after my uncle's fashion.

We had paid our passage to Porto Praya; but some days after leaving Santa Cruz, spoke an English vessel in want of water, which we supplied. This vessel was bound direct for the African coast; and as neither Ramos nor myself had bulky baggage, we promptly made up our minds to bargain for berths on board. The name of this unlucky vessel, as she turned out to me, was the brig *Charles*, and her commander was named Graham. We congratulated ourselves on our good luck in getting this direct passage, as both Diego and myself were anxious to find ourselves in a way of realizing from our partnership. We found the *Charles* had other passengers, and soon ascertained that they were English missionaries bound for Africa, with their families and assistants. Diego Ramos pulled a face as long as an Ashantee obi-man's, and we both attended prayers on deck the first evening. Next day I learned that some females were in the party, and that one of the missionaries was sick in the round-house. We were introduced to the Reverend Mr. Butcher, the principal, and caught a glimpse of a sweet-faced young woman, through the door of the round-house. What followed on board the *Charles*, I copy from the scraps of my journal, which remained to me afterward.

Jan. 1, 1813.—This day has carried my memory back to childhood, and to scenes I would rather forget. There is one on board, who does not recognize me, and yet his face is imprinted on my heart. I knew that kind, grey eye, the moment I met its glance, when walking the deck to-day. The sick clergyman is Arthur Jackson, my boyhood's friend, now a missionary, whilst I am—what?

Jan. 2.—Arthur and I met to-day. Oh! if I dared to make myself known to him!—but what good is it? He has no recollection of me, and my Spanish name, Felipe Drax, can give him no clue. He has his sister with him, a sweet-faced young lady of twenty, and a lovely pair they are, though I fear he is not long for this life. To-day, Diego Ramos made a light remark about her. It was mere thoughtlessness on his part; yet I felt ready to strike him. Ramos seems a favorite with these serious missionaries. If they suspected the object that takes us to Africa, I fancy they would give us wide berths.

Jan. 3.—Arthur Jackson is going fast. I walked with him, on deck, to-day, and he leaned on my arm. His sister, Mary, is a lovely being. She goes out as her brother's devoted attendant, and watches him like a mother. How I longed to tell Arthur that I have in my chest two small volumes his gift—but no! If Ramos were not here, I might, but what does it matter? We shall part again soon—he to his calling—I to mine. Fate makes our paths separate. The weather is squally, and I fear a coast storm is coming.

Jan. 4.—We have been driving all day under a violent gale. Our topmasts are gone, and the brig leaks badly. Diego and I took our turn at the pumps. I saw Arthur Jackson once, and his sister Mary was on deck twice in the gale, a brave girl as well as beautiful. What a treasure to the man who marries her. This storm is very violent, and there seems no abatement. If the leak gains, we shall be in great danger.

Jan. 5.—I snatch a moment, to take my pen. I have been happier this day than ever before in my life. Mary Jackson clung to my arm, on deck, and I sustained her lovely form. She begged me to come for her brother, if anything happens. Do I need such a prayer? No, sweet angel! I swear to care for both of you, more than for my own safety, to lose my life for yours, if need be.

I had hardly scrawled the last words in my journal, that fatal night of Jan. 5, 1813, when I was called on deck by Diego Ramos. We were sending at a frightful rate; sky and waters were black as ink. Captain Graham was at the wheel, but his efforts to manage the brig were useless. For five hours we drove through the darkness, till at last, with a heavy plunge, the vessel settled on a reef, and the sea broke over her decks in torrents. My first thought was of the round-house, and I just succeeded in getting Arthur Jackson and his sister out, when the whole went by the board. Diego Ramos had secured ropes, and we lashed ourselves in the least exposed position, to await the worst. That night was a terrible one, but to me it seemed short, as I supported Arthur and Mary Jackson, on either side of me, sheltering them as well as I was able, with my heavy mackintosh. At daybreak the gale lulled, and we made out our position. The brig had beaten over a line of reefs, and was fast on the inner edge, in a shallow lagoon. As the sun rose, we could see the mainland about five miles distant. We made preparations for landing, and began to load the boats, as it was evident the brig must go to pieces in twenty-four hours; but our work was soon interrupted by the sudden appearance of a fleet of canoes putting off from the shore. They turned out to contain a tribe of Mandingoes, whom I knew to be fierce and predatory. I counselled negotiation, but Diego Ramos and the captain were for defending the brig, and the result was a conflict, which drove off the blacks, but only for a few hours. They returned in double force, and boarded us. Diego Ramos, poor fellow, was disabled by an arrow, and Captain Graham was killed outright. With the help of some of the crew, I got Arthur Jackson and his sister and my wounded friend, into the long boat, and pushed off, whilst the savages were plundering the ship. We were pursued, but reached the shore, where we were joined by another boat's crew, with the missionaries, and determined to make a stand for our lives against the whole army of blacks. My knowledge of the negro dialects was of good service in a parley that we had, and it was agreed that we should remain unmolested, till such time as we could send a messenger to Goree, which was not far distant, as we had ascertained by our charts, that the brig struck on the Tongui Rocks, about twenty miles south of the river Gambia. The Mandingoes, anxious to complete their sack of the vessel, and escape to their villages, were not disposed to give us further trouble.

During that day, 6th of January, and the following night, I neither slept

nor swallowed a morsel. My mind and body were occupied in care of the missionary brother and sister, and poor Diego Ramos. Arthur Jackson was raving with fever, and lay under a boat sail that I rigged up, whilst Mary supported his head on her lovely bosom. Next morning the savages finished ransacking the Charles, and drew off some distance from the reef. About noon a sloop with British soldiers from Goree, arrived off the reef, and a boat was sent ashore for us. We were taken to Goree, and there Arthur Jackson was taken in charge by English friends of the mission, and died in less than a week. I saw his sister Mary once only, and received her thanks for my services to her brother. She went back, with Arthur's corpse, to England, and we never met again. That young lady was an angel, if ever there could be one in human form. Diego Ramos recovered from his arrow hurt, being more fortunate than another passenger of the Charles, who was wounded mortally by a poisoned dart. We were both fortunate, in saving our money, which had been secured in pouches, but I lost my chest and a gold watch, that I intended for my uncle. My journal and a few other papers, and some articles of clothing turned up with the specie bags.

At Goree we chartered a schooner for Rio Basso, and arrived there about the last of January, 1813, where Diego Ramos and myself remained a while, to recruit. The settlement was in a flourishing condition. Several vessels were loading, and the barracoons well supplied. My uncle was absent, but Don Miguel gave us good quarters, and I indulged for a while in what Diego called "elegant leisure."

At this time I was in my twenty-third year, and with my ready cash, could look forward to prospects that my orphan boyhood had never promised. But I began to feel a disrelish for the business of slave-trading. The singular chance that had thrown me in contact with Arthur Jackson and his sister caused me much reflection. My pride and the fear of an exposure of my calling had prevented me from making myself known to the dying missionary, and perhaps, from winning the pity of his sweet sister, if not her love. I could not now refrain from comparing my career with his; my occupation during youth in conveying Africans to miserable bondage, whilst he was fitting himself to bear the light of Christian teaching to the benighted land, and to die a martyr to his devotion. The contrast was bitter to me, but I dwelt upon it till I almost resolved to abandon my contract with Ramos, and bid adieu to Africa forever. Had Arthur Jackson lived, I believe I should have sought him out once more, and become another and better being. His death snapped a link that connected me with good, and there was no one living to renew it. Nevertheless, as I said, my reflections were earnest on the subject, and I at last came to the mental determination that in another year, if our partnership should turn out profitable, I would leave Diego Ramos, my uncle, and the coast, to embark in some honorable business. A few extracts from my diary at Rio Basso will explain my feelings about that time.

Feb. 7th, 1813.—Walked through the barracoons to-day, and went aboard the Pongas, now here. This business appears to be getting worse than ever, and those engaged in it more heartless. The poor blacks in the Pongas are packed like herrings, on the sitting plan instead of the horizontal stowage, adopted by the French captains from the Senegal* settlements. This Pongas cargo was loaded in the

* The French slavers were fitted up at this time with more regard to the comfort of their living freight. They were amply supplied with bread, salt, and allspice, for slave diet, and each black was provided with a leaden plate, spoon, and tobacco pipe. They slept horizontally on the decks, and in fine weather were made to exercise, and kept employed in making ropes, hats, and baskets, for which they received rations of brandy and tobacco.

Gambia, and is here filling her water casks. She is crammed with a thousand blacks, wedged in her three-feet between decks. In one partition of her bulkhead, sixteen by eighteen feet, the women are squeezed, to the number of 250, many of the wenches big with child. The men are stowed in each other's laps, without an inch right or left, to move in. The Pongas already stinks horribly, and Diego predicts that she will lose half her cargo. She is owned by an American trader, and my uncle has no interest in her. I told Ramos that if we ever fit out a craft, it shall not be like this miserable hulk, and this I mean. God knows this traffic is bad enough of itself, without making the ships like hells.

Feb. 11th.—I am growing sicker every day, of this business of buying and selling human beings for beasts of burden. I am glad England has put a stop to it, as far as her citizens are concerned. The day that sees me free from it, will be a welcome one. This morning, Don Miguel invited me to go up the river to look at a kaffle of slaves just marched into King Vinegar's town. They were Vey negroes, clean limbed, and in general good condition. But my uncle's sharp overseer suspected some of the batch to be made up for the market, and so it turned out. Some tall, stout fellows, shining black, with white teeth, were scrubbed with warm water and found to be glossed up with gunpowder. Don Miguel accused old Vinegar of cheating before, and he took ashore from our sloop an old negress who had been shaved, greased, and powdered to look about middle-age, till her white hair came out again, and exposed the fraud. King Vinegar showed a disposition to laugh at the matter as a capital joke, but Don Miguel was stern about it, whereupon the barbarous wretch vented his spite on the poor old slave-woman, knocking her down with a club, and scattering her brains before us. Don Miguel said no more, as it is policy to keep on good terms with Vinegar; but I confess my blood boiled at this wanton murder.

Such were my feelings at the age of twenty-three, after the apprenticeship I had passed in African slave-making. Could I have got away, at once, from my associations, I believe I should have done so. But I remained, and became hardened, like every other slaver.

Diego Ramos was not idle, whilst I brooded over the business. He made a coasting trip, or two, and fell in with an American craft, of trim build, and nearly new, which was offered on favorable terms to him, provided he would take charge of her with a cargo to Cuba, as her captain had just died on the coast. Ramos had agreed, if I was willing, to buy the vessel, at Cuba, after landing there two-thirds of her cargo, on account of her owners, and keeping the remainder of her room for our private stowage of a third more. I saw no objection to this, and Ramos concluded the bargain, and sailed captain of the *Miranda*, a large clipper brig, with a prime assorted cargo. In three months he returned to Rio Basso, in the same vessel, and we found we had cleared her cost, \$12,000, and brought out an ample trading cargo, without breaking in upon our original capital of \$10,000. We could count ourselves clear of the world, some twenty-five thousand dollars.

This good luck put me on good terms with my partner, myself, and the slave-trade. I looked forward to accumulating a rapid fortune, and stifled all gloomy reminiscences. My uncle had returned to Rio Basso, and expressed himself charmed with my enterprise and its results. He could afford to congratulate me, for his barracoons were loaded down with stock, and a dozen ships were plying back and forth for his profit. The name of Don Ricardo Villeno was good on the coast, from Cape Palmas to the Bight of Benin, and his drafts were honored in London, as well as the West Indies and Brazil. Under the stimulus of approbation from my successful relative, and the actual self-consciousness of property, it is not to be wondered at, that the slave traffic began to have somewhat more of a rose-color to my eyes. I thought of my martyr-friend, the missionary, Jackson; sometimes, too, of his sister;

and more than once I caught myself wondering if I might ever meet her again, unmarried, *when I should be rich*. But these fancies wore off, by degrees, and when the year of my partnership contract with Diego Ramos had slipped away, I was a slave-trader, *heartily* in the business, and worth, as far as our mutual investments consisted, my share of fifty thousand dollars.

About the close of the year 1814, my uncle became engaged in an adventure not strictly of a business character, which afterward involved my own fortunes considerably.

My partner Ramos had established a trading-place on the Kambia, and I was located there in a tolerably-comfortable bachelor residence, as the nucleus of a settlement, which we dignified with the classical title of New Tyre. Here, in August, 1814, I was trying to make myself contented under a dismal "rainy season," with no society but a Brazilian Portuguese, an overseer, and a few Foola girls, our household handmaids, when news arrived of a vessel at the river's mouth, and I was shortly after visited by my worthy uncle, and favored with a confidential confab. "I have a love affair on hand, Phil," he said very abruptly. "A love affair!" I repeated, in great astonishment, and was soon informed of an episode, which surprised me still more, as it made known to me that Don Ricardo, instead of being a mere money-making, callous-hearted slave-trader, was quite a chevalier in the way of romantic amours.

I shall not go into a history of the matter, but come to my uncle's point, which was to engage my company and assistance upon a short expedition, to result in his possession of a nuptial partner for his African existence. Glad to escape the weariness of perpetual rain on land, and partake of some new excitement, I readily agreed to go on board his brig, and shortly afterward saw the receding headlands of the Kambia.

Don Ricardo Villeno, as he called himself, was at this time just turned of forty years, and as fine-looking a man as might be encountered on the coast. Of good, well-set figure, black, curly hair, full head, eagle eye, and bronzed countenance, he was one quite likely, as I thought, to please a woman's fancy; but until then I had considered him wholly given up to the desire of amassing a large fortune in the line he had chosen, without scruples of conscience as to humanity or legality. He had now, however, revealed another character, and when, after reaching the brig, I was shown her cabin fitted up luxuriously for a lady's occupancy, with numberless little articles of taste and elegance everywhere visible, I began to realize how a "love affair" can polish a slave-trader into something very tender, and make a slave brig's cabin fit for other purposes than packing negro women for the middle passage.

After being a week out, I learned that our destination was the island of Teneriffe. We made the peak a few days afterward, and soon cast anchor in the harbor of Oritava. I shall quote from my journal what took place while there, rather than trust my memory to relate it:

Sept. 16.—My uncle took me in the afternoon to a convent, where he had an interview with his young lady, a splendid specimen of Spanish beauty. That she is in love with him I have not the least doubt, though our interview was in the public parlor. I understand from Don Ricardo that this beautiful girl, Donna Emilia, is devoted by her parents to take the veil. She is now in her novitiate, but there is nothing of the nun about her, I'll wager. This convent is a gloomy prison-house, with iron-grated windows, and gates strong enough for a fort. What passed between my uncle and his sweetheart I did not hear, but he tells me all is settled, and she is to go with us.

Sept. 18.—We have left Teneriffe, and in time, I think. Good God! can my uncle have had a hand in the burning of that convent? Last night he summoned me to go

ashore with him in the yawl, with a dozen of the crew. Eight of them remained at the shore, whilst the rest followed us to the convent. My uncle climbed the wall, whilst we watched. Soon afterward flames broke out from the building, followed by the bell, and shrieking of women. The doors were broken open, and my uncle came out, with Donna Emelia in his arms. I hastened with him to the boat, in which he placed the lady, ordering two of the men to pull to the brig. At the same time he directed me to return with our crew to the convent, to assist the people, who were now rushing up to subdue the flames. It was a frightful scene. The nuns were flying in all directions, some completely naked, as they sleep without clothing. Some, in the upper cells, were unable to escape, and could be seen, through the grated windows, tearing about in despair. I heard that seven were known to be burned before we left. Rumor says the conflagration was caused from coals spilled out of an earthen stove, but I have other suspicions which I dare not breathe. My uncle has gained his sweetheart; she is now on board the brig, and we are flying before the wind for Africa. Who is this Donna Emelia, and what has induced her to fly with a stranger? for my uncle cannot have known her long. She seems hardly seventeen, but what a queenly woman she will make. May Jackson was not so handsome, but May Jackson was an angel; and this Spanish nun has the look of a sorceress.

Whether Don Ricardo Villeno had any share in the firing of the Oritava convent, or whether it was, as his Spanish beauty alleged, a sheer accident, must remain one of the secrets of this world. Both he and she have long since gone to their account, and I never was wiser about the affair than I was on the night of its occurrence. Donna Emelia appeared on deck next day, merry as a cricket and splendid as a bird of paradise. All on board soon heard that she was the captain's wife, and my uncle appeared to be the happiest of men. I was introduced to the lady in form, and received graciously enough, though with an imperious air that rather took me aback, so that I had very little to say at first. We afterward, however, got better acquainted, and I amused the Donna with some account of my African travels.

Arrived at the Kambia, I found Diego Ramos ready for Cuba, with a cargo on board our American clipper, Miranda. He had taken advantage of the first week of dry weather to bargain for a kaffle brought in by one of the neighboring kings, and got it stowed during the last days of my absence. At my uncle's intimation I said nothing to Ramos concerning the result of our trip, or the presence of the Spanish lady; and as I had been thinking of taking a run to the West Indies about this season, it was arranged, by Don Ricardo's particular desire, that I should go with Diego in our vessel. He wished to use my bachelor house at New Tyre as a cottage for his honeymoon season (so he laughingly expressed it), and I was desired to vacate it at once. "It is the only place on the coast," he said, "not yet run down by negro traders, and I want Emelia to get accustomed to this life before she meets with Don Miguel and his rough comrades."

I thought I detected a spice of jealous apprehension in my uncle's speech; but as his fancy was set on New Tyre, and I knew my affairs there would be as well in his hands as my own, I promptly complied with his desire, and left him in occupation with our Brazilian factor; Diego Ramos and myself took possession of our shed on the Miranda's quarter-deck—all between decks being packed with her cargo—and we soon were off, with a flowing sheet, for the isles of profitable speculation.

CHAPTER XI.

Diego Ramos on 'Slave Cargoes—Slave-life on Shipboard—The Miranda on Fire—An awful Crisis—Making a Raft—The Slaves let Loose—Keeping off the Survivors—A call on "Philip"—Sooluh and her Child—A dying Appeal—Fate of my African Relatives—Three days on a Raft—Picked up by a British Frigate—Sierra Leone—The end of our Speculation—Return to New Tyre.

DIEGO RAMOS did not share with me in the opinion that I expressed, soon after our departure, that the brig was rather too tightly packed, for the health or comfort of the six hundred and forty beings which it was supposed to accommodate. My partner looked upon "blackbirds," as he jocosely termed them, as upon other stock of a perishable nature, and his calculations on the profits of a venture did not take in the matter of benevolence at all.

"Let us allow, Don Felipe," said he, as we took our deck promenade, with choice Principe cigars between our teeth—"let us allow a margin always for mortality, and the larger our stock the more we have left after deduction of dead percentage."

"Very true," I replied; "but recollect our experience on board the Boa Morte! I shudder to think of that horrible pest-ship, Don Diego!"

"Tight-packing had nothing to do with *that*," answered Diego; "and thinning off the stock," he added, with a laugh, "did not make our case better, I fancy. No, my good friend! the blackbirds will do well enough with plenty of salt in their water; and we shall clear a round ten thousand apiece by the trip, God willing!"

I winced at hearing Diego's concluding words, for conscience had hinted to me long before this, that God had very little to do with transactions of men on the coast of Africa and the middle passage. But, for a while, it appeared as if my partner's philosophy was better than mine; for certainly no healthier gangs of blacks ever took their turn on deck than ours seemed to be. Diego's principal ship overseer was a stalwart negro, brandishing his cat in a manner that reminded me of my uncle's driver, who lost his life in the Boa Morte rising. But our blacks were a good-natured set, and jumped to the lash so promptly, that there was not much occasion for scoring their naked flanks. We had tamborines on board, which some of the younger darkies fought for regularly, and every evening we enjoyed the novelty of African war songs and ring dances, fore and aft, with the satisfaction of feeling that these pleasant exercises were keeping our stock in fine condition, and, of course enhancing our prospect of a profitable voyage. It was after one of these musical episodes, and when our tired performers had been stowed again between decks, to sweat through another stifling night, that our charming hopes were dashed to nothing, and our lives left at the hazard of a few frail planks, in mid ocean.

I had smoked my cigar, and bidden Diego Ramos good-night; moralized a few moments on slavery and the slave-traffic, concluding, as usual, with a calculation of future gains; and finally gone off into a deep slumber, when I was aroused by a sudden cry through the vessel, and sprang at once from my berth to the open deck.

"Fire!" was the hoarse response of Diego, to my alarmed looks and gestures; and the startling cry that had awakened me rung again from the brig's bows. At the same time, I saw the seamen running back and forth, like wild

men, with buckets of water, which they were dashing in torrents about the fore-castle gratings.

"Merciful heaven!" I cried, "what is to be done?"

Diego answered in the same hoarse tone, "Follow me, and keep the men quiet. We must build a raft, and take to the boats, if no other resource be left."

I ran forward with the captain, who preserved a wonderful coolness, and found that fire was raging under the hatches. Thick smoke issued from the temporary decks, near the bulkhead, and half stifled groans and shrieks came from the poor blacks, who were suffocating to death. Diego's calm manner encouraged the men to new exertions, and gallons on gallons of water quickly deluged the slave-quarters. But, in spite of every effort, the flames increased, and presently broke out through the tarred seams, midships, by the main gratings.

"All is lost," muttered Diego to me, and then, raising his voice, shouted, "Bear away, lads! lashings and spars for a raft, my hearties!"

Diego Ramos had already made three voyages with the *Miranda's* crew, and every man of them had confidence in their chief. They sprung at once to the work of cutting away the brig's masts and bowsprit, and hoisted out the boats, without confusion, while the fire was allowed to smolder between decks. Regardless of the yells and cries of the doomed wretches below, my partner ordered tarpaulins to be thrown over the gratings, and every crevice smothered with wet canvas, to keep down the fire. Meantime he himself worked with terrible activity, whilst I seconded his exertion to the best of my ability. The men toiled for their lives, and in what seemed a miraculously brief space, a strongly secured and tolerably capacious raft was launched, and cut away, with the rigging which composed a portion of it. Meanwhile, our boats were out, and a couple of casks of water, that were fortunately on deck, —the bulk of our supply of that element being under the slave-decks—were made fast, with all the provisions that could be got at, to the middle of our life raft. Then came the vital question of saving such portions of our living cargo, as could be transferred without danger to the raft.

Fortunately the sea was calm, and a bright moonlight enabled all our operations to go on without the confusion that darkness must have occasioned. A majority of the crew manned our two boats, to which my own and Diego's valuables were transferred; and Diego Ramos, myself, and the rest of the men, took our stations on the raft, and pushed off, having first shifted the hatch-gratings, and flung down the shackle-keys to the slave-gangs, to allow of their escape from the hold.

I shall never forget the screech that rung in our ears, as the panic-stricken blacks scrambled from their dreadful confinement, pursued by smoke and flame. Hardly had the first gangs gained the brig's decks, than fire began to run over all her loose rigging, from wheel to bowsprit, and enveloped the wretched blacks who had rushed to leeward. There was but little air stirring, yet that little was sufficient to fan the flames into fury. The shouts of men and screams of women rose in horrible discord, and one by one the negroes, catching sight of our boats and raft in the increasing light, began to leap overboard, and swim toward us. Then came the most frightful of all the horrors of that night; for it was necessary to prevent a sudden swamping of the raft, and our two boats, which had made fast to it, were ordered to forge ahead, and tow us to windward of the swimming blacks, whilst the *Miranda* fell off slowly on our lee.

The sea was illumined for miles by the flames, which wrapped the doomed *Miranda*. As the raft steadily receded from them the blacks who still clung to

our vessels' side, set up despairing cries, and those who were swimming, numbering some hundreds, sprung out of the water, with their hands clasped over their heads. Most of these were encumbered with shackles on the feet; for they had been released on board by unlocking and drawing out the padlocked rods. The drag of these fetters impeded their progress, so that we were enabled to keep the raft at a distance, and only allow the fugitives to board us singly or by twos and threes. Seamen were stationed on every side, to keep off the swimmers, with handspikes; and thus we were able to rescue what the raft could accommodate with safety to ourselves. It was a piteous sight, however, to witness the terror and despair of the doomed ones, who sank constantly before our eyes, or were knocked back from their hold, when they became too heavy for the raft's buoyancy. And here, alas! I was called upon to feel a personal interest in two, at least, of that miserable multitude, which my avarice had assisted in consigning to an untimely fate.

It was when the flames had reached their height, and the *Miranda*, from stem to stern, presented a sheet of lurid fire, that a piercing shriek was suddenly heard, rising above all sounds, and then, to my horror and astonishment, the name of "Philip" was distinctly pealed across the water. Diego Ramos started, and looked at me, and we both turned our gaze to the vessel's deck, where stood the erect figure of a woman, her naked black form relieved in clear outline by the background of fire. She held a naked child of about seven years in her outstretched arms, and sent her piercing voice over the space that intervened between her and the raft, with another and louder cry of "Philip!"

In an instant my heart was thrilled with the recollection of an African forest scene, where a young girl had knelt over my prostrate body, and sucked the venom of a serpent from my wounded breast. I recognized the face, the form, of Sooluh, the daughter of Mamme. I saw before me my devoted Yallaba wife; and, doubtless, it was my own child that I beheld embraced by the poor loving mother. At that moment I forgot Diego Ramos, and my uncle; remembered nothing but that I had once held this poor African wife in my arms, and that she had once preserved my life at the risk of her own. I stretched out my arms, and shouted in the Dahoman tongue, "Sooluh! Sooluh! Philip will save you!" A wild scream of joy broke from the poor creature's lips as the sounds reached her, and she leaped at once, with the child, into the sea that divided us.

"Ramos! Diego!" I exclaimed; "I must save that woman! Cast off the larboard boat!" I shouted at the top of my voice.

"Are you mad? look at those black devils! they will swamp us!" cried my partner, pointing to a score of black hands that had just reached and grasped the raft. "Row away, men!" he cried to the boat's crews—"Drive back the niggers, or we'll all drown!" And suiting action to words, he ran along the raft's edge, striking hands and faces of the clinging negroes, till they let go their hold and sunk, one by one, under the timbers. My blood grew cold, and then rushed to my head, like a torrent. I tried to shout, and motioned to poor Sooluh, whose left arm still sustained her child, whilst she swam bravely toward the raft. But the boats were pulled ahead by vigorous strokes; the raft followed, and receded from the ship. I saw the unhappy girl lift her right hand upward, and caught a momentary glimpse of her face in the water. Then a faint cry came to my ears, and the sea closed over my African child. I cared not to see or hear more, but sunk upon the raft, like one stupefied, and remained so I know not how long. When I became conscious again of what was passing around me, I saw the *Miranda's* hull, like an

enormous firebrand, drifting far to leeward. Diego Ramos was beside me on the raft, and scores of black bodies were lying thickly around us. Our two boats were alongside. The moon had gone down, but it was a clear, starlight night.

It was some time before I could realize all that had taken place, and find voice to reply to Diego, who addressed some words to me. The hours crept heavily till morning came, and with it a grey fog, covering the ocean. The captain summoned half our crew from the boats, to surround the water-casks with loaded muskets and pistols, while the ship's overseer and his assistants portioned out a gill of water and a morsel of ship-bread to each of the negroes, who devoured their rations greedily, as they sat wedged together, over two thirds of the raft's surface. It was found that one of the water casks was but half full, and the other was leaking fast; and Diego Ramos ordered a ram-keg, of which there were several on the raft, to be emptied of its contents and filled with water, which was then transferred to one of the boats. Our sound water cask was then filled up, and a calculation made upon allowance, in the event of our remaining long exposed. It was found that we had saved 115 negroes, and that our stock of water must be economized with great care.

In a few hours the fog dispersed, and a hot sun began to beat down upon us. There was scarcely a yard of canvas to be had, and our heads could only be defended from the blazing sky by wrapping portions of our wet clothing around them. I could not, if I would, describe the endurance of that long day on the ocean. Before night came, every white man was wild with the torture of heat. The negroes suffered comparatively little, though they sat in heaps together. The overseers drenched their naked bodies occasionally with buckets of salt water. At night I had a high fever, but slept a few hours.

The next day brought a repetition of the heat and horrible thirst, occasioned by the salt atmosphere, and our limited rations of water. The blacks also showed symptoms of discomfort, and glared at the water, measured out in spoonfuls to them. I heard from the black overseer that only about half of our whole number of slaves succeeded in escaping from the hold. The remainder were suffocated or consumed under hatches. Out of six hundred and forty, the 115 on our raft were all that survived.

The third day began to brighten with sickening heat, and Diego Ramos called a council of his officers and myself. No sail had yet been seen, and our men were becoming as feeble as children. It was then determined that we should abandon the raft, which anchored us, as it were in the ocean, and by taking to the boats, endeavor to reach land. My partner was rather loth to cast off the last hope of saving our voyage; though the chance of reaching shore with the drag of the raft, or of being picked up by a friendly slaver, was, at best, a remote one. So it was concluded to cast off both raft and negroes and make the best of our remaining provisions and water, by confining their consumption to the crew. Accordingly, another round of a few drops of water, and a stout dram of rum to each, was served to the eager blacks; under cover of which our bread-bag and the few gallons of water left, were transferred to the boats. We then embarked ourselves, and quietly shoved off, letting the raft fall astern.

The negroes were evidently bewildered at first, in finding themselves loose from their white masters; but presently the idea of being deserted to shift for themselves, seemed to penetrate their black heads, and they jumped altogether upon their feet, with loud cries, and motions of their arms to us. Then, as we made no answer, they began to dance frantically in their iron feet shackles, tearing their wool, beating their heads, and redoubling their cries and suppli-

cating gestures. Diego Ramos looked at me and showed his white teeth. "It's a hard case," said he; "but the poor devils must go! and that breaks up our year's profits, amigo!"

I did not reply. I was thinking of poor Sooluh and her child, whilst the shrieks of our abandoned negroes were ringing over the sea. But at this moment, a joyful cry broke from one of our seamen. "Sail ho!" he screamed at the top of his lungs. "Sail! ho! on the weather quarter!"

All eyes turned to the boat's stern, and there, sure enough, we could see a square-rigged vessel looming up with every bit of canvas set, and bearing right down on us. "Thank God! we shall be saved!" I ejaculated, and a joyful shiver ran through all the crew, followed by a wild shout. Every man stood up in the boats, and began to wave jackets and hands; and a moment after we saw a signal run up, in token that we were seen. Our catholic sailors threw themselves on their knees and began to cross themselves, muttering voluble prayers; and the stranger, which had appeared to be running down on us like a race-horse, suddenly backed her main-topsail, and rounded in the wind's eye. In a few moments more we were on board, H. B. M. transport ship, *Indus*. Diego Ramos and myself were received by her commander very politely, and we at once made a confession of our business; the raft of negroes still in sight, making all evasion useless. Nothing was said, of course, in reference to our abandonment of the negroes, so that we obtained considerable credit from the Briton, for our humanity in constructing a raft for the poor people, and keeping them company so long. Meantime, the raft was brought along-side, and its black freight transferred to the decks of the *Indus*, the slaves crazy with excitement, the combined effects of this last ratifications and unexpected deliverance.

As plain Philip Drake, of Stockford, I should have fared hard on board the royal transport, and taken the place of one of my own blacks, as far as shackles were concerned; for at that period British subjects were punished, for participation in the slave-trade, by fourteen years' transportation and hard labor. But as Don Felipe Drax, a Brazilian merchant, and passenger on board the lost brig of Don Diego Ramos, I was allowed a seat at the cabin table, with my partner, and treated with every forbearance that a British officer could exhibit toward foreigners rescued from shipwreck, even though they were engaged in a traffic which the government was seeking to break up altogether. Captain Simmons shook his grey little head at Don Diego's arguments, but laughed at his jokes; and altogether, we had a pleasant mess daily, till the *Indus* cast anchor in Cape Coast harbor, settlement of Sierra Leone, where the negroes of our lost cargo were to be adjudicated upon by the commissioners there resident for the purpose.

Sierra Leone was at that time in a thriving state, as British cruisers had not been idle since the abolition of the trade, in building up a population from captured slave cargoes. I heard that the governor was named Maxwell, which reminded me of my old shipmate. Africans of all the coast nations, with Maroons, and emancipated slaves from the West Indies, were to be found here. Our negroes were landed in canoes, and placed in the Royal Yard, to await their fate, which was decided in a few days to be apprenticeship among the settlers for a dozen years, at which time Diego Ramos said they would be Christianized and worn out. Captain Simmons and his officers were ordered salvage, and myself and partner pocketed our losses with as good a grace as possible. Shortly afterward, the *Indus* went on her voyage, and I remained sick with bilious fever, for some weeks, under care of Surgeon Purdie, then stationed at the Cape. Meanwhile, Ramos looked up a coaster for our passage

to New Tyre, for which place, on my recovery, we immediately sailed. This was the end of our speculation in the Miranda. The firm of Ramos and Drax remained extant, but the profits of its last venture were mostly divided between fire, water, and British philanthropy. So said my worthy partner, as we reviewed our resources, and began to lay plans for retrieving the disastrous results of this speculation, which had promised such fine things to our delusive hopes.

On our arrival at the Kambia settlement, I found that my uncle's honeymoon had changed the outside appearance of my thatched dwelling-house, so that Diego and myself were astonished at the improvements. Already handsome additions were apparent on all sides; verandas, balconies, and lattice-work, after the Spanish style, making the rough outside look quite like a palace. But we were still more surprised at the alterations going on in our barracoons, which had before been mere pens under shed roofs, hardly adequate to shelter, without provision for convenience or security. Now, a number of negro gangs were employed bringing lumber from the forest, and a wide area was inclosed with the trunks of young trees, fixed deep in the river banks. Piles were also driven in the water to make an outer support for a pier.

Don Ricardo had heard of our mishaps, by a previous arrival from Sierra Leone, and was prepared with advice and assistance. The bulk of our capital was found to amount to about thirty thousand dollars, in cash and credits on my uncle's factories; and by his advice, we resolved to make New Tyre a trading station for inland intercourse with the Kambia nations.

CHAPTER XII.

A New Partnership—King Moussy—My Uncle's "Love-passages"—Donna Emelia taken Sick—Her rapid Recovery—Arrival of the Caravan—The Grand Market—King Moussy and Myself—New Tyre Flourishing—The Donna my Hostess—Arrival of Strangers—The Quadroon Marina—I take Another Trip to Rio—What followed.

I soon learned the grounds of my uncle's counsel as to the establishment of a regular trading factory. A noted Foola king, named Moussy, had made overtures for a regular alliance with Don Ricardo, for purposes of traffic, and as New Tyre offered a capital depot for caravans from all the Kambia country, my shrewd uncle had lost no time, during our absence, in enlarging the capacities of the settlement. He had likewise made arrangements with King Moussy, for the speedy delivery of a large kaffie at our barracoons; so that, if the Miranda's voyage had turned out successful, her returning owners would have been surprised by a freight which should dispatch her back to the Indies in short order.

"All that is changed," said Don Ricardo, to Diego Ramos and myself, as we drank coffee under the new veranda—"nevertheless, you shall lose nothing by what I have done. I offer you my treaty with King Moussy, and a like capital with your own, if you are disposed to a partnership arrangement in the New Tyre station; or I will buy or sell on such terms as we shall agree to."

I consulted with Diego, and the result was a partnership between Don Ricardo Villeno and ourselves; and thus was formed the house of Villeno and Co., afterward widely known both in Africa and the Spanish main.

Preparations for the reception of King Moussy's caravan went on actively. Diego and myself made our quarters in the house of Pablo Crux, our Brazilian overseer, leaving Don Ricardo still in possession of my old residence, and the society of his Creole wife.

I soon became comparatively settled, and was able to resume my journalizing, some extracts of which I now copy, as an account of what took place about that time, on the Kambia and its tributary rivers.

New Tyre, Jan. 8, 1816.—Our large barracoon is nearly complete. Diego and Pablo Crux are busy with the negro-gangs, and I have opened our new accounts in the name of the firm. The "house of Villeno & Co." sounds well; better than "Villeno, Ramos, and Drax," no doubt. Diego thinks our senior ought to be rich enough to retire in a few years, and become a Cuban Don or Brazilian Senhor. I hear that Donna Emelia is not my good uncle's first lady-love, by several. It appears there was a Fayal girl, who died on the Congo, a few years ago, and that a light quadroon, now with Don Miguel, was formerly the favorite of Don Ricardo. Diego says that the quadroon's residence at Rio Basso was the true secret of my uncle's choice of New Tyre for his honeymoon with the creole.

Jan. 12.—This Donna Emelia is a splendid creature. My uncle had her to play on the harp and sing for us, after dinner at the residency, as we call it. Her voice is like a nightingale's. Booby that I was, I felt my eyes pipe, and the young lady, I thought, enjoyed my sentimental emotion. Diego pretends to think her a mere school-girl, but I differ with him, if he really believes so. She is a deep ote, or her eyes belie her. My uncle is infatuated with his new love, evidently. He picks up her handkerchief, runs her errands, and watches her as a cat does a mouse. They must be exceedingly happy together, if she is as fond as he appears to be.

Jan. 13.—We have news of the caravan, coming on a direct trail from King Moussy's chief town. It is said to bring twelve hundred picked slaves, Mandingoes, Soosoes, and condemned Foulas. I am to remain here, while my uncle and Diego goes to meet the caravan, which numbers altogether some two thousand persons. To-day, arrived a new brig belonging to Don Ricardo, with the name of "La Senora Emelia," on a rose-colored flag at her gaff, in compliment to our lady of the residency. We have now three vessels anchored off the factory, and another from Rio Basso expected daily. I saw the donna to-day, swinging in her grass hammock, under the cocoa trees, while a dozen Foola girls were making her comfortable, with fans, fruit, and rice punches. She is queen in my uncle's house, and knows it.

Jan. 14.—To-morrow morning my uncle and Diego Ramos start for the caravan. King Moussy himself is with it, and there is to be great *palabra*. Until now, I thought that Donna Emelia, of course, went with the Don; but it seems not. I am to have charge of the residency, and play lackey to my lady, for a couple of days. No one but the Foola women must go near her apartments, on any pretence. The donna is a nun again, and I am to guard her convent door, by swinging my cot in the saloon.

Jan. 15.—My uncle, Diego Ramos, and twenty-five whites, well-armed, started to-day for the caravan trail. The barracoons are ready, so is the new brig, and the Rio Basso ship must soon arrive. If things turn out as expected, we can laugh at the Miranda's loss. No! God knows I can never laugh about that affair. Poor Sooluh! hers was a cruel fate.

Jan. 16.—I am like a bewildered man to-night. Either I, or Donna Emelia, must be crazy. Last night, I was suddenly awakened by Yunga, the Foola girl, with a message from her mistress, who was very ill, with cramps. I looked up my hot drops, and hurried to the donna's apartments. She appeared to be in much pain, and I administered the medicine, which seemed to give no relief. The Foola girls were sent flying in all directions for new remedies, and I found myself alone with this strange girl. She flung her arms around my neck, kissed my lips, and passionately begged me to save her. I tried to calm her, but she clung to me, till the slaves were near discovering us. Twice to-day I have had to attend her summons. Whether she is really in pain or danger, I cannot, for my life, make out.

Jan. 17.—Donna Emelia is rational to-day, and insists that I saved her life. It may be, and it is pleasant to be told so, with a soft hand patting your cheek, and such lips repeating gratitude. I fancy Don Ricardo would hardly care to see his nephew in reception of such caresses; though, the devil take it, the donna may be innocent enough. I was mistaken evidently in thinking her deep—she seems all simplicity and childishness to-day. 'Pon my word, my good uncle, you are a lucky man to have such a girl in love with you.

Jan. 18.—Noise and rattle; cracking of guns; beating of tom-toms and drums. To-day, New Tyre has been a second Yallaba, in receiving King Moussy's caravan. The Foula king is a noble specimen of his nation; over six feet tall, dressed in a white *tobe*, and adorned in barbarian style, with scarf and head dress of dyed cotton cloth, mixed with silk. He is more of the king than any African chief I have ever met before. I was principal interpreter at the *palabra* to-day, and a grand kick-up it was. Some seven hundred Foula warriors, with clubs, and swords, and arrows, many having guns also, were drawn up on our *plaza* grounds; negro traders, from the interior, numbering about a score, squatted in front around the king and his officers. Our vassals fired a grand salute. We had an opening chorus by a band of black singers, with cymbal-strikers to accompany them; and afterward a grand feast. All our plans to make this *palabra* a striking demonstration, succeeded very well. Our slaughtered bullocks, rum, and pipes have kept the savages in admiration all day, and we shall doubtless make King Moussy a fast friend as well as ally. Diego Ramos thinks my uncle has no equal as a negotiator on the coast. Donna Emelia was in high glee at the novel sights to-day, and the Foulas think her a white *fetish*, or *witch*, I hardly know which. She looked splendidly fine to-day, sitting beside my uncle on the long piazza, when he welcomed the Africans. No wonder he is jealous of her.

Jan. 19.—To-day the Cabenda arrived at New Tyre, bringing a heavy cargo of goods for trade; just in time. She is my uncle's best craft, a ship of 800 tons burden. The goods are landing, and to-morrow the busy market will begin. Meantime, King Moussy and his troops are picketed in a fine palm valley, a mile from the residency, and the slaves, in gangs, under their various owners, are fastened by cords of twisted bamboo fibres, to stakes in the ground. Donna Emelia accompanied my uncle and Pablo Crux on a tour of inspection, viewing the gangs this afternoon; and our Brazilian assures us that she was not at all frightened at the spectacle. Don Ricardo says he wants to accustom her to the traffic; but I hardly think that the sight of a thousand stark naked blacks is the most delicate amusement for a young "school-girl," as Diego calls her.

Jan. 20.—Our great market is in full operation. It reminds me of the great square in Fandul. Besides more than a thousand slaves, there are several tons of African merchandise, consisting of ivory, gold dust, rice, cattle, skins, bees-wax, black-wood, honey, and many other articles of inland production. To exchange for these we have cotton cloth, powder, rum, tobacco, cheap muskets, and a variety of pinchbeck trinkets, corals, and the like, to please the taste of savages. This barter is only a by-sort of thing, as the main business to us is slave buying. We allow for a stout negro of twenty, about fourteen English shillings, or three Spanish dollars, in merchandise, and buy women and boys at less rates. Our powder is coarse, and guns of British manufacture, roughly made for the market. Our spirits, cotton, powder, and guns are brought from English trading stations on the Congo, in my uncle's coasters. We buy on the coast, and pay higher for these goods, rather than that the old factories should break up; they being very convenient sometimes as temporary slave depots.

Jan. 21.—Our trading goes on to the great satisfaction of all concerned. We have houses and places allotted for the different species of merchandise. As fast as each barter is over, the exchanged articles are removed. Our purchases go to the new warehouse and its sheds, and what we dispose of is delivered at once to its claimants, to prevent future disputes. We sort our slaves in gangs, according to age and size, and march them off directly to the barracoons.

King Moussy and I are quite cronies; my understanding his lingo has won the old fellow's heart. He brags of ruling a great nation of the Foula people, who are generally Mohammedans, and of living in a big town with mosques and thick walls;

but these negro kings are all liars. The slaves are not all his, only about two hundred, being the ventures of smaller caravans, who pay him tribute for the escort of his warriors. He gets a percentage on all the sales, whether of slaves or goods, and we are to pay him a bonus of 100 muskets, 20 kegs of powder, 2 pieces of cotton cloth, 25 lbs. of tobacco, and a red soldier coat, as his *dasch*, or present, in consideration of the treaty made with my uncle. He promises another caravan, after his bands come in from the slave-hunts. King Moussy is not a bad fellow, but cunning as a fox. He has a deuced good taste, for a savage, for he hinted to me that he would be willing to give up the *douceur*, or *dasch*, and throw in his hundred darkies, if the *Monego*, Don Ricardo, will sell him his wife, Donna Emelia. I don't think my uncle is ready to dispose of his fascinating friend.

Jan. 25.—Our market is over, and we are rid of the negro king and his army of cormorants, who threatened to eat us out of house and home. We have bought eleven hundred first-class slaves; and shall freight two vessels for the Brazils, to my old acquaintance Mr. Floss, who is now a thriving jobber in "wood and ivory," at Rio, with a plantation near Villa Rica and the gold mines. I wonder if he swings his "fly-brush" as in old times.

New Tyre continued to thrive, and our partnership concern was a profitable one. With the assistance of King Moussy, we contrived to dispatch a round dozen of cargoes in the year from the Kambia alone; and altogether, with my uncle's settlement at Rio Basso, we sent 43,000 living souls to Cuba and the Brazils in the single year of 1816. So great a stimulus did our quiet stations give to the traffic in general, that Rio Basso was never without a dozen Spanish and French keels in its waters, waiting for cargoes. Villeno & Co. became known equally well to native kings as to West India traders or European brokers; and my uncle's coast schooners had only to poke their nose up the Gambia, the Congo, the Calabra, or Bonny, and negroes were in motion to the shore in gangs of all sizes.

It was about this period that our operations began to attract the notice of the Sierra Leone authorities, and we heard threats, from time to time, that instructions were expected from the British government designed especially for the breaking up of our profitable speculations on the windward slave-coast. Meantime, Don Ricardo and myself remained in comfortable quarters in New Tyre and its vicinity. Donna Emelia was the lode-stone that kept my uncle so long in one place, and he continued to make the place worth dwelling in. Not only was the "*residency*" rendered snug and commodious, but a romantic cottage had been erected for Donna Emelia, in a place we called the Palm Valley, about a couple of miles from the river, in a natural garden of tropical flowers and fruits. Quite an extensive area was inclosed with high pickets, and gates, like a stockade, and watched by several black sentinels, armed with loaded muskets. I must do my uncle the justice to say that he was a good master, as a general thing, and had the art of attaching the blacks to him in no small degree.

Donna Emelia remained charming. Diego Ramos, as soon as possible, was off to his favorite element, as captain of one of our vessels. I remained the only society, besides Don Ricardo, for his young lady's occasional entertainment at the dinner-table. She seemed never tired of listening to my accounts of African life, as I had seen it during my captivity among the Dahomans and Foulas; and I, as a matter of course, was flattered by her esteem. I got to be quite ashamed of former suspicions concerning her, for as there occurred no repetition of the fondness I had once experienced from the fair Spaniard, so her demeanor continued always kind and confiding, as if she really harbored gratitude for the simple medical services I had rendered her during my uncle's absence with the Foula caravan.

Toward the close of 1816, my uncle went to Rio Basso, and took Donna Emelia with him. When they returned, in a few weeks, the Spanish favorite was accompanied by a quadroon girl and her mother, a good-looking mulatress. The girl was about twenty years old, and had one of the rich, rosy faces that are sometimes met with on the coast. Her figure was a most graceful one. My uncle introduced her to me, laughingly, as my housekeeper; and as I was no novice in the customs of Africa, I accepted both her and the mulatress as acquisitions to my household. But to my surprise, the very same day the quadroon made a most eloquent appeal to my generosity, accompanied with a protestation of her love for Don Ricardo, which opened my eyes considerably. I called to mind what Diego Ramos had told me concerning my uncle's former favorites, and of a quadroon who had been transferred to Don Miguel, at Rio Basso. On questioning the mulatress, I learned that her daughter had lived with Don Ricardo for three years, and borne him a child, which survived but a short time. Marina, the quadroon, was passionately attached to him, and had attempted to drown herself at Rio Basso, which caused Don Miguel to interest himself, and prevail on my uncle to allow her to return with him to New Tyre as a companion of Donna Emelia. But Don Ricardo, always jealous in everything relating to his creole, thought proper to transfer the cast-off quadroon to that promising bachelor of 26, his nephew and partner, Drax. On learning and crediting all this, I said nothing, but permitted the grateful women to take charge of my quarters, much to my apparent gain, in point of comfort and attentive service.

When I next dined with my uncle in Palm Valley, it was to be joked considerably by Donna Emelia, concerning my "handsome wife." I took the matter in good part, and laughed with Don Ricardo, over our wine, as if I was very well satisfied with his Rio Basso present.

A short time after this occurrence, Diego Ramos arrived from the Verds for a cargo. He reported a fleet of British vessels, bound for Cape Castle and a voyage of scrutiny up and down the coast and rivers. They were empowered to make descents upon all places suspected to be dependent, to any extent, upon English men or capital, and to break up slave factories wherever British complicity could be proven against the managers. This was serious news to Don Ricardo and myself, who were both of us conscious of being in reality British subjects, though time and change of name had made us able to pass for Spaniards, Brazilians, or Creoles, as we had hitherto chosen to appear. My uncle, indeed, was well fitted to sustain either character, and to deceive the closest scrutiny; but I was not so sure of my versatility; neither was he. It was decided, therefore, on due reflection, that I must go with Diego Ramos, on his next trip, whilst our senior partner should remain on the coast to take care of consignments and the general interest. Accordingly, I bade good bye to New Tyre, Donna Emelia, and my own household, including Marina and her mother, and on the 13th of February, 1817, took passage with Diego in our largest ship, the Calbenda. We had 850 slaves, a quantity of ivory and gold-dust, and were bound direct for Rio de Janeiro. As nothing of importance occurred on the voyage, I proceed to copy from my journal, after our arrival at the Brazils.

April 6th, 1817.—This day, the consignment of our cargo is completed, and the slaves landed. I had the pleasure of dining at a French café with Dr. Maxwell, who scarcely recognized *Senor Drax*. However, we had a chat over old times, and tomorrow, I am to go, with Diego Ramos, to the doctor's country-house on Mr. Floss' estate. Maxwell is as grey as a badger, and portly as a porpoise.

April 8th.—Arrived yesterday morning on Mr. Floss' estate, the *San Benito*. He lives in great style, giving concerts and balls to the neighboring gentry. Last night there was a sumptuous entertainment, with a number of court dignitaries present; the dons and donnas wearing their richest dresses. The men shone in all colors, and the ladies' taffeta petticoats were fringed with gold lace, and their tight velvet jackets laced and buttoned with pearl tassels. I danced a saraband with Donna Theresa Louisa Rocha, a fairy in a blue gauze cloak and loose train, clasped at the waist with jewels, and with diamonds, pearls, and gold chains enough in her head-dress and bosom, to purchase the whole cargo of our *Cabenda*. Her father, I hear, is a rich proprietor, and a neighbor of Mr. Floss. Ramos and I mounted horses at six this morning. We have visited several plantations, and *ingenios*, as they are called in the Portuguese, where the cane sap is worked up into raw sugar, after being pressed by immense wooden rollers. We passed several gangs of slaves, some out of the *Cabenda's* cargo, going to the mines. The darkies are well fed, and not driven hard, and seem contented enough, with daily rations of *aguardiente*, as the rum is called.

April 9th.—The dence is to pay at *San Benito*. Maxwell is out after government soldiers, and we are barricaded in the doctor's house. Half a mile from us, the negroes are collected in a state of insurrection. All communication is cut off between Mr. Floss' mansion and this quarter, and the flames are rising from a chapel which the blacks have fired. Diego Ramos is well armed, and so am I; but the slaves are said to be infuriated, and risings are looked for on neighboring plantations.

April 17th.—*Rio de Janeiro*. After several days of danger and hardships, Diego Ramos and myself are safe on board the *Cabenda*. It seems the plot was extensive, and a general massacre was planned to take place at the Easter holidays. The first outbreak was on Floss' *San Benito* plantation, and the negroes began by setting fire to the cane-fields, devastating crops, and breaking the machinery of Floss' *ingenios*. The *Presidente* of the district ordered out troops, and a battle was fought with the insurgents on the 9th. The blacks dispersed to the hills, and on the 10th made sallies, and burned several country houses. Maxwell, Ramos, and myself had been two days shut up in the doctor's dwelling, when Mr. Floss arrived, pursued by a gang of negroes. He had been skulking in the fields since his mansion was destroyed on the 9th. Hardly had we admitted him before hundreds of yelling blacks surrounded the house. It was near night, and they had lighted torches, and numerous weapons. We sought to parley with the enraged rebels, but they demanded the delivery of Floss alive into their hands. As this could not be thought of, we prepared for defence, hoping the government troops would arrive to our assistance. We had half a dozen faithful blacks in the house, with two Brazilian overseers, Maxwell, the superintendent, Mr. Floss, Diego Ramos, and myself, to oppose the black assailants, whose numbers were increasing constantly.

Finding us resolved to defend the house, the blacks tried to set it on fire. We shot several of them, but at last they piled up loads of dry cane on all sides, and we were soon compelled to retreat from doors and windows to the court. The house was built like a hollow square, with the *corral* or yard, in its centre; and there we stood at bay, when the blacks succeeded in effecting an entrance. I gave up all for lost, when I saw the yelling devils jumping through the fire to get at us. They were led by a gigantic negro, who sprung upon Floss, and clutched him by the hair of his head. Poor Maxwell was seized by another, and Diego and myself would have shared their fate, if I had not suddenly recognized the leading savage. It was my old acquaintance, the Ashantee Quobah, whom I had seen last after his lion-fight at Yallaba. I knew him at once by his conical head, tattooed cheeks, and filed teeth, and called out to him in the negro tongue, just as he had dashed Floss on the ground, and placed his foot on him. The negroes heard what I said, and I seized the occasion to pronounce a number of African words, asking for an armistice. Quobah flourished an enormous club, motioning the savages back, and then turned to me, still keeping his left foot on his English enemy's throat. I spoke rapidly as possible, for I saw it was a matter of life and death to get the good will of Quobah, who was evidently the ringleader of all. As good fortune would have it, the Ashantee recollected me, and ordered his furious followers not to molest us.

Diego Ramos and myself had our arms bound, and were dragged out of the burning building. Floss and Maxwell were roped about the necks, and cruelly beaten with clubs and whips. The insurgents hurried us in front of the burning buildings, and there began a dreadful torture and massacre. The Brazilian overseers and their negroes were cut to pieces. Floss and Maxwell were stripped, fastened to stakes, and sugar-sap poured over their naked bodies. The blacks then piled cane around them, and tortured them with a slow fire. It was a horrible sight. The wretched victims begged in vain for mercy, until they fainted under their agony. Then Quobah struck the surgeon a blow with his club, which dashed his skull open, and this was a signal to the blacks to finish their work. They scattered the burning cane, and tore the charred bodies of their victims into a thousand pieces, as they danced and trampled on the embers. Quobah then came, and cut the cords from Diego and me, and told us to escape. His voice was hoarse, and his eyes were like two balls of fire. "Go and tell the white king how Quobah has avenged himself on these dead brutes," he said to us. "Quobah is ready to die, but he will be a slave no more!" We lost no time in getting away from the scene of massacre, fearing the negroes might repent their mercy to us. Taking to the woods, we wandered about till morning, when we fell in with a troop of soldiers from the presidency barracks.

The particulars jotted down in my journal relate but a small part of the atrocities committed during the three days that this insurrection lasted. Quobah, the Ashantee, as it afterward turned out, was the head of the conspiracy. He had been lately purchased by Mr. Floss, with a lot of his savage countrymen, just from Africa; and had been flogged several times, by order of his master, to break him in. This had been Floss' usual custom, with high-strung darkies; and he had the name of being the hardest negro-owner in the vice-royalty. Poor fellow! it cost him his life. Dr. Maxwell had also been unpopular with the blacks; and I now called to mind some of his former opinions. "Niggers must be treated like niggers," was one of the unfortunate surgeon's maxims, which I remembered well.

The year 1817-18 was marked by many other negro insurrections besides this. In Barbadoes, Trinidad, and St. Thomas, the whites lived in constant fear of massacre. This was said to be owing to the numbers of savage Africans, who were smuggled every month into the British colonies, from Spanish and Portuguese islands. Laws were passed for making registered lists of slaves, but they were enforced only in a few islands; and smuggling went on briskly through all the Spanish Main. But at that time such operations were carried on very awkwardly, compared with the smuggling system of later years, in which I have participated to no small extent.

Quobah, the Ashantee, was never taken by the Brazilians. He fled to the wild plains, with a few followers, and was either killed or adopted by the Indian tribes. It was noticed, as a singular fact, at the time, that both the Brazilian and Indian insurgents adopted flags, and were apparently organized; and there seemed to be no doubt that some plan must have been concocted for a general rising of slaves against the whites. I afterward heard that a negro flag was found in Barbadoes, divided into three colors, one bearing the figure of a white man hanging by the neck; the second, a black chief standing over a white female; and the third, a negro with a crown on his head, and a beautiful white woman seated by his side. It was thought probable at the time, that some Haytian agents had stirred up the slaves both on the continent and islands. The Barbadoan rebels burned whole parishes; and like devastations were committed in other islands. The result was that thousands of slaves were shot, hanged, or starved out in their retreats, and many sugar estates left without laborers. All this enhanced the price of stock, and improved the

market. Diego Ramos predicted more than average luck during another twelve months, and said we might both consider ourselves on the high road to wealth in the future.

Fortunately, the Cabenda's freight, which was entirely on account of our New Tyre partnership, had been settled for before the death of Mr. Floss, to whom it had been conveyed. The accounts were in bankers' drafts on Paris houses, which were good as gold at the French factories on the Senegal River. France had before this abolished the traffic *on paper*; but her citizens were not so scrupulous or timid as H. B. M. subjects.

CHAPTER XIII.

Back to Africa—Strangers at New Tyre—My first sight of Pedro Blanco—The Mexican Blas—The Quadroon Marina—Her Strango Disease—Witchcraft vs. Poison—I go to Palm Valley—Extracts from my Journal—I Betray Confidence—Blas Covado goes to Rio Basso, and Returns—Treachery and its Results—A Brutal British Officer—Our Race for Liberty—My Uncle is Shot—Donna Emelia the Temptress—Our Flight and My Infatuation.

We cast anchor again in the Rio Pongo about the middle of the rainy season. All things were as before, although, as we learned, the settlement had been honored by two visits from the British squadron, then very active in suppressing all illegal establishments on the coast. My uncle, however, had passed muster. Our barracoons were empty, the storehouses full. Don Ricardo had exhibited his Portuguese permits, which allowed him liberty to engage in such African trade as he pleased. The Don had, moreover, exercised diplomacy in another way; he had dispatched one of his negro agents to the Congo River, where a British expedition of discovery was in trouble, and there contrived to negotiate some favors from the native kings, which were of special importance to the English explorers. This had gone a great way with our bamboozled countrymen; and the house of Villeno, instead of suffering spoliation, became of greater importance than ever on the African coast.

We had accounts of British severities on the Calabar, the Congo and Gambia rivers, as well as near Cape Palmas. Capt. Fraley's old Bangara factory, on the Congo, had been destroyed, its manager, an American factor, Curtis, being summarily ejected, and another American, named Cooke, carried to Sierra Leone, and then sent in irons to Portsmouth. Another factory, near the town of a native king, Mungo Cattee, was destroyed, and near twenty tons of elephant teeth seized by the cruisers. Other depredations had been committed by the British on property of American and French subjects, but both New Tyre and Rio Basso escaped scot free.

My private establishment seemed like home again, after shipboard life; but I noticed a change in the quarteron girl, Marina, as soon as I set eyes on her. The bright flush was gone from her cheeks, and her black eyes, that had been brilliant as stars, were heavy and half closed under their long lashes. She smiled faintly in welcoming us, but soon appeared to grow stupid and forgetful. Donna Emelia, at Palm Valley, gave me a warm greeting, and my uncle was in the best of spirits with her, himself, and everybody. We had a grand fête in honor of our arrival, and the successful result of the voyage; and the memory of poor Surgeon Maxwell was not forgotten over our Canary wine. As

for Floss, my uncle said he had always prophesied his fate, for he was a harsh and impolitic master. The part that Quobah took in the massacre astonished Don Ricardo not a little; and I had to go over again, for Donna Emelia, the whole story of the Yallaba lion fight.

We met two strangers at my uncle's table. One was presented to us as Pedro Blanco, a Malaga sailor, the other as Blas Covado, a Mexican. In exchanging healths with the first-mentioned, I had no idea I was then making the acquaintance of a man who was destined to amass a million and a half of silver dollars on the African coast, and make a position for himself much more important than my uncle's at that time. The Mexican, Covado, did not impress me favorably at first view. He seemed to be an inferior fellow, compared with the other guest. He was short in stature, with a bullet head and negro features. I should have taken him for a mulatto, if his hair had not been straight as an Indian's.

Donna Emelia was quite gracious to me, and Pedro Blanco, noticing this, paid me more attention. Covado watched us both, and was obsequious to everybody. He cringed to Don Ricardo, begged to take wine with me, and amazed Ramos by telling him how he had heard of his exploits as the boldest slave-captain on the coast. When the company broke up, and Diego and I strolled to the residency, to look up old acquaintances, we compared notes concerning the Mexican, and decided that he was a disagreeable fellow. "Where can Don Ricardo have picked him up?" I said. "He was supercargo of a Habanero trader," Ramos answered. "So Pablo told me; and is now a sort of accountant, or factotum of your uncle. He seems a white-livered dog, though no doubt useful enough in his way. But what did you think of Blanco? A shrewd fellow, I judge."

"I am of your opinion, Don Diego! He will never let the grass grow under his feet."

Such were our sentiments on a first interview with Don Pedro Blanco, who subsequently became the most fortunate slave-trader in Africa, and that when nearly every government was in arms to suppress the traffic.

We settled down to endure, as well as possible, a couple of months of rainy squalls, during which nothing could be done on shipboard or out of doors. Besides Don Pedro, there was a pleasant fellow, a Dutchman, at New Tyre, who was waiting for a coaster to take him to the Senegal River. With these two, Ramos and I managed to idle our time, not caring to notice the Mexican Covado. This did not appear to nettle the man; for, if anything, he was more obsequious than ever. Don Ricardo, as it appeared, had every confidence in him, and he was always fagging at our accounts, in the most industrious manner.

The quarteroon Marina puzzled me from the day of our arrival. Instead of the brilliant, passionate creature that her looks had bespoken on her first introduction to New Tyre, she was now a pale sluggish woman, with transparent skin and feeble motions. I spoke to the mulattress, and was answered by an ominous shake of the head, and the information that her child was "bewitched."

"Bewitched! nonsense! what have you been doing to Marina?" I demanded. I could get nothing out of the old woman, but that the white lady at Palm Valley had an evil fetish, who bewitched poor Marina. I learned, however, to my surprise, that the girl had passed all the time of my absence in the cottage of Donna Emelia, as that lady's personal attendant, until, on the day of our return, she had been sent back, with her mother, to arrange my household again.

I had heard, before this time, of a strange African distemper, commonly known as the "sleepy disease," and Marina's appearance answered to some of its symptoms, in a certain glassiness of eyes, and nervousness of the limbs at times. The old mother was acquainted with this malady, but would not believe her daughter was its subject; and I found she was right. Marina's was not a case of lethargy, or constant drowsiness, as in the fatal disease I had suspected. On the contrary, she was often made wild by spasmodic spells of wakefulness. Her case puzzled me, and I mentioned it to Don Ricardo and Donna Emelia.

"Ah! Don Felipe! your handsome wife!" laughed the creole, tapping me with her fan. "You do well to be anxious about her!"

"That is true!" said my uncle—"For Marina began to decline, as soon as Felipe left for the Brazils. She is dying for love of you, Phil!"

"I really think the poor girl is dying!" said I, "though I doubt if I have anything to do with it!"

"Marina told us to-day, that she feels herself doomed!" answered Don Ricardo, more seriously than before; but the donna laughed, and, tapping me again, told me I must take care of the poor child, for she was certainly dying for love.

"This woman is a heartless wretch," I said to myself, in taking leave. "And as for my uncle! I have an idea that he knows more about the cause of Marina's decline than any one else."

This reflection was induced by what I had previously learned regarding the quarteroon's passionate attachment to her master; but soon after, I began to harbor darker suspicions. That night I was called suddenly by the mulattress to attend her daughter. I found Marina with all the symptoms of tetanus. Her jaws were closed and rigid, her teeth set, and eyes glazed. Continual spasms agitated her frame. I inquired hastily of her mother, what she had eaten? Nothing. "But," I said, "you must have given her something. She is poisoned, I believe!"

The old woman insisted that she was "bewitched," that she always came home "bewitched" from a visit to the Moncego Ricardo's house; just as she had been, while residing there. This declaration startled me, and I made a search among the quarteroon's little articles of toilet and daily use, for something to satisfy a new suspicion that had seized me. I soon discovered abundant evidence of what I feared. A small vial, half full of a fluid; some pills; some mango pickles; all were impregnated with *strychnine*. I was no longer at a loss to account for Marina's singular disease; her nervousness; her alteration of muscle and blood. She was under the influence of gradual poisoning.

But I had no time that night to reflect upon the matter. Scarcely did I succeed in calming the girl's spasms, by administering powerful opiates, than I was summoned post haste to my uncle's cottage. Donna Emelia had been taken seriously ill. I hastened to Palm Valley, and found the place in confusion. Servants were running to and fro, and Don Ricardo was the picture of fright. He grasped my hand, and whispered in trembling tones—"Emelia! Philip! save her!"

The donna was lying on a couch, pallid and beautiful, without apparent life. I judged it to be simple swoon, and ordered proper remedies. In a few moments, she manifested returning animation, clutching my hand, as it held a sponge to her lips. "She lives!" cried my uncle, the tears rolling down his cheeks. Donna Emelia gave a slight sigh, opened her eyes, and fixed them on my face, drawing my hand close to her, at the same time, with a nervous

tremor. Don Ricardo threw himself on his knees beside her, and began kissing her other hand like a schoolboy.

There was no relapse, and after leaving some directions, I returned to my house, found Marina sleeping still, and the mulattress lying beside her, watching her heavy breathing. Then, seeking my own bed, I began to reflect on the night's occurrences.

The matter of a slave-girl dying, even by slow poison, was not of much rarity in Africa, and had Marina been one of our marketable blacks, the impressions concerning it might have been merely as to loss in dollars and cents. The "witchcraft," as the mulattress believed it, would have been attributed to some malevolent fellow-slave, and the case forgotten in a day or two. But my previous interest in the quarteroon, as my uncle's former favorite, coupled with her passion for him, and her late residence at Palm Valley, furnished grounds of conjecture on which I built to some extent before sleeping. Next day I resolved to question Marina herself; but next day the poor quarteroon's spasms returned on her, and continued, in spite of all remedies, to increase in violence, till, in three days more, she was dead.

The mulattress was crazy with grief, and survived her "bewitched," daughter only a few weeks. My uncle expressed astonishment and apparent sorrow. Donna Emilia was profuse in her lamentations, with loud expressions of sympathy for what she called my bereavement. After Marina was buried, the donna insisted that I should reside at Palm Valley; that I must be lonesome at the river side; and that she required a medical friend at hand, in case of a recurrence of her alarming illness. The last plea decided Don Ricardo to second her, and I was invited to Palm Valley at once. From that date my misfortunes in after-life commenced.

I am an old man now, and the grave is open before me. I have committed many crimes, and led a life of evil. But I can call my conscience to witness that, before I became acquainted with Donna Emilia, I had, at least, seasons of reflection, and always looked forward to a change both in business and manner of life. The influence that this woman exerted upon my future was, of course, the result of my own weakness and defects of character; but if I had never met her, I know that I should have been a different man.

What took place at Palm Valley, I need not dwell upon at any length. A few extracts at random from my journal, at that time, will suffice to preface what afterward took place in my career.

Poor Marina, the quadroon, is under the sod. There is a dark mystery about that girl's last days, and I dare not follow the clues that I have to it. No doubt, she loved Don Ricardo to distraction, and would have died for him, I think. That makes the business worse. Why was she ever brought here at all? It must have been constant torture to her to see his fondness for another. Well—peace be to her. Slave as she was, she was a true-hearted woman.

August 15th.—This season is the dullest I have ever known in Africa. If it was not for Ramos and Pedro Blanco, we should all commit suicide. But I forget Donna Emilia. She is entertaining enough. I could listen to her voice and harp for a year without tiring. But my uncle makes a fool of himself, in being such a slave to this girl. Fascinating and lovely as she is, a man ought to have some respect for himself. My uncle acts like a boy, and she rules him prettily.

August 16.—I had a chit-chat of an hour all alone with the donna to-day. Had no idea her mind was so well cultivated. She certainly makes me ashamed of my poor stock. And I doubt if my uncle's learning is more extensive than mine. The donna has a choice library, with her other means of killing time, and pays me the compliment of calling me a fine reader. We are to have reading regularly now. This woman is a strange creature. I sometimes doubt if she is happy or contented,

though Don Ricardo has surrounded her with luxuries. Palm Valley is a little paradise, as Ramos says, with an angel and a devil in it. What the deuce he means I cannot see; but neither my uncle nor myself can be more devilish than Diego.

August 21st.—I am a fool and a villain. Diego Ramos was right, for there is at least one devil in Palm Valley. I am ashamed of what I am, more than ever; and all for a woman who is false to a man who loves and trusts her implicitly. But she could tempt an angel, and swears she loves me, and has loved me since we first met. Then she must have deceived Don Ricardo abominably. If he should discover our relations, we are lost, and deserve it. I ought to destroy this record, and yet I will not. Let the worst come! The die is cast, and what's done is done.

August 23d.—I met her again to-day, and she is more fascinating than ever. If this be a reality, and she indeed loves me, I ought to be a happy fellow. But there is something in her eyes at times that makes me uneasy. Pshaw!—what an ass I am! The woman loves me, for all her actions show it. What has she to gain by deceiving me? I never mentioned the word *love* to her till that afternoon in the garden, whilst Don Ricardo was taking his *siesta*, when she threw her arms about me, as once before, in her sickness. Can it be that those attacks of illness were feigned? I half believe it, and how my bashfulness must have amused her. Well, she is a royal creature, and I believe a child of nature. How am I to help it, if Don Ricardo is deceived? It is sufficient that she loves me, and let me be happy, as I ought to be.

The rains had not ceased before my character and feelings had undergone a change, deep as it was rapid. I found Donna Emilia to be a strange compound of qualities. She seemed at times as artless as a child, and at others artful beyond all scrutiny. Her demeanor toward my uncle became full of apparent affection, and she also affected a sudden seriousness of mood that suited well with her at times. By degrees I became completely infatuated with the woman. All my thoughts and dreams were concerning her, and it seems as if my uncle must have been singularly blind not to discover our deceit, from my indiscretion. As for her, she was prudence itself. Though not twenty years of age, her head was older than mine or my uncle's, and it was no wonder we were both fascinated, and both deceived.

The fine weather brought activity to New Tyre, as to all the coast. Diego Ramos went coasting to the Congo, and Pedro Blanco sailed for the Senegal, with our good-natured Dutchman, in a French trader. I remained with my uncle, our old overseer, Pablo, and the Mexican accountant, and business resumed its routine at the settlement.

The routine to me was not, however, the same as in old times. Spite of my self-conceit and delusion, I felt my conduct to be mean, as well as deceitful. I tried to argue down all scruples, and had a powerful assistant in Donna Emilia; but I did not possess the excuse of a genuine love for the object of my unfortunate passion. The donna believed me to be as much her slave as my uncle really was; but I knew very well that my feelings were not founded on respect, which is the basis of true affection. I was fascinated—I was "bewitched" by her, but it was not love, and that I knew.

The year was drawing to a close, and affairs at New Tyre were more flourishing than ever. About this time, it became advisable to send to Rio Basso for a vessel or two, to relieve us of our large stock of negroes, waiting in the Kambia barracoons for shipment. My uncle had grown more uxorious than ever. He was unwilling to leave Palm Valley, and the Mexican, Blas Covado, was dispatched, with confidential instructions. He left New Tyre in a small sloop, and returned in due time; but instead of bringing a slave vessel, he made his appearance on the deck of a British cruiser, which cast anchor opposite our factory, landed a hundred men, and took possession of the station in the name of the Governor of Sierra Leone.

The blow was like a thunder-clap on our settlement. Don Ricardo could hardly believe his senses, when he found himself, with me and our three other white men, summoned, just after dinner, before H. B. M. captain, of the Princess Caroline sloop-of-war, charged with maintaining a slave establishment, "contrary to the peace and dignity of H. M. government." He protested his innocence, of course, demanding under what plea they invaded a station over which the Portuguese flag was flying.

"Because," the English officer replied, "you are no Portuguese, but a cursed English renegade and slaving vagabond!"

My uncle started back, and his eye flashed mischief, as I had often seen it before, but he controlled his temper wonderfully.

"May I ask what you intend to do in my house, and under *that* flag?" he asked, pointing to the colors on our flag-staff, in front of the piazza, where we were standing.

"Burn one and pull the other down," answered the British captain savagely. "But first, we shall send you and your under-devils aboard your ship! Here, Mr. Bayley," he continued, addressing a midshipman, "give these outlaws ribbons on their wrists, and take 'em to the boats. Do you understand me, sir?"

The young officer touched his hat, and a movement was made among the British marines and sailors, who were drawn up on the grass before the large piazza of the residency. My uncle suddenly thrust his hands in the bosom of his loose merino shirt, and drew out two pistols, cocked and primed.

"Captain," he said, speaking through his set teeth, "I demand your authority for this, and if a man of you attempts to handcuff one of us, I'll blow his brains out, if I die the next minute!"

The Englishman's blue face lost some of its color for a moment, as he saw his breast covered by one pistol-barrel, whilst the other was levelled at his subaltern. With an oath, he pointed to the Mexican, Blas Covado, who had just come up between two sailors.

"There's the king's evidence to hang you!" he blustered. "He'll tell you there's not a stone left of your Rio Basso slave-pens, as there won't be of these to-morrow morning, by the Lord Harry! Men, do your duty!"

We saw how matters stood. The treacherous accountant had, by some means, discovered the secret of our English birth, and betrayed all to the British commander, whose whole manner showed that he knew the ground he was treading, and that we were, as he expressed himself, outlaws as well as renegades. I felt our position in an instant, and that expostulation would be vain. So did my uncle; but his actions were more decisive than my reflections. No sooner had the British officer given his last order, than Don Ricardo's pistol exploded, and he sprang into the open door of the residency, crying, "Philip, follow me!" I lost no time in doing so, and we dashed through the house, and out behind, where luxuriant mangroves bordered a bend in the river. A narrow path round the sedgy growth conducted to a thick clump of cocoa-trees beyond. We heard a yell from the British sailors, which only served to hasten our flight. After reaching the cocoas, we saw our enemies in full pursuit, from both front and rear of the building, and I just then gained my uncle's side.

"Phil, we must run for it to Palm Valley," he said. "I'll die before I'm taken."

"And I too," was my reply, as we struck out together for the deeper woods.

It was a desperate chance, for the British were yelling like bloodhounds close at our heels. We had the advantage of a start and a knowledge of the

way, which availed us considerably, though an open space of several hundred yards, that we were obliged to cross, exposed us to gun-shots from our pursuers. My uncle still retained one loaded pistol. I was unarmed. But we were good runners, and gained the first stretch of woods without injury, under a running fire from the marines, who discharged their muskets at random.

As we dashed downward, between tall trunks of palms, and through the orange and banana-trees that lined this valley road, the sounds of pursuit increased behind. But we came in sight of the pickets that surrounded Don Ricardo's cottage before we were in actual danger. Just as we gained a sloping sward, bordered by coffee-trees, within a quarter of a mile of the house, a dozen English soldiers started into sight, emerging from a cross-path, forty rods behind us. They were led by the treacherous Mexican, Covado, who had evidently expected to cut us off, by taking a shorter cut; but was not swift enough. We were close on our shelter, and could hail the black sentinels, which we did, at the top of our voices. At the same moment, we received the sailor's fire, and I felt a bullet graze my cheek. But we both kept on vigorously, and with a desperate run gained the open gateway, through which I rushed headlong, expecting my uncle to follow. Our negro watchman gave a loud screech, and I heard a musket shot behind me. Turning quickly, I saw Don Ricardo stagger in, with the sentinel's gun in his hand. He had snatched it, as he reached our gate, and fired at our pursuers, shooting the Mexican traitor through the head. In another moment we had closed and barred our gate, and were as secure for the present as our stockade defences could render us. It was not till this had been done, that I discovered my uncle to be wounded. He had been struck by a bullet in the right breast, and his shirt was soaked with blood. I had hardly time to extend my arms, before he fell into them like a log.

As speedily as possible, assisted by our black servants, I got Don Ricardo into the house, and laid him on some cushions. Donna Emelia had heard the news, and came like one crazy into the saloon. As soon as she saw the man covered with blood, she ran to me and fainted in my arms. But it was no time to think of her fright, with my uncle lying there, and the British gangs outside. I quickly called our Foola wenches, who carried the donna to her chamber.

Don Ricardo's wound was dangerous, I saw at once; but I stanchied and dressed it as well as I was able. Meantime our blacks were terrified, expecting to be attacked on every side. But probably the British party feared an ambuscade, for they retreated, carrying the Mexican with them. It was then near sunset, and we watched without seeing more of them until dusk set in. I then let out a shrewd Mandingo boy, as a spy, to go to the river side. While our messenger was gone, we saw the sky reddening, and were not surprised, when he returned, to hear that the residency and stock-houses were burning to the ground. He reported the British to have returned in their boats to their ship, which lay at anchor in the stream. Shortly after this, we heard a pistol fired, and the sentinel admitted Pablo, our Brazilian overseer, more dead than alive. He had escaped and secreted himself in the woods, till he ventured to make for our stockade.

By this time Don Ricardo had been recovered from his fainting, but remained without speech for several hours. I was at my wit's end. I expected the house to be assaulted, and the pickets burned, as soon as dawn should give our enemies an opportunity; and judging by what I had seen of the naval captain, we could look for little mercy at his hands. My uncle grew weaker, and I feared he was dying; but before midnight he became sensible and able to

speak, his first inquiry being for Donna Emelia, who was sent for forthwith, and soon came crying to his side. Don Ricardo told us that he could not survive; that he was bleeding internally; and bade me send all out of the room except myself and the creole. He then spoke with much earnestness to me, asking my promise to protect Emelia, if necessary with my life; and to prevent her from falling into the hands of the English, by all means. The donna seized his hand in a frantic manner, kissing it, and swearing that she would die rather than be separated from him. At length she became so disturbed, that my uncle begged me to take her for a few moments away, and when I came back alone he made me renew my promises to guard her safely. He then gave me the keys of his chest, and told me to take the money and papers which it contained, and secure them from the British. He said that he feared his wound to be mortal, and that a few days or hours must end him, and then charged me to watch over Emelia to the last. His mind soon after began to wander, and his speech became incoherent.

I called Pablo in to take my place, and went to Donna Emelia, to tell her what my uncle had said. She threw herself in my arms, kissing, and fondling, and swearing that she would never leave me, that we should live and die together. I was astonished more than pleased with the woman's strange conduct; but my infatuation with her was greater than ever. She had never appeared more beautiful than on that night, with her dishevelled but glossy ringlets flowing on her heaving bosom, and her large black eyes sparkling with tears. But she was far more practical than I was; for she at once began to speak of our escaping from Palm Valley. At her suggestion, I returned to the Brazilian overseer, who was trying to calm my poor uncle. Pablo, in answer to my questions, said that he thought we might yet escape by making use of a pleasure-boat which lay in a little cove about a quarter of a mile from our Palm Valley house, at a part of the river some two miles above the factory. He said if we took half a dozen of our Kroos, to row the boat, and struck up the river toward the nearest town belonging to King Moussy, we should find shelter and safety till the cruiser sailed from New Tyre, or until we might fall in with one of our coasting vessels, which had been now some weeks absent, up the Kambia.

This advice of Pablo suited both the donna and myself, and we determined to act upon it. I was loath to abandon my uncle, who remained delirious, continually calling out the name of "Emelia;" but the creole persuaded me there was no help for it, and that we should only sacrifice ourselves by remaining. I was too easily prevailed upon, and, in fact, was hardly in a state of mind to reason; for my excitement had been stimulated by spirits, of which I drank very freely throughout the night. Donna Emelia, on the contrary, mustered resolution and calmness, much in contrast with her wildness before my uncle. I was not at that period aware of her being the consummate playactress she afterwards proved herself to be.

But I must hurry over the rest of that night's doings at Palm Valley. With Pablo's assistance, I packed up some few valuables and necessities, including all my uncle's papers, as well as my own, and such ready money as I had myself. We then loaded a couple of our Kroos with provisions, Donna Emelia's clothing, and articles of comfort for her, and I left the Brazilian in command of the boat, with four Kroomen and one of the Foula girls, whilst I returned to the house for the lady. I dared not go into the room where my uncle lay raving, in charge of the other women, but carried Donna Emelia in my arms out of our rear pickets, leaving orders with the sentinels to keep strict watch during the night. Then, followed by two more blacks, with more

of the creole's goods, we made haste to our boat, which was a pinnace that had been fitted up and used for my uncle's short excursions on the river. It was after midnight when we got under way, and it was not till we left the shore that Pablo, our Brazilian, became aware that my uncle was left behind. I satisfied him, as well as I could, of the necessity of the case, although my heart smote me for what I had done. Donna Emelia appeared to grieve deeply, asking if we could not return with King Moussy's black soldiers and recover her dear Don Ricardo, even though he should be dead, and many other half-crazy questions. In this manner we pushed up the river, under a beautiful starlight sky, and by day-break next morning, were more than a dozen miles from New Tyre. We then ran up a small creek, concealed the boat in the sedges, under thick clusters of mangroves, and chose a place of encampment, from which we could overlook all approach up the river. Here we remained till night, without hearing or seeing aught of the cruiser. Next night, we rowed up the stream to a small negro village, where Pablo expected to find a friendly chief of King Moussy's nation. We found the town deserted, except by a few old men and children, the warriors having been called to a great slave-hunt inland. But we found good accommodations in vacant bamboo huts, and dispatched one of our faithful Kroos in a canoe, to descend the river and reconnoitre. Before his return, however, the hoped-for schooner, belonging to our Villeno house, came in sight. She was hurrying to our factory, packed with a full cargo of slaves. Her skipper little expected to meet one of his owners, and hear the bad news we had to relate. Next day, our Krooman came back, with the intelligence that our storehouses, barracoons, and dwellings were in ashes. The cottage at Palm Valley had not been spared, and New Tyre was a wilderness again. But the British sloop-of-war had gone, and we soon followed in her wake, after a brief anchorage in front of our late thriving station, where we landed some of the slaves, to make better accommodations for Donna Emelia and her Foula attendant. But the creole was obliged, in her departure from New Tyre, to be content with less luxurious quarters than my poor uncle had provided for her in coming there.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Wife and a Fortune—I arrive at the Senegal—The Slave-trade thriving—We go to France—Paris and its Expenses—We emigrate to Cuba—My new Estate—I turn Planter—My Wife's Amusement—She Murders a Slave-girl—Our Visitors—A new Excitement—The Hunt with Bloodhounds—Death of a Runaway Slave—Donna Emelia's Beauty, and my Ruin—I meet my Uncle again—His Despair and Suicide.

I now come to events in my life which show the lengths of folly to which a man can be led by the influence of an artful, scheming woman. I was in my twenty-ninth year. Donna Emelia was but little over twenty; but I became merely a child in her hands. After leaving the Kambia, we ran along the coast for a hundred miles, till we spoke a French brig bound for the Senegal. By this time, the creole had made me promise to leave Africa at once. I found my uncle's papers and effects of much greater value than either of us had supposed them to be. There was of ready cash, in Bank of England notes, eight thousand pounds, and accepted drafts of the Villeno partnership, on Span-

ish and French houses, to the amount of thirty-seven thousand dollars; making, with my own cash in gold, over eighty thousand dollars. It was a fortune greater than I had ever dreamed of; and I easily stifled what conscience I had left, when Donna Emelia pictured the life we might lead together, with such an amount in our possession. Pablo knew nothing of my uncle's charge to me. I informed him that I desired to go up the coast to Senegal, and directed him to take the schooner's cargo to the Congo station, which we held in the name of Diego Ramos. If he failed to find Ramos, I empowered him either to shift the cargo at the station, or proceed, as supercargo, to the Havana, accounting to our Cuban consignees. Pablo promised faithful attention to my directions, whilst I led him to believe that he would find me at the Congo on his return to Africa. Thus, practising deception to the last, I parted from this really faithful man, transferring my uncle's property, with my own and Donna Emelia's, to the French brig, which readily gave us a passage to St. Louis, on the Senegal. Thence it was my design to take some coast-bound vessel to the Straits, or to embark direct for France.

In a short time we cast anchor in the Senegal, among a fleet of slave-vessels loaded with the African staple. At this period (the year 1818) there was a brisk movement on this river, on account of the losses which traders had sustained in other parts of the coast by the interference, oftentimes illegal, of British armed vessels, under commission of the Sierra Leone authorities. A treaty had been made, some years before, between the restored king of France and the English government, by which both nations agreed to suppress the slave traffic, but up to this time the French factories had never been molested. We found brigs and galliots from Martinique, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Nantz, all ready to start, with heavy consignments, for the West Indies, although three men-of-war, with the white flag of France flying, lay at anchor outside the Senegal bar.

We lost no time in looking up a vessel for our passage, and succeeded in finding a Bordeaux brig, the *Elisee*, bound to her owners, with a general cargo of African products. I engaged a cabin for Donna Emelia, who passed as my wife under our assumed name of Morillo. As the brig was not to sail for three days, and I was fearful of being recognized by some of the slave captains, who might have known me at Rio Basso or New Tyre, I kept close aboard, and got all my shore news from the captain, a Martinique creole, named Pinteaux. From him I learned that intelligence of the breaking up of Villeno's establishments had reached the river, but could ascertain nothing concerning Don Ricardo's whereabouts, whether dead or alive. Pinteaux told me that the French were hurrying cargoes to supply the market which Villeno had controlled, and spoke of a fierce slave-war then raging on both sides of the Senegal. To fill up my time, I now began to make entries in a new journal, and sealed all my old papers to stow away. I should have been glad to have opened a fresh account, and blotted out the past of my life; but that was impossible. Though I began a diary, as Felipe Morillo, conscience whispered to me that the account of Felipe Drax, or Philip Drake, was not yet settled.

March 19, 1818, St. Louis, on the Senegal.—Here we are delayed for three days. If Emelia were not with me, I would, perhaps, drown or shoot myself; for I am miserable, in spite of all, in thinking of the past few weeks. Where can my poor uncle be? Captain Estephe Pinteaux, our skipper, has heard of the breaking up of Villeno's factories, but nothing more. I wish this suspense was over, and we were off to sea again.

March 20.—Pinteaux says that King Damel, the great Foula king, of whom I

have heard a great deal, is now sweeping the country with his slave hunts. Hundreds of negro towns have been burned, on both sides of the river, and kaffies are strung along all the inland trails. King Damel is one of the most powerful princes on the Senegambia coast, and has loaded half a dozen vessels this season, with his own subjects. He never scruples to resort to this means of keeping his engagements with the traders. Pinteaux tells me that a conference of the slave-captains has taken place concerning the British spoliations. They are making arrangements with Damel, to have kaffies brought to points on the coast, from which they can be shipped at once without being kept long in barracoons. This will baffle the cruisers, should France join with England, as is expected.

March 21.—I learn some important items from Captain Pinteaux; that the French king has issued a decree for confiscating all cargoes and ships, taken with slaves in the French colonies; and that the king of Portugal has forbidden traffic in slaves north of the equator, and ordered all foreign vessels, with slave cargoes, to be confiscated in the Brazils. Poor Pablo may be in danger, if overhauled, as he is a Portuguese subject. Diego Ramos, likewise will be outlawed, if this decree is enforced; Pinteaux says, however, that Brazilians will be allowed to import in their own vessels from this coast south of the equator. It seems the governments are determined to put the traffic down. All things considered, I am a lucky fellow. A man to be envied. If I hinted otherwise to the donna, I think her black eyes would flash. Poor Emelia, she loves me distractedly! And she is a woman worth risking everything for.

The above was scribbled in my new journal, the night we left Africa, when I thought myself flying to a life of future romance and happiness. Donna Emelia seemed the fondest of women. She was always at my side, during our voyage, till we arrived in the harbor of Bordeaux. At that port we obtained passports, as Spanish travellers, and ten days afterward found ourselves in the capital of France.

My first business in Paris was to negotiate my uncle's securities, part of which had French signatures. In a week I turned everything into cash, and in another began to spend it. It was the first time that I had ever felt myself my own master; and my freedom amounted to recklessness. The gaieties and dissipations of Parisian life dazzled me like a child, and Emelia was not behind in this enjoyment. Our money was a passport better than rank or title, and my partner's rare beauty attracted all eyes when we appeared at any public place. Donna Emelia spoke French fluently, whilst I often made blunders; and in the first month of my fascination, I went everywhere with her, though afterward I became jealous of the acquaintances we both made. Before we had six weeks of fashionable life, we had full as many quarrels, and the creole exhibited a temper that I had not expected. But I was far from wearying of her, though she coquetted with me as with all others. Her brilliancy in society began to infatuate me, in the same way that my uncle had been "bewitched." I was proud of her dress, her stylishness, and even of the attention she drew, which made me jealous. She discovered her power over me, and used it to blind and bewilder, till I soon became her fool, as much as her lover. All this time, our money was melting. In six months, I spent nearly seven thousand pounds, and the greater part of it on Donna Emelia's extravagant fancies. Nearly one-half of all our fortune was dissipated, and I saw that, at the rate we were going, both must be beggars in a year; I spoke to my wife, and she laughed. When I insisted, she struck me with her diamond-handled fan, and said—"Voilà! monster! what would you have me do? Shall we leave this delightful, dangerous Paris?"

I was glad to hear the question, and answered "yes," immediately.

"Well, I am ready, Felipe, *mon ange!*" she simpered. "Where shall we go? back to Africa?"

"Heaven forbid!" I replied. "Let us go to the West Indies: It is your native climate. We can buy a plantation; we can be happy!"

"Charming! I will do as you say. Paris is a tiresome place. Let us go to the West Indies, my dear friend!"

I was overjoyed at Emelia's readiness, and made haste to start, for fear she might change her mind. I sent to secure state-rooms in some ship that was to leave Havre for the Spanish Main, but hesitated in deciding what island we should choose for our location, till Emelia insisted on going first to Cuba. We embarked for New Orleans, in the United States, and from that city, crossed to Havana. My Parisian experience warned me not to launch too freely into the life of this expensive city, and Emelia appeared willing to second my prudence. In fact, she had become satiated with excitement, and her whim, for the time being, was retirement and luxurious ease.

Meantime, I looked about for a banker, and gathered all the African news that was stirring. I had never been in Havana before, though I knew my former house of Drax to be familiar to the consignees of our Villeno house, who were named Gomez. In a day or two I learned all that was to be known in the capital of the Antilles, concerning what had taken place among slave-traders during a year past. But of my uncle's fate, or of Diego Ramos, I could hear nothing. Since the destruction of the Villeno settlements, it seemed as if they had passed out of the knowledge of African traders. No one in Havana knew what had become of the men who had shipped tens of thousands of slaves annually to this port, for a dozen years back. Other factories and different interests, had taken the place of Rio Basso and New Tyre.

I soon grew satisfied, and Donna Emelia appeared to be, with Havana drives in *volantes*, and musical masquerades, bull-baits, and going to church. The next thing was to select an estate, in which to invest what remained of the money that we had been near making ducks and drakes of, in Paris. I was inclined to prefer a plantation in Martinique, or a Dutch island; but Donna Emelia wished to be among Spanish people. Finally, we agreed on Cuba, and I found a handsome *rancho*, in the neighborhood of Matanzas, which I purchased, with the stock, for twenty thousand Spanish dollars.

Now, after a long apprenticeship in hunting and selling slaves, finished by an act of treachery and fraud, upon the one who had been my master in the business, I settled myself, in my thirtieth year, with a handsome wife, and a thrifty plantation, on the "ever faithful isle" of Cuba. The business of sugar-growing was new to me, but I had an experienced overseer, and a complement of willing slaves. The plantation, though small, was a profitable one. A lovelier spot could not be discovered between Havana and St. Jago. It was situated on a green promontory, made by a deep creek, which nearly divided it from the main-land. The creek formed a cove, in which a vessel of considerable draft might be safely anchored; and a line of reefs ran out, sheltering the shore from heavy rollers, and extending into the sea. As soon as I saw this secret harbor on my little domain, I was reminded of many snug lagoons, and embayed arms of great rivers, which I had often suddenly come upon in Africa, without previous suspicion of their existence, so completely hidden were they by tropical trees and thickets.

Having become a sugar-planter, I resolved to settle down to the business. For a few months all worked to my satisfaction, and the novelty of our life gave it a charm to Donna Emelia. But her restless disposition could not long remain without change. She became weary of what she called our stupid convent, and began to pine for something livelier. I humored her by occa-

sional trips to Havana; but we always returned dissatisfied, till at last she discovered a new amusement at home.

I prided myself on my knowledge of negro character. Certainly, if any white man ever had opportunities for studying the black race, in slavery and freedom, I have had such. Consequently, I had resolved, on turning planter, to become a model master. I knew the qualities and dispositions of different African tribes, and my first care was to ascertain what negroes I had to deal with. I found a few Foulas, Coromantees, and Dahomans, but the majority Congo and Benin negroes. The first three are intractable and high-strung—the others docile and rather affectionate. The surprise of my darkies was great, the day after my taking possession, when I called them up "by their tribes," and spoke some pleasant words in the negro dialect to each of them. They threw themselves on their faces, snapped their fingers, and appeared actually delighted. I then took the drivers aside, and explained my wishes in regard to the treatment of my slaves. They embraced a system of simple reward and punishment without severity. In all cases of discipline, I gave out that I must be the tribunal of last resort, and my word must be law or *fetish* to Mohammedans or Obeah-men, as we called the pagan negroes. Our slaves soon comprehended my knowledge of their character, and my plantation became a model of industry and contentment in its people. This continued for several months, before any change took place or trouble arose.

Although Donna Emelia contrived to gain the mastery of me in pretty much everything, I stipulated that the plantation laborers were to be left to my jurisdiction. But the donna had got weary of common enjoyments, and wanted stimulus; so, one day, when I returned from Matanzas, I was met by my groom with a frightened look. I demanded the reason, and at last obtained it. My lady had been chastizing his wife, a good-looking house-slave, who had charge of the laundry. The girl had offended Donna Emelia three days before, and had been flogged thrice every day since that time, always in my absence. She was now in prison. The word "prison" startled me, and I went to my wife, to inquire about the affair. Donna Emelia was in good humor, and laughed, saying that the girl had been punished and shut up for tearing a costly lace vandyke, but she should be released, and go to her husband that evening. I smoked my cigar, and forgot the matter, till three days afterward, my groom threw himself on his knees, and told me his wife was dead or dying. This shocked me, and I demanded where the wench was, which the poor fellow showed me, begging that I would not speak to his mistress. It was an outhouse near the creek I mentioned before. I pried open the barred door, and discovered the negress, lying naked, her back completely flayed, and covered with flies. She was fastened by an iron chain to a post. Near by was hanging a slave whip stiff with blood. The chain had eaten into the girl's flesh, ulcerating her hips and stomach. Her husband, my groom, had discovered her dungeon, and crawled to the door every night, to comfort her. But she was now past relief, and died during the evening.

I was bewildered at the terrible discovery, and by learning that the slave had been beaten to the condition in which I found her by Donna Emelia's *own hand*. At least a score of floggings were administered. My wife was in the habit of shutting herself up alone with her victim, and beating her till she became insensible. I could not have believed her capable of such cruelty, if my eyes had not seen it. I taxed her warmly with the affair, telling her of the girl's death, and she pretended to be greatly alarmed and grieved. She wept, and swore the wench had insulted and provoked her beyond forbearance, and that she had no idea of punishing her till greatly aggravated. Donna

Emelia's tears and seeming sorrow disarmed me of resentment, and I agreed to say nothing more. The girl was buried, and I gave her husband a handsome present, for the poor lad took on about the matter greatly.

After this affair, my wife was fond and playful, as in former times. She told me I must not be dull on her account, and that our home should be made livelier. There were agreeable neighbors and visitors at Matanzas, and we should show them hospitality. I acceded to this new arrangement, and our house was soon run down by strange people. We had concerts, dances, serenades, and boating parties, and my wife was more charming than ever before. Among other amusements, gaming was not forgotten, and I was initiated into its mysteries by heavy losses, from which my guests profited.

After the flogging of the slave-girl, I supposed my wife to have done with such measures, but I was to discover my mistake. My field negroes had become insubordinate, and some had eloped from the grounds, although I was strict in forbidding any cruel treatment on the part of slaves. My groom, the husband before-mentioned, was one of the fugitives, and I had offered a reward for his discovery. About this time I went to the south side of the island, for a week, and on returning, found my house almost deserted. Donna Emelia was out, with her friends, on a hunting party, so said the slave-woman whom I questioned. On further inquiry I found it was a "slave-hunt." My wife had hit upon another excitement. She had provided a pair of blood-hounds, and was off to the woods, with her agreeable friends, to hunt my fugitive negroes. I hurriedly learned a few particulars, mounted my horse, and followed as fast as I could, resolved to stop the sport at all hazards.

It was some hours before I succeeded in coming up with the party, and getting alongside of my wife, I begged her in a whisper to return; but she laughed aloud, and dashed forward, in company with a gaily-dressed young fellow, who I took to be a mulatto. The *chasseur*, or runaway hunter, with his dogs, was some distance ahead, and I could hear the baying of the animals. Galloping fast, I soon came in sight of the hunter, and his four dogs; two ferocious bloodhounds, and two small ferrets, called *finders*. The *chasseur* was running, with his long *machete* or sword, resting over his shoulder; holding his hounds by a cotton rope secured to their collars. Just as I caught sight of him, we heard the barking of the small dogs, and before I could interpose, the hunter slipped their collars from his ferocious dogs, and they dashed off through the thick forest. I had only a single glimpse of the *chasseur*, in his check shirt, straw hat, and bare neck, with a black crucifix dangling from it, before he plunged after his brutes. He was on foot, and could dart through the narrow paths, while our horses had to seek wider avenues; but we followed as fast as possible, guided by the hounds' baying, until we reached a broad, open space, shut in by high rocks, crowned with trees. Here we saw the *chasseur* running toward a ravine, where one of his dogs had thrown down a negro, whilst the other was pursuing two fugitives up the rocks.

As soon as this spectacle met her eyes, Donna Emelia struck her horse, and rode swiftly ahead of our party, followed by the man who resembled a mulatto. I pushed forward with the rest, and we came up in time to witness a horrible sight. The fugitive negro was a fierce Coromantee, who had been but a week on the island before he took to the woods. It appeared that he was determined to sell his life dearly. The dog had sprung at his throat, and brought him down, but the black's hands were tearing the jaws of his ferocious assailant. As we reached the spot, there was a dreadful struggle going on, the hound and man rolling over and over, the negro already covered with blood. I glanced at Donna Emelia, who had reined in her horse, and was patting his

neck, whilst she eagerly regarded the combat. Then I leaped from my saddle, and ordered the *chasseur* to call his brute away.

"He has tasted blood!" answered the man, coolly. "He'll never quit his hold, till he's cut in two!"

"Then cut him in two, scoundrel!" I shouted, greatly exasperated; but at this instant the negro's hands relaxed their hold of the animal's jaws, and his body sunk on the ground. The hound shook his head, like a tiger, and lifted the black's neck in the gripe of his white teeth.

"The fellow's dead!" grumbled the *chasseur*, "but it's not my fault. He fought the dog. If he'd been quiet, like the others, we'd have had no trouble!"

I looked toward the rocks, as I heard this, and saw the other fugitives clinging together on a ledge which they had gained, whilst the bloodhound was crouching beneath, growling ferociously. Meantime, the *chasseur* took off his hound from the Coromantee, and slipped a collar over the beast's neck again. Donna Emelia and the rest dismounted, and collected about the slave, who was quite dead. His throat was torn open, his side gnawed deeply, and the blood already formed a pool around his whole body. I was disgusted, and turned away without speaking; nor could I address a word to my wife, on our ride home. The two runaways captured belonged to my plantation, but neither of them was my lost groom. His fate I learned afterward.

I must hurry over that year. My wife grew unsettled, and I was unhappy. To drown thought, I indulged freely in wines, and we had frequent quarrels and reconciliations. I always believed myself beloved by Donna Emelia, and this made me overlook a hundred things, till I discovered her baseness at the very last.

Our visitors were numerous; but among all I liked one, named Da Souza, the least; although he seemed an accomplished fellow, understanding several languages, and making himself generally agreeable. He was quite a youth, and I believed him to be a mulatto, though it was denied, he then passing for a Brazilian officer of the Imperial Guard of Don Pedro. He was Donna Emelia's constant attendant, in our parties or excursions, and tried to ingratiate himself with me in every way. At last, I began to tolerate him, and even to find amusement in his society, so that we came to be partners often in gaming bouts. Meantime, I was expecting to be made a father, and Donna Emelia became soft and amiable in her manners, so that I began to look forward to happiness again. Such was the state of affairs, when one day I was addressed by a favorite slave, who had shown many marks of attachment to me. He said that a Congo girl, in one of the huts, was sick, and desired to see me. I went to the place, and found her in spasms, that reminded me of the strange disease of my quadroon Marina, at New Tyre. She was convulsed, and as she expressed it, her "bones were all cracking." I inquired what she had eaten, and after some reluctance, she showed me some candied limes, which her mistress had given her, and of which she had partaken till seized with her cramps. I then administered some remedies, and took the fruit away to analyze it. It was impregnated with strychnine, like the mangoes that Marina had eaten before her death. The discovery horrified me; for it appeared to lay open a chapter of iniquities. And before another day, I had more material for conjecture, or rather proofs of all I could suspect. Some negroes, in digging near the shore, had discovered a passage leading from our garden to a grotto near the reefs, that I had never known to exist. In this grotto they found a negro man's body, nearly a skeleton, hanging by the neck, its lower extremities washed by the waves, its hands and feet both shackled. I examined it, and found that it must have been there many months; the saline air had preserved

the features, and I recognized them, at once, as those of my lost Congo groom. But what was my surprise and terror at finding the string, or halter, to be the remains of a silken cord and tassel, which had belonged to my wife; to find on ledges of the grotto, several preparations of strychnine, and, worse than all, to meet positive evidence of Donna Emelia's recent visits to the death chamber, in a ring that I had lately given to her, which I found beside a small marble pestle and mortar, on the ledge.

I cannot describe my feelings at the strange discovery. I had barely sense enough to secure the ring and the cord that held the skeleton. Then ordering the remains to be buried, I got back to the garden and to my chamber, without seeing my wife. I had no longer any doubt concerning Donna Emelia's devilish character. It was evident that she delighted in cruelty and crime; that she had murdered Marina, the slave-girl, the poor groom, and I knew not how many others. I wondered how I had escaped myself, when we had so often quarrelled. Then, being unable to think or act, I resorted to my usual stimulus, of spirits, until I lost all balance of myself. What I did next I never knew, but I awoke to sudden consciousness of my existence, to find myself seated at a table, with the Brazilian mulatto, Da Souza, and others of my wife's companions. The cloth was covered with cards, and the side-board was loaded with liquors and eatables. All this flashed at once on my sight, but I had no recollection of time or circumstances previous. I could only think of Donna Emelia, and mumble her name, whilst I dashed card after card on the table, in a crazy manner.

They told me afterward, that I had been playing all night, and my swindling companions showed my signature to more than twenty notes of hand. When the party broke up, I went to find Emelia, who denied me admittance to her chamber. I continued drinking, and afterward fell into a deep sleep, from which I awoke to realize my situation.

During my crazy state, brought on by spirits and excitement, following the discovery I had made, I had gambled a whole night, and lost, in round numbers, forty thousand dollars; more than my plantation, and everything else I called my own, could bring, at the best prices. I learned this from Da Souza, who held several of my acceptances; but I learned other things from my wife, Donna Emelia. She showed herself in her true character, in taunting me with being a drunkard, and gambling my all away. I retorted by accusing her of murder, declaring all I suspected, till she grew beside herself with rage and fright. There is no need to describe our fearful quarrel. It was sufficient to me that I learned, by her own confession, that she had deceived me even in her professed affection, and that the child of which she was pregnant, was Da Souza's. The last blow staggered me; I cursed the brazen woman, and hardly knowing what I did, fled from my house, to Matanzas, in search of the mulatto. Fortunately for him, I did not find him at that time.

Three weeks after this, I recovered from a miserable round of dissipation in the city of Havana, and found myself reduced to less than a hundred dollars, out of all I had lately possessed. My notes and acceptances had been negotiated at once by the sharpers who ruined me. I ascertained that Da Souza and his comrades were installed in my house, with the Donna Emelia, and that continual feasting and debauches were the order of the day with them. I had no redress, and my own excesses had enervated me, so that I began to meditate suicide, when I suddenly encountered my uncle, Ricardo.

It was after a night of hard drink, that I got into an *estaminet*, trying to steady my nerves with a cup of strong coffee, when a stranger suddenly advanced, and confronted me. At the first look, I could scarcely recognize

Don Ricardo; so haggard was his face, so thin his body, like one in the last stage of consumption. But I felt his glittering eyes burning me, as he exclaimed, in a hollow tone, "A word with you!" and led the way before me, whilst I followed, shaking like a leaf. When we reached the street, he turned and seized my arm, hurrying me along by his side, till we reached a public house on the Mole, which we entered, and I found myself with him in a retired room. I knew my uncle's determined character, and that I had injured him beyond forgiveness. I began to feel glad to meet him, and when he asked me what I deserved at his hands, I answered recklessly—"Death!—a dog's death!" My uncle had a knife in his grasp as I said this, and I expected to feel its point; but he seemed suddenly to change his purpose, and covering his face with both hands, burst into a flood of tears.

This sight of the man I had wronged weeping so bitterly, was worse to me than a thousand daggers, and I threw myself on my knees before him, trying to take his hand. At first he spurned my attempt, till I mentioned Emelia's name, when he sat down and listened to me. I made a clean breast. I told him every circumstance, from my first intimacy with the donna at New Tyre, until the last wretched scenes at our Matanzas plantation. He heard me out, and then clasping my wrists, asked me if I swore to all that I said, and if I dared to go with him to Donna Emelia. I replied, by offering to set out immediately, and we soon found ourselves driving post-haste speed for my late *ranch*. We galloped all night.

All that I had heard relative to the orgies of Da Souza, and Donna Emelia was verified on our arrival. Meantime, I had drawn from my unfortunate uncle some brief answers concerning himself. He had been taken by the British cruiser to Sierra Leone, and there lingered several weeks at the point of death. Being saved, with a constitution entirely shattered, he succeeded in eluding the authorities, and escaped from the settlement, by the aid of some Kroomen, who placed him on board an American slaver. After many hardships and struggles, he reached Havana, and encountered me.

On entering the plantation grounds, I met a slave, who recognized me, and conducted us quietly to the house, which was in a blaze of candles. We entered the hall, and passed to a veranda, whose open windows were crowded with men and women, the new guests of my late home. I remained under the orange trees, but Don Ricardo stepped forward, and gained the casement. My glance followed him, as he crossed the lighted saloon, to a sofa, where Donna Emelia sat with the mulatto, Da Souza. I saw her eyes flash, and heard her scream, followed by the sudden report of a pistol. When I looked again, the room was in uproar. Don Ricardo lay at full length on the floor. My uncle had shot himself through the heart.

CHAPTER XV.

I go back to Africa—The Brig Gloria—Her Devil Captain and Devil Crew—Massacre of the Queahs—Treachery of Ruiz—Piracy and Murder—The Torments of Thirst—The Plague breaks out—We Abandon the Gloria—I ship in the Poncheeta—Massacre at Badagry—A Collision at Sea—We escape to the Boats—The Poncheeta sinks with all on board—I go to Angola—Gallinas and Don Pedro Blanco—My new Situation—A Trip to Cuba—I go into Speculation—Sail as Captain—Voyage of the Aguila—A Smuggler's Home—Blowing up of the Magazine—End of my Speculation.

From the day of my uncle's suicide I can date my hardened life as a slaver. I shall dwell only on those portions of it which are marked by my connection with the cruelties and horrors of my profession. The remainder may as well remain a blank. It would furnish only repetitions of dissipated scenes and abandoned courses, such as have brought me to my present situation in old age.

(My experience with Donna Emelia, ending in ruin, left me poor and desperate; and when the last dollar of my ill-gotten wealth had been squandered, I was glad to cast about for the means of existence. My home during half a lifetime had been Africa, and I looked to Africa still as the place to mend my fortunes. Seizing the first opportunity that presented itself, I obtained a berth as *medico*, or surgeon out, in a Spanish schooner, called the *Diana*, bound for the river Bonny. At the Bight we joined company with four other craft, and were engaged in getting our complement at Bonny settlement, when we were all attacked by a British man-of-war. Having plenty of pluck and powder, we defended ourselves boldly, till compelled to strike. Many of our slaves jumped overboard, into the jaws of sharks. I succeeded, with a number of the crew, in seizing one of the boats, and escaping to the woods behind the village. Here we were assisted by a Calabar chief, whom I had formerly known, till the cruiser hauled off with her prizes, and a Brazilian brig, from Bahia, arrived and took us aboard. This was the *Florida*; and ten days after the *Diana's* capture, this Brazilian shipped a cargo of four hundred and fifty prime negroes, and sailed for America; I acting as a supernumerary doctor. I shall now drop detail, for the purpose of giving, in detached portions, the leading incidents of my career for the ensuing seven years. Some of the facts are from memory, and others have been preserved in a few written scraps, which never took the form of a regular journal.

THE BRAZILIAN BRIG GLORIA.

I left old Calabar in this vessel, and before being a week out, discovered that captain and crew were desperadoes of the worst kind. Once off the coast, the ship became half bedlam and half brothel. Ruiz, our captain, and his two mates, set an example of reckless wickedness, and naught but drinking and rioting could be seen among the men. They stripped themselves, and danced with black wenches, whilst our crazy mulatto cook played the fiddle. No attempt at discipline; but rum and lewdness seemed to rule all. I was at first frightened at this state of things; but my appetite for liquor, contracted since that unfortunate intimacy with Donna Emelia, soon brought me to the level of the rest. Meanwhile, our slaves were crammed in hold, cabin, and peak, and packed like herrings, on the shelves, around

our vessel's sides; and what was worse, gratings were kept down half the time. Shrieks and groans of stifling wretches below echoed our frantic orgies above.

I had some sparks of human feeling left, and, in my sober moments, realized the horrors of this dreadful passage. On the eighth day I took my rounds of the half deck, holding a camphor bag in my teeth; for the stench was hideous. The sick and dying were chained together. I saw pregnant women give birth to babes, whilst chained to corpses, which our drunken overseers had not removed. The blacks were literally jammed between decks, as if in a coffin; and a coffin that dreadful hold became, to nearly one-half of our cargo, before we reached Bahia. The younger women fared best at first, in being allowed to come on deck, as companions for our besotted crew. Of this part of their devilish practices I kept clear, but drank as hard as the rest. Toward the end of our run, which lasted nearly six weeks, the mortality had thinned out the main hold, and some scores of women were driven below as company for the males. The quarrelling and bestiality that then took place among the savages became sickening. They tore and gnawed each other, in fights for rum-rations which our captain ordered them, and for the possession of the miserable wenches. Such scenes as I witnessed on that voyage can neither be told nor imagined. At last we arrived at Bahia, and landed our cargo. Will it be believed that I remained on board that vessel? It is too true. I had got used to the unnatural excitement, and craved it.

I never knew who owned the *Gloria*, for during our stay in Bahia, I was half intoxicated most of the time. She was a staunch, handsome clipper craft, and deserved better masters. We ran down from Bahia to Rio de Janeiro, for a cargo, and sailed for Africa, with the same officers and crew.

We cast anchor this trip, in a small river, not far from the American colony of Liberia, and our captain took me ashore, with his first mate, and a dozen of the crew, well armed and sober. The latter condition, however, was not long preserved, for we had several breakers of rum with us, as a "dash" for the negro chief, King Boatswain, a half-Christian black, who was a crony of our captain, Ruiz. That day we spent at his village, in a feast, and at night he summoned several hundreds of his warriors. We then sallied out against a tribe of powerful blacks, called *Queahs*, attacked them, whilst sound asleep, burnt their bamboo huts, and made a general slaughter. Every man and woman was massacred. The boys and girls only were spared, and driven to the river, where we soon transferred them to the *Gloria's* bowels. Next day, Captain Ruiz invited King Boatswain to a big banquet on board the brig. The old fellow was sick, but his son and over two hundred of his principal men came aboard. We had abundance of rum and tobacco; but the former, thanks to my medical skill, was heavily drugged with laudanum; the consequence of which may be guessed. Before night, we had every darky under hatches, and were off with a flying jib; our entire cargo costing no more than the "dash" which Captain Ruiz had given to the savage chief.

I sailed in the *Gloria* half a dozen trips, occupying nearly two years, with the "soldiering" time-between voyages. Her fate I will relate briefly.

We had left the Verds, and were making southerly in ballast, when we overhauled a Portuguese schooner, and ran alongside. She had a full cargo of slaves, with a large quantity of gold-dust, and our captain, Ruiz, proposed to attack her. The crew were ready, and, inspired by rum, soon mastered the schooner's hands; our captain blowing out the brains of a passenger who owned the gold. Some of the Portuguese leaped overboard, with spars; but Ruiz had a boat manned, and knocked the survivors on the head with axes. The gold-dust and negroes were then quickly transferred to the slaver, the schooner was scuttled, and we kept on our way to the land with 190 slaves. The next day we encountered a storm, which almost capsized the brig. Our negroes, not being packed, rolled to leeward, in a heap, and when the vessel righted and threw them back, they got frantic, and tried to break through the gratings. Ruiz was half drunk as usual, and suspecting a rising, ordered the crew to fire their muskets through the grating, till the negroes became quiet. Forty were killed and wounded by this foolish froak, and had to be cast overboard. We then ran for Accra, and landed at Papoe, a town belonging to a Dahoman chief, where we found 600 negroes, waiting for a Spanish slaver, soon

expected. Ruiz bought 400 of these, paying in the Portuguese schooner's gold-dust, and hauled our course for the Atlantic voyage.

But this was to be my last trip in the blood-stained Gloria. Hardly were we out a fortnight before it was discovered that our roystering crew had neglected to change the sea-water, which had served as our ballast, in the lower casks, and which ought to have been replaced with fresh water in Africa. We were drawing from the last casks, before this discovery was made; and the horror of our situation sobered Captain Ruiz. He gave orders to hoist the precious remnant abaft the main grating, and made me calculate how long it would sustain the crew and cargo. I found that a half gill a-day, would hold out to the Spanish main; and it was decided that, in order to save our cargo, we should allow the slaves a half-gill, and the crew a gill each day. Then began a torture worse than death to the blacks. Pent in their close dungeons, to the number of nearly five hundred, they suffered continual torment. Our crew and drivers were unwilling to allow even the half gill per diem, and quarrelled fiercely over their own stinted rations. Our cargo had been stowed on the platforms closer than I ever saw slaves stowed before or since. Instead of lowering buckets of water to them, as was customary, it became necessary to pour the water in half pint measures. Those farthest from the gratings never got a drop, and became raving mad for drink. Presently, diseases of different kinds added to their misery. Fevers and fluxes made the air reek with poison; and deaths followed so fast, that in a short time, at least a hundred men and women were shackled to dead partners. Our captain and crew, as well as myself, drank hard, but thirst and disease kept down all licentiousness. Matters grew worse daily, for the dead were not thrown overboard, nor the living served with water, or even food, except the rotten yams that could be reached where they lay. At last Captain Ruiz ordered the hatches down, and swore he would make the run on our regular water rations, and take the chances of his stock. That night we caroused, and satisfied our thirst, whilst the negroes suffocated below. Next morning came a storm, which drove us on our course a hundred knots. Two days afterward, Ruiz and four of the men were taken suddenly ill, with a disease that baffled my medical knowledge. Their tongues swelled, and grew black; their flesh turned yellow, and in six hours they were dead. The first mate went next, and then three others of the crew, and a black driver, whose body became leprous with yellow spots. I began to notice a strange, fetid smell, pervading the vessel, and a low, heavy fog on deck, almost like steam. Then the horrid truth became apparent. Our rotting negroes under hatches had generated the plague, and it was a malaria, or death-mist that I saw rising. At this time all our men but three, and myself, had been attacked; and we abandoned the Gloria, in her long boat, taking the remnant of water, a sack of biscuit, and a rum beaker, with what gold-dust and other valuables we could hastily gather up. We left nine of our late comrades dead, and five dying, on the Gloria's deck. After running for two days, we struck a current, and in three more were drifted to the island of Tortola, one of the Leeward Isles. We made a landing on the reefs, and were picked up by some fishermen.

Falling sick at Tortola, I parted from my comrades of the Gloria. We had divided our ill-gotten gold-dust, and my share amounted to £130 sterling, with which, after my recovery, I took a vessel for Rio de Janeiro. I there procured a berth as surgeon once more, and kept sober for nearly eighteen months, during which I made three thousand dollars by private ventures. But ill-luck came to dog me again. I shipped in a Spanish schooner from Porto Rico, and encountered new disasters.

THE SPANISH SLAVE-SMUGGLER.

She was a fast schooner, designed to make quick passages, and smuggle her cargoes ashore on the coast of Brazil, thus escaping an import duty of \$10 a-head. We had Brazilian papers, and our arrangement was to run cargoes into different rivers and creeks; then make for Bahia, and report "in ballast," or "coasting." The Poncheeta was rated by imperial license, as a vessel of 100 tons, but was actually only 80 tons burden. This was to provide for emergencies; the law allowing only

two slaves to be carried for every two tons. By getting a permit on fraudulent measurement, we could cram twenty-five per cent. more cargo, without appearing to break regulations.

The Poncheeta was commanded by a Porto Rico Spaniard, named Antonio Mendez, an old slave-smuggler. We shaped our course for Badagry, in the Bight of Benin, which was at that time, 1828-9, doing a thriving business in slaves, in the way my uncle had done at Rio Basso. It was a general rendezvous for slavers; and the markets were generally well-stocked, by kaffies arriving through the kingdom of Dahomey. From the Rio Volta, where I first saw Africa, south to the Niger, and north to the Gambia, the intervening country was then engaged in internal slave wars of the fiercest kind. Dahomans, Ashantees, Foulahs, Mandingoes, Sherbroos, Fellatahs and Bambaras, preying on each other like wild beasts, kept the slave-market constantly supplied. We soon had 700 slaves on board, in our eighty-ton vessel; whilst the packing was going on, I went to one of the barracoons, where 800 sick and old slaves, of both sexes, had been confined, for want of buyers. The majority had eaten nothing for a week, as they were considered useless stock. Before we weighed anchor, these 800 wretches were taken out in canoes by the Badagran negroes, and sunk in the stream with stones about their necks. A week before we arrived, three hundred had been knocked on the head, for the same cause, *i. e.* age or sickness rendering them unsalable.

Our schooner was loaded beyond capacity; and the deck had to be fitted with temporary platforms, or shelves, as high as the taffrail. Above these, stiff netting was drawn, to prevent the shackled couples from leaping overboard, to commit suicide. In walking the deck, we sometimes trod on a hand or foot thrust out from the lower tier. Such was the condition of the Poncheeta's cargo, when we left the Bight. On our first night, there was a frightful battle among the slaves for room and air, although our hatches were off. The crew and overseers restored order by the use of whips and handspikes, but not till seventeen negroes had been choked to death, or so badly gnawed in their throats by their neighbors, that we were obliged to drown them. So tightly were the wretches wedged below, that the sailors had to drag the dead ones out by main pulling of their legs.

About a week out we encountered a severe gale, which drove us furiously before it, all our canvas being taken in. I had, up to this time, kept to my resolution of abstaining from drink whilst on ship-board; but the close, sultry weather, and stench of the negroes, sickened me, so that I indulged that night pretty freely, in potations of Jamaica spirits, until I dropped off to sleep. I was awakened by a crash, as if the skies were falling, and a yell like a thousand tigers. Springing from my bunk, near the after gangway, I heard Captain Mendez calling to his mates, whilst the men were running to and fro like mad. Nothing was to be seen; no light apeak or abeam; and the night rainy and as dark as a wolf's mouth. I ran toward the binnacle lamp, and found the helm swinging loose, and at that moment there came a vivid flash of lightning, by which I saw Captain Mendez, with a face like his shirt. "Save yourself, doctor!" cried he, "the brig's sinking!" I rushed to midships, and heard the negroes screeching on both sides; then back to the stern davits, where our men were lowering the boats. How I got in with the rest, I never knew, but ten minutes after this, I found myself with Captain Mendez, and half the crew, in one of our boats, the rain dashing on us; we rowed about for an hour, before day appeared. The gale had lulled, but the heavy rain was like a waterspout. All this time, we could hear the slaves screeching on board the Poncheeta. When morning broke, we saw her a-lee, her decks almost level with the water's edge. We did not dare to pull nearer, but lay by, till she went down, a little over two hours after the collision which caused her to founder. She had been struck on the beam, by a large vessel, which tore away her starboard rail and netting, the whole length, crushing our chained blacks on their shelves, which occasioned the dismal shrieks we had heard. The Poncheeta sprung a leak, and filled gradually, till she sank, with nearly 400 living human beings manacled on her slave decks. One of our boats must have foundered also, with several of the crew. We were picked up by the which had run us down, and which had lain to during the fog. It was an armed East Indiaman, the Mersey, bound for Zanzibar, and by her we were landed at Kahenda, on the Guinea coast.

The loss of the Poncheeta, left me penniless again; as all I possessed, including private papers and diaries, went down with her. At Kahenda we found several slavers under Brazilian colors. I had been to the place before, when my uncle had dealings on the Congo, near by. Captain Mendez got passage for himself and me to Angola, the Portuguese settlement, whose governor he knew. Here he was lucky enough to receive the command of a schooner which the governor was dispatching to the Brazils, on his own account, with a cargo of slaves. I resumed my place with him, as surgeon, and again started for the Brazils, where we arrived safely.

By his successful disposal of the Portuguese governor's venture, Captain Mendez was much elated, and speedily fitted up another clipper schooner. In February, 1830, I again sailed with him for Africa, and in thirty-three days arrived at the river Gallinas, not far from the Rio Basso. At this place we were to ship a cargo of slaves, and on the day of our arrival I learned, for the first time, that its thriving factories were controlled by an old acquaintance, Don Pedro Blanco, whom I had first met at our Villeno settlement of New Tyre. The Spaniard recollected me at once, and was particular in his regrets concerning my uncle, whose death he had heard of, soon after it took place. He knew nothing of Diego Ramos, nor of my elopement with the Donna Emilia; my change of name having baffled all trace of us. I was glad to encounter this old acquaintance, and to accept his offer of a situation at Gallinas, with a fair prospect of remuneration. I assisted Captain Mendez in selecting a good cargo, and then settled down, as half clerk, half doctor, for Don Pedro Blanco.

I was at this time forty years old, and ten years had passed since I made the acquaintance of this man on the Kambia. At our first interview, I was in possession of influence and wealth, he an adventurer, seeking location. Since that period, I had squandered, and he had accumulated a fortune.

My acquaintance with negro dialects was of immediate use to my employer. Gallinas was a depot and market for slaves brought from all stations that penetrated the Guinea coast, as well as territory further south. The river from which the town took name was full of small islands; and on several of these, near the sea, as well as on the banks, were located factories, barracoons, dwelling-houses and storehouses. The success of Blanco had attracted a dozen other traders and agents to locate here, and the Don was a sort of prince among them. In African fashion, he supported a harem and quite a retinue of house servants, guards, etc., besides the clerks and overseers of his barracoons. I kept my place at Gallinas six years; and during that time made one voyage as clerk, and one as captain of a slaver, to the West Indies. Passing over my factory life, which was a routine of receiving consignments, shipping slaves, and trading with chiefs who brought kaffles from the interior, I come to the two voyages that ended my intercourse with Don Pedro Blanco.

THE SCHOONER NAPOLEON.

The Napoleon was a 90 ton Baltimore clipper, a model for speed and symmetry. She came out from Cuba, in ballast, as a new craft, and made two successful trips before, at Don Pedro's request, I supplied the place of mate and surgeon in her last voyage, when she sailed freighted with 250 full-grown men, and 100 picked boys and girls, for the Cuban market. The cargo was consigned to my old friend Gomez, and rated A1. By actual calculation, the average cost per head of the 350 was \$16, and in Havana, the market average was \$360; yielding a net profit for the whole, if safely delivered, at \$360 per head, of \$120,400 on the slaves; subtracting \$20,000 from this, the average cost of the clipper's round trip, including commissions; and

her earnings would be one hundred thousand dollars in round numbers. Such were the enormous profits of the slave-trade, in 1835; and since that period, with greater risk, have come greater average returns to successful voyages.

But the Napoleon had trouble before her departure. Thesmen slaves composing her freight comprised some of the fiercest warriors of the Kassos, the Fi nation, and the Sherbroo Bullom people, who had been lately provoked to a cruel war by our traders. It was with difficulty that they were got on board the clipper, though secured by one foot chains round the neck, beside their ankle irons. Arrived at the boats, a rush was made by several, for the purpose of leaping into the sea; and thumb-screws had to be clapped on them before they would be quiet. These warriors were finely-built negroes, and the boys and girls handsome and spirited.

We had a splendid run, and had expected to make the Moro by night, when our dreaded enemy, a British cruiser, was signalled, and all sail crowded on the clipper. It was near sunset, and our captain, an old slaver, was sure of slipping away easily. But the pursuer proved a crack sailer and overhauled us rapidly. Capt. Mina was in despair, when he saw the trim frigate raking down on our windward quarter. We had a stiff breeze, and two hours more would bring us to a point of the island where our cargo could be landed safely. But the wind fell off abruptly, our sails flapped, and the moaning sea announced a tropical tempest. Instantly everything was clewed, to meet the expected tornado, but we encountered only a heavy, sultry rain squall, which turned sky and sea the color of ink. The water shot down perpendicularly on our decks, and thunder and lightning followed incessantly. This deluge ceased in an hour, but the darkness continued, and we could see the lights of Matanzas harbor gleaming through the mist. A sudden thought struck me, which I communicated to Captain Mina; and in ten minutes more, our crew were in the boats, with sweeps, towing the clipper landward. I took my station in the leading boat, and steered for the reefs and point of land, which I well remembered the inclosed my former plantation, and before the moon broke out, that night, our clipper Napoleon was safely anchored behind the high woods, her topmasts shipped, and her hatches unbattened. Whether the British cruiser's crew thought she had foundered, or was the Flying Dutchman, I never knew. But a few days after, we entered the harbor, with Porto Rico papers, and Gomez, our consignee, placed a hundred thousand dollars credit to Blanco's account. Five thousand dollars of that sum I received as a *douceur*, when we returned to Gallinas to relate the story, and he Don promised I should command his next vessel.

Active life and a prospect for the future had made me a comparatively sober man during five or six years. With the addition of my clipper salvage, I had amassed some ten thousand dollars; and being flattered by Blanco's estimate of my skill and judgment, I thought to make a stroke at once for another fortune. When the Don offered me a second trip, as captain of a vessel, I eagerly accepted it, together with permission to invest in half the cargo. The demand for negroes at the Brazils had increased, and prices were understood to be as good at Bahia, as at Cuba. But not satisfied with this, I proposed to Don Pedro, that we should risk the landing of this cargo at a place called Ponta Negra, between Bahia and Cape Frio. He liked the project, as it promised large returns, and offered me my choice of some half dozen vessels then at Gallinas. There were two handsome American craft, the Fanny Butler and the Venus, from Philadelphia, Baltimore built, then to be had; a Monte Vidéan brig, the Banda Oriental, and a Brazilian bark, which last I selected, on account of her capacity and serviceable look. We loaded her with 520 prime slaves, and I took leave of Africa, on my first voyage as a captain, and in high hopes of a fortune.

THE BRAZILIAN BARK AGUILA.

I hauled out of Gallinas flats, on the 6th of September, 1836, in the bark Aguilá, and set sail for the Brazils. I took an oath, before going on board, not to touch a

drop of liquor during the voyage. The Aguila was 200 tons burden, and I had taken particular care to have her well fumigated and amply supplied with provisions and water, and arrangements made for health and comfort, as far as possible, of our valuable stock. All things promised well. I had the gangs up every day, in rotation, under their overseers, to exercise and sing. I made them dash buckets of cold water on each other, regularly, and fed them well, with rice and yams. Altogether I looked for a prosperous trip; but I was doomed to woeful disappointment.

The mid-passage was safely accomplished, and on sighting the Brazilian coast, I stood for Ponta Negra, to make a landing. I knew the place well, having visited it with Captain Mondez, and also the factor, who would take charge of my slaves for dispersion up and down the coast, to different markets. Finding good anchorage off the cliffs, I lost no time in going ashore, under a bright moon, discovering thereby a sheltered creek, which promised the desired facilities for landing. My mate and myself left the boat in this creek, and walked about half a league, to the handsome cottage and lookout of Don Felix, a noted and courteous smuggler, whom I had met once before. He received us with Brazilian hospitality, placing his house, servants, family, and fortune at my disposal, and gave us a sumptuous dinner, after which we walked to his observatory, to smoke our cigars. The prospect from this elevation of the moonlit ocean and coast was a magnificent one; but the most interesting object to me, was the Aguila, at anchor, with her cargo that was to make me a wealthy man once more, in spite of all my past ill-fortunes; and I was impatient to close preliminaries, that the disembarkation might proceed at once.

But Don Felix puffed and sipped his wine for a half hour, before we rose, for business. I was turning one more look at my vessel, when suddenly I saw a bright flash run along her deck. The next moment an explosion rent the air, and shook the rocky foundation of the house with roaring echoes. A volume of smoke and flame shot up from the water, and hung like a black cloud, before its contents descended. When we could discover the sea again, my vessel was no longer there, but a confused mass darkened the moonlit water. The Aguila's magazine had blown up, and every soul perished on all her close-packed cargo of 500 human beings. My mate and the boat's crew were all the survivors, save one poor maimed sailor, who was cast ashore alone, to tell of his escape from the frightful accident, that sent his comrades to eternity.

Three long months passed away before I was able to leave my bed, at the hospitable house of Don Felix. The blow shattered my constitution and left me a mere wreck. It was a year before I could count myself able to undertake the shortest voyage. I found friends and sympathy, but felt myself a ruined man. Nevertheless, it was now necessary for me to make a struggle for existence, and I found myself, in 1838, once more on the African coast.

CHAPTER XVI.

My Journey to Ashantee—African Sacrifices—A Missionary in Coomassie—We Visit Abomey, the capital of Dahomey—Whydah, the Slave Mart—I discover Da Souza—Cha-Chu offers me a Wife—Fate of Donna Emilia—I return to Brazil—The Slave-Hospital—I am transferred to the Gulf of Mexico—Our Island Nursery and Slave-Farm—Loss of the Amistad—My Visit to Baltimore—Wretched Conclusion.

I WENT to Africa from Rio, in 1838, to act in the capacity of interpreter for a party of slave-traders, who designed visiting some of the interior African kings, at their capitals. There were three, beside myself, and we landed at Cape Appolonia, on the Gold Coast. After a short visit to the town of the Appolonia negro king, we procured guides and burden-slaves, and started

across the Fantee country, for Ashantee; falling in with several black slave-traders on our path. At the river Proh, we hired an escort of Ashantee warriors, and went by short stages to different negro towns, holding palavers with the savage chiefs. As we had a large supply of goods, for presents, or "dashes," and dispensed them liberally on our way, the news of our march was soon carried forward to the king, who sent messengers to meet us. These negro-envoys were dressed in red velvet vests, yellow cotton shirts, white breeches, and carried gold swords and canes in their hands. They had a red velvet umbrella, large enough to cover a half dozen men. With these special guides we then hurried on to Coomassie.

Quacoe Dooah, the King of Ashantee, was not to be seen till the third day after our arrival, but he had given orders for our good treatment. We were comfortably lodged and a guard set over our goods. Meantime, I began to take notes of the place and people, some scraps of which I have preserved.

Feb. 9, 1839.—This is the capital town of the great Ashantee Kingdom, of which I have heard so much. It must be very populous; for at least 50,000 persons were collected in the great market place, on our arrival. Hundreds of richly-dressed black officers are to be seen strutting about, with gold-covered canes, and wearing bracelets and anklets of the precious metal, larger than slave-shackles. Apakoe, the royal interpreter, called on us to-day, and I astonished him by my knowledge of Ashantee. I hear the big drum beating, announcing a great human sacrifice to the king's fetish.

Feb. 10.—The Ashantee sacrifice has commenced, and I hear that 500 men, girls, and boys are to be offered. The orgies began last night, and I was awakened at daybreak by the war drum. A procession of the victims passed our huts soon after. One poor wretch had a knife passed through both cheeks, and his two ears cut off, and dangling from the blade and handle. A long spear was thrust under his shoulder-blades, through the tendons, and he was led along by this, bleeding like a bullock. The crowd blew horns and beat drums on both sides. Then followed a young woman, stark naked, with both breasts cut smoothly off, and her hips and belly stuck full of arrows. Another female walked behind, with her two breasts skewered by a knife, and a cord passed through her nostrils, to conduct her. There was no end to the horrid ingenuity of torture exhibited. To-morrow our great palaver takes place with King Quacoe Dooah.

Feb. 11.—To-day I saw the King of Ashantee, and was present at a bloody sacrifice. We were presented by the gold-sworded fellows who had been our hosts. The king sat in a gilded wooden chair, in the midst of his chief men. Velvet umbrellas, with immense brass-mounted handles, covered them like a canopy. The tops of these umbrellas blazed with gold figures of beasts and birds. A long retinue of guards and household attendants stood around, carrying gold swords, silver and gold dishes, tobacco-pipes, and silk flags. The display of barbarian riches was dazzling to the eye. All this wealth of the Ashantee king is derived from the enormous profits of his slave-sales. Apakoe tells me he has sold ten thousand slaves, since the last rainy season, a little over five months, beside killing as many in slave-hunts and sacrifices.

After our interview with the king, we followed a grand procession to the palace. Before reaching it, a great musket-firing commenced, the big drum was beaten, and a rush of the populace announced a change of scene. The frightful orgies then began, by a gigantic savage dashing out the brains of a victim with his club. A gourd was held, to catch his smoking blood, and his heart was cut out with knives, and held up to the king. I had heard that it was usual for each chief to sink his teeth in the bloody heart, but this ceremony was dispensed with. Some of the brutal soldiers, however, actually drank, before our eyes, of the victim's blood, from the gourd in which they caught it. The rest of this unnatural sacrifice, I will not relate. It was a confused massacre. Heads and limbs were severed, or sawed off by dull knives, and danced on poles; bodies of men and women were disembowelled, and dragged about, and at last left to the dogs to devour. Such was the sacrifice at Coomassie.

We remained in Coomassie ten months, stipulating for slaves; and before we left, the place was visited by an English missionary, Rev. Mr. Freeman, who seemed to be in favor with the king. He preached once or twice to the same wretches whom I had seen perpetrate the massacres, and they appeared to be quite attentive. From Ashantee we travelled inland through various districts of a beautiful country.

We spent the rainy season at the Portuguese settlement on the Rio Cacheo. In September, 1839, we set out for Dahomey, and in October we reached Abomey, the capital. I need not dwell on the scenes witnessed at that place. The Dahoman king collected his fetish men, and gave a great feast, it being the season of the annual "customs" or slave-markets. Four thousand slaves were sold to the traders, of which we bought and branded 700, and dispatched them with the kaffles, to the great slaving depot of Whydah. A hundred of our purchase were Amazons, or women-soldiers of the king's guard, who had been engaged in a revolt, and were punished by being sold off. They were fine-limbed and robust females, made healthy by their exercise in military service. From Abomey, we started for Ayudah, or Whydah, where I met with an old acquaintance. My notes will explain who this was.

Jan. 5, 1840.—This day I have met my old friend and enemy, Da Souza, the Brazilian creole. I have never suspected before that the great Whydah slave-trader was my quondam rival. His negro *sobriquet* of Cha-Chu was the only name I knew him by. He recognized me as soon as I did him, and I am to dine at his house to-morrow, with our trading party. Da Souza, or Cha-Chu, as everybody calls him, is apparently a reckless voluptuary, but the shrewdest slave-trader on the African coast. Whydah has been built up by his enterprise, and he lives the life of a prince. His mansion here is like a palace, and he has a harem filled with women from all parts of the world. He keeps up, it is said, a continual round of dissipation, gambling, feasting, and indulging in every sensual pleasure, with his women and visitors.

Jan. 6.—Last night I was at Cha-Chu's orgie, and it was an orgie indeed. His house is the very abode of luxury. He must squander thousands. But what is money to a man who has a slave-mine in Dahomey, bringing him hoards of wealth yearly, by a hundred vessels. Da Souza enjoys almost a monopoly of the coast-trade. Blanco has been his only rival of late years, it is said. This mulatto is revelling in wealth, whilst I, whom he plundered and disgraced, am a dependent, poor and broken down wretch.

Jan. 8.—This morning Cha-Chu met me, and proposed to lend me a wife whilst I remained in Whydah. "You shall have French, Spanish, Greek, Circassian, English, Dutch, Italian, Asiatic, African, European, or American," he said, laughing; "or, if you prefer an old flame, there is Donna Emelia." I started, and repeated the name. "Yes!" cried Cha-Chu, "she's here, though, I confess, rather *abattu*. I've not seen her for a year or two. I advise you to select a younger companion." This ended our confab. And so the brilliant, unprincipled woman is here, in the seraglio of Cha-Chu, with blacks, whites, and browns. A cast off, forgotten concubine. 'Tis a wonder she has not poisoned Da Souza!

I left Whydah, to return with our traders, in a ship, which had been consigned to them from Brazil. We took a cargo of 1,000 Africans, and lost only 80 on the return voyage. My life in Africa was finished, and I was glad to be offered a permanent situation in Brazil, under the trading company which I had served as interpreter. Of Donna Emelia I received news, a year after my visit to Whydah. She had been transferred, at her own request, from Cha-Chu's harem to that of the king of Dahomey, and there died miserably. This was the end of that splendid, but wicked woman, who had been the ruin of my uncle and me.

My business in the Brazils was partially professional. A few miles from Rio, on the bay, was located a large slave-depot, and hospital ground. This was for the reception of sick and disabled negroes. It was by no means a charitable institution, however; but planned with a close eye to profit. It was owned by the joint-stock company, of which I was an employee, and my Ponta Negra friend, Don Felix, a director. This company had established agencies along the coast, at intervals, for 2,600 miles, and controlled an immense smuggling traffic in negroes. Its agents to Africa, whom I had accompanied as interpreter, made extensive arrangements whilst there with all the kings we met, for an increase of the trade, and provided also for consignments of stock from the coast. Its South American head-quarters were at Pernambuco.

My specialty, under this company, was to superintend the slave-nursery, or fattening-farm, for negroes who were not merchantable on arrival. Here they were brought in feluccas, or driven by squads, overland, to be "doctored" for the market. On arrival, they presented the most deplorable and disgusting spectacle. The greater part were living skeletons; some unable to stand; some covered with ulcers; some with cramped limbs, from packing on ship-board. They often dropped dead in the *corrals*, or yards. Others were ophthalmic, others scrofulous, and many insane. These wretches were to be "doctored," and fatted for sale, or, if that could not be done, allowed to die speedily. The majority were reduced by dysenteries, and required delicate handling, in order to save them. Very often, gangs would be brought to our pens, by outside traders, or by farmers, and offered for sale as low as five, three, and even one dollar a-piece. We lost about forty per cent., on the average, of all that came. When seasoned, we sent the survivors off in gangs to market. I might relate many horrors connected with this service, in which I continued nearly seven years, till I became sick of a fever, and was nearly dying myself. On recovering, I was transferred, through the influence of Don Felix, to other masters, and another establishment.

I now hurry to the conclusion of the record of my wretched life. I was verging on toward three-score, and had nothing to look back on, but disasters and crimes; nothing to hope for in the future. My health had long ago been shattered, and my earnings soon went in dissipation; for I remained addicted to the habit of drinking, which first occasioned my downward fortunes. My new location was on one of the Bay Islands, so called, near the coast of Honduras, in the Gulf of Mexico. Here, a slave-depot and farm were established, to which cargoes were brought, in American clippers, from slave settlements near Cape Mesurado, in Africa. The negroes were landed, under the name of colonists; and the company had permits from Central American authorities. They had a branch farm on the Rio Grande, in Texas, which was broken up, and its stock dispersed, at the breaking out of the war between the United States and Mexico.

Our island depot was admirably suited for its purpose, being near the mainland, and with good anchorage on the ocean side. It was about seven miles long, by three in width, and well wooded. Our farm and nursery were in the centre, on a navigable creek. Here we received Bozal blacks, of all ages, and set them at work in agricultural operations, and making goods for the African market, to exchange for their fellow-countrymen. They were taught to gabble broken Spanish and English, accustomed to discipline, and well fed and treated. I saw no misery among these negroes, such as I had been accustomed to witness all my life; as it was our company's object to get them in prime marketable condition.

This joint-stock company was a very extensive one, and connected with leading American and Spanish mercantile houses. Our island was visited almost weekly, by agents from Cuba, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and New Orleans. During the continuance of the Mexican war, we had 1,600 negroes in good order, and were receiving and shipping constantly. The seasoned and instructed slaves were taken to Texas, or Florida, overland, and to Cuba, in sailing-boats. As no squad contained more than half a dozen, no difficulty was found in posting them to the United States, without discovery, and generally without suspicion. A single negro, sent by special agent, as far as Savannah, would pay all his cost and expenses, and fifty per cent. profit in the market. The only large loss the establishment had suffered, before I arrived, was that of a vessel, called the *Amistad*, in which the slaves rose, and took possession, after killing the captain. They then threatened the helmsman with death, if he did not steer them back to Africa; but he deceived the negroes, and ran for the United States coast.

The Bay Island plantation sent ventures weekly to the Florida Keys. Slaves were taken into the great American swamps, and there kept till wanted for the market. Hundreds were sold as captured runaways from the Florida wilderness. We had agents in every slave State, and our coasters were built in Maine, and came out with lumber.

I could tell curious stories, if it were worth while in my condition, of this business of smuggling Bozal negroes into the United States. It is growing more profitable every year, and if you should hang all the Yankee merchants engaged in it, hundreds would fill their places. Take the word of a dying man, there is no way the slave-trade can be stopped but by breaking up slaveholding. Whilst there is a market, there will be traders; and the entire system is a premium on wholesale robbery and murder. Men like me do its roughest work; but we are no worse than the Christian merchants whose money finds ships and freight, or the Christian planters who keep up the demand for negroes.

My connection with the island terminated in 1853, when I came out to Baltimore, on business, connected with the depot. Unfortunately, I was intrusted with money, for a firm in New York city, on account of goods for the African trade. In Baltimore, I was overtaken by my old courses, and after a drunken spree of a week, found myself without a dollar, in a low lodging-house, at Fells' Point, the resort of thieves, gamblers, slaving sailors, and such company. Whether I gambled away the money in my possession, or was robbed during my debauch, I never knew. But I was left in a state of helpless destitution, and shortly afterward committed to the city workhouse as a vagrant. Since that day I know not how I have existed half the time. I begged my way to Philadelphia, and to this city. Here I shall end my miserable life, without being able to look back on one day of happiness in my entire career. May God forgive me for my crimes, and have mercy on me hereafter; and may my story serve some good purpose in the world I am leaving.

STATISTICAL ITEMS FROM RELIABLE AUTHORITIES.

EXTENT OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

"We show that the slave-trade between Africa and the West, cannot be less than 200,000, and, probably, reaches 250,000, annually exported."—Sir C. F. Buxton on the Slave-trade.

CALCULATIONS CONCERNING THE SLAVE-TRADE.

Of 1,000 victims to the slave-trade, one-half perish in the seizure, march, and detention in Africa,	500
Of 500, consequently embarked, one-fourth, or 25 per cent. perish in the Middle Passage,	125
Of the remaining 375, landed, one-fifth, or 20 per cent. perish in the seasoning,	75
Total loss, out of 1,000,	700

So that 300 negroes only, or three-tenths, of the whole number of victims, remain alive at the end of a year, after their deportation.

Applying this calculation to the number annually landed at Brazil, Cuba, etc., rated at	150,000
One-fifth die in the seasoning, or,	80,000

Leaving available to the planter, 120,000

Number of lives sacrificed annually, being the proportion of seven to three.

The annual victims to the Christian slave-trade, from the interior of Africa, including those slain in wars and slave-hunts, amount to	400,000
Ditto, Mohammedan slave-trade,	100,000

Total loss to Africa, 500,000

Or, five million human beings, every ten years, sacrificed to slavery.

CUBAN IMPORTATION.

It is estimated that in some months, as many as sixty vessels land slave-cargoes in Cuba. The number of slaves actually landed per annum, in Cuba, reaches 60,000; in Brazil, 80,000.

PROFITS OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

The price of slaves at Havana is stated to be \$350 per head for prime slaves; \$250 for inferior, but healthy. Take the lower average, on a cargo, landed by the brig *Venus*, in 1839, numbering 850.

850 slaves, at \$250,	\$212,500
Allowing expenses of voyage,	12,500
Cost of 850 slaves on the coast, at \$20 per head,	17,000
Net profits,	183,000

"Of the enormous profits of the slave-trade," says Commissioner Maclean, of Sierra Leone, "the most correct idea will be formed by taking an example. The last vessel condemned by the mixed Commission, was the *Firm*.

Cost,	
Provisions, ammunition, wear and tear, etc.,	\$28,000
Wages,	10,000
Total expense,	13,400
Total product on her cargo,	52,000
	146,000

The ship *Venus*, mentioned above, was an American clipper, said to be the sharpest ever built at Baltimore. She left that place, July, 1838; went to Mozambique, and took a cargo, all the while under United States colors; landed 860 negroes near Havana, under Portuguese colors; and was afterward sold, and her name changed to "*Duquesa di Braganza*." Her original cost was estimated at \$30,000. Her entire expenses, including first cost, up to the time of her landing the 850 negroes, could not have exceeded \$100,000. Her

negroes actually, it is said, brought \$340 per head, or nearly \$300,000; of which nearly two-thirds was net profit.

Gov. Maclean, of Cape Coast Castle (whose wife was the celebrated poetess, "L. E. L."), makes the following estimate: "A prime slave, on that part of the coast, with which I have most knowledge, costs about 50 dollars, in goods, or about 25 to 30 dollars in money, including prime cost and charges. The same slave will sell in Cuba for 350 dollars readily; but from this large profit must be deducted freight, insurance, commission, cost of feeding during the middle passage, and incidental charges, which will reduce the net profit to, I shall say, \$200 on each prime slave; and this must be still further reduced, to make up for casualties, to perhaps, \$150 per head."

NEW YORK SLAVE TRADERS.

To give some approximate idea of the number of vessels which have left the port of New York of late years, we append the names, and fate, as far as known, of certain vessels which sailed from here during the years 1855, '6, '7:

Class.	Name.	Fate.
Bark	Millauden,	Destroyed at sea.
Brig	Glanmorgan,	Captured—condemned at Boston.
"	Silenus,	Captured—destroyed on the coast.
"	Gen. Pierce,	Captured and condemned.
Sch'r	Mary Jane Peck,	Captured by the British—condemned at Sierra Leone.
"	Mary E. Smith,	Captured by the Brazilians.
"	Advance,	Captured—condemned at Norfolk.
"	Julia Moulton,	Destroyed at sea.
"	Julia Mystic,	Destroyed at sea.
Bark	Jasper,	Captured—acquitted, because of defect in libel.
"	Chancellor,	Captured—not yet decided.
"	Martha,	Captured—condemned in New York.
Sch'r	Falmouth,	Captured—condemned in New York.
"	Horatio,	Destroyed at sea.
"	Lady Suffolk,	Captured, and since in the Mexican service.
Bark	Republic,	Destroyed at sea.
Sch'r	Altivia,	Destroyed at sea.
"	N. H. Gambrell,	Captured—condemned in New York.
"	Braman,	Captured and condemned.

The following American vessels have been captured during the last year by British and U. S. cruisers:

Bark Orion, Captain Morgan (800 slaves), from New York.
 Bark Laura (Mexican flag), from New Orleans.
 Brig Lillie Mills, unknown, from Havana.
 Schooner Stephen H. Townsend, unknown, from New Orleans.
 Brig Tavernier, Captain Johnson (520 slaves), from Cardenas.
 Brig J. Harris, Captain Steele (550 Slaves), from New York.
 Brig Putnam, Captain Townsend (318 slaves), from New Orleans.
 Bark Wildfire, Captain Stanhope (507 slaves), from New York.
 Bark William, Captain Simms (513 slaves), from Mobile and Havana.
 Bark Wm. G. Lewis (Bogota), Captain Faulkner (411 slaves), from New York.
 Yacht Wanderer, landed her slaves on the U. S. coast.

The *N. Y. World*, in an article on this subject, remarks that, in 1856, during the month of July, the deputy U. S. Marshals said they were satisfied that, during the preceding *three* weeks; at least *three* vessels a week had sailed from this port to engage in the slave-trade, and that *fifty* had sailed during the year. From that time the fitting out of slave vessels has been on the increase. Not a week passes but a vessel is seized in our harbor or at the wharves, and every arrival from Cuba brings us news of the capture of a slaver, most of which sailed last from New York. Notwithstanding the vigilance of cruisers, hundreds of Africans are landed in Cuba every month. Over 2,500 negroes have been taken from slavers this year, and landed at Key West, to be sent back to Africa by our government.

The nefarious business is assuming gigantic proportions. Humanity, justice, and national character, demand some strong interposition; and it is to be hoped the foregoing "Revelations" will have a tendency to awaken public interest to our awful responsibility as a Christian nation.

H. B. W.