

By his donation ; but man over men
 He made not lord, such title to himself
 Reserving, human left from human free."

Many condemnations against the system of one class of men oppressing another might be adduced. Pope Leo X., when the question was referred to him, declared "That not only the Christian religion, but nature herself cried out against Slavery." The continuance of the unmerited and brutish servitude of the Negro, is undoubtedly nothing short of a criminal and outrageous violation of the natural rights of man.—"Gracious God!" exclaims Bishop Warburton, "to talk of men as of herds of cattle, of property in rational creatures, creatures endowed with all our faculties, possessing all our qualities but that of colour, our brethren both by nature and by grace, shocks all the feelings of humanity, and the dictates of common sense! Nothing is more certain in itself and apparent to all, that the infamous traffic in Slaves directly infringes both divine and human law. Nature created man free, and grace invites him to assert his freedom."

How can Christian professors,—professors of a religion breathing love and good will to man, continue to be the undisguised and guilty supporters and advocates of the atrocious system of Slavery? themselves the owners, and the dealers in these "human chattels;" who, as if in mockery of the sacred name of liberty, are exposed for sale within the very precincts of those

"Council Halls,
 Where freedom's praise is loud and long,
 While close beneath the outward walls
 The driver plies his reeking thong—
 The hammer of the man-thief falls!"

It makes one's very blood to boil, it makes one tremble to think, that we Britons and our American descendants, with all their boastful cry of "Liberty," are so guilty; but it is some consolation to reflect that *we* at least, have made

a greater sacrifice than was ever made by any nation to expiate our sin. "On the page of history," it has been said, "one deed shall stand out in whole relief—one consenting voice pronounce—that the greatest honour England ever attained, was when, with her Sovereign at her head, she proclaimed,—the Slave is Free!"—Yes, "in the pages of history," says the estimable Hugh Stowell, "this act will stand out the gem in our diadem."

Yet all the efforts we can make for the civil and religious welfare of the Negro family will never repay the debt we owe to the whole race of Africa for having robbed her of her children, under every aggravated form of cruelty, to increase our own comforts, to augment our private wealth, and add to our public revenues, by toils which imposed a daily stretch upon their sinews; a task which had no termination, but with their lives.

The White Man may boast of his superior intellect, and the peculiar advantages he enjoys, of a written revelation of his duty from heaven, of which he has deprived the victims of his oppression; yet with all his vaunted superiority, he is instilling into the minds of those whom he chooses to call *savages* and *barbarians*, the very reverse of that which the Divine law inculcates, the most despicable opinion of human nature. To the utmost of our power do we weaken and dissolve the universal tie that should bind and unite mankind. We practise what we should exclaim against as the greatest excess of cruelty and tyranny, if nations of the world, differing in colour from ourselves, were able to reduce *us* to a state of similar unmerited and brutish servitude. We sacrifice our reason, our humanity, our Christianity, to an unnatural sordid gain. We teach other nations to despise and trample under foot all the obligations of social virtue. We take the most effectual method to prevent the propagation of the Gospel, by representing it as a scheme of power and barbarous oppression, and an enemy to the natural privileges and rights of man.

I assert, that there does not exist in nature, in religion, or in civil polity, a reason for robbing any man of his liberty ; that there is neither truth, nor justice, nor humanity in the declaration, that Slavery is consonant with the condition of Negro-men. To devote one-fourth of the habitable globe to perpetual blood-shed and warfare—to give up the vast continent of Africa to the ravages of the man-robbers who deal in flesh and blood—the marauders who sack the towns and villages—the merchant-murderers who ply the odious trade, who separate the child from the mother, the husband from the wife, the father from the son, is a monstrous system of cruelty, which, in any of its forms is intolerable and unjust. “Cry aloud and spare not,” was the language of one formerly; a language especially applicable at the present day on the question before us, in relation to which Benezet justly queries, “*Can we be innocent, and yet silent spectators of this mighty infringement of every human and sacred right?*”

There are questions affecting the highest interests of society, on which it is criminal to be silent. There are crimes and conspiracies against Man, in his collective and individual capacity, which strip the guilty of all the respect due to the adventitious circumstances connected with rank and station; and to know that such combinations exist, and not to denounce them, is treason against the throne of Heaven, and the immutable principles of Truth and Justice.

We cannot plead ignorance as an excuse either for silence or inactivity:—

“Behold the Negro!

—The curse of man his branded forehead bears,
His bosom with the scorching iron sear’d,
His fettered limbs defiled with streams of gore!”

“Hark! from the West a voice of woe;
Ah! yes; it echoes o’er the wide Atlantic’s wave;
We hear the knotted scourge, the dying cry;
Yonder the torturer’s hands, the clanking chain;
Fly to the rescue! lingering loiterer fly!”

Behold them! men, women, and children, with tearful eyes, and with uplifted hands, with branded and bleeding bodies, with lacerated feet and clanking chains, supplicating, on bended knees, for the restoration of their rights!

“It is the voice of blood;—*O think! O think!*

Act—for the injured, dying Slave:

Nor let him linger longer—deeper sink—

But haste to help—to save.

Let not his injuries plead in vain,
Lest haply in thy dying day,
Thy soul should bear a guilty stain,
Which nought can wash away.

O help him, lest in hall and bower,
His crying blood thy joys molest;
Or, speaking through the midnight hour,
Chase like a ghost thy rest.

O help him—bless him—for ye can:
Hear Reason’s—hear Religion’s plea,
Declare to all—**HE IS A MAN**—
Therefore—**HE SHALL BE FREE!**”

When we reflect that there are now in the world, upwards of SEVEN MILLIONS of *human beings detained in Slavery*; who are held as goods and chattels, the property of other human beings having similar passions with themselves; that they are liable to be sold and transferred from hand to hand, like the beasts that perish; that more than 400,000 *are annually sold and removed from the land of their birth*, to distant regions; and this not in families, the nearest connexions of life being frequently torn asunder; and when we further reflect, that in several, if not in most of the Slaveholding States, the Slaves are systematically excluded from the means of improving their minds—that in some, even teaching them to read is treated as a crime; and that all these things exist amongst a people loudly proclaiming the freedom and equality of their laws—a people professing subjection to the requirements of Christianity, whose lawgiver has taught us that he regards the injuries done to the least of

his children as done to Himself; and has commanded us above all things to love one another, to do unto all men as we would that they should do unto us—well may we inquire, “Shall not the Lord visit for these things? Will not he be avenged for this grievous sin?”

The monstrous crime of human Slavery does not merely affect the external property of man, but the inmost essence of his spiritual being; it is the iniquity of a murderous robbery perpetrated on the very sanctuary of man's rational nature. It is a deprivation of all the rights and privileges of the individual enslaved, which consist in the free exercise and expansion of his powers, “especially of his higher faculties; in the energy of his intellect, conscience, and good affections; in sound judgment; in the acquisition of truth; in labouring honestly for himself and his family; in loving his Creator, and subjecting his own will to the Divine; in loving his fellow-creatures, and making cheerful sacrifices for their happiness; in friendship; in sensibility to the beautiful, whether in nature or art; in loyalty to his principles; in moral courage; in self-respect; in understanding and asserting his rights; and in the christian hope of immortality. Such is the good of the individual; a more sacred, exalted, enduring interest than any accessions of wealth or power to a State.” *

The deprivation of the inestimable benefits of external liberty, though in itself an irreparable injury, bears no comparison with the loss of his rational powers, a crime inflicted on the unhappy victim of Slavery, which entirely changes the course of his destiny. God has endowed us with intellectual powers that they should be cultivated; and a system which degrades them, and can only be upheld by their depression, opposes one of his most benevolent designs. Reason is God's image in man, and the capacity of acquiring truth is among his best inspirations. To call forth the intellect is a principal purpose of the circumstances in which

* Channing.

we are placed, of the child's connection with the parent, and of the necessity laid on him in mature life to provide for himself and others. The education of the intellect is not confined to youth; but the various experience of later years does vastly more than books and schools to ripen and invigorate the faculties.

Now the whole lot of the Slave is fitted to keep his mind in childhood and bondage. Though living in a land of light, few beams find their way to his benighted understanding. No parent feels the duty of instructing him. No teacher is provided for him but the driver, who breaks him almost in childhood, to the servile tasks which are to fill up his life. No book is opened to his youthful curiosity; as he advances in years, no new excitements supply the place of teachers. He is not cast on himself, made to depend on his own energies; nor do any stirring prizes awaken his dormant faculties. Fed and clothed by others like a child, directed in every step, doomed for life to a monotonous round of labour, he lives and dies without a spring to his powers, often brutally unconscious of his spiritual nature. Nor is this all. When benevolence would approach him with instruction it is repelled. He is not allowed to be taught. The light is jealously barred out. The voice which would speak to him as a man, is put to silence. He must not even be enabled to read the Holy Scriptures. His immortal spirit is systematically crushed.

Slavery, then, is undoubtedly the most tremendous invasion of the natural, inalienable rights of man, and some of the noblest gifts of God, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." What a spectacle do the United States present to the people of the earth? A land of professing Christian republicans, uniting their energies for the oppression and degradation of Three Millions of innocent human beings, the children of one common Father, who suffer the most grievous wrongs, and the utmost degradation, for no crime of their ancestors or their own! Slavery is a sin against God

as well as against Man;—a daring usurpation of the prerogative and authority of the Most High! and until this foul blot be removed from America, she will never be the glorious country her free constitution designed her to be—never! so long as her soil is polluted by a single Slave!

But how so?—We are told the Slave is happy; that he is gay; that he is not that wretched and miserable being he is mostly represented to be. After his toil, he sings, he dances, he gives no signs of an exhausted frame or gloomy spirits. “The Slave happy! Why, then, contend for rights? Why follow with beating hearts the struggles of the patriot for freedom? Why canonize the martyr to freedom? The Slave happy! Then happiness is to be found in giving up the distinctive attributes of a man; in darkening intellect and conscience; in quenching generous sentiments; in servility of spirit; in living under a whip; in having neither property nor rights; in holding wife and child at another’s pleasure; in toiling without hope; in living without an end! The Slave, indeed, has his pleasures. His animal nature survives the injury to his rational and moral powers; and every animal has its enjoyments. The kindness of Providence allows no human being to be wholly divorced from good. The lamb frolics; the dog leaps for joy; the bird fills the air with cheerful harmony; and the Slave spends his holidays in laughter and the dance. Thanks to Him who never leaves himself without a witness; who cheers even the desert with spots of verdure; and opens a fountain of joy in the most withered heart! It is not possible, however, to contemplate the occasional gaiety of the Slave without some mixture of painful thought. He is gay, because he is too fallen to feel his wrongs—because he wants proper self-respect. We are grieved by the gaiety of the insane. There is a sadness in the gaiety of him whose lightness of heart would be turned into bitterness and indignation, were one ray of light to awaken in him the spirit of a man.”



CHAPTER XV.

Sources whence the calumnious charges against the Negro emanate—Their character only partially represented—Applicable remarks of Plutarch—Perverted accounts of travellers to be guarded against—Opportunities of actual observation limited—Importance of authentic facts—They prove that mankind are all equally endowed, irrespective of Colour or of clime—Compassion for a sufferer heightened by youth, beauty, and rank—As in Mary, Queen of Scots—The facts presented in this volume prove there is no incompatibility between Negro organization and intellectual powers—To demonstrate this the design of the work—In selecting instances for this purpose, the author has been more thoroughly impressed with the truth of his proposition—Negroes only require freedom, education, and good government to equal any people—Expression of sympathy for the oppressed race of Africa.

I must now be more concise, being desirous of presenting my readers with the numerous biographical and historical facts to which allusion has been made, in further demonstration of the assertions I have already brought forward in favour of the Negro family. A few observations will now suffice.

It must be observed, that the calumnious charges preferred against the unfortunate race of Africa, have chiefly emanated from those who have been interested in portraying their vicious, rather than their virtuous qualities. Writers of this description are not likely to search for such collateral facts as might lead to conclusions opposed to their interests or prejudices; on the contrary, where circumstances of a favourable nature are known to exist, there is great danger of their being left in concealment. Plutarch remarks, "When a painter has to draw a fine and elegant form, which happens to have a blemish, we do not want him entirely to omit it, nor yet to define it with exactness. The one would destroy the beauty of the picture; the other would spoil the likeness." On a casual perusal of the works of many writers on the Negro race, it is obvious that most who have travelled amongst them, have not only

marked distinctly, but aggravated their blemishes, and have so far disparaged their more pleasing features, as to create disgust towards a people, who, if they cannot boast of forms to call forth admiration, exhibit, nevertheless, but few of those physical and moral deformities so largely ascribed to them. There is a propensity, too, in some travellers, to aim at novelty and effect, which so overbalances all other considerations, as frequently to give rise to very erroneous statements. For instance, a French writer on South Africa, describes whole tribes of natives which never existed, except in his own romantic imagination. Another traveller informs his readers that the Hottentots "shoot their arrows with great force, sending them sometimes through the body of an ox;" a third states that, "sometimes persons may be seen at Greenpoint riding on Zebras, which are brought from the interior, and generally kept at livery;" while a fourth informs his readers, that "the roads in the vicinity of Cape Town are repaired with the tails of cows and oxen."*

I merely mention these circumstances to put the reader on his guard, and to exercise cautiousness in receiving all reports he may read respecting the African, as gospel. Superficial travellers are themselves liable to be imposed upon by erroneous statements they may sometimes have made to them, by interested parties, or through an interested channel, to serve some sinister motives of the narrators; ignorant of which, they often relate circumstances far from the real truth, as facts, under the false impression that they have seen everything with their own eyes, and heard everything with their own ears.

In order to form a correct estimate of the character of a people, we must not look into the journals of hasty travellers for information they may have gathered from hearsay during their short visits; but to such as have resided among them, and have made themselves intimately

* These incorrect statements are quoted by way of caution, in Shaw's Memorials of South Africa.

acquainted with their language, their customs, and their manners.

When we observe men judging of any portion of the human race through the medium of their prejudices and passions, and from insulated facts seizing on general principles, we may rest assured they are unsafe guides. They draw a comparison between the present state of the semi-barbarous races and a higher standard of civilization; and without bestowing one grain of praise, they find fault only on account of what has not yet been effected for them. In detailing the degraded state of the Negro, they are silent as to the great causes of that which they disclaim against, which has already been satisfactorily explained, as resulting from the treatment he has so long experienced at the hands of Europeans, with the almost entire absence of all counter-acting and meliorating circumstances.

The opportunities of actual observation that fall to the lot of impartial individuals, are so limited, and the remarks of travellers and historians writing on this subject, either from ignorance or misrepresentation, are so much perverted, that it appeared to the author of the present work, desirable to correct them by a narration of facts from sources indubitably authentic, illustrative of the moral, intellectual, and religious attainments of our sable brethren. These, with various testimonies on their behalf, are valuable and important, in conveying unequivocal proofs of the real character and capabilities of the African race. They are sufficient, I trust, fully to demonstrate that the same mental and moral endowments are equally dispensed to all the various races of mankind, irrespective of colour or of clime; and I do sincerely hope, that they may be the means of engendering a more friendly feeling, on the part of the White man, towards those whom he has so long held in oppression and treated with scorn and disgrace.

But before a thorough reconciliation can ever be effected, all those grossly exaggerated reports of the physical and

moral deformities of the Negro must be counteracted. Though their race may not generally reach the standard of perfection according to our ideas of beauty and symmetry, we must cease to represent them in the most odious point of view. It is well known how much the adventitious circumstances of youth and beauty heighten our compassion for a sufferer. Add rank to these advantages, and say, too, that the individual is a highly accomplished female, and sympathy for her case will be raised to its utmost height. Had Mary, Queen of Scots, been as defective in personal charms as she was in prudence, less sympathy would have been excited by her unfortunate end. Knox might have made an ugly and deformed woman weep without creating much indignation; but the fascinations of Mary's beauty, added to her rank, has sunk her crimes, and the benefits of the Reformation, in the same grave; and that which entitled our reformer to the highest praise, the triumph of his principles, has loaded him with the reproaches of a partial and frivolous world. On the same principle, when the liberties of a people are to be extinguished, or when greater severities are to be inflicted, if, besides assigning to them certain disqualifications for freedom, and the necessity of restraining their vices, ugliness and deformity can be thrown into the picture, few will interest themselves in the fate of the oppressed. Misrepresentation and calumny having prepared the way, the work of Slavery and extermination may proceed with impunity.*

Many of the African race, as we have already been informed, particularly the youth, have interesting countenances, and under more auspicious circumstances, would speedily lose those displeasing peculiarities of appearance, which in all countries are, in a greater or less degree, the inseparable concomitants of penury and suffering. The plant, which in the desert, is stunted in its growth and presents but a scanty foliage, becomes the pride

* Philip's African Researches.

of the surrounding scenery when nourished by a more generous soil.

“Facts,” it is said, “are stubborn things,” and such is indeed the case; they cannot be controverted. The false philosophy which imputes to the Negro a constitutional inferiority, must henceforth be refuted, more by facts and experience, than by reasoning. If, as I before observed, instances can be adduced, of individuals of the African race who have exhibited marks of genius that would be considered eminent in civilized European society, we have proof that there is no incompatibility between Negro organization and intellectual power. The design of the succeeding part of this volume is to bring into view many remarkable cases of this description. How far it is successful in demonstrating, by a relation of facts and testimonies, that our Coloured fellow-creatures are not *necessarily* inferior in their moral, intellectual, or religious capabilities, to other branches of the human family, and that superior abilities attach no more to a white than to a sable skin, I must leave my readers to draw their own conclusion. For my own part, I am fully convinced that the blessings of freedom, education, and good government, are alone wanting to make the natives of Africa, either in an intellectual or moral point of view, equal to the people of any country on the surface of the globe. Were these blessings more abundantly conferred upon them, there can be no doubt that they would produce more Phillis Wheatleys, Paul Cuffes, and Gustavus Vassas, to refute the unfounded calumnies which have been heaped upon their unfortunate race, to demonstrate before all the world, that the Creator has not left them destitute of his noblest gifts to Man, nor of the power of improving those he has bestowed upon them.

I repeat it again,—“Let not the abettors of Slavery, who trample their fellow-creatures beneath their feet, tell us any more in their own justification, of the degraded state, the abject minds, and the vices of the Negro Slave;

it is upon the system which thus brutifies a human being that the reproach falls in all its bitterness."

"Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resigned,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind,
Puts off his generous nature, and to suit
His manner to his fate, puts on the brute.
Oh! most degrading of all ills that wait
On man, a mourner in his best estate;
All other sorrow virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure,
But Slavery! virtue dreads it as her grave,
Virtue itself is meanness in the Slave."

Helpless, injured, and oppressed Africans! many tears have been shed over your unhappy fate and your accumulated wrongs; many sleepless nights have been occupied in devising means to meliorate your condition, but every attempt in your behalf must centre in fervent aspiration to Him who alone can change, even the hard and stony hearts of your taskmasters; whose eye is over all His works; and who will yet arise for your deliverance.

It is not for finite mortals to ask, why, in the inscrutable wisdom of Him who overrules all events, he has thus far permitted one portion of His creatures so cruelly to oppress another; or through what instrumentality He will at length redress the wrongs of the sufferer, bind up his broken heart, and heal his wounds.

"Time yet will come, 'tis His decree,
When tyrant force shall fail;
When *Justice*, all who trample thee,
For evermore must wail."

Unfortunate fellow-creatures, innocent sufferers, however you may still continue to be despised and afflicted, have comfort in believing that this is not the place of your rest; endless joys are laid up for you in that blessed country where the oppressor can no more oppress; for, doubtless, you are, equally with all mankind, the objects of redeeming love!

“ Ethiopia from afar,
Shall adore the sacred name ;
Mercy break the cruel bar
That obstructs religion’s flame.

Charity responsive glows,
Ardour fills the throbbing breast;
Mourns the wretched captive’s woes,
Pants to see those woes redress’d.

Pensive thought awakes to languish,
O’er the mass of human ill ;
Weeps the abject Negro’s anguish,
Crush’d beneath a tyrant’s will.

Ocean’s deep, resistless tide,
Covers many a lovely gem ;
Nor can complexion virtue hide—
Noble actions shine in them.

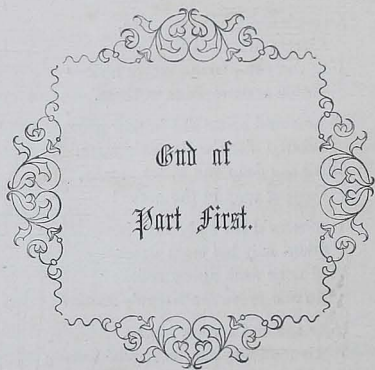
Who could count the hollow groans,
Wafted o’er the Atlantic wave,
With the deep and bitter moans,
Ceasing only in the grave !

Unobserv’d his sighs may heave,
Silent may his tears descend ;
Will none such agony relieve ?
No one prove the Negro’s friend ?

If by age and sorrow hoary,
His food may yet be angels’ bread ;
For him a Saviour left His glory,—
For him a dear Redeemer bled.

Oh ! may the Gospel’s joyful sound,
Hours of grief and labour cheer ;
Religion’s holy flame be found,
To smooth the chain he still must wear :

Bereft of every earthly joy,
Hope, sweetly rise to things above,
Where no distracting cares annoy,
Where all is harmony and love.”



End of
Part First.



A Tribute for the Negro.

PART II.

Biographical Sketches of Africans or their
Descendants, with Testimonies of Travel-
lers, Missionaries, &c. respecting them.

“To injured Afric', liberal reader turn,
There from her sable sons this maxim learn;
To no complexion is the charm confined,
In every climate grows the virtuous mind.”

“Ab Æthiope virtutem disce, et ne crede colori.”—From the
Ethiopian learn virtue, and trust not to colour.

A TRIBUTE FOR THE NEGRO.

Part Second.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF AFRICANS OR THEIR DESCENDANTS, &c.

~~~~~  
" Truth, by its own sinews shall prevail;  
And in the course of Heaven's evolving plan,  
By TRUTH MADE FREE the long scorned African,—  
His Maker's image radiant in his face,—  
Among earth's noblest sons shall find his place."  
~~~~~

The false philosophy which has imparted to the Negro a constitutional inferiority, must, as I have observed, henceforth, be refuted, more by facts and experience, than by reasoning. The remaining portion of the present volume is occupied with a variety of such facts; consisting of a series of Biographical Sketches of Africans or their Descendants, with Testimonies of Travellers, Missionaries, &c., as to their real character and capabilities. These exhibit an undoubted refutation of those unfounded calumnies, which have been heaped upon the unfortunate race of Africa.

In making a selection of a few out of the numberless instances that might have been produced, equally forcible, the Author may observe, that he has been more thoroughly impressed with the truth of an equality in the various races of mankind the further he has proceeded in the investigation of the subject. Renewed evidence has been afforded him in carefully surveying a great variety of cases, that the African character is susceptible of all the finest feelings of our nature, and that the intellectual capacity of the Negro, under circumstances more favourable than have generally

fallen to his lot, would bear a comparison with that of any other portion of our species.

OLAUDAH EQUIANO; OR GUSTAVUS VASSA.

The following brief sketch of the life of Gustavus Vassa, or Olaudah Equiano, the name by which he was known in his native country on the coast of Africa, is condensed from various editions of his "Narrative," a small octavo volume of 350 pages, written by himself about the year 1787, exhibiting in its composition considerable talent. "The individual is to be pitied," says the Abbé Gregoire, "who, after having read the memoir of Vassa, does not feel for the author, sentiments of affection and esteem."

This intelligent Negro dedicated his "Narrative" to the British Houses of Parliament in the following terms:—

"To the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons of the Parliament of Great Britain.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"PERMIT me, with the greatest deference and respect, to lay at your feet the following genuine narrative; the chief design of which is to excite in your august assemblies a sense of compassion for the miseries which the Slave Trade has entailed on my unfortunate countrymen. By the horrors of that trade, was I first torn away from all the tender connexions that were naturally dear to my heart; but these, through the mysterious ways of Providence, I ought to regard as infinitely more than compensated by the introduction I have thence obtained to the knowledge of the Christian religion, and of a nation which, by its liberal sentiments, its humanity, the glorious freedom of its government, and its proficiency in arts and sciences, has exalted the dignity of human nature.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PHYSICS DEPARTMENT
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

REPORT OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE
SOUTH AFRICAN
RAILWAYS
FOR THE YEAR
1900-1901

PRINTED AND SOLD BY
THE GOVERNMENT PRINTER,
JOHANNESBURG

THE SOUTH AFRICAN
RAILWAYS
FOR THE YEAR
1900-1901



GUSTAVUS VASSA,

OR

Claudah Equiano

MANCHESTER:

WILLIAM IRWIN, 39, OLDHAM ST

“I am sensible I ought to entreat your pardon for addressing to you a work so wholly devoid of literary merit; but, as the production of an unlettered African, who is actuated by the hope of becoming an instrument towards the relief of his suffering countrymen, I trust that *such a man*, pleading in *such a cause* will be acquitted of boldness and presumption.

“May the God of Heaven inspire your hearts with peculiar benevolence on that important day when the question of Abolition is to be discussed, when thousands, in consequence of your decision, are to look for Happiness or Misery!

“I am,

“My Lords and Gentlemen,

“Your most Obedient,

“And devoted humble Servant,

“OLAUDAH EQUIANO, OR GUSTAVUS VASSA.”

“No. 4, Taylor’s Buildings,

“St. Martin’s Lane,

“October 30, 1790.”

“I believe it is difficult,” writes this intelligent Negro, “for those who publish their own memoirs, to escape the imputation of vanity; nor is this the only disadvantage under which they labour: it is also their misfortune, that whatever is uncommon, is rarely, if ever, believed, and what is obvious, the reader is apt to turn from with disgust, and to charge the writer with impertinence. Those memoirs only are thought worthy to be read or remembered which abound in great or striking events; those in short, which in a high degree excite either admiration or pity: nearly all others are consigned to contempt and oblivion. It is, therefore, I confess, not a little hazardous in a private and obscure individual, and a stranger too, thus to solicit the indulgent attention of the public, especially when I

own that I offer here, the history of neither a saint, a hero, nor a tyrant. I believe there are few events in my life which have not happened to many, but when I compare my lot with that of most of my countrymen, I acknowledge the mercies of Providence in every occurrence of my life.

If then, the following Narrative does not prove sufficiently interesting to engage general attention, let my motive be some excuse for its publication. I am not so foolishly vain, as to expect from it either immortality or literary reputation. If it affords any satisfaction to my numerous friends, at whose request it has been written, or in the smallest degree promotes the interests of humanity, the end for which it was undertaken will be fully attained, and every wish of my heart gratified. Let it therefore be remembered, that in wishing to avoid censure, I do not aspire to praise.

That part of Africa known by the name of Guinea, in which the trade for Slaves is carried on, extends along the coast above 3400 miles, from Senegal to Angola, and includes a variety of kingdoms. Of these, the most considerable is the kingdom of Benin, both as to extent and wealth, the richness and cultivation of the soil, the power of its king, and the number and warlike disposition of the inhabitants. It is situated nearly under the line, and extends along the coast about 170 miles, but runs back into the interior part of Africa to a distance hitherto, I believe, unexplored by any traveller; and seems only terminated by the empire of Abyssinia, nearly 1500 miles from its first boundaries. In a charming and fruitful vale, called Essaka, in one of the most remote and fertile provinces of this kingdom, I was born in the year 1745.

As our country is one in which nature is prodigal of her favours, our wants, which are few, are easily supplied. All our industry is turned to the improvement of those blessings, and we are habituated to labour from our early

years; and by this means we have no beggars. Our houses never exceed one story, and are built of wood, thatched with reeds; and the floors are generally covered with mats. The dress of both races consists of a long piece of calico or muslin, wrapped loosely round the body; our beds are also covered with the same cloth.

The land is uncommonly rich and fruitful, and produces vegetables in abundance, and a variety of delicious fruits; also Indian-corn, cotton, and tobacco. Our meat consists of cattle, goats, and poultry. The ceremony of washing before eating is strictly enjoined, and cleanliness is considered a part of the religion. The people believe there is one Creator of all things, and that He governs all events.

My father being a man of rank, had a numerous family: his children consisted of one daughter, and several sons, of whom I was the youngest, my name being Olaudah Equiano. I generally attended my mother, who took great pains in forming my mind, and training me to exercise. In this way I grew up to about the eleventh year of my age, when an end was put to my happiness in the following manner:

One day, when our people were gone to their work, and only my dear sister and myself were left to watch the house, two men and a woman came, and seizing us both, stopped our mouths that we should not make a noise, ran off with us into the woods, where they tied our hands, and took us some distance to a small house, where the robbers halted for refreshment and spent the night. We were then unbound, but were unable to take any food, and being quite overpowered by fatigue and grief, our only relief was some sleep, which allayed our misfortune for a short time. The next morning, after keeping the woods some distance, we came to an opening, where we saw some people at work. I began to cry out for their assistance, but my cries had no other effect than to make them tie us faster, and again stop our mouths, and they put us into a sack until we got out of sight of these people.

When they offered us food, we could not eat, often bathing each other in tears. Our only respite was sleep—but alas! even the privilege of weeping together was soon denied us. The next day proved a day of greater sorrow than I had yet experienced, for my sister and I were torn asunder while clasped in each other's arms: it was in vain that we besought them not to part us; she was torn from me, and immediately carried away, while I was left in a state of distraction not to be described. I wept and grieved continually, and for several days did not eat anything but what they forced into my mouth.

After travelling a great distance, suffering many hardships, and being sold several times,—one evening, to my surprise, my dear sister was brought to the same house. As soon as she saw me, she gave a loud shriek and ran into my arms: I was quite overpowered;—neither of us could speak, but for a considerable time clung to each other in mutual embraces, unable to do anything but weep. When the people were told that we were brother and sister, they indulged us with being together, and one of the men at night lay between us, and allowed us to hold each other's hand across him. Thus, for a while we forgot our misfortunes in the joy of being together; but even this small comfort was soon to have an end, for scarcely had the fatal morning appeared, when she was torn from me for ever! for I never saw her more!

I was now more miserable, if possible, than before. The small relief which her presence gave me from pain was gone, and the wretchedness of my situation was redoubled by my anxiety after her fate, and my apprehension lest her sufferings should be greater than mine, when I could not be with her to alleviate them. Yes; thou dear partner of all my childish sports! thou sharer of my joys and sorrows! happy should I have ever esteemed myself, to encounter every misery for you, and to procure your freedom by the sacrifice of my own! Though you were early forced

from my arms, your image has been always rivetted in my heart, from which neither *time nor fortune* have been able to remove it: so that, while the thoughts of your sufferings have damped my prosperity, they have mingled with adversity, and increased its bitterness. To that Heaven which protects the weak from the strong, I commit the care of your innocence and virtues, if they have not already received their full reward, and if your youth and delicacy have not long since fallen victims to the violence of the African trader, the pestilential stench of a Guinea ship, the seasoning in the European colonies, or the lash and lust of a brutal and unrelenting overseer.

At length, after many days' travelling, during which I had often changed masters, although I was many days' journey from my father's house, I attempted to escape. The whole neighbourhood was raised in the pursuit of me. In that part of the country, the houses and villages were skirted with woods, or shrubberies, and the bushes were so thick that a man could readily conceal himself in them, so as to elude the strictest search. The neighbours continued the whole day looking for me, and several times many of them came within a few yards of the place where I lay hid. I expected every moment, when I heard a rustling among the trees, to be found out and punished; but they never discovered me, though they were often so near that I even heard their conjectures as they were looking about for me; and I now learned from them, that any attempt to return home would be hopeless. Most of them supposed I had fled towards home; but the distance was so great, and the way so intricate, that they thought I could never reach it, and that I should be lost in the woods. When I heard this, I was seized with a violent panic, and abandoned myself to despair. Night, too, began to approach, and aggravated all my fears, for I became alarmed with the idea of being devoured by wild beasts. I had before entertained hopes of getting home, and had

determined when it should be dark to make the attempt ; but I was now convinced it was fruitless, and began to consider, that, if possibly I could escape all other animals, I could not those of the human kind, and that, not knowing the way, I must perish in the woods. Thus was I like the hunted deer :

—— “ Every leaf, and every whispering breath
Convey'd a foe, and every foe a death.”

The horror of my situation became quite insupportable. I at length quitted the thicket, and with trembling steps, and a sad heart, returned to my master's house, and crept into his kitchen, which was an open shed, laying myself down with an anxious wish for death to relieve me from all my pains. I was scarcely awake in the morning before I was discovered, and being closely reprimanded by my master, I was soon sold again.

I was now carried to the left of the sun's rising, through many dreary wastes and dismal woods, amidst the hideous roarings of wild beasts. The people I was sold to used to carry me very often either on their shoulders or their backs. All the people I had hitherto seen resembled my own nation, and having learned a little of several languages, I could understand them pretty well : but now after six or seven months had passed away from the time I was kidnapped, I arrived at the sea coast, and I beheld that element, which before I had no idea of. It also made me acquainted with such cruelties as I can never reflect upon but with horror. The first object that met my sight was a Slave-ship riding at anchor, waiting for her cargo ! I was filled with astonishment, which was soon converted into terror which I am quite at a loss to describe.

When I was taken on board, being roughly handled and closely examined by these men, whose complexion and language differed so much from any I had seen or heard before, I apprehended I had got into a world of bad

spirits. When I looked round the ship, too, and saw a multitude of Black people of all descriptions chained together, every one of their countenances expressing dejection and sorrow, I no longer doubted my fate, and being quite overpowered with horror and anguish, I fell motionless on the deck and fainted. When I revived a little, the horrible faces of the White men frightened me again exceedingly. But I had not time to think much about it before I was, with many of my poor country people, put under deck in a loathsome and horrible place. In this situation we wished for death, and sometimes refused to eat; and for this we were beaten. Such were now my horrors and fears, that if ten thousand worlds had been my own, I would have freely parted with them all to have exchanged my condition with that of the meanest Slave in my own country.

After enduring more hardships than I can relate, we arrived at Barbadoes. When taken on shore, we were put into a pen like so many beasts, and from thence sold and separated,—husbands and wives, parents, and children, brothers and sisters, without any distinction. Their cries excited some compassion in the hearts of those who were capable of feeling; but others seemed to feel no remorse, though the scene was so affecting.

On a signal given, (the beat of a drum), the buyers rush at once into the yard where the Slaves are confined, and make choice of those they like best. The noise and clamour with which this is attended, and the eagerness visible in the countenances of the buyers, serve not a little to increase the apprehension of the terrified African, who may well be supposed to consider them as the ministers of that destruction to which they think themselves devoted. In this manner, without scruple, are relations and friends separated, most of them never to see each other again. I remember in the vessel in which I was brought over, in the men's apartment there were several brothers, who, in

the sale were sold in different lots; and it was very moving on this occasion to see and hear their cries at parting.

O, ye nominal Christians! might not an African ask you, learned you this from your God, who says unto you, "Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you?" Is it not enough that we are torn from our country and friends to toil for your luxury and lust of gain? Must every tender feeling be likewise sacrificed to your avarice? Are the dearest friends and relations, now rendered more dear by their separation from their kindred, still to be parted from each other, and thus be prevented from cheering the gloom of Slavery, with the small comfort of being together and mingling their sufferings and sorrows? Why are parents to lose their children, brothers their sisters, or husbands their wives? Surely this is a new refinement in cruelty, which, while it has no advantage to atone for it, thus aggravates distress, and adds fresh horrors even to the wretchedness of Slavery?

I was, with some others, sent to America. When we arrived at Virginia we were also sold and separated. I now totally lost the small remains of comfort I had enjoyed in conversing with my countrymen; the women too, who used to wash and take care of me, were all gone different ways, and I never saw one of them afterwards.

Not long after this, Captain Pascal, coming to my master's, purchased me, and sent me on board his ship called the *Industrious Bee*. I had not yet learned much of the English language, so that I could not understand their conversation. I wanted to know as well as I could where we were going. Some of the people of the ship used to tell me they were going to carry me back to my own country, and this made me very happy. I was quite rejoiced at the idea of going back; but I was reserved for another fate, and was soon undeceived when we came within sight of the English coast. It was on board this ship that I received the name of *Gustavus Vassa*.

There was on board this ship a young lad, Richard Baker, an American, who had received an excellent education, and was of a most amiable temper. Soon after I went on board he shewed me a great deal of partiality and attention, and in return, I grew extremely fond of him. We at length became inseparable, and for the space of two years he was of very great use to me, being my constant companion and instructor. Such friendship was cemented between us as we cherished till his death, which, to my very great sorrow, happened in 1759, in the Archipelago, on board his Majesty's ship Preston; an event which I have never ceased to regret, as I lost at once a kind interpreter, an agreeable companion, and a faithful friend, who, at the age of fifteen, discovered a mind superior to prejudice, and who was not ashamed to notice, to associate with, and to be the friend and instructor, of one who was ignorant, a stranger, of a different complexion, and a Slave!

In the summer of 1757, I was taken by a press-gang, and carried on board a man-of-war. After passing about a year in this service, on the coast of France and in America, on my return to England I received much kindness, and was sent to school, where I learned to read and write. I could now speak English tolerably well, and I perfectly understood everything that was said. I not only felt myself quite easy with these new countrymen, but relished their society and manners. I looked upon them as men superior to us, and I had a strong desire to resemble them, to imbibe their spirit, and imitate their manners; I therefore embraced every occasion of improvement, and every new thing I observed I treasured up in my mind. Shortly after my arrival in England, my master sent me to wait upon the Miss Guerins, who had treated me with much kindness before. They often used to teach me to read, and took great pains to instruct me in the principles of religion, and at the same time gave me a book called "A Guide to the Indians," written by the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

My master receiving the office of lieutenant on board the *Namur*, he took me with him up the Mediterranean. I parted from my kind patronesses, the Miss Guerins, with reluctance, and after receiving from them many friendly cautions how to conduct myself, and some valuable presents, I took leave of them with uneasiness and regret. My desire for learning induced some of my shipmates to instruct me, so that I could read the Bible; and one of them, a sober man, explained many passages to me.

[I am already making more full extracts from the Narrative of Gustavus Vassa than I at first intended, but must now pass over much that is interesting. A few remarks made by this enlightened and intelligent Negro, in recording some providential deliverances, I cannot omit.]

In these, and in many more instances, says Vassa, I thought I could plainly trace the hand of God, without whose permission a sparrow cannot fall. I began to raise my fear from man to Him alone, and to call daily on his holy name with fear and reverence, and I trust He heard my supplications, and graciously condescended to answer me according to His Holy Word, and to implant the seeds of piety in me, even one of the meanest of His creatures.

As I had now served my master faithfully several years, and his kindness had given me hopes that he would grant my freedom, when we arrived in England I ventured to tell him so; but he was offended, for he had determined on sending me to the West Indies. Accordingly, at the close of the year 1762, finding a vessel bound thither, he took me on board, and gave me in charge to the captain. I endeavoured to expostulate with him by telling him he had received my wages, and all my prize money; but it was to no purpose. Taking my only coat from my back, he went off in his boat. I followed them with aching eyes, and a heart ready to burst with grief, till they were out of sight.

Thus, at the moment that I expected all my toils to end, I was plunged, as I supposed, into a new Slavery; in comparison of which, all my service had hitherto been perfect freedom; whose horrors, always present in my mind, now rushed on it with tenfold aggravation. I wept very bitterly for some time, and began to think that I must have done something to displease the Lord, that He thus punished me so severely. This filled me with painful reflections on my past conduct; I recollected that on the morning of our arrival at Deptford, I had rashly sworn that as soon as we reached London I would spend the day in rambling and sport. My conscience smote me for this unguarded expression: I felt that the Lord was able to disappoint me in all things, and immediately considered my present situation as a judgment of Heaven, on account of my presumption in swearing. I therefore acknowledged, with contrition of heart, my transgression to God, and poured out my soul before Him with unfeigned repentance; and with earnest supplications I besought Him not to abandon me in my distress, nor cast me from His mercy for ever. In a little time, my grief, spent with its own violence, began to subside; and after the first confusion of my thoughts was over, I reflected with more calmness on my present condition. I considered that trials and disappointments are sometimes for our good, and I thought God might perhaps have permitted this, in order to teach me wisdom and resignation; for he had hitherto shadowed me with the wings of His mercy, and by His invisible, but powerful hand, brought me by a way I knew not. These reflections gave me a little comfort, and I rose at last from the deck with dejection and sorrow in my countenance, yet mixed with some faint hope that the Lord would appear for my deliverance.

[Before the vessel sailed, it waited some days off Portsmouth for the West India convoy; and whilst there, Gustavus Vassa tried every means of escaping to land he could

devise, but all in vain. On the last day but one of 1762, the *Eolus* frigate, which was to escort the convoy, made a signal for sailing.]

What tumultuous emotions agitated my soul, continues Vassa, when the convoy got under sail, and I a prisoner on board, now without a hope! I kept my eyes upon the land in a state of unutterable grief, not knowing what to do, and despairing how to help myself. While my mind was in this situation, the fleet sailed on, and I lost sight of land. In the first expression of my grief I reproached my fate, and wished I had never been born. I was ready to curse the tide that bore us, the gale that wafted my prison, and even the ship that conducted us; and I called on death to relieve me from the horrors I felt, and desired that I might be in that place—

“Where Slaves are free and men oppress no more.
 —Fool that I was, inured so long to pain,
 To trust to hope, or dream of joy again.
 Now dragg'd once more beyond the western main,
 To groan beneath some dastard planter's chain;
 Where my poor countrymen in bondage wait
 The long enfranchisement of lingering fate:
 Hard lingering fate! while, ere the dawn of day,
 Roused by the lash, they go their cheerless way;
 And as their souls with shame and anguish burn,
 Salute with groans unwelcome morn's return,
 And, chiding every hour the slow-paced sun,
 Pursue their toils till all his race is run.
 No eye to mark their sufferings with a tear:
 No friend to comfort, and no hope to cheer:
 Then, like the dull unpitied brutes, repair
 To stalls as wretched, and as coarse a fare;
 Thank Heav'n, one day of misery was o'er,
 Then sink to sleep, and wish to wake no more.”

The turbulence of my emotions, however, naturally gave way to calmer thoughts, and I soon perceived that what fate had decreed, no mortal on earth could prevent. The captain, whose name was Doran, treated me very kindly, but we had a tempestuous voyage. On the 13th of February, 1763, from

the mast head, we descried our destined island, Montserrat :
and soon after I beheld those

“Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can rarely dwell. Hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end.”

At the sight of this land of bondage, a fresh horror ran through all my frame, and chilled me to the heart. My former Slavery now rose in dreadful review before my mind, and displayed nothing but misery, stripes, and chains; and, in the first paroxysm of my grief, I called upon God's thunder, and His avenging power, to direct the stroke of death to me, rather than permit me to become a Slave again, and be sold from lord to lord.

When the ship had discharged her cargo, and was ready for sailing again, Captain Doran sent for me ashore, and I was told by the messenger that my fate was determined. With trembling steps and faltering heart I came to the captain, and found him with one Mr. Robert King, a Quaker, the first merchant of the place. After telling me the charge he had to get me a good master, he said he had got me one of the best on the island. Mr. King also said he had bought me on account of my good character, (to maintain which I found to be of great importance,) and that his home was in Philadelphia, where he expected soon to go; and he did not intend to treat me hard. He asked me what I could do, and said, as I understood something of the rules of arithmetic, he would put me to school, and fit me for a clerk.*

I soon found that my master fully deserved the good character which Captain Doran had given me of him. He possessed a most amiable disposition, and was very charitable and humane. He treated his Slaves better than any other man on the island, so he was better and more faith-

* The Society of Friends have long renounced the holding of Slaves, which is entirely prohibited by their rules.

fully served by them in return. In passing about the different estates on the island, I had an opportunity of seeing the dreadful usage and wretched situation of the poor Slaves, and it reconciled me to my condition, and made me thankful and bless God for being placed with so kind a master. He was several times offered one hundred guineas for me, but to my great joy, he would not sell me.

Having obtained three pence, I began a little trade, and soon gained a dollar, then more; with this I bought a Bible. Going in a vessel of my master's to Georgia and Charleston, a small venture I took, answered on my return a very good purpose. In 1765, my master prepared for going to Philadelphia. With his crediting me for some articles, and the little stock of my own, I laid in considerable, which elated me much; and I told him I hoped I should soon obtain enough to purchase my freedom, which he promised me I should have when I could pay him what he gave for me.

With my kind master and captain's indulgence, and my own indefatigable industry and economy, I obtained the sum required for my liberty. So, one morning while they were at breakfast, I ventured to remind my master of what he promised, and to tell him I had got the money, at which he seemed surprised. The captain told him I had come honestly by it, and he must now fulfil his promise. My master then told me to go to the Secretary at the Register Office and get my manumission drawn, and he would sign it. These words of my master were like heaven to me: in an instant all my trepidation was turned into unutterable bliss; and I most reverently bowed myself with gratitude, unable to express my feelings, but by the overflowing of tears, and a heart replete with thanks to God. As soon as the first transports of my joy were over, and I had expressed my thanks in the best manner I was able, I rose with a heart full of affection and reverence, and left the room, in order to obey my master's joyful mandate of going

to the Register Office. As I was leaving the house I called to mind the words of the Psalmist, in the 126th Psalm, and like him, "I glorified God in my heart, in whom I trusted." These words had been impressed on my mind from the very day I was forced from Deptford to the present hour, and I now saw them, as I thought, fulfilled and verified. My imagination was all rapture as I flew to the Register Office; and in this respect, like the apostle Peter, (whose deliverance from prison was so sudden and extraordinary, that he thought he was in a vision) I could scarcely believe I was awake. Heavens! who could do justice to my feelings at this moment? Not conquering heroes themselves, in the midst of a triumph—not the tender mother who has just regained her long-lost infant, and presses it to her heart! All within my breast was tumult, wildness, and delirium! My feet scarcely touched the ground, for they were winged with joy, and, like Elijah, as he rose to Heaven, they "were with lightning sped as I went on!" Every one I met I told of my happiness, and blazed about the virtues of my amiable master and captain.

The Registrar signed the manumission that day; so that, before night, I who had been a Slave in the morning, trembling at the will of another, was become my own master, and completely free. I thought this was the happiest day I had ever experienced; and my joy was still heightened by the blessings and prayers of many of the Sable race, particularly the aged, to whom my heart had ever been attached with reverence.

Having obtained my freedom, my heart was now fixed on London, where I hoped to be ere long; but my master and Captain Doran entreated me not to leave them. Here, gratitude bowed me down and induced me to remain. None but the generous mind can judge of my feelings, struggling between inclination and duty. I entered as a sailor on one of Mr. King's vessels, with the intention of making a voyage or two, entirely to please my honoured

patrons ; but I determined that the year following, if it pleased God, I would see Old England once more.

Our first voyage was to Montserrat. When we were preparing to return, and were taking some cattle on board, one of them ran at the captain, and butted him so furiously in the breast that he never recovered the blow. He was so affected that he was unable to do duty, and he died before we reached our port. This was a heavy stroke to me, for he had been my true friend ; and I loved him as a father. The whole care of the vessel now rested upon me. In the course of nine or ten days, we made the island of Antigua, and the day after, we came safe to Montserrat. Many were surprised when they heard of my conducting the sloop into the port, and I now obtained a new appellation, and was called Captain. This elated me not a little, and it was quite flattering to my vanity, to be thus styled by as high a title as any free man in this place possessed.

As I had now, by the death of my captain, lost my great benefactor and friend, I had little inducement to remain longer in the West Indies, except from gratitude to Mr. King, which I thought I had pretty well discharged in bringing back his vessel safe, and delivering his cargo to his satisfaction. I began to think of leaving this part of the world, of which I had been long tired, and returning to England, where my heart had always been ; but Mr. King still pressed me very much to stay with his vessel, and he had done so much for me, that I found myself unable to refuse his requests, and consented to go another voyage to Georgia, as the mate from his ill state of health, was quite useless in the vessel.

Accordingly a new captain was appointed, and having refitted our vessel, we sailed for Georgia ; but steering a more westerly course than usual, we soon got on the Bahama banks, where our vessel was wrecked, but no lives lost. Getting on one of the islands, with some salt provision we had saved, we remained there many days, and

suffered much for want of fresh water. When we were almost famished with hunger and thirst, we were found, and carried to New Providence, where we were kindly treated. From thence we were taken to Savannah, so to Martinico, and to Montserrat, having been absent about six months, during which I had more than once experienced the delivering hand of Providence, when all human means of escaping destruction seemed hopeless. I saw my friends with a gladness of heart which was increased by my absence and the dangers I had escaped, and I was received with great friendship by them all, but particularly by Mr. King, to whom I related the various hardships we had encountered, and the loss of his sloop, with the cause of her being wrecked. When I told him I intended to go to London that season, and that I had come to visit him before my departure, the good man expressed a great deal of affection for me, and sorrow that I should leave him. I thanked him for his friendship, but as I wished very much to be in London, I declined remaining any longer there, and begged he would excuse me. I then requested he would be kind enough to give me a certificate of my behaviour while in his service, which he very readily complied with, and gave me the following:—

“To all to whom this may concern.

“The bearer hereof, Gustavus Vassa, was my Slave upwards of three years; during which time he has always behaved himself well, and discharged his duty with honesty and assiduity.”

“R. KING.”

Having obtained this, I parted from my kind master, after many sincere professions of gratitude and regard, and prepared for my departure to London. Having agreed for my passage, I took leave of all my friends, and embarked, exceedingly glad to see myself once more on board a ship, steering the course I had long wished for.

With a light heart I bade Montserrat farewell; and with it, I bade adieu to the sound of the cruel whip, and all other dreadful instruments of torture; and adieu to oppressions, although to me, less severe than to most of my countrymen. I wished for a grateful and thankful heart to praise the Lord God on high for all his mercies! In this ecstasy I steered the ship all night.

We had a most prosperous voyage, and at the end of seven weeks my longing eyes were once more gratified with a sight of London, after having been absent from it above four years. I immediately received my wages, and I had never earned seven guineas so quickly in my life before. I had thirty-seven guineas in all when I got clear of the ship. I now entered upon a scene quite new to me, but full of hope. I set my mind on getting more learning, and attended school diligently. My money not being sufficient, I hired myself to service awhile; but having a desire to go into the Mediterranean, I engaged on board a ship, where the mate taught me navigation.

In the spring of 1773, an expedition was fitted out to explore a north-west passage to India, conducted by the Honourable Constantine John Phipps, since Lord Mulgrave, in his Majesty's sloop of war the *Race Horse*. Dr. Irving being anxious for the reputation of this adventure, concluded to go, and I accompanied him. I attended him on board the *Race Horse*, the 24th of May, 1773, and we proceeded to Sheerness, where we were joined by his Majesty's sloop the *Carcass*, commanded by Captain Lutwidge, and on the 25th of the same month we were off Shetland. On the 20th of June, we began to use Dr. Irving's apparatus for making salt water fresh; I used to attend the distillery, and frequently purified from 20 to 40 gallons a day. The water thus distilled was perfectly pure, well tasted, and free from salt, and was used on various occasions on board the ship. On the 28th we reached Greenland, where I was surprised to find the sun did not set. The weather

now became extremely cold, and we saw many very high and curious mountains of ice ; and also a great number of very large whales, which used to come close to our ship, and spout the water up to a very great height in the air. On the 29th and 30th of July, we saw one continued plain of smooth unbroken ice, bounded only by the horizon ; and we fastened to a piece of ice that was eight yards eleven inches thick. We had generally sunshine, and constant daylight, which gave cheerfulness and novelty to the whole of this striking, grand, and uncommon scene ; and, to heighten it still more, the reflection of the sun from the ice gave the clouds a most beautiful appearance. We remained here till the 1st of August, when the two ships got completely fastened by the loose ice that set in from the sea. This made our situation very dreadful and alarming ; so that on the seventh day we were in great apprehension of having the ships squeezed to pieces. The officers now held a council to know what was best to be done in order to save our lives. Our deplorable condition, which kept up the constant apprehension of our perishing in the ice, brought me gradually to think of eternity in such a manner as I had never done before, having the fear of death hourly upon me. Our appearance became truly lamentable ; pale dejection seized every countenance ; many, who had been blasphemers before, in this our distress began to call on the good God of Heaven for his help ; and in the time of our utter need he heard us, and against hope or human probability, delivered us ! In this perilous situation we remained eleven days, when the weather becoming more mild, and the wind changing, the ice gave way ; and in about thirty hours, with hard labour, we got into open water, to our infinite joy and gladness of heart.

On the 19th of August, we sailed from this uninhabited extremity of the world, where the inhospitable climate affords neither food nor shelter, and not a tree or shrub of any kind grows among its barren rocks ; but all is one

desolate and expanded field of ice, which even the constant beams of the sun for six months in the year cannot penetrate or dissolve.

We arrived at Deptford on the 30th, and thus ended our Arctic voyage, to the no small joy of all on board, after having been absent four months; in which time, at the imminent hazard of our lives, we explored nearly as far towards the Pole as 81° north, and 20° east longitude; being much further than any navigator had ever ventured before; in which we fully proved the impracticability of finding a passage that way to India.

Our voyage to the North Pole being ended, I returned to London with Dr. Irving, with whom I continued for some time, during which I began seriously to reflect on the many dangers I had escaped, particularly those of my last voyage, which made a lasting impression on my mind; and which, by the grace of God, proved afterwards a mercy to me: causing me to reflect deeply on my eternal state, and to seek the Lord with full purpose of heart, ere it was too late. I rejoiced greatly; and heartily thanked the Lord for directing me to London, where I was determined to work out my own salvation, and in so doing, procure a title to heaven. I used every means for this purpose, but not being able to find any person that would show me any good, I was much dejected, and knew not where to seek relief. The only comfort I experienced was in reading the Holy Scriptures, where I saw that what was appointed for me I must submit to.

Still, I continued to travel in much heaviness, and frequently murmured against the Almighty; and, awful to think, I began to blaspheme! In these severe conflicts, the Lord was pleased, in much mercy, to give me to see, and in some measure to understand, the great and awful scene of the judgment day, that no unclean person, no unholy thing, can enter into the kingdom of God. I would then, if it had been possible, have changed my nature with

the meanest worm on the earth; and was ready to say to the mountains and rocks, fall on me, but in vain. In the greatest agony, I prayed to the Divine Creator, that he would grant me time to repent of my follies and vile iniquities, which I felt were grievous; and in His manifold mercies, He was pleased to grant my request, and the sense of His mercies was great on my mind. This was the first spiritual mercy I ever was sensible of; I invoked Heaven from my inmost soul, and fervently begged that God would never again permit me to blaspheme His most holy name. The Lord, who is long-suffering, and full of compassion to such poor rebels as we are, condescended to hear and answer. I felt that I was altogether unholy, and saw clearly what a wicked use I had made of the faculties with which I was endowed, and which were given me to glorify God. I prayed to be directed, if there were any holier persons than those with whom I was acquainted, that the Lord would point them out to me. I appealed to the searcher of hearts, whether I did not wish to love him more, and serve him better. Notwithstanding all this, the reader may easily discern, that if a believer, I was still in nature's darkness. At length I hated the house in which I lodged, because God's most holy name was blasphemed in it; then I saw the word of God verified, "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

I had a great desire to read the Bible the whole day at home; but not having a convenient place for retirement, I left the house in the day, rather than stay amongst the wicked ones; and as I was walking, it pleased God to direct me to a house, where there was an old sea-faring man, who had experienced much of the love of God shed abroad in his heart. He began to discourse with me, and, as I desired to love the Lord, his conversation rejoiced me greatly; and indeed I had never before heard the love of Christ to believers set forth in such a manner, and in so

clear a point of view. Here I had more questions to put to the man than his time would permit him to answer: and in that memorable hour there came in a dissenting minister; he joined in our discourse, and asked me some few questions, inviting me to a love-feast that evening, which offer I accepted, and thanked him. After he went away, I had some further discourse with the old Christian, added to some profitable reading, which made me exceedingly happy. When I left him he reminded me of coming to the feast; I assured him I would be there. Thus we parted, and I weighed over the heavenly conversation that had passed between these two men, which cheered my then heavy and drooping spirit more than anything I had met with for many months. However, I thought the time long in going to my supposed banquet. It lasted about four hours, and ended in singing and prayer. This kind of Christian fellowship I had never seen, nor ever thought of seeing on earth; it fully reminded me of what I had read in the Holy Scriptures of the primitive Christians, who loved each other and broke bread, partaking of it, even from house to house. I could not but admire the goodness of God, in directing the blind, blasphemous sinner, into the path that I knew not of, even among the just; and that instead of judgment he shewed mercy, hearing and answering the prayers and supplications of every returning prodigal:

“O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!”

After this, I was resolved to win Heaven if possible; and if I perished, I thought it should be at the feet of Jesus, in praying to him for salvation. After having been an eye-witness to the happiness which attended those who feared God, I knew not how, with any propriety, to return to my lodgings, where the name of God was continually profaned. I paused in my mind for some time, not knowing what to do; whether to hire a bed elsewhere, or go home again.

At last, fearing an evil report might arise, I went home, with a farewell to card-playing and vain jesting, &c. I saw that time was very short, eternity long, and very near; and I viewed those persons alone blessed who were found ready at midnight call, or when the judge of all cometh.

The next day I took courage, and went to see my new and worthy acquaintance, the old man, Mr. C——; who, with his wife, a gracious woman, were at work weaving silk. Their discourse was delightful and edifying. I knew not at last how to leave them, till time summoned me away. As I was going, they lent me a little book, entitled, "The Conversion of an Indian," which was of great use to me, and at that time a means of strengthening my faith; in parting, they both invited me to call on them when I pleased. This delighted me, and I took care to derive all the improvement from it I could; and so far I thanked God for such company and desires. I prayed that the many evils I felt within might be done away, and that I might be weaned from my former carnal acquaintances. This was quickly heard and answered, and I was soon connected with those whom the Scriptures call the excellent of the earth. I heard the gospel preached, and the thoughts of my heart and actions were laid open by the preachers, and the way of salvation by Christ alone, was evidently set forth. Thus I went on happily for nearly two months.

A short time after this, I went to Westminster chapel; the Rev. Mr. P——— preached from Lam. iii. 39. It was a wonderful sermon; he clearly shewed, that a living man had no cause to complain for the punishment of his sins; he evidently justified the Lord in all his dealings with the sons of men; he also shewed the justice of God in the eternal punishment of the wicked and impenitent. The discourse afforded me much joy, intermingled with many fears about my soul. When it was ended, I addressed the reverend gentleman, who freely commended me to read the Scriptures, and hear the word preached; not to neglect

fervent prayer to God, who has promised to hear the supplications of those who seek Him in godly sincerity; so I took my leave of him with many thanks, and resolved to follow his advice, so far as the Lord would condescend to enable me.

During this time I was out of employment, nor was I likely to get a situation suitable for me, which obliged me to go once more to sea. I engaged as steward of a ship bound from London to Cadiz. In a short time after I was on board, I heard the name of God much blasphemed. I concluded to beg my bread on shore, rather than go again to sea amongst a people who feared not God, and I entreated the captain three different times to discharge me; he would not, but each time gave me greater and greater encouragement to continue with him, and all on board shewed me very great civility; notwithstanding all this, I was unwilling to embark again. At last some of my friends advised me, saying it was my lawful calling, particularly Mr. G. S. the governor of Tothill-fields Bridewell, who pitied my case, and read the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews to me, with exhortations. He prayed for me, and I believed that he prevailed on my behalf, as my burden was then greatly removed. The good man gave me a pocket Bible and "Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted" before we parted. Next day I went on board again. We sailed for Spain, and I found favour with the captain. It was the fourth of September when we sailed from London; we had a delightful voyage to Cadiz, where we arrived on the twenty-third.

I had many opportunities of reading the Scriptures, and wrestled hard with God in fervent prayer, who has declared in his blessed book that he will hear the groanings and deep sighs of the poor in spirit, which I found verified to my utter astonishment and comfort. In the evening, as I was reading and meditating on the fourth chapter of the Acts, twelfth verse, under the solemn apprehensions of eternity, and reflecting on my past actions, I began to think I had

lived a moral life, and that I had proper grounds for believing I had an interest in the divine favour; but still meditating on the subject, not knowing whether salvation was to be had partly for our own good deeds, or solely as the sovereign gift of God;—in this deep consternation, the Lord was pleased to break in upon my soul with his bright beams of heavenly light; and in an instant as it were, removing the veil, and letting light into a dark place, I saw clearly with the eye of faith the crucified Saviour bleeding on the cross on Mount Calvary: the Scriptures became an unsealed book, I saw myself a condemned criminal under the law, which came with its full force to my conscience. I saw the Lord Jesus Christ in his humiliation, loaded and bearing my reproach, sin, and shame. I then clearly perceived that by the deeds of the law no flesh living could be justified. I was then convinced that by the first Adam sin came, and by the second Adam (the Lord Jesus Christ) all that are saved must be made alive. It was given me at that time to know what it was to be born again.* I saw the eighth chapter to the Romans, and the doctrines of God's decrees, verified agreeable to his eternal, everlasting, and unchangeable purposes. The Word of God was sweet to my taste, yea, sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. Christ was revealed to my soul as the chiefest among ten thousand. These heavenly moments were really as life to the dead, and what John calls an earnest of the Spirit.† This was indeed unspeakable, and I firmly believe undeniable to many. Now, every leading providential circumstance that happened to me, from the day I was taken from my parents to that hour, was before my view, as if it had but just then occurred. I was sensible of the invisible hand of God, which guided and protected me, when in truth I knew it not: still the Lord pursued me although I slighted and disregarded it; his mercy melted me down. When I considered my poor

* John iii. 5.

† John xvi. 13, 14, &c.

wretched state I wept, seeing what a great debtor I was to sovereign free grace. Now, the Ethiopian was willing to be saved by Jesus Christ, the sinner's only surety, and also to rely on none other person or thing for salvation. Self was obnoxious, and good works he had none, for it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do. Oh! the amazing things of that hour can never be told—it was joy in the Holy Ghost! I felt an astonishing change; the burden of sin, the gaping jaws of hell, and the fears of death, that weighed me down before, now lost their horror; indeed I thought death would now be the best earthly friend I ever had. Such were my grief and joy as I believe are seldom experienced. I was bathed in tears, and said, "What am I that God should thus look on me the vilest of sinners?" I felt a deep concern for my mother and friends, which occasioned me to pray with fresh ardour; and in the abyss of thought, I viewed the unconverted people of the world in a very awful state, being without God and without hope.

It pleased God to pour out upon me the spirit of prayer and the grace of supplication, so that in loud acclamations I was enabled to praise and glorify his most holy name. When I got out of the cabin, and told some of the people what the Lord had done for me, alas, who could understand me or believe my report!—None but those to whom the arm of the Lord was revealed. I became a barbarian to them in talking of the love of Christ: his name was to me as ointment poured forth; indeed it was sweet to my soul, but to them a rock of offence. I thought my case singular. Every hour in the day until I came to London, I much longed to be with some to whom I could tell of the wonders of God's love towards me, and join in prayer to Him whom my soul loved and thirsted after. I had uncommon commotions within, such as few can understand. Now, the Bible was my only companion and comfort; I prized it much, with many thanks to God that I could read it for

myself, and was not left to be tossed about or led by man's devices and notions. The worth of a soul cannot be told. —May the Lord give the reader an understanding in this. Whenever I looked into the Bible I saw things new, and many texts were immediately applied to me with great comfort, for I knew that to me the word of salvation was sent. Sure I was that the Spirit which indited the word opened my heart to receive the truth of it as it is in Jesus —that the same Spirit enabled me to have faith in the promises that were precious to me, and enabled me to believe to the salvation of my soul. By free grace I was persuaded that I had a part in the first resurrection, and was enlightened with the “light of the living.”* I wished for a man of God with whom I might converse: my soul was like the chariots of Aminadab. † These, among others, were the precious promises that were so powerfully applied to me: “All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.” “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.” I saw the blessed Redeemer to be the fountain of life, and the well of salvation. I experienced him to be all in all; he had brought me by a way that I knew not, and he had made crooked paths straight. Then in his name I set up my Ebenezer, saying, “Hitherto he hath helped me:” and could say to the sinners about me, behold what a Saviour I have! Thus I was, by the teaching of that all-glorious Deity, the great One in Three, and Three in One, confirmed in the truths of the Bible, those oracles of everlasting truth, on which every soul living must stand or fall eternally, agreeably to the passage in Acts, “Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but only Jesus Christ.” May God give the reader a right understanding in these facts! “To him that believeth, all things are possible, but to them that are unbelieving nothing is pure. ‡

* Job xxxiii. 30.

† Canticles vi. 12.

‡ Titus i. 15.

We remained at Cadiz until our ship got laden. We sailed about the fourth of November ; and, having a good passage, arrived in London the month following, to my comfort, with heartfelt gratitude to God for his rich and unspeakable mercies.

On my return, I had but one text which puzzled me, or that the devil endeavoured to buffet me with, viz., Rom. xi. 6, and, as I had heard of the minister, Mr. Romaine, and his great knowledge in the Scriptures, I wished much to hear him preach. One day I went to Blackfriars church, and, to my great satisfaction and surprise, he preached from that very text. He very clearly shewed the difference between human works and free election, which is according to God's sovereign will and pleasure. These glad tidings set me entirely at liberty, and I went out of the church rejoicing. I went to Westminster chapel, and saw some of my old friends, who were glad when they perceived the wonderful change that the Lord had wrought in me, particularly Mr. G—S—, my worthy acquaintance, who was a man of a choice spirit, and had great zeal for the Lord's service. I enjoyed his correspondence till he died in the year 1784. I was examined at that chapel, and received into church fellowship amongst them : I rejoiced in spirit, making melody in my heart to the God of all mercies. Now, my whole wish was to be dissolved, and to be with Christ—but, alas ! I must wait mine appointed time.

When our ship was ready for sea again, I was entreated by the captain to go in her once more, so I again embarked for Cadiz, in March, 1775. We had a very good passage until we arrived off the Bay of Cadiz ; when, as we were going into the harbour, the ship struck against a rock, and knocked off a garboard plank, which is the next to the keel : in an instant all hands were in the greatest confusion, and began with loud cries to call upon God to have mercy on them. Although I saw no way of escaping death, I felt no dread in my then situation, having no desire to live. I

even rejoiced in spirit, thinking this death would be sudden glory. But the fulness of time was not yet come. The people near to me, were much astonished at seeing me thus calm and resigned, but I told them of the peace of God, which through sovereign grace I enjoyed, and these words were that instant in my mind :

“ Christ is my pilot wise,
My compass is His word ;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord.
I trust His faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.
Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ shall safely keep,
And guide me with his eye.”

We ran the ship ashore at the nearest place, to keep her from sinking, and after many tides, with a great deal of care and industry, we got her repaired again. When we had despatched our business at Cadiz, we went to Gibraltar, and thence to Malaga. I was very much shocked at the bull-baiting and other diversions which prevailed here on Sunday evenings, to the great scandal of Christianity and morals.

We sailed for England in June. When we were about north latitude 42° , we had contrary wind for several days, which made the captain exceedingly fretful and peevish : and God's holy name was often blasphemed by him. One day; as he was in this impious mood, a young gentleman who was a passenger on board, reproached him, and said he acted wrong ; for we ought to be thankful to God for all things, as we were not in want of anything on board ; and though the wind was contrary for us, yet it was fair for some others, who, perhaps, stood in more need of it than we. I immediately seconded this young gentleman with some boldness, and said we had not the least cause to murmur, for that the Lord was better to us than we

deserved, and that he had done all things well. Before that time on the following day, much to our great joy and astonishment, we saw the providential hand of our benign Creator, whose ways with His blind creatures are past finding out. At noon, the man at the helm cried out,—“A boat!” I was the first on deck, and descried a little boat at some distance, but, as the waves were high, it was as much as we could do sometimes to discern her; however we stopped the ship’s way, and the boat, which was extremely small, came alongside with eleven miserable men, whom we took on board immediately. To all human appearance, these people must have perished in the course of one hour or less; the boat being small, it barely contained them. When we took them up they were half drowned, and had no victuals, compass, water, or any other necessary whatsoever, and had only one bit of an oar to steer with, and that right before the wind; so that they were obliged to trust entirely to the mercy of the waves. As soon as we got them all on board, they bowed themselves on their knees, and, with hands and voices lifted up to Heaven, thanked God for their deliverance; and I trust that my prayers were not wanting amongst them at the same time. The mercy of the Lord quite melted me, and I recollected the words in the 107th Psalm, which I thus saw verified:—“They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses.” “O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.” The poor distressed captain said, “that the Lord is good; for, seeing that I am not fit to die, He therefore gave me a space of time to repent.” I was very glad to hear this expression, and took an opportunity when convenient of talking to him on the providence of God. They told us they were Portuguese, and were in a brig loaded with corn, which shifted that morning at five o’clock, owing to which the vessel sunk that instant with two of the crew;

and how these eleven got into the boat (which was lashed to the deck) not one of them could tell. We provided them with every necessary, and brought them all safe to London, and I hope the Lord gave them repentance unto eternal life.

I was happy once more amongst my friends and brethren till November, when my old friend Dr. Irving bought a remarkably fine sloop, about 150 tons. Having a mind for a new adventure in cultivating a plantation in Jamaica, and the Musquito Shore, he asked me to go with him, saying, that he would trust me with his estate in preference to any one. I accepted the offer, knowing that the harvest was fully ripe in those parts, and hoped to be an instrument under God, of bringing some poor sinner to my well-beloved Master, Jesus Christ. We embarked in November. On our passage, I took all the pains that I could to instruct an Indian prince we had on board the doctrines of Christianity, of which he was entirely ignorant; and to my great joy, he was quite attentive, and received with gladness the truths that the Lord enabled me to set forth to him.

On the 5th of January we made Antigua and Montserrat, and on the 14th arrived at Jamaica. On the 18th of February we arrived at the Musquito Shore, and then sailed to the southward, to Cape Gracias a Dios, where there was a large lake, which received the emptying of two or three very fine large rivers, and abounded much in fish and land tortoise. Some of the native Indians came on board, and we used them well, and told them we were come to dwell amongst them, at which they seemed pleased. So the Doctor and I, with some others, went with them ashore; and they took us to different places to view the land, in order to choose a place to make a plantation of. We fixed on a spot near a river's bank, in a rich soil; and, having got our necessaries out of the sloop, we began to clear away the woods, and plant different kinds of vegetables, which had a quick growth.

I often wished to leave this place and sail for Europe ; for our heathenish mode of procedure and living was very irksome to me. The word of God saith, "What does it avail a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This was much and heavily impressed on my mind ; and though I did not know how to speak to the Doctor for my discharge, it was disagreeable for me to stay any longer, but about the middle of June I took courage enough to ask him for it. He was very unwilling at first to grant me my request ; but I gave him so many reasons for it, that at last he consented to my going, and gave me the following certificate of my behaviour :—

"The bearer, Gustavus Vassa, has served me several years with strict honesty, sobriety, and fidelity. I can, therefore, with justice recommend him for these qualifications ; and indeed, in every respect I consider him an excellent servant. I do hereby certify that he always behaved well, and that he is perfectly trust-worthy."

"CHARLES IRVING."

"*Musquito Shore, June 15, 1776.*"

Though I was much attached to the Doctor, I was happy when he consented. I got every thing ready for my departure, and hired some Indians, with a large canoe, to carry me off. All my poor countrymen, the Slaves, when they heard of my leaving them, were very sorry, as I had always treated them with care and affection, and did every thing I could to comfort the poor creatures, and render their condition easy. Having taken leave of my old friends and companions, on the 18th of June, accompanied by the Doctor, I left that part of the world, and went southward above twenty miles along the river. There I found a sloop, the captain of which told me he was going to Jamaica, and having agreed for my passage with him, the Doctor and I parted, not without shedding tears on both

sides. The vessel then sailed till night, when she stopped in a lake within the same river. A schooner belonging to the same owners came in, and, as she was in want of hands, Hughes, the owner of the sloop, asked me to go as a sailor, and said he would give me wages. I thanked him; but I said I wanted to go to Jamaica. He then immediately changed his tone, and swore, and abused me very much, and asked how I came to be freed. I told him, and said that I came into that vicinity with Dr. Irving, whom he had seen that day. Then he desired me to go in the schooner, or else I should not go out of the sloop as a free man. I said this was very hard, and begged to be put on shore again; but he swore that I should not. Without another word, he made some of his people tie ropes round each of my ankles, and also to each wrist, and another rope round my body, and hoisted me up without letting my feet touch or rest upon any thing. Thus I hung, without any crime committed, and without judge or jury, merely because I was a free man, and could not by the law get any redress from a White person in those parts of the world. I was in great pain from my situation, and cried and begged very hard for some mercy, but all in vain. My tyrant, in a rage, brought a musket out of the cabin, and loaded it before me and the crew, and swore that he would shoot me if I cried any more. I had now no alternative; I therefore remained silent, seeing not one White man on board who said a word in my behalf. I hung in that manner from between ten and eleven o'clock at night till about one in the morning; when, finding my cruel abuser fast asleep, I begged some of his Slaves to slacken the rope that was round my body, that my feet might rest upon something. This they did at the risk of being cruelly used by their master, who beat some of them severely at first for not tying me when he commanded them. Whilst I remained in this condition, till between five and six o'clock next morning, I trust I prayed to God to forgive this blasphemer,

who cared not what he did, but when he got up out of his sleep in the morning was of the very same temper and disposition as when he left me at night. When they got up the anchor, and the vessel was getting under way, I once more cried and begged to be released; being fortunately in the way of hoisting the sails, they released me.

When I was let down, I spoke to Mr. Cox, a carpenter, whom I knew on board, on the impropriety of this conduct. He also knew Dr. Irving, and the good opinion he ever had of me. This man then went to the captain, and told him not to carry me away in that manner; that I was the Doctor's steward, who regarded me very highly, and would resent this usage when he should come to know it; on which he desired a young man to put me ashore in a small canoe he brought with him. I got hastily into the canoe and set off, whilst my tyrant was down in the cabin; but he soon spied me out, when I was not above thirty or forty yards from the vessel, and running upon the deck with a loaded musket in his hand, he presented it at me, and swore heavily and dreadfully, that he would shoot me that instant, if I did not come back on board. As I knew the wretch would have done as he said without hesitation, I put back to the vessel again; but, as the good Lord would have it, just as I was alongside, he was abusing the captain for letting me go from the vessel, which the captain returned, and both of them soon got into a very great heat. The young man that was with me now got out of the canoe; the vessel was sailing on fast, with a smooth sea, and I then thought it was neck or nothing, so at that instant I set off again, for my life, in the canoe, towards the shore; and fortunately the confusion was so great amongst them on board, that I got out of the reach of the musket shot unnoticed, while the vessel sailed on with a fair wind a different way, so that they could not overtake me without tacking; but even before that could be done I should have been on shore, which I

soon reached, with many thanks to God for this unexpected deliverance.

After a tiresome and perilous journey, I got on board a sloop, expecting daily to sail for Jamaica, having agreed to work my passage. I was not many days on board before we sailed; but, to my sorrow and disappointment, though used to such tricks, we went to the southward along the Musquito shore, instead of steering for Jamaica. I was compelled to assist in cutting a great deal of mahogany wood on the shore as we coasted along it, and load the vessel with it before she sailed. I was on board sixteen days, during which, in our coasting, we fell in with a smaller sloop, the *Indian Queen*, commanded by John Baker, how told me if he could get one or two free hands, he would sail immediately for Jamaica. He also pretended to show me some marks of attention and respect, and promised to give me forty-five shillings sterling a month if I would go with him. I thought this much better than cutting wood for nothing, and therefore told the other captain that I wanted to go to Jamaica in this vessel, but he would not listen to me; and, seeing me resolved to go in a day or two, he got the vessel under sail, intending to carry me away against my will, which mortified me extremely. But with the assistance of a shipmate, I went on board the *Indian Queen* on July the 10th.

A few days after, we sailed; but again, to my great mortification, this vessel went to the south, nearly as far as Carthagena, trading along the coast, instead of going to Jamaica, as the captain had promised me, and worst of all, he was a very cruel man, and a horrid blasphemer. It was the 14th of October before we arrived at Kingston in Jamaica. When we were unloaded, I demanded my wages as agreed for, amounting to £8 5s., but the captain refused to give me one farthing, although it was the hardest earned money I ever worked for in my life. Dr. Irving did all he could to help me to get my money; and

we went to every magistrate in Kingston (and there were nine), but they all refused to do anything for me, and said my oath could not be admitted against a White man. Nor was this all, for the captain threatened that he would beat me severely if he could catch me, for attempting to demand my money; and this he would have done, but that I got, by means of Dr. Irving, under the protection of captain Douglas, of the Squirrel man-of-war. I thought this exceeding hard usage; though I found it to be too much the practice there, to pay Free Negroes for their labour in this manner.

In November, I found a ship bound for England, when I embarked with a convoy, having taken a last farewell of Dr. Irving. In January we arrived at Plymouth: I was happy once more to tread on English ground; and, after passing some little time at Plymouth and Exeter, among some pious friends, whom I was happy to see, I went to London with a heart replete with thanks to God for past mercies.

Such were the various scenes which I was a witness to, and the fortune I experienced until the year 1777. Since that period my life has been more uniform, and the incidents of it fewer than in any other equal number of years preceding; I therefore hasten to the conclusion of a Narrative, which I fear the reader may think already sufficiently tedious. I had suffered so many impositions in my commercial transactions in different parts of the world, that I became heartily disgusted with a seafaring life, and was determined not to return to it, at least for some time.

In 1779, I served Governor Macnamara, who had been a considerable time on the coast of Africa. Understanding I was of a religious turn of mind, he thought I might be of service in converting my countrymen to the faith of the gospel. I at first refused, telling him how I had been served on a like occasion by some White people, the last voyage I went to Jamaica, when I attempted the conversion of the Indian Prince. But he told me not to fear,

for he would apply to the Bishop of London to get me ordained. On these terms I consented to the Governor's proposal to go to Africa, in hope of doing good amongst my countrymen. In order to have me sent out properly, we wrote the following letter to the Bishop of London:—

“THE MEMORIAL OF GUSTAVUS VASSA,

“SHEWETH,

“THAT your memorialist is a native of Africa, and has a knowledge of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that country.

“THAT your memorialist has resided in different parts of Europe for twenty-two years last past, and embraced the Christian faith in the year 1759.

“THAT your memorialist is desirous of returning to Africa as a missionary, if encouraged by your Lordship, in hopes of being able to prevail upon his countrymen to become Christians; and your memorialist is the more induced to undertake the same, from the success that has attended the like undertakings when encouraged by the Portuguese through their different settlements on the coast of Africa, and also by the Dutch: both governments encourage the Blacks, who, by their education are qualified to undertake the same, and are found more proper than European clergymen, unacquainted with the language and customs of the country.

“YOUR memorialist's only motive for soliciting the office of a missionary is, that he may be a means, under God, of reforming his countrymen and persuading them to embrace the Christian religion. Therefore your memorialist humbly prays your Lordship's encouragement and support in the undertaking.

“GUSTAVUS VASSA.”

This letter was also accompanied by one from Governor Macnamara, and also one from Dr. Wallace, who had resided

in Africa for many years. With these letters I waited on the Bishop, by the Governor's desire, and presented them to his Lordship. He received me with much condescension and politeness; but, from some scruples of delicacy, and saying the Bishops were not of one opinion in sending a new missionary to Africa, he declined to ordain me.

Shortly after this, I left the Governor, and served a nobleman in the Dorsetshire militia, with whom I was encamped at Coxheath for some time. In 1783, I visited eight counties in Wales, from motives of curiosity.

In the spring of 1784, I thought of traversing old ocean again, and sailed for New York. Our ship having got laden, we returned to London in January 1785. When she was ready again for another voyage, the captain being an agreeable man, I sailed with him again for Philadelphia in March in the same year. I was very glad to see this favourite old town once more; and my pleasure was much increased in seeing the worthy Quakers freeing and easing the burthens of many of my oppressed African brethren. It rejoiced my heart when one of these friendly people took me to see a free school they had erected for every denomination of Black people, whose minds are cultivated there, and forwarded to virtue; and thus they are made useful members of the community. Does not the success of this practice say loudly to the planters, in the language of Scripture—"Go ye, and do likewise!"

In October 1785, I was accompanied by some Africans, and presented the following address of thanks to the Friends or Quakers, in Whitehart-court, London:

"GENTLEMEN,

"By reading your book, entitled *A Caution to Great Britain and her Colonies*,* concerning the calamitous state of the enslaved Negroes, we, part of the poor, oppressed, needy, and much degraded Negroes, desire to approach

* Written by Anthony Benezet?

you with this address of thanks, with our inmost love and warmest acknowledgment; and with the deepest sense of your benevolence, unwearied labour, and kind interposition, towards breaking the yoke of Slavery, and to administer a little comfort and ease to thousands and tens of thousands of very grievously afflicted and heavy burthened Negroes.

“Gentlemen, could you, by perseverance, at last be enabled, under God, to lighten in any degree the heavy burthen of the afflicted, no doubt it would, in some measure, be the possible means of saving the souls of many of the oppressors; and if so, sure we are, that the God whose eyes are ever upon all his creatures, and always rewards every true act of virtue, and regards the prayers of the oppressed, will give to you and yours those blessings which it is not in our power to express or conceive, but which we, as a part of those captivated, oppressed, and afflicted people, most earnestly wish and pray for.”

These gentlemen received us very kindly, with a promise to exert themselves on behalf of the oppressed.

On my return to London, I was very agreeably surprised to find, that the benevolence of Government had adopted the plan of some philanthropic individuals to send the Africans from hence to their native quarter, and that some vessels were then engaged to carry them to Sierra Leone; an act which redounded to the honour of all concerned in its promotion, and filled me with much rejoicing. There was then in the city, a select Committee for the Black poor, to some of whom I had the honour of being known. As soon as they heard of my arrival, they informed me of the intention of Government; and, as they seemed to think me qualified to superintend part of the undertaking, they asked me to go with the Black poor to Africa. I pointed out many objections to my going; and particularly expressed some difficulties on the account of the Slave dealers, as I should certainly oppose their traffic in the human species by every means in my power. However, these objections

were over-ruled by the Committee, who prevailed on me to consent to go, and recommended me to the honourable Commissioners of his Majesty's Navy, as a proper person to act as Commissary for Government in the intended expedition; and they accordingly appointed me in November 1786, to that office, and gave me sufficient power to act, having received my warrant and the following order from the Officers and Commissioners of his Majesty's Navy:—

“To Mr. Gustavus Vassa, Commissary of Provisions and Stores for the Black Poor going to Sierra Leone.”

“WHEREAS, you are directed, by our warrant, to receive into your charge, from Mr. Joseph Irwin, the surplus provisions remaining of what was provided for the voyage, as well as the provisions for the support of the Black poor, after the landing at Sierra Leone, with the clothing, tools, and all other articles provided at Government's expence; and as the provisions were laid in at the rate of two months for the voyage, and for four months after the landing, but the number embarked being so much less than we expected, whereby there may be a considerable surplus of provisions, clothing, &c.;—these are, in addition to former orders, to direct and require you to appropriate or dispose of such surplus to the best advantage you can for the benefit of Government, keeping and rendering to us a faithful account of what you do herein. And for your guidance in preventing any White persons going, who are not intended to have the indulgence of being carried thither, we send you herewith a list of those recommended by the Committee for the Black poor, as proper persons to be permitted to embark, and acquaint you that you are not to suffer any others to go who do not produce a certificate from the Committee, of their having their permission for it. For which this shall be your warrant. Dated at the Navy-Office, January 16, 1787.

“J. HINSLOW, GEO. MARSH, W. PALMER.”

I proceeded immediately to the execution of my duty on board the vessels destined for the voyage, where I continued till the March following.

During my continuance in the employment of Government I was struck with the flagrant abuses committed by the agent, and endeavoured to remedy them, but without effect. Government were not the only objects of speculation; but the poor people suffered infinitely more; their accommodations were most wretched; many of them wanted beds, and many more, clothing and other necessaries.

I could not silently suffer Government to be cheated, and my countrymen plundered and oppressed, and even left destitute of almost the necessaries for their existence. I therefore informed the Commissioners of the Navy of the agent's proceeding; but my dismissal was soon after procured by means of a gentleman in this city, whom the agent, conscious of speculation, had deceived by letters, and who, moreover, empowered the same agent to receive on board, at the Government expense, a number of persons as passengers, contrary to the orders I received. By this I suffered a considerable loss in my property; however, the Commissioners were satisfied with my conduct, and wrote to Capt. Thompson, expressing their approbation of it.

Thus provided, they proceeded on their voyage; and at last, worn out by treatment, perhaps not the most mild, and wasted by sickness, brought on by want of medicine, clothes, bedding, &c. they reached Sierra Leone just at the commencement of the rains. At that season of the year it is impossible to cultivate the lands; their provisions were therefore exhausted before they could derive any benefit from agriculture; and it is not surprising that many, especially the Lascars, whose constitutions are very tender, and who had been cooped up in ships from October to June, and accommodated in the manner described, should be so wasted by their confinement as not long to survive it.

Thus ended my part of the expedition to Sierra Leone;

which, however unfortunate in the event, was humane and politic in its design, nor was its failure owing to Government; every thing was done on their part; but there was evidently sufficient mismanagement attending the conduct and execution of it to defeat its success.

I should not have been so ample in my account of this transaction, had not the share I bore in it been made the subject of partial animadversion; even my dismissal from employment was thought worthy of being made by some a matter of public triumph. The motives which might influence any person to descend to a petty contest with an obscure African, and to seek gratification by his depression, perhaps it is not proper here to inquire into or relate, even if its detection were necessary to my vindication; but I thank Heaven it is not. I wish to stand by my own integrity, and not to shelter myself under the impropriety of another; and I trust the behaviour of the Commissioners of the Navy to me, entitle me to make this assertion. After I had been dismissed, March 24, I drew up a memorial thus:—

“ To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty’s Treasury.

“ The Memorial and Petition of GUSTAVUS VASSA, a Black Man, late Commissary to the Black Poor going to AFRICA.

“ HUMBLY SHEWETH,

“ That your Lordships’ memorialist was, by the Honourable the Commissioners of his Majesty’s Navy, on the 4th of December last, appointed to the above employment by warrant from that Board;

“ That he accordingly proceeded to the execution of his duty on board of the *Vernon*, being one of the ships appointed to proceed to Africa with the above poor;

“ That your memorialist, to his great grief and astonishment, received a letter of dismissal from the Honourable Commissioners of the Navy, by your Lordships’ orders ;

“ That, conscious of having acted with the most perfect fidelity and the greatest assiduity in discharging the trust reposed in him, he is altogether at a loss to conceive the reasons of your Lordships having altered the favourable opinion you were pleased to conceive of him, sensible that your Lordships would not proceed to so severe a measure without some apparent good cause ; he therefore has every reason to believe that his conduct has been grossly misrepresented to your Lordships, and he is the more confirmed in his opinion, because, by opposing measures of others concerned in the same expedition, which tended to defeat your Lordships’ humane intentions, and to put the government to a very considerable additional expense, he created a number of enemies, whose misrepresentations, he has too much reason to believe, laid the foundation of his dismissal. Unsupported by friends, and unaided by the advantages of a liberal education, he can only hope for redress, from the justice of his cause. In addition to the mortification of having been removed from his employment, and the advantage which he reasonably might have expected to have derived therefrom, he has had the misfortune to have sunk a considerable part of his little property in fitting himself out, and in other expenses arising out of his situation, an account of which he here annexes. Your memorialist will not trouble your Lordships with a vindication of any part of his conduct, because he knows not of what crimes he is accused ; he, however, earnestly entreats that you will be pleased to direct an inquiry into his behaviour during the time he acted in the public service ; and, if it be found that his dismissal arose from false representations, he is confident that in your Lordships’ justice he shall find redress.

“ Your petitioner therefore humbly prays that your

Lordships will take his case into consideration, and that you will be pleased to order payment of the account above referred to, amounting to £32 4s, and also the wages intended, which is most humbly submitted.

“London, May 12, 1787.”

The above petition was delivered into the hands of their Lordships, who were kind enough, in the space of some few months afterwards, without hearing, to order me £50.

My life has since passed in an even tenor, and great part of my study and attention has been to assist my much injured countrymen.

On March 21st, 1788, I had the honour of presenting the Queen with a petition on behalf of my African brethren, which was received most graciously by Her Majesty.

“To the QUEEN’S most Excellent Majesty.

“Your Majesty’s well known benevolence and humanity embolden me to approach your royal presence, trusting that the obscurity of my situation will not prevent your Majesty from attending to the sufferings for which I plead.

“Yet I do not solicit your royal pity for my own distress; my sufferings, although numerous, are in a measure forgotten. I supplicate your Majesty’s compassion for millions of my African countrymen, who groan under the lash of tyranny in the West Indies.

“The oppression and cruelty exercised to the unhappy Negroes there, have at length reached the British legislature, and they are now deliberating on its redress; even several persons of property in Slaves in the West Indies, have petitioned parliament against its continuance, sensible that it is as impolitic as it is unjust—and what is inhuman must ever be unwise.

“Your Majesty’s reign has hitherto been distinguished by private acts of benevolence and bounty; surely the more extended the misery is, the greater claim it has to

your Majesty's compassion, and the greater must be your Majesty's pleasure in administering to its relief.

"I presume, therefore, gracious Queen, to implore your interposition, with that of your royal consort, in favour of the wretched Africans; that, by your Majesty's benevolent influence, a period may now be put to their misery; and that they may be raised from the condition of brutes, to which they are at present degraded, to the rights and situation of free men, and admitted to partake of the blessings of your Majesty's happy Government; so shall your Majesty enjoy the heartfelt pleasure of procuring happiness to millions, and be rewarded in the grateful prayers of themselves, and of their posterity.

"And may the all-bountiful Creator shower on your Majesty, and the royal family, every blessing that this world can afford, and every fulness of joy which divine revelation has promised us in the next.

"I am your Majesty's most dutiful and devoted

"Servant to command,

"GUSTAVUS VASSA,

"The Oppressed Ethiopian."

I hope, continues our intelligent African, in his Narrative, to have the satisfaction of seeing the renovation of liberty and justice, resting on the British Government, to vindicate the honour of our common nature. These are concerns which do not perhaps belong to any particular office: but, to speak more seriously, to every man of sentiment, actions like these are the just and sure foundation of future fame; a reversion, though remote, is coveted by some noble minds as a substantial good. It is upon these grounds that I hope and expect the attention of gentlemen in power. These are designs consonant to the elevation of their rank, and the dignity of their stations; they are ends suitable to the nature of a free and generous Government; and, connected with views of empire and dominion,

suiting to the benevolence and solid merit of the legislature. It is a pursuit of substantial greatness. May the time come, when the Sable people shall gratefully commemorate the auspicious era of extensive freedom. Then shall those persons particularly be named with praise and honour, who generously proposed and stood forth in the cause of humanity, liberty, and good policy, and brought to the ear of the legislature designs worthy of royal patronage and adoption.* May Heaven make British senators the dispersers of light, liberty, and science, to the uttermost parts of the earth: then will be 'glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will to men.' 'It is righteousness that exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people; destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity, and the wicked shall fall by their own wickedness.' May the blessings of the Lord be upon the heads of all those who commiserate the case of the oppressed Negroes, and the fear of God prolong their days; and may their expectations be filled with gladness! 'The liberal devise liberal things, and by liberal things shall they stand.' They can say with pious Job, 'Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? was not my soul grieved for the poor?'

I have now only to request the reader's indulgence, and conclude. I am far from the vanity of thinking there is any merit in this Narrative: I hope censure will be suspended, when it is considered, that it was written by one who was as unwilling, as unable, to adorn the plainness of truth by the colouring of imagination. My life and fortune have been extremely chequered, and my adventures various. Even those I have related are considerably abridged. If any incident should appear uninteresting or trifling, I can only say, as my excuse for mentioning it, that almost every event of my life made an impression on

* Granville Sharp, Thomas Clarkson, James Ramsay, men of virtue, an honour to their country, ornamental to human nature, happy in themselves, and benefactors to mankind!

my mind, and influenced my conduct. I early accustomed myself to observe the hand of God in the minutest occurrence, and to learn from it a lesson of morality and religion; and in this light every circumstance I have related was to me of importance. After all, what makes any event important, unless by its observation we become better and wiser, and learn 'to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God?' To those who are possessed of this spirit, there is scarcely any book or incident so trifling that does not afford some profit, while to others the experience of ages seems of no use; and even to pour out to them the treasures of wisdom is throwing the jewels of instruction away.

N.B. In putting together the foregoing sketch of Gustavus Vassa, from his "Narrative," the author has not been able to avail himself of the last edition, which was published in 1794, and would probably detail the events of his life to a later period. The Abbé Gregoire, in his Inquiry into the Intellectual and Moral Faculties of the Negroes, says, "that Vassa married in London, and had a son, Sancho, to whom he gave a good education, and who became assistant-librarian to Sir Joseph Banks, and secretary to the Committee for Vaccination.

JOB BEN SOLLIMAN.

JOB BEN SOLLIMAN, was an African of great distinction in his own country, being the son of the Mahomedan King of Bunda, on the Gambia. In 1730, whilst travelling across the countries of Jagra, with a servant and some cattle, he was seized, and carried to Joar, where he was sold to captain Pyke, commander of the ship Arabella, who carried him off to America, and sold him to a planter in Maryland. Here he lived about a year, being treated with unusual kindness by his master.

Being well versed in the Arabic tongue, he wrote a letter in that language, which he had the good fortune to get conveyed to England. This letter falling into the hands of a gentleman named Oglethorpe, he sent it to Oxford to be translated, and became inspired with so good an opinion of the author, that he immediately sent orders to have him bought of his master. But Oglethorpe, setting out for Georgia himself soon after, before he returned from thence, Solliman, by a train of extraordinary adventures, had already been brought to England. Waiting on the learned Sir Hans Sloane, he was found to be a perfect master of the Arabic tongue, by translating several manuscripts and inscriptions upon medals into English, of which he had acquired a competent knowledge during his servitude, and on his passage to England. Sir Hans Sloane recommended him to the Duke of Montague, who, being pleased with his sweetness of disposition and mildness of temper, his dignified and pleasing manners, as well as with his genius and capacity, introduced him to court, where he was graciously received by the royal family, and most of the nobility, from whom he received distinguished marks of favour and esteem.

After remaining in England about fourteen months, he was very desirous of returning to his native country, and to see his father, the King of Bunda, once more, to whom he sent letters from England. He received many valuable presents from Queen Caroline, the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Montague, the Earl of Pembroke, several ladies of quality, and also from the African Company, who ordered their agents to shew him great respect, and re-conducted him to Bunda. He arrived there safely. One of his uncles residing there, embraced him, and said, "During sixty years, thou art the first Slave I have seen return from America!"

Solliman wrote many letters to his friends in Europe and America, which were translated and perused with interest. At his father's decease he became his successor,

and was much beloved by his subjects. Moore, in his travels, met with him and gives some further account of him. He possessed an uncommonly retentive memory. While in England, he wrote a copy of the Koran in Arabic, entirely from remembrance. It was probably to this circumstance that the Abbé Gregoire alluded, when he states that "he knew the Koran by heart." In vol. xx. of the Gentleman's Magazine, 1750, is a portrait of Job Ben Solliman, with one of the Prince of Anamaboe.

SADIKI; A LEARNED SLAVE.

Dr. Madden, in a letter to J. S. Buckingham, Esq., M.P., dated Kingston (Jamaica), Sept. 15, 1834, gives the following particulars respecting a Slave who had been of exalted rank in his own country:—

"A Negro was recently brought before me, belonging to a Mr. Anderson, of this town, to be sworn in as constable on his master's property. I discovered by the mere accident of seeing the man sign his name in very well-written Arabic, that he was a man of education, and on subsequent inquiry, a person of exalted rank in his own country, who had been kidnapped in a province bordering on Timbuctoo. He had been sold into Slavery in Jamaica nearly 30 years ago, and had preserved the knowledge of the learning of his country, and obtained the character of one a little more enlightened than the majority of his savage brethren, and that was all. The interest I took in all Oriental matters (if no other motive influenced me), induced me to enter minutely into this man's history. I had him to my house: he gave me a written statement of the leading events of his life. I found the geographical part of his story correct: he became a frequent visitor of mine in his leisure time; and I soon discovered that his attainments, as an Arabic scholar, were the least of his merits. I found him a person of excellent conduct, of great discernment and discretion.

I think if I wanted advice on any important matter, in which it required extra prudence and a high sense of moral rectitude to qualify the possessor to give counsel, I would as soon have recourse to the advice of this poor Negro as any person I know.

“By what name under Heaven, that is compatible with moderation, that is musical to ears polite, must that system be called by, which sanctioned the stealing away of a person like this, as much a nobleman in his own country, as any titled chief is in ours, and in his way, (without any disparagement to the English noble), as suitably educated for his rank? Fancy one of the scions of our nobility, a son of one of our war chiefs—Lord Londonderry’s, for example—educated at Oxford, and, in the course of his subsequent travels, unfortunately falling into the hands of African robbers, and being carried into bondage. Fancy the poor youth marched in the common Slave coffle to the first market place on the coast. He is exposed for sale: nobody inquires whether he is a patrician or a plebeian: nobody cares whether he is ignorant or enlightened: it is enough that he has thews and sinews for a life of labour without reward. Will you follow him to the Slave ship that is to convey him to a distant land?—a vessel, perhaps similar to that visited by Dr. Walsh on his passage to Brazil, ‘where 562 human beings were huddled together, so closely stowed that there was no possibility of lying down or changing their position night or day.’—Well, like Sterne, let us take the single captive: he survives the passage, and has seen the fifth part of his comrades perish in the voyage: he is landed on some distant island, where he is doomed to hopeless Slavery. The brutal scramble for the Slaves has ceased: he is dragged away by his new master, but not before he is branded with a heated iron, which may only sear his flesh, while the iron brand of Slavery, the burning thought of endless bondage, ‘enters into his soul.’”

Dr. Madden, having made up his mind to redeem the interesting Negro he has introduced to our notice, (who was known in Jamaica by the name of Edward Doulan,) made application to his master, and requested he would nominate a local magistrate, to act with the special justice of some parish, for the purpose of valuing his Slave.

“I was given to understand by Mr. Anderson,” says Dr. Madden, “that the man was invaluable to him—that he kept his books, (in Arabic characters)—and that the accounts of the whole of his vast business were kept by him—in short, that no sum of money which could be awarded to him could compensate him for the loss of the man’s services. I also heard, indirectly, that the attempt to procure his liberty had already been made, unsuccessfully, some years ago, by the Duke de Montebello, when he visited Jamaica, on his return from his South American travels, who had ineffectually applied at the Colonial Office, to be assisted in devising means for procuring his freedom. But, though a Duke had failed, I had the modesty to think it was no reason why I should.

“I waited on Mr. Anderson, his master, who was a perfect stranger to me, and frankly stated to him what my wishes and intentions were. I know not with what earnestness I pressed the matter, but I found myself talking to a man whose disposition, if nature ever writes a legible hand on human features, was as benevolent as any I ever met with. I expressed the wish I felt to obtain the man’s release: he said, I need say no more on the subject. The man was invaluable to him; his services were worth more to him than those of Negroes for whom he had paid £300; but the man had been a good servant to him—a faithful and a good Negro—and he would take no money for him—he would give him his liberty!!! I pressed him to name any reasonable sum for his release, but he positively refused to receive one farthing in the way of indemnity for the loss of the man’s services.

“The following day was appointed to execute the act of manumission, at the public office of the special magistrate. The time appointed for carrying the release into effect having become known, a great number of the respectable inhabitants of Kingston attended: the office was indeed crowded at an early hour with persons of all complexions, who had come to witness the ceremony. Mr. Anderson and his Negro, Edward Doulan, being in attendance, the manumission papers were prepared; but before they were signed, the nature of the circumstances which had led to the effort that had been made to obtain the man’s freedom, and the manner in which that boon had been granted by his master, were dwelt on at some length; and the merits of the fidelity of the one, and the generosity of the other, were feebly perhaps described, however forcibly they might be felt. The scene was one of no ordinary interest. Beside the bench stood a Negro of exalted rank in his own country, in the act of obtaining his liberty, after many a long year of Slavery, and near him his venerable master, ‘prepared to give unto his servant that which was just and equal, knowing that he also had a master in heaven.’ There were tears of joy on some of the black features before me, and there were smiles of satisfaction even on white faces in that assemblage. It is said the gods are pleased to behold the successful exertions of a good man struggling with adversity; but if we are justified in estimating what is pleasing to that intelligence by the extent of the advantages conferred on man by human beneficence, perhaps the sight of a good master, voluntarily making a faithful bondsman free, and laying down authority which it may not be in his nature to abuse, but yet which he knows it is not safe for mortal man to be entrusted with, is one of the exhibitions of humanity, in which its affinity with a higher nature, appears at a distance less remote than in almost any other situation in which we can conceive it.”

After the Negro’s liberation, Dr. Madden solicited

subscriptions for him, and had the satisfaction of presenting him with twenty pounds. This sum was principally procured by the presentation of an address to the inhabitants of Kingston, accompanied by a history of his life, written in Arabic, and couched in terms at once creditable to his acquirements as a scholar, and his character as a man of discretion and integrity. How he could have attained so competent a knowledge of his native language, at so early an age as that at which he had been taken from his country, and have kept up his knowledge of it in the unfavourable circumstances in which he was placed in a foreign land, it is difficult to conceive. We have only space for a few extracts from the history of this interesting Slave, which may be seen more at length in Dr. Madden's "Twelve months in the West Indies," ii. p. 183:—

My name is Abon Becr Sadiki, born in Timbuctoo, and brought up in Geneh. I acquired the knowledge of the Alcoran in the country of Gounah, in which there are many teachers for young people, who come from different parts for their instruction. My father's name is Kara-Mousa, *Scheriff*; (the interpretation of which is, "of a noble family.") The names of my father's brothers are Aderiza, Abdriman, Mahomet, and Abon Becr. Their father, my grandfather, lived in the country of Timbuctoo and Geneh; some say he was the son of Ibrahim, the founder of my race in the country of Geneh. After the death of my grandfather, jealousy arose among the sons and the rest of the family, which scattered them into the different parts of Soudan.

My father gathered a large quantity of gold and silver in the country of Gounah, some of which he sent to his father-in-law: he also sent horses, mules, and rich silks, from Egypt, as presents for Ali Aga Mahommed Tassere, my grandfather, in the country of Bournoo and Cassina. He afterwards took the fever, which was the cause of his death in Gounah, where he was buried. At this time I

was a child, but some of my old relations told me afterwards, all about the life of my departed father. About five years after his death, I got the consent of my teacher to go to the country of Gounah to see the grave of my father. He said, with the blessing of God, he would accompany me. He then prepared proper provision for our journey, and we took along with us many of his eldest scholars to bear us company. We departed, and, after long fatigue, we arrived at Cong; from there we went to Gounah, and stopped there for about two years, as we considered the place a home, having much property therein.

Abdengara, king of Buntuco, having slain Iffoa, the king of Bandara, in battle, also wanted to kill Cudjoe, the captain of an adjoining district. When the king of Gounah heard that Abdengara had come in with his army to fight him, he called all his men to meet the enemy in the country of Bolo, where they commenced fighting from the middle of the day until night. After that they went to their different camps: seven days after that, they gathered up again, and commenced the war in the town of Anacco, where they fought exceedingly, and there were many lives lost on both sides; but Abdengara's army, being stronger than the king of Gounah's, took possession of the town. Some of Gounah's people were obliged to fly to Cong, and on that very day they made me a captive. As soon as I was made prisoner, they stripped me, and tied me with cord, and gave me a heavy load to carry, and led me into the country of Buntocoo,—from thence to Cumsay, where the king of Shantee reigned, whose name is Ashai,—and from thence to Agimaca, which is the country of the Fantees; from thence to the town of Dago, by the sea-side (all the way on foot and well loaded); there they sold me to the Christians in that town. One of the ship's captains purchased me, and delivered me over to one of his sailors: the boat immediately pushed off, and I was carried on board of the ship. We were three months at sea before we

arrived in Jamaica, which was the beginning of bondage. But, praise be to God, who has everything in his power to do as he thinks good, and no man can remove whatever burden he chooses to put on us, as He has said, "Nothing shall fall on us except what He shall ordain; He is our Lord, and let all that believe in Him put their trust in Him."

My parents are of the Mussulman religion: they are particularly careful in the education of their children, and in their behaviour, but I am lost to all those advantages: since my bondage, I am become corrupt; and I now conclude, by begging the Almighty God to lead me into the path that is proper for me, for He alone knows the secrets of my heart, and what I am in need of.

ABON BECR SADIKI.

Kingston, Jamaica, Sept. 20, 1834.

"The above," says Dr. Madden, "was written in Arabic. The man speaks English well and correctly for a Negro, but does not read or write it. I caused him to read the original, and translated it word by word: and, from the little knowledge I have of the spoken language, I can safely present this version of it as a literal translation."

Some further information respecting Sadiki would have been interesting; all I can find in Dr. Madden's West Indies, is an extract from a letter he addressed to two highly respectable clergymen:—

"REVEREND GENTLEMEN,

"I beg leave to inform you that I am rejoiced and well pleased in my heart for the great boon I have received in the Testament, both of the old and new law of our Lord and Saviour, in the Arabic language."

Also a letter he wrote to one of his fellow-countrymen, a Slave in Jamaica, in reply to one received from him:—

"Kingston, Jamaica, Oct. 18th, 1834.

"DEAR COUNTRYMAN,

"I now answer your letter. My name in Arabic is Abon

Beer Sadiki, and in Christian language, Edward Doulan ; born in Timbuctoo, and brought up in Geneh. I finished reading the Koran in the county of Gounah, at which place I was taken captive in war. My master's name in this country is Alexander Anderson. Now, my countryman, God hath given me a faithful man, a just and a good master; he made me free ; and I know truly that he has shown mercy to every poor soul under him. I know he has done that justice which our King William the Fourth commanded him to do (God save the King), and may he be a conqueror over all his enemies from east to west, from north to south, and the blessing of God extend over all his kingdom, and all his ministers and subjects. I beseech you, Mahomed Caba, and all my friends, continue in praying for my friend, my life, and my bread fruit, which friend is my worthy Dr. Madden, and I hope that God may give him honour, greatness, and gladness, and likewise his generation to come, as long as Heaven and earth continue. Now, my countryman, these prayers that I request of you are greater to me than anything else I can wish of you ; and you must pray that God may give him strength and power to overcome all his enemies, and that the King's orders to him be held in his right hand firmly.

The honour I have in my heart for him is great ; but God knows the secrets of all hearts. Dear countryman, I also beseech you to remember in your prayers my master, Alexander Anderson, who gave me my liberty free and willingly ; and may the Almighty prosper him, and protect him from all dangers.

“ Whenever you wish to send me a letter, write it in Arabic ; then I shall understand it properly.

“ I am, &c.

“ EDWARD DOULAN.”

(Abon Beer Sadiki, in Arabic.)

“ These letters,” writes Dr. Madden, “ are selected from

a great many addressed to me by the Negroes, both in English and Arabic; and, if these limits allowed me to send you all of them, I think you would come to the conclusion, that the natives of some parts of Africa are not so entirely ignorant as they are represented to be, and that the Negroes generally, are as capable of mental improvement as their White brethren, at least, that is my firm conviction; but it is not from letters, but from oral communication with them, from close observation of their mental qualities, both in the east and in the west, that I have formed that opinion."

The learned Doctor gives a letter from a number of free African Negroes of Kingston, signed by four of them. "Some of the ideas contained in it," he remarks, "are highly poetical, and the language in which they are expressed, simple and not inelegant."

**TESTIMONY OF CAPTAIN PILKINGTON RESPECTING
THE NEGRO.**

Captain Pilkington, being appointed Chief Civil Engineer on the Western Coast of Africa, proceeded with his wife to Sierra Leone, in 1847.

"I remained," he writes, "about two years and a half in this settlement, during which period I was engaged in the erection of many public buildings in its various towns, which afforded me frequent opportunities of observing the character and conduct of the Free Blacks, whom I found to be both intelligent and docile. I witnessed their deportment on the bench, as magistrates—as pleaders at the bar—and as grand and petty jurors; and I may safely affirm that I had every reason to admire the upright, the faithful, and the conscientious mode in which they discharged the duties of these offices. In a Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry to that Colony, it is stated, that 'Neither of the two individuals practising as solicitors or attornies, have been professionally educated. One is an European, who

acts also as King's Advocate and Registrar of the Vice-admiralty Court; the other, a person of Colour, born and educated in England, and engaged in mercantile pursuits.' Surely nothing can more indisputably prove the tranquility of this settlement, containing a population of 22,000 inhabitants, than the fact, that there were only two lawyers there, and even these (the smallest number that can be engaged in a court of law, viz., one for plaintiff, one for defendant) could not gain a subsistence by the professional emoluments alone!"

Owing to the insalubrity of the climate, captain Pilkington resolved to purchase a prize vessel then in the harbour, and undertake a trading voyage on the coast. "Having effected the purchase," says he, "I proceeded up the Rio Pongas, visiting the Timini and Susoo nations. I sailed also up the Kissy river as far as it was navigable for a large vessel, and pursued my voyage to its source in my boat. In the course of this expedition, I also visited several provinces of the Mandingo nation, the inhabitants of which paid uniform respect to my person and property. Conscious that a stranger must be unacquainted with their usages and laws, they require of him nothing more than that he should mention to his host or landlord the whole business which he desires to undertake amongst them. If he does this, he is safe from the infliction of penal enactment, should he violate the native laws; but if not, he is considered as taking the entire responsibility of his conduct upon himself, and is treated accordingly. This I regard as a great privilege granted to the foreigner, and as exhibiting a considerate rectitude of principle, highly honourable to the head and heart of this simple-minded people. Nor was this practice restricted to the Mandingoes only; as wherever I touched, I found it the prevalent custom on that part of the African coast. These people are chiefly Mahomedans, and have attained to a remarkable degree of civilization, under the influence of a law that no 'bookman'

shall be sold as a Slave, the natural tendency of which may be easily imagined. Yet the only book they read is the Koran, which the 'book-men' constantly carry about their person, as a triumphant token of their learning, dignity, and privileges.

"Leaving these nations, I sailed to the southward, and touched at the Kroo country, where I found a very hardy, active, and intelligent race of men, devoted to labour and to agricultural pursuits, which may in a great degree be owing to a difficulty of access to the interior, which cuts them off from all temptation of engaging in the odious Slave trade—the easiest, but most infamous, of all the modes of procuring a livelihood. That they are inherently industrious, is evinced by their habit of navigating in small canoes to Sierra Leone, a distance of 120 leagues, for the sole purpose of obtaining employment. The Krooman's canoe is cut out of a solid piece of soft wood, pointed at both ends, in length scarcely exceeding that of the navigator, and is so light that he carries it customarily from the sea to his hut, in the roof of which he places it for protection from the sun. Instead of oars, he uses a paddle about two feet long, very broad at the bottom, which he plies with both hands, on either side of the barque, as occasion may require, he himself sitting at the bottom, with his legs across, in the Turkish fashion. It is really surprising to witness the activity with which he brings down this canoe to the sea side; with what dexterity he launches it; the nicety with which, whether in a sitting or standing posture, he balances its action; and with what velocity he impels it over the surface of the water.

"This people likewise employ themselves in the cultivation of rice, which, when in season, may be purchased of them in great quantities. Here, again, their industry is obvious; for, being obliged to deliver it on board the vessel of the purchaser, they have to transport it in their canoes in very small portions. Their enterprise readily

induces them, without apprehension, to trust themselves with those who trade along the coast as I did, to render such services as their active habits and local knowledge enable them to do. They are, in consequence, acquainted not only with the different African dialects, but the languages of commercial Europe. I have known instances of the same Krooman speaking English, French, and Dutch. They justly estimate the value of a good character, and invariably desire a written statement of their conduct from their respective White employers."

PLACIDO.

In the summer of 1844, eleven persons were executed together at Havannah, in Cuba, for having been concerned in an alleged conspiracy, to obtain liberty for the Black population—the Slaves of the Spanish inhabitants. One of these, the leader of the revolt, was Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes, more commonly known by the name of Placido, the Cuban poet.

Little is known of this Negro beyond a few particulars contained in one or two brief newspaper notices, which appeared shortly after his execution, announcing the fact in this country. The *Heraldo*, a Spanish newspaper, in giving an account of the execution, speaks of him as "the celebrated poet, Placido;" and says, "this man was born with great natural genius, and was beloved and appreciated by the most respectable young men of Havannah, who united to purchase his release from Slavery." Placido appears to have burned with a desire to do something for his race; and hence he employed his talents not only in poetry, but also in schemes for altering the political condition of Cuba. The Spanish papers, as might be expected, accuse him of wild and ambitious projects, and of desiring to excite an insurrection in Cuba, similar to the memorable Negro insurrection in St. Domingo fifty years ago. Be that as it may, Placido was at the head of a conspiracy formed in

Cuba in the beginning of 1844. The conspiracy failed, and Placido, with a number of his companions, was seized by the Spanish authorities.

The following is the account given of the execution in a letter from Havannah, which appeared in the *Morning Herald* newspaper:—"What dreadful scenes have we not witnessed here these last few months! what frightful developments! what condemnations and horrid deaths! But the bloody drama seems approaching its close; the curtain has just fallen on the execution of the chief conspirator, Placido, who met his fate with a heroic calmness that produced a universal impression of regret. Nothing was positively known of the decision of the council respecting him, till it was rumoured a few days since that he would proceed, along with others, to the 'Chapel' for the condemned. On the appointed day, amidst a great crowd, he was seen walking along with singular composure under circumstances so gloomy, saluting with graceful ease his numerous acquaintances. Are you aware what the punishment of the 'Chapel' means? It is worse a thousand times than the death of which it is the precursor. The unfortunate criminals are conducted into a chapel hung with black, and dimly lighted. Priests are there to chant in a sepulchral voice the service of the dead; and the coffins of the trembling victims are arrayed in cruel relief before their eyes. Here they are kept for twenty-four hours, and are then led out to execution. Can anything be more awful? And what a disgusting aggravation of the horror of the coming death! Placido emerged from the chapel cool and undismayed, whilst the others were nearly or entirely overcome with the agonies they had already undergone. He held a crucifix in his hand, and recited in a loud voice a beautiful prayer in verse, which thrilled upon the hearts of the attentive masses which lined the road he passed. On arriving at the fatal spot, he sat down on a bench with his back turned, as ordered, to the military, and rapid preparations

were made for his death. And now the dread hour had arrived. At last he arose, and said, 'Adios, mundo; no hay piedad para mi. Soldados, fuego.'—[Adieu, O world; here there is no pity for me. Soldiers, fire.] Five balls entered his body. Amid the murmurs of the horror-struck spectators, he got up, and turned his head upon the shrinking soldiers, his face wearing an expression of super-human courage. 'Will no one have pity on me?' he said. 'Here (pointing to his heart)—fire here.' At that instant two balls pierced his breast, and he fell dead whilst his words still echoed in our ears. Thus has perished the great leader of the attempted revolt."

The following is the poem alluded to in the *Heraldo*, composed in Spanish by Placido.

A DIOS PLEGARIA.

"Ser de inmensa bondad, Dios Poderoso,
à vos acudo en mi dolor vehemente;
estendea vuestro brazo omnipotente,
rasgad de calumnia el velo odioso,
y arrancad esto sello ignominioso,
con que el mundo mauchar quiere mi frente.

Rey de los reyes, Dios de mis abuelos,
vos solo sois mi defensor, Dios mio;
todo lo puede quien al mar sombrío,
olas y peces dió, luz á los cielos
fuego al sol, giro al aire, al Norte lueles,
vida á las plantas, movimiento al rio.

Todo lo podeis vas, lodo fenece,
ó se reanima á vuestra voz sagrada;
fuera de vos, Señor, el todo es nada,
que en la insondabil eternidad perece.
y aun es a misnia nada as obedece,
pues de ella fue la humanidad creada.

Yo no os puedo eno anar, Dios de clemencia;
y pues vuestra; eternal sabiduria
ve el través de mi cuerpo el alma mia,
cual del aire á la clara transparencia,
estorbad que humillada la innocencia,
bata sus palmas la calumnia impia.

Mas si quadra á tu suma omnipotencia
 que yo peryca, cual malvado impío,
 y que las hombres mi cadaver frio
 ultragen con maligna complacencia
 suene tu voz, y acabe mi existencia,
 cúmplose en mi tu voluntad, Dios mio."

The following is a translation of these beautiful lines. They were written in prison the night before his execution, and were solemnly recited by him as he proceeded to the place of death, so that the concluding stanza was uttered only a few moments before he expired.

"Being of infinite goodness! God Almighty!
 I hasten in mine agony to thee!
 Rending the hateful veil of calumny,
 Stretch forth thine arm omnipotent in pity;
 Efface this ignominy from my brow,
 Wherewith the world is fain to brand it now.

Oh King of kings! thou God of my forefathers!
 My God! thou only my defence shalt be,
 Who gav'st her riches to the shadowed sea;
 From whom the North her frosty treasures gathers—
 Of heavenly light and solar flame the giver,
 Life to the leaves, and motion to the river.

Thou canst do all things. What thy will doth cherish,
 Revives to being at thy sacred voice,
 Without thee all is naught, and at thy choice,
 In fathomless eternity must perish.
 Yet e'en that nothingness thy will obeyed,
 When of its void humanity was made.

Merciful God; I can deceive thee never;
 Since, as through ether's bright transparency,
 Eternal wisdom still my soul can see
 Through every earthly lineament for ever.
 Forbid it, then, that Innocence should stand
 Humbled, while Slander claps her impious hand.

But if the lot thy sovereign power shall measure,
 Must be to perish as a wretch accurs'd,
 And men shall trample over my cold dust—
 The corse outraging with malignant pleasure—
 Speak, and recall my being at thy nod!
 Accomplish in me all thy will, my God!"

MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

The execution of Placido took place at six o'clock in the morning, a victim to Slavery. It is to be hoped that more may yet be learnt of the history of this unfortunate, but gifted Negro.

THE HAPPY NEGRO.

Some years ago, Andrew Searle, an English gentleman had occasion to visit North America, where the following circumstance occurred, as related in his own words:—

“Every day’s observation convinces me that the children of God are made so by his own special grace; and that all means are equally effectual with Him, whenever He is pleased to employ them for conversion.

“In one of my excursions, while I was in the State of New York, I was walking by myself over a considerable plantation, amused with its husbandry, and comparing it with that of my own country, till I came within a little distance of a middle aged Negro, who was tilling the ground. I felt a strong inclination, unusual with me, to converse with him. After asking him some little questions about his work, which he answered in a sensible manner, I asked him to tell me whether his state of Slavery was not disagreeable to him, and whether he would not gladly be at liberty. ‘Massah,’ said he, looking seriously upon me, ‘I have a wife and children; my Massah take care of them, and I have no care to provide any thing; I have a good Massah, who teaches me to read; and I read good book that makes me happy.’—‘I am glad,’ replied I, ‘to hear you say so; and pray what is the good book you read?’ ‘The Bible, Massah, God’s own book.’—‘Do you understand, friend, as well as read, this book? For many can read the words well, who cannot get hold of the true and good sense.’

“‘O Massah,’ said he, ‘I read the book much, before I understand; but, at last, I felt pain in my heart; I found

things in the book that cut me to pieces.'—'Ah!' said I, 'and what things were they?' 'Why, Massah, I found that I had a bad heart, a very bad heart indeed; I felt pain that God would destroy me, because I was wicked, and done nothing as I should do. God was holy, and I was very vile and wicked; I could have nothing from Him but fire and brimstone in hell.'

"In short, he entered into a full account of his convictions of sin, which were indeed as deep and piercing as almost any I had ever heard of; and stated what Scriptures came to his mind, which he had read, that both probed to the bottom of his sinful heart, and were made the means of light and comfort to his soul. I then inquired of him what ministry or means he made use of, and found that his master had taught his Slaves to read, but had not conversed with this Negro upon the state of his soul.

"I asked him likewise, how he got comfort under all this trial? 'O Massah!' said he, 'it was Christ gave me comfort by his dear word. He bade me come unto Him, and He would give me rest; for I was very weary and heavy laden.' And here he repeated a number of the most precious texts in the Bible, showing, by his artless comment upon them, as he went along, what great things God had done in the course of some years for his soul. Being rather more acquainted with doctrinal truths, and the Bible, than he had been, or in his situation could easily be, I had a mind to ascertain how far a simple experience, graciously given without the usual means, could preserve a man from error; and I therefore asked him several questions about the merit of works, the justification of a sinner, the power of grace, and the like, and I own I was as much astonished at, as I admired, the sweet spirit and simplicity of his answers, with the heavenly wisdom that God had put into the mind of this Negro.

"His discourse, flowing merely from the richness of grace, with a tenderness and expression far 'beyond the

reach of art,' perfectly charmed me. On the other hand, my entering into all his feelings, together with an account to him, which he had never heard before, that thus and thus the Lord, in his mercy, dealt with all his children, and had dealt with me, drew streams of joyful tears down his black face; and we looked upon each other, and talked with that inexpressible glow of Christian affection, that made me more than ever believe, in what I have often too thoughtlessly professed to believe—the *communion of saints*.

"I shall never forget how the poor creature seemed to hang upon my lips, and to eat my very words, when I enlarged upon the love of Christ to poor sinners—the free bounty and tender mercy of God—the frequent and delightful sense He gives of his presence—the faith He bestows in his promises—the victories this faith is enabled to get over trials and temptations—the joy and peace in believing—the hope in life and death, and the glorious expectation of immortality. To have seen his eager, delighted, animated air and manner, would have cheered and warmed any Christian's heart, and have been a master-piece for any painter. He had never heard such discourse, nor found the opportunity of hearing it, before. He seemed like a man who had been thrown into a new world, and at length had found company.

"Though my conversation lasted at least two or three hours, I scarcely ever enjoyed the happy swiftness of time so sweetly in all my life. We knew not how to part. He would accompany me as far as he might; and I felt, on my side, such a delight in the artless, solid, unaffected experience of this pious soul, that I could have been glad to have seen him oftener then, or to see his like at any time now; but my situation rendered it impossible. I therefore took an affectionate leave, with feelings equal to those of the warmest and most ancient friendship; telling him that neither the colour of his body, nor the condition of his present life, could prevent him from being my dear brother

in our dear Saviour ; and that, though we must part now, never to see each other again in this world, I had no doubt of our having another joyful meeting in our Father's home, where we should live together, and love one another, throughout a long and happy eternity. ' Amen, Amen, my dear Massah,' said he,—' God bless you, and poor me, too, for ever and ever.'

" If I had been an angel from Heaven, he could not have received me with more ardent delight than he did ; nor could I have considered him with a more sympathetic regard, if he had been a long known Christian of the good old sort, grown up into my affections in the course of many years."

RICHARD COOPER.

The following testimony was issued by the Society of Friends, at Little Creek, North America, respecting Richard Cooper, a descendant of Africa, who died in 1820.

" Our esteemed friend, RICHARD COOPER, departed this life about the age of 100. He was a descendant of the greatly oppressed Africans, a native of the island of Barbadoes, and, by birth, a Slave. At the age of 12 or 14 he was brought to this country and sold. Having frequently changed owners, he at length became the property of a member of the Society of Friends ; and at the time of the total emancipation, by the Society, of its Slaves, he was liberated from an unmerited and unjust bondage.

" About this time, he became convinced of the religious principles of Friends, which he ascribed to the tender care and frequent admonition of his mistress, in directing his mind to the principle of divine grace and truth in the heart. He was a frequent attendant of Friends' meetings, and, in advanced life, he requested to be admitted a member of the society, and was received.

“His conduct and conversation, corresponding in a good degree with his profession, he became generally respected and beloved. By the people of Colour in his neighbourhood, he was consulted in most matters of controversy in which they were interested; and his good counsel always tended to, and often effected, an amicable adjustment of differences. He appeared generally concerned to promote friendship and brotherly love; and, in his friendly visits, he mostly had a word of religious exhortation. Having no school learning, and being desirous for advancement in the knowledge of the best things, he would, when opportunities offered, request the Scriptures and other good books to be read to him, esteeming them valuable in directing the mind to that source from whence all true wisdom comes. In his last sickness he expressed thankfulness that Friends had received him into membership, and that he had been so favoured as not to have been burdensome, and hoped that his conduct had brought no reproach on the society. It was truly comfortable to visit him. No murmuring, no complaining; he appeared thankful and resigned—numbering the many mercies and blessings which had been bestowed upon him—having a word of encouragement or consolation for all. He expressed a desire for the prosperity of the society, and particularly for the rising generation, that they might be willing to take the yoke of Christ upon them, and so become strengthening to their elder brethren, and fitted to stand firm in the cause of truth; of which, he said, they never would have cause to repent.

“Upon taking leave of those who visited him, he generally expressed something to them by way of blessing. His last advice to his children was, that they should not fall out about the little he had to leave behind him.

“Through the gradual decay of nature, his long and useful life was brought to a close; and the belief is entertained, that he has entered into the rest prepared for the righteous.

“To record the Christian virtues of the deceased, that we may imitate their example, is sanctioned by that voice which spoke from Heaven, saying, ‘Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.’”

TESTIMONIES RESPECTING THE BUSHMEN OF SOUTH AFRICA, WITH INTERESTING EXAMPLES.

(FROM PHILIP'S "AFRICAN RESEARCHES.")

The Bushmen are doubtless in a very ignorant and degraded state; but what has been adduced in proof of their incapability of being improved, affords a better criterion of their depressed condition, than of the absence of mental capacity. Many of the accounts which have been published respecting the savage, ferocious, and untameable character of the Bushmen, can scarcely be read in Africa without a smile. The civilization of that degraded people is not only practicable, but might be easily attained: while they are by no means deficient in intellect, they are susceptible of kindness; grateful for favours; faithful in the execution of a trust committed to them; disposed to receive instruction; and, by the use of proper means, could be easily brought to exchange their barbarous manner of life for one that would afford more comfort.

In a journey undertaken into the interior of a colony in 1819, we had two Bushmen in our train. One of them had only been a few months in the service of our missionary when he joined us; and we had not in our party any one that was more teachable, faithful, and obliging. During the last four months of our journey, he served at table; and after a month's apprenticeship, conducted himself with as much propriety as any English servant might have been expected to do with as little training.

The following extract of a letter, dated 24th Nov., 1825,

from Sir J. Brenton, Bart., giving an account of a Bushman boy brought by him from the Cape of Good Hope, may be adduced as strongly confirmatory of the opinions which have been advanced of the talents and disposition of the Bushmen people :—

“HERMES is an honour to his race, and a distinguished proof of what these amiable people are capable of. He possesses the sweetest disposition, and the strongest attachments possible. With all the fun and merriment you remember in him, there is a depth of thought and solidity of understanding that is really astonishing. He has been living for the last year with my sisters at Bath, to whom he is invaluable as a servant, and even as a friend. He heard some time since, of an approaching confirmation, and expressed a wish to be confirmed. My sister mentioned it to the Archdeacon, who requested to see him, and, after a long conversation, pronounced him to have attained a most extraordinary degree of knowledge in religion. He was accordingly confirmed, and became the subject of universal conversation. A clergyman, who had heard of the circumstance, begged to see him, and cross-questioned him in every way. He asked him which of all the characters in the Old Testament he should have wished to have been, had it been possible. Hermes reflected for some time, and then said firmly, ‘David, sir.’ ‘What? sooner than Solomon, whose prosperity was so great?’ ‘Yes, sir; both were sinners; but David, we know, repented of his sins; while there is no passage of Scripture which gives us the same opinion of Solomon.’ This is the substance of his answer, which greatly surprised his auditors. His memory is wonderful: he brings home every sermon, and comments upon it with extraordinary exactness.”

Col. Collins, in his report to government in 1809, speaks of the Bushmen as being most liberally gifted by nature with talents. To the same effect, the following passage, related to me as a part of an address delivered by a

Bushman to his countrymen, at a missionary station, when some colonists were present, may be adduced as displaying a very considerable knowledge of Scripture, and no mean share of ability. "Why is it," said he, "that we are persecuted and oppressed by the Christians? Is it because we live in desert lands, clothe ourselves with skins, and feed on locusts and wild honey? Is there anything morally better in one kind of raiment, or in one kind of food, than another? Was not John the Baptist a Bushman? Did he not dwell in a wilderness? Was he not clothed with a leathern girdle, such as we wear? And did he not feed on locusts and wild honey? Was he not a Bushman? Yet Christians acknowledge John the Baptist to have been a good man. Jesus Christ (whose forerunner he was) has said that there has not arisen among men a greater than John the Baptist. He preached the doctrine of repentance to the Jews, and multitudes attended his ministry; he was respected even by the Jews, and preached before a great king. It is true John the Baptist was beheaded, but he was not beheaded because he was a Bushman, but because he was a faithful preacher; and where, then, do the Christian men find anything in the precepts or example of their religion to justify them in robbing and shooting us, because we are Bushmen?"

Sparrmann gives the following description of the manner in which these people were treated when he travelled in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. "The Slave business, that violent outrage against the natural rights of mankind, which is always in itself a crime, and leads to all manner of misdemeanours and wickedness, is exercised by the colonists with a cruelty towards the Bushmen, which merits the abhorrence of every one, though I have been told that they pique themselves upon it: and not only is the capture of the Hottentots considered by them merely as a party of pleasure, but, in cold blood, they destroy the bands which nature has knit between husband and wife,

and between parents and their children. Not content, for instance, with having torn an unhappy woman from the embraces of her husband, her only protection and comfort, they endeavour all they can, and that chiefly at night, to deprive her likewise of her infants; for it has been observed, that the mothers can seldom persuade themselves to flee from their tender offspring."

In the instructions given to Col. Collins by the Colonial Government, on his visit into the interior, among other subjects on which he was called to collect information, his attention was particularly directed to the Bushmen. Having studied their character, as far as his opportunities allowed him, he asserts, without the slightest qualification,—that there is not upon the face of the globe a people possessed of better natural abilities or more susceptible of mental or moral improvement.

A Bushman, says Dr. Philip, on one occasion remarked, that before they heard the Gospel, they had several times stolen cattle, but declared they would do so no more; that they now detested stealing, particularly as means were put into their hands whereby they might support themselves; and the missionary adds, in a letter in my possession, that had the institution been continued, as far as civilization is concerned, a better race of men could not, perhaps, have been found.

A. Faure, a respectable colonial clergyman, writes as follows, respecting the Bushmen:—"I visited," says he, "the spot lately occupied by Mr. Smith, (at Toverberg, South Africa). Here I found a beautiful garden, an excellent vineyard, fine wheat, &c., &c. Some of the Bushmen, whom Mr. Smith baptized, had acquired very rational ideas of the principles of the Christian religion; and appeared to feel its constraining influence in their habitual conduct. They were zealous in trying to convey the same inestimable blessings to their unhappy countrymen, who lived without God, and without hope in the world. It

was delightful to hear the children sing the praises of Jehovah, and to witness the progress they have made in spelling and reading. These facts, which have come under my own observation, prove that the conversion of this race of immortal beings is not impossible."

Uithaalder, the Bushman Chief of Toverberg, and a few of his people, were baptized by the missionary Smith, and their good sense and piety, and the improvement which had taken place in their condition, excited the admiration of others as well as the clergyman above quoted.

Some singular stories had been told us, says Dr. Philip, while travelling in the colony, respecting the chief Uithaalder and his family. On their being driven from Toverberg, we were told that he and a few who adhered to him had been cruelly treated; that they were then hiding in the most retired parts of the district; that they were reduced to live upon roots only, and what game they could catch in the night; that they were afraid to appear abroad in daylight, for fear of being shot; that, in this situation, they kept up the worship of God among themselves, and that the chief constantly exhorted them to remain steadfast in their profession, and to continue instant in prayer to God that he would again send them a missionary in the room of those that had been taken from them.

ANTHONY WILLIAM AMO,

Born in Guinea, was brought to Europe when very young; and the Princess of Brunswick took charge of his education. He pursued his studies at Halle, in Saxony, and at Wittemberg; and so distinguished himself by his talents and good conduct, that the Rector and Council of the University of the last mentioned town, gave a public testimony to them in a letter of congratulation.

Amo, skilled in the knowledge of the Latin and Greek

languages, delivered with success, private lectures on philosophy, which are highly praised in the same letter. In an abstract, published by the Dean of the Philosophical Faculty, it is said of this learned Negro, that having examined the systems of the ancients and moderns, he selected and taught all that was best of them. Besides his knowledge of Latin and Greek, he spoke Hebrew, French, Dutch, and German, and was well versed in astronomy.

In 1774, Amo published dissertations on some subjects which obtained the approbation of the University of Wittemberg, and the degree of Doctor was conferred upon him. The title of one of these was “Dissertio inauguralis philosophica de humanæ mentis ΑΠΑΘΕΙΑ: seu sensationis ac facultates sentiendi in mente humana absentia, et earum in corpore nostro organico ac vivo præsentia, quam præside, etc., publice defendit autor Ant. Guil. Amo Guinea-afër philosophiæ, ect. L. C. magister, etc., 1734, in 4°, Wittenbergæ.”

Another was entitled “Disputatio philosophica continens ideam distinctam earum quæ competunt vel menti vel corpori nostro vivo et organico, quam consentiente amplissimorum philosophorum ordine præside M. Ant. Guil. Amo, Guinea-afër, defendit Joa. Theod. Mainer, philos., et J. V. Cultor, in 4°, 1734, Wittenbergæ.” At the conclusion of these works are letters of approbation from the Rector of the University of Wittemberg, who, in speaking of one of them, says:—“it underwent no change, because it was well executed; and indicates a mind exercised in reflection.” In a letter addressed to him by the president, he styles Amo, “vir nobilissime et clarissime. Thus the University of Wittemberg has not evinced a belief in the absurd prejudice which exists against the Coloured portion of mankind.

The Court of Berlin conferred upon Amo the title of Counsellor of State, but after the death of his benefactress, the Princess of Brunswick, Amo fell into a profound

melancholy, and resolved to leave Europe, in which he had resided for 30 years, and to return to the place of his birth at Axim, on the Gold Coast. There he received, in 1753, a visit from the intelligent traveller, David Henry Gallandat, who mentions him in the Memoirs of the Academy of Flessingue, of which he was a member. Amo, at that time about fifty years of age, led there the life of a recluse. His father and a sister were living with him, and he had a brother who was a Slave in Surinam. Some time after, it appears, he left Axim, and settled at Chama.

The Abbé Gregoire, from whose work the foregoing particulars are translated, says, that he made unavailing researches to ascertain whether Amo published any other works, or at what period he died.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE has been justly designated "one of the most extraordinary men of a period in which extraordinary men were numerous." He is a remarkable instance of genius exhibiting itself in the Negro race, although, as in most other cases, having to contend with circumstances very inconducive to the free growth either of the moral qualities, or the intellectual faculties of the mind. Among the individuals of the African race who have distinguished themselves by intellectual achievement, Toussaint L'Ouverture is pre-eminent; and while society is waiting for evidence of what the Negro race at large can do and become, it seems only rational to build high hopes upon such a character as that of the man, who was, as a Dictator and a General, the model upon which Napoleon formed himself;* who was as inclined to peace as renowned in war; and who will ever be regarded in history, as one of the most remarkable men of an age teeming with social wonders.

* See "Biographie Universelle;" art. "Toussaint."

Toussaint was born on the plantation of the Count de Noé, situated a few miles from Cape François, in the Island of St. Domingo, in 1743 or 1745. His parents were African Slaves on the Count's estate. His father, it is said, was the second son of Gaou Guinou, the King of a powerful African tribe, who, being taken prisoner by a hostile people, was sold to some White merchants, who carried him to St. Domingo, where he was purchased by the Count de Noé. Being more kindly treated by his master than is usually the lot of his race, the son of Gaou Guinou was comparatively happy in a state of Slavery. He married a fellow-slave, a girl of his own country, and by her he had eight children, five sons and three daughters. Of the sons Toussaint was the eldest.

The Negro boy grew up on the plantation, performing such little services as he could, and altogether his life was as cheerful, and his work as easy, as that of any Slave boy in St. Domingo. The first employment of the little Negro was to tend the cattle; and the earliest recollections of his character, were of his gentleness, thoughtfulness, and strong religious tendencies. He had some of the advantages for thought that the herdsmen of the East enjoy,—long days of solitude, spent under a bright sky, with all the luxuriance of nature shed around, and an occupation which required little of either the head or the hands. But all this would be nothing to a mind which had never been roused. Toussaint would have vegetated like the grass he stretched himself upon, if some superior mind had not given him thoughts, or excited him to think for himself: whose mind this was, whether that of parent, master, companion, or priest, is not known.

One thing is certain, that Toussaint's good qualities soon attracted the attention of Bayou de Libertas, the agent of the estate, who treated him kindly, and by some means he learned to read and write, and acquired some knowledge of arithmetic. But whether the agent caused

him to be taught, or whether he owed his knowledge to a Negro named Pierre Baptiste, or whether he learned by noticing others, is disputed. Pierre Baptiste was a Black on the same plantation, a shrewd and intelligent man, who had acquired considerable information, having been educated by some benevolent missionaries. An intimacy sprung up between Pierre and young Toussaint, and it is probable that all that Pierre had learned from the missionaries, Toussaint learned from him. However this may have been, certain it is, that the acquisitions of Toussaint, which also included a little knowledge of Latin, and some idea of geometry, were considerably more than were possessed by one in ten thousand of his fellow Slaves; and it would seem a fortunate circumstance, that so great a natural genius should thus be singled out to receive the unusual gift of a little instruction. Yet, what Toussaint became, others of his race might have been also, had similar advantages been administered to them as fell to his lot.

Toussaint's qualifications, in conjunction with his regular and amiable deportment, gained him the increased love and esteem of his master, and led to his promotion. He was taken from the labours of the field, and made the coachman of M. Bayou, the overseer—a post of considerable dignity,—a situation, indeed, as high as a Negro could at that time hope to fill.

The increased leisure his situation afforded was employed in cultivating his talents, and collecting those stores of information which enriched his mind, and prepared him for a more extensive and important sphere of action. In this, and in higher situations to which he was subsequently advanced, his conduct was irreproachable, and while he gained the confidence of his master, every Negro in the plantation held him in respect. Though there is but little recorded of his early life, it appears that he was noted for his benevolence, and for a stability of temper that scarcely anything could discompose. He was also remarkable for

sedateness, and an invincible patience. His religion taught him to endure patiently, and to refrain from inflicting upon others anything which he would not have inflicted on himself. Through life, in the lowest humiliation of his servitude, and in the majesty of his virtual sovereignty, he was temperate in all kinds of enjoyments, and remarkable for preferring the pleasures of the mind to those of the body, manifesting singular strength of religious sentiment.

In person, Toussaint was about the middle size, with a striking countenance, and a robust constitution, capable of enduring great fatigue. At the age of twenty-five he married a Negress, to whom he always manifested the most unswerving attachment, uniting with her in all the cares of domestic life. They had several children, who became objects of his tender, affectionate, and parental solicitude, and they were brought up with great judgment and tenderness.

The subsequent remarkable career of Toussaint, which led to his great renown, by constituting him the ruler of the country in which he had been brought up a Slave, is so intimately connected with the history of St. Domingo that we must glance at the state of affairs which rendered the island for several years a theatre of war and contention between the White population and the Blacks.

At the period when the French Revolution broke out, St. Domingo belonged partly to the Spaniards and partly to the French. This beautiful island, which lies near to Jamaica, is 390 miles long, and 140 broad, at its widest part. About two-thirds of it belonged to the Spaniards, and the remainder, the western end, to the French. The north and east coasts are barren; but the interior spreads into fertile plains, where the Spaniards were rich in wild horses and cattle. The part belonging to the French was divided into three provinces, in which were a few flourishing towns, and many rich plantations cultivated by Slaves. It contains some high mountains, and many beautiful

valleys, shaded with cacao groves and coffee plantations ; while in the plains were fields of cotton, sugar, and tobacco, separated from each other by hedges of limes, citrons, and beautiful flowering shrubs.

The inhabitants of the French provinces of the island were of three kinds—Planters, who were Whites, (French men, or their descendants,) Free People of Colour, and Slaves. The numbers of these three classes were supposed to be nearly as follows in 1790 :—

Whites	30,800
Free People of Colour	24,000
Slaves	480,400

So that there were nearly sixteen times as many Slaves as Whites ; while, at the same time, the Free People of Colour might, by themselves, have been almost a match for the Whites in case of a war of the races.

When the French Revolution broke out, news arrived in the colony of St. Domingo, of what was doing in France. It might have been supposed that the Planters, a small body of gentlemen, holding a large number of Slaves, and living in the midst of Mulattoes, to whom, though free, they would not allow the rights of citizenship, would have been anxious to prevent anything being said about the Rights of Men, and upon Social Equality. It strangely happened, however, that when they were speaking of Man and his Rights, they were thinking only of White men ; and it seems never to have occurred to them, that dark-complexioned men would desire or endeavour to obtain their share of social freedom. The Mulattoes, however, considered that they were as much entitled to social liberty of every kind as any other men ; and while the White planters were drinking popular toasts, and displaying the banners sent over to them from France, and hailing a new age of the world, (forgetting that they were all the time oppressing the Mulattoes, and holding fellow-men as property,) their dusky neighbours were planning how *they*

might best claim from the French government the rights of citizenship, from which they were shut out by the proud Whites. A dreadful war followed, in consequence of the absolute refusal of the Whites to admit them to an equality. The French government first favoured one party and then the other, and thus exasperated the deadly hatred which the two parties mutually bore.

The Slaves, for some time, kept very quiet, supposing that *they had no concern in the affair*. Their masters were so much in the habit of despising Negroes that they do not appear to have dreaded their Slaves hearing anything about the principles of liberty. It is not known whether the Mulattoes stirred up the Slaves to attempt their freedom, or whether they did it of their own accord. The Mulattoes had been put down, for a time, by the Whites, and it is probable they set the Slaves to rebel for them; but all that is known is, that a fire broke out on a plantation on the northern part of the island, in August, 1791, and it soon appeared that all the Slaves in the province were acting in concert, and rising against their masters. The north-western part of the island blazed with fires; the household Slaves were locked up by their owners; and the Whites began fortifying the towns.

When the insurrection of the Negroes commenced, Toussaint was about forty-eight years of age, and still a Slave on the plantation on which he was born, in the midst of the district in which hostilities first began. Great exertions were made by the insurgents to induce a Negro of his respectability and reputation to join them; but he steadily refused taking any part in the early revolutionary movements, being one of the last to stir in the insurrection; indeed, he was often heard to lament his brethren rising at all. He feared and believed that their objects were revenge and plunder; he mourned over their excesses, and kept quiet himself, in the conviction that it was better to endure personal injuries than to avenge them. The moment,

however, he perceived that the struggle was of a political nature, and that the rights of a class were in question, he joined his brethren, and stepped in a moment out of Slavery into freedom. He had nothing to do with the fires and massacres of August, 1791; but joined the insurgents as soon he was convinced that they had a principle of union, and an end in view.

Many of the Planters had made their escape from the island, and fled with their families to foreign countries; but the master of Toussaint was one, who, not having made an early retreat, was on the point of falling into the hands of the infuriated Blacks; but his humane and beneficent treatment of this worthy Slave was not forgotten. When the plantation on which Toussaint had served was endangered by the approach of the Negro forces, with considerable care and ingenuity, and at the risk of his own life, he secured the safety of his master and family, by secreting them in the woods for several days, and finally provided for their escape from the island, by putting them on board an American vessel, with a considerable quantity of produce, on which the fugitives might be enabled to support themselves in exile. Nor did his gratitude end here: after their settlement at Baltimore, he availed himself of every opportunity of making them such remittances, as he could snatch from the wreck of their property, frequently sending them some additional proof of his gratitude and friendship. Conduct so noble, in the midst of such barbarities as were then enacting, indicated great originality and moral independence of character.

Having performed what he considered to be an act of duty, in providing for the safety of his master, Toussaint, who had now no tie to retain him longer in servitude, perceiving both reason and justice in the struggle which his oppressed race were making to regain their liberty, attached himself to the body of Negroes. Presenting himself to the Black General, Jean François, he was received into the

army, in which he at once assumed a leading rank. A certain amount of medical knowledge, derived in the course of his reading, enabled him to unite the functions of physician with those of military officer, and he was called physician to the forces. He soon rose from the rank of aide-de-camp to that of colonel.

The army he had joined was under royalist commanders in the Spanish part of the island, and was opposed to the French republican planters. He knew and cared little for the state of parties in France: he was fighting for his Black brethren against their White oppressors, and for a long time he was not aware that he was affording his favour in testimony of the same despotic principles in France, which he was contending against in St. Domingo.

Toussaint was posted at Marmalade, with his Negro troops, under the command of a Spanish general, when he heard of the Decree of the French Convention, of February 4th, 1794, which confirmed and proclaimed the liberty of all Slaves, and declared St. Domingo to be an integral part of France. This news opened his eyes to the truth, that in opposing the republicans he was fighting against the freedom of the Blacks. He lost no time in opening a communication with Laveaux, the republican commander; and in a few days joined him with a considerable Negro force, delivering up several Spanish posts of great importance. The Spanish general, Hermona, had exclaimed, a few days before, on seeing Toussaint receive the sacrament, that God never visited a purer spirit; but now, confusion and terror reigned among the Spaniards, and the name of the Negro commander was reviled as it had before been honoured. It is hinted by historians that ambition was one cause of the defection of Toussaint; that he had little hope of rising to the rank held by Jean François in the Spanish forces, while he hoped for a great addition to his honours from the French general. Laveaux made him brigadier-general, but watched all his movements, fearing

that a man who had once changed sides might be liable to change again.

The power which Toussaint speedily obtained over the ignorant and barbarous soldiery, (the released Slaves, whom he commanded,) was indeed wonderful enough to fix the attention of all who were around him,—the wisest and most experienced of whom were as much under the spell of his influence as the most degraded. It was by his observation of men's minds, and by his own decision of character, that he obtained this influence. He had not yet had the opportunity of showing valour: he was so far from eloquent that his words were few, and the utterance of them awkward and difficult; he had but just emerged from Slavery. But he knew that the Blacks wanted a leader, and he felt that he was the leader they wanted; and this conviction gave him a confidence in arrangement and action, which made him the master of all the minds about him. To assist him in his military operations, we are told in some curious notes written by his son, "that, imitating the example of the captains of antiquity,—Lucullus, Pompey, Cæsar, and others, he constructed a topographical chart of that part of the island, marking accurately the position of the hills, the course of the streams," &c. So much did he harrass the commissioners, that when the Spanish posts fell, one after another, into the hands of the French, one of them exclaimed, "Cet homme fait *ouverture* partout!" "This man makes an *opening* everywhere." This expression getting abroad, was the cause of Toussaint being ever afterwards called by the name of *Toussaint L'Ouverture*; which may be translated, Toussaint the Opener, or the Opening. Toussaint, knowing the value of a good name too well to disclaim the flattering addition, willingly adopted it, building upon it an assurance to his dark brethren, that through him they were to obtain a bright and peaceful future.

But the distrust with which Laveaux regarded Toussaint,