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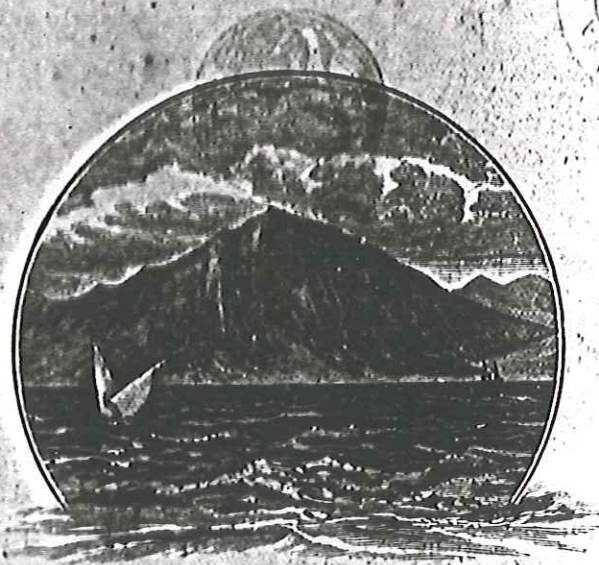
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EDITED BY

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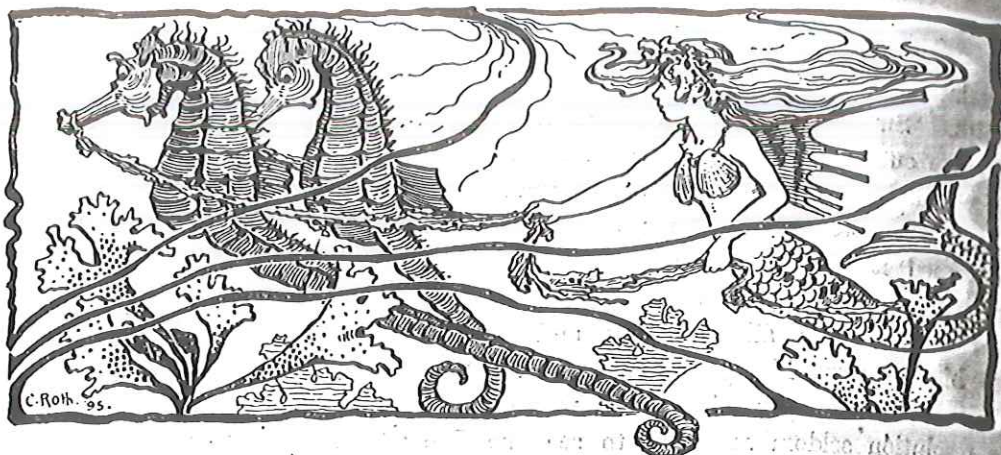
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CHAPTER XXII.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

How the Public Conscience Awoke—Wilberforce and Pitt—Opposition of Liverpool Slave-Merchants—Statistics of the Traffic—The *Brooks*, a Typical Slaver—Her Fittings and Provisions—Horror of the "Middle Passage"—Story of the *Delight*—The Slaves Mutiny—A Slaver Blown Up—Forty Days without Provisions—Captain William Lugen Flings a Baby Overboard—"A Man of Great Humanity in Other Respects"—Story of the *True Blue*—The Work of Abolition—Lord Palmerston's Bill and Its Provisions—Sir Richard Grant's Description of the Havana Slavers—The *Venus* and *Socorro*—The "Barracoons" at Havana—How Slaves were Bought—Breaking Up the Slavers—Disguised Vessels—The *Paqueta de Rio* and Her Cargo—The Suppression is Prosecuted with Vigour—Michael Scott's "Tom Cringle"—An Awful *Finals*—A Just Cause for English Pride.

WE have already seen how the negro slave traffic originated with John Hawkins, the merchant venturer of Bristol, whose arms—a demi-Moor, proper, bound with a cord—commemorated his assiduity in transporting blacks from Africa to the labour fields of the New World; and we have shown that the slave trade during Elizabethan times was regarded as a perfectly legitimate business. The public conscience in this country took more than two centuries in awakening to a perception of the iniquity which lay in the wholesale kidnapping practised by the Guineamen. History has no more striking illustration to offer, perhaps, of the tardy recognition of a great evil. Now and again, it is true, a solitary voice would be raised in protest, but it generally passed unheeded; or, if the appeal chanced to be powerful enough to attract some degree of attention, plenty of advocacy was sure to follow sufficient to carry conviction to the easily satisfied public mind. Defoe tolerably well interprets the national feeling on the subject of the slave trade by the manner of indifference with which he describes ventures to the African coast—in just the same fashion as he would narrate a voyage in quest of logwood, or spice, or sugar-cane. Slavery was an existing fact, and very few troubled to speculate upon the honesty of the traffic.

It is not our purpose to trace in these pages the gradual revulsion of the

public conscience, or the efforts of that small band which, headed by William Wilberforce, at length brought about the condemnation of the slave trade. In the year which followed the adoption by this country of Free Trade with France, the spirit of philanthropy then abroad gave warm support to the religious movement against the traffic, a movement started by the Wesleys.



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

(From the Picture by G. Richmond, R.A.)

One of the profits which England had reaped from the triumphs of the Duke of Marlborough was a monopoly of the traffic in human beings between Africa and the Spanish dominions; and England it was that planted slavery in America and the West Indies. In 1788 the younger Pitt, "after a conversation in the open-air, at the root of an old tree, just above the steep descent into the Vale of Keston," with his friend William Wilberforce, resolved to bring in a Bill for the abolition of the slave trade. The Bill was, indeed,

introduced, but fell before the stout opposition of the Liverpool slave merchants and the general indifference of the House of Commons. Liverpool was a hardened and stubborn sinner in the matter of this nefarious barter, and an anecdote is told of a certain celebrated actor which well exemplifies the ill-odour she had got into on this account. Whilst performing at one of the theatres in the old city, he caught an audible hiss. Stopping dead in his part, he advanced slowly to the footlights, glowering at the audience, and exclaimed, "You hiss me! Why, confound you! there isn't a brick in all your cursed city that's not cemented with the blood of a negro!"

It was not until the year 1833 that the system of slavery, which still flourished in many of our colonies, was finally abolished, at a cost of twenty millions sterling. To the younger generations it is difficult to realise that their living grandsires can easily hark back in memory to a day when slavery, though no longer legitimate, was a horrible reality in many of Britain's possessions. The old slaver is a craft which has utterly vanished off the face of the ocean. In our own times her successor is the Arab dhow, manned by a thin-limbed, swarthy-faced crew; but the period is not so very remote when she was the swift and tidy schooner, hailing from Bristol, or Liverpool, or London; when from the Thames her piratical form was again and again to be beheld setting forth, under an enormous expanse of white wings, on her voyage to the African coast, there to fill up her hold to suffocation with an ebony freight for the Antilles. Her mission was as well-known as that of the peaceful old Margate hoy leisurely dropping down the river, yet she was suffered to go without let or hindrance. A flourishing trade it was, and no mistake, that these villainous craft drove during the latter days of the last century! Wilberforce, in his Twelve Propositions submitted to the House of Commons in 1789, said that the number of negro slaves carried away from the coast of Africa in British ships was supposed to amount to about 38,000 per annum. One may judge of the extent of our trade in blacks in the last age, and how considerably ahead we were of all other Christian nations under the sun in this sort of traffic, by a little entry in the "Annual Register" for July, 1769, which runs to this effect:—"The number of negro slaves bartered for in one year (1768) on the coast of Africa, from Cape Blanco to Rio Congo, by the different European nations amounts as follows: Great Britain, 53,100; British Americans, 6,300; France, 23,520; Holland, 11,300; Portugal, 1,700; Denmark, 1,200. In all 104,000, bought by barter for European and Indian manufactures, chiefly at £15 sterling each, amounting in sterling money to £1,561,500."

A return was published in 1792 of the number of ships that had cleared from the ports of London, Liverpool, and Bristol bound for the coast of Africa for the purpose of filling up with slaves. The abstract covered the three preceding years. From Liverpool sailed 250 craft; from Bristol, 64; and from London, 49. Lindsay's "History of Merchant Shipping" preserves a curious and

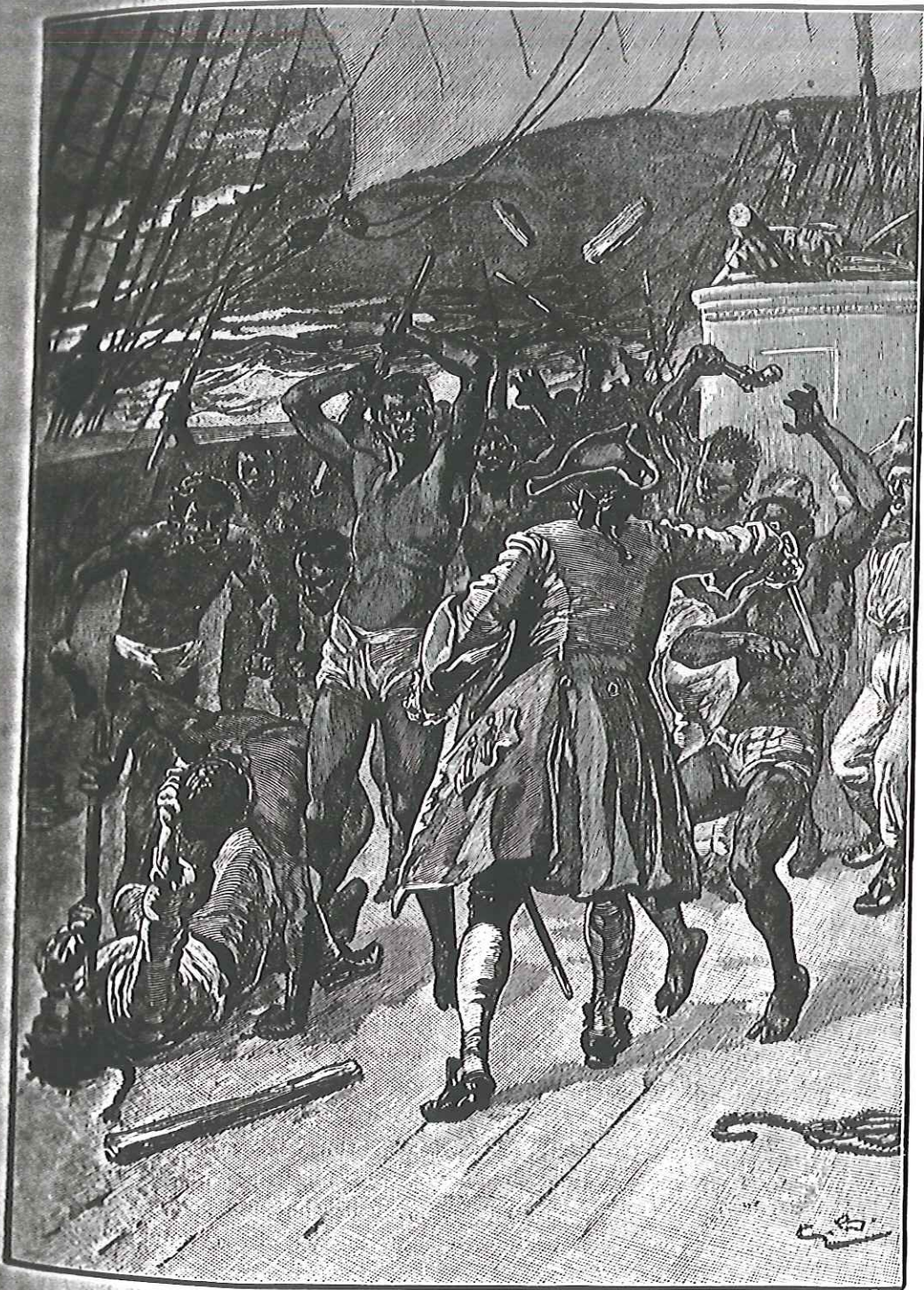
interesting account of a slaver of the year 1786. She was owned by Messrs. J. Brooks & Co., of Liverpool, and, after them, was christened the *Brooks*. By her description she must have been a rakish vessel, frigate-built, and pierced for twenty guns. On one voyage from the coast of Africa she carried, in addition to her crew, 609 negroes—men and women, boys and girls. The accommodation for these wretched creatures is somewhat minutely described. The total length of the vessel was just 100 feet, and her beam a trifle over 25 feet. The length of the men's quarters under hatches was 96 feet, and in this space were stowed away 351 male slaves. The women's room, on an upper platform, was 28½ feet, and here were lodged 121 women and 41 girls. The length of the boys' room was 13 feet 9 inches, and in this space were lodged 90 lads!

Figures such as these enable one to realise to some degree the horrors and iniquities which were practised in the slave trade. Out of these areas of feet and inches grew the barbarities, the anguish, the tragedies, which, to this hour, sicken the soul of the man who reads about them. We have only to picture such a spectral fabric as the *Brooks* rising and falling quietly upon the long heave of the brassy equatorial swell, the sails bleaching in the motionless air, and six hundred and nine beings pent up in the hold in an atmosphere rendered pestilential by their own persons, and hot as the breath of a furnace, with the fires of the sun beating right over the mastheads on to unsheltered decks—we have only to conjure up such a vision as this in order to appreciate the agonies of which a slaver was commonly the theatre. From an account of the victuals supplied to the blacks on board the *Brooks*, they do not seem to have been ill-fed. A list of the provisions she carried is preserved in Lindsay's valuable work, and we read that of split-beans, peas, rice, shelled barley, and Indian corn the slaver had on board 20 tons; of ship-bread, 2 tons; likewise 12 cwt. of flour, 2,070 yams (weighing about 7 lb. apiece) and 34,000 gallons of water. In addition, she carried a stock of brandy, rum, and wine, vinegar and molasses, palm oil, some barrels of beef, a few hundred-weight of stock-fish, and some pepper. From this one may gather that the slaves in the last century were neither badly nor sparely fed whilst at sea; but, then, it would obviously have been mistaken policy to starve the human cattle, which commanded market value according to their condition. One would scarcely suspect that the slave-dealer fed them well out of mere humanity, or with no further purpose in view than to reconcile his pursuit to his conscience by a little show of philanthropy.

Forty-nine days from the Gold Coast to the West Indies! Forty-nine days of burning heat, of the suffocating hold of the *Brooks*, of imprisonment in an interior little more than five feet high, so that a man of average stature could not stand erect in it! The keenest imagination must fail to picture the horrors that entered into the passage of those six hundred and nine negroes across the ocean, from the land of their birth to the country of their bondage.

GC21Q11 Stabbed - Negroes

MARINES 11



"STABBED ONE OF THE NEGROES" (p 433).

Funkhouser & Miller
p. 842

misleading
not accurate

also published in
Rodriguez, World Slavery
p. 223

Corbis-Bettmann
also
Oetle-Hausfeld

send boats ashore or invite canoes to approach the ship in order to put together a full cargo. The typical duration of trading by slave vessels ranged from four to six months along the Windward Coast to six to ten months on the Gold Coast. In many places, slaves were purchased singly or in pairs, rather than by the dozen or the score. A few days before embarkation, the slaves usually had their heads shaved. They were often branded with their owner's initials and were inspected to ensure physical suitability. Olaudah Equiano, an enslaved Igbo transported to Barbados and then Virginia and eventually freed, recalled how, when he was first carried on board ship, he "was immediately handled, and tossed up, to see if I were sound." Equiano vividly recalled his terror: "When I looked round the ship too, and saw a large furnace or copper boiling, and a multitude of black people of every description chained together, every one of their countenance expressing dejection and sorrow, I no longer doubted of my fate; and, quite overpowered with horror and anguish, I fell motionless on the deck and fainted." The slaves were usually stripped naked, apparently to facilitate cleanliness, were chained in pairs, and segregated by sex in holds. The space between the decks averaged four to five feet. The effects of this close confinement, stench, and general despair led many slaves, like Equiano, to avoid food and wish for death.

No specialized slave fleets existed. Slave vessels were drawn from the regular merchant marine and transported a varied cargo. As a result, vessels clearing for Africa often had temporary platforms to accommodate slaves that were then removed on the next leg of the journey. During the eighteenth century, British slaving vessels averaged about a hundred tons, although the size increased later in the century. Brigs and snows, which were two-masted, middling-sized craft, were the most popular slaving vessels. American slavers tended to use smaller craft, often sloops and schooners. The average number of slaves on board a ship as it left Africa was about 330, and 290 when it arrived in the Americas, but cargo size varied considerably from one African region to another. Ships usually carried twice as many slaves from West-Central Africa than from Senegambia or the Windward Coast. Over time, ships tended to become larger and more specialized, as merchants responded to the need for speed and bulk. In the 1770s, slave captains were the first to introduce copper sheathing on the hulls of their vessels. This innovation reduced the costs of maintenance and increased the speed of ships.

Slavers were well armed, and their crews were sixty percent larger than on regular merchant ships. Feeding, supervising, nursing, and, most important, guarding slaves required many hands: a rule of thumb was



A slave revolt breaks out aboard an eighteenth-century slave ship. [Corbis-Bettmann]

one sailor for every ten to fifteen slaves. Security concerns certainly merited the presence of a large crew, for one on-board slave rebellion occurred every four and a half years (or every fifty-five voyages) in the Rhode Island trade; while the British trade saw a slave rebellion every two years. Attacks on slave vessels by shore-based Africans and on-board slave rebellions (most of which occurred at the port of lading or within a week of setting sail) were not randomly distributed by region. Rather, such incidents were much more likely to occur on ships leaving Senegambia than on ships leaving the Niger Delta or Angola. What explains these regional differences is not yet apparent, but the effects seem transparent. The regions with the strongest records of resistance were the regions with the smallest number of slave departures.

Most African regions funneled a majority of their forced emigrants to a single region in the Americas. Thus, three-quarters of those leaving Southeast Africa went to South-Central Brazil; two of three Africans from the Bight of Biafra left for the British Caribbean; 60 percent of the Bight of Benin's forced emigrants

See
VFFH

We may figure the crouching, dusky forms huddled together in the dim twilight of the 'tween-decks; we may catch, in fancy, the moaning of women, the guttural murmuring of manacled men, the gasping of little children yearning for one more taste of the freedom and fresh air in which their whole existence had hitherto been spent; but the visionary picture at best can be but a vague and faint presentment. Of all the vessels that ever sailed the sea, none can approach the slaver for the degradation and the bitter, burning shame her existence put upon the generations who built, employed, and sanctioned her.

Bearing the *Brooks* in mind as a type of the slaver of her day, let us recall a few anecdotes of slavers of the age to which she belonged. These brief, obscure scraps in the black chapter of our maritime history are wonderfully instructive. Occasionally—seldom, indeed, but still sometimes—Nemesis overtook the crew of a slaver with horribly tragic results. Here is a narrative told by one Mr. Boulton, who went as ship's surgeon on board a slaver named the *Delight*, in the year 1769:—

It was upon a Sunday morning, about 3 o'clock, that the people who slept in the after-cabin of the *Delight* were awakened by a sudden outburst of wild, fierce cries from the negroes, followed by several shrieks from the seamen who were on deck. Mr. Boulton relates how he sprang out of his bunk, and rushed to awaken the captain, named Millroy; but, in the act of arousing him, he was struck over the shoulders with a billet of wood, and wounded in the back of his neck by a blow from a cutlass, by a couple or more of negroes who had come below unnoticed and unheard by him. The cries of the people who were being murdered on deck, he says, were so appalling that he was rendered insensible to the pains of the wounds he had received. He contrived to arm himself with a pistol, and ran up the ladder; "but," he exclaims, "how shall I paint the scene that there was acting! Gilbert Bagly, a promising young man, was laid upon deck, crying for mercy, and he had his arms and legs cut off by these butchers." The captain, closely following Boulton, stabbed one of the negroes in the side and laid open the forehead of another; then fell, mutilated by the savages. Boulton sprang into the rigging and took refuge in the maintop, where he found the cook and a boy hiding. Shortly afterwards they perceived two men creep up on deck out of the interior of the vessel, and one of them nimbly sprang aloft and gained the top; but the other was caught and struck down as he ran, and cut to pieces. In the maintop they had got some fresh water and two knives. Getting upon the topmast stay, Boulton worked his way along into the foretop, where he came across another knife. On returning to his companions in the maintop he was assailed by billets of wood, hurled by the crowd of blacks who were watching him from the deck; but, he tells us, he was not very much terrified after he had rejoined his friends, as he believed they would be able to defend themselves, unless the negroes contrived to come

at the fire-arms. There was a vessel named the *Apollo* in company, and towards her the *Delight* was drifting, her sails being untrimmed, and nobody at the helm. Boulton shouted to this craft repeatedly, and at last his hail was heard. But, by this time, the negroes had ferreted out the arms' chest, and, on Boulton calling out, they fired two muskets at him. So terrified was one of the people in the top that he straightway descended to the deck, imagining that his life would be spared in order that he might steer and show them how to navigate the vessel. As he stepped out of the shrouds, however, his skull was split in twain with an axe, and his body flung to the sharks. The *Apollo*, now discovering how matters stood with the *Delight*, fired a broadside, hoping to intimidate the slaves. All this while the blacks continued blazing away at Boulton and his comrades. Finding that, owing to the shelter of the top, they could not bring their muskets to bear, a colossal negro, armed with a pistol and cutlass, ascended the rigging; but, on his big head showing above the rim of the top, Boulton hit him a mighty blow with an empty quart bottle, and the giant fell stunned into the sea. The niggers fought with the *Apollo* for upwards of four hours, and killed one of her people. Apparently they would have prolonged the engagement but for the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder, which set the *Delight* on fire. Boulton, who seems to have been a man of great courage—he tells his own story—hailed the captain of the *Apollo* to board in the confusion which followed this disaster, and himself descended to the deck, followed by the cook and the boy. The sight of the flames seems to have entirely subdued the slaves, who stood quietly looking on whilst the crew of the *Apollo* went to work to put out the fire. They were then driven below and secured, after having killed nine men and lost eighteen of their own number.

It did, indeed, sometimes happen that an uprising of this sort was terminated in a most tragically abrupt manner. A vessel whilst becalmed off the coast of Guinea was seized by the slaves who formed her cargo, and who, as usual, murderously assailed the crew. The carpenter of the ship, finding there was no hope of escaping from the infuriated wretches, and choosing rather to perish by his own hand than fall into their clutches, rushed below into the magazine and blew the vessel up, with two hundred and seventy slaves on board.

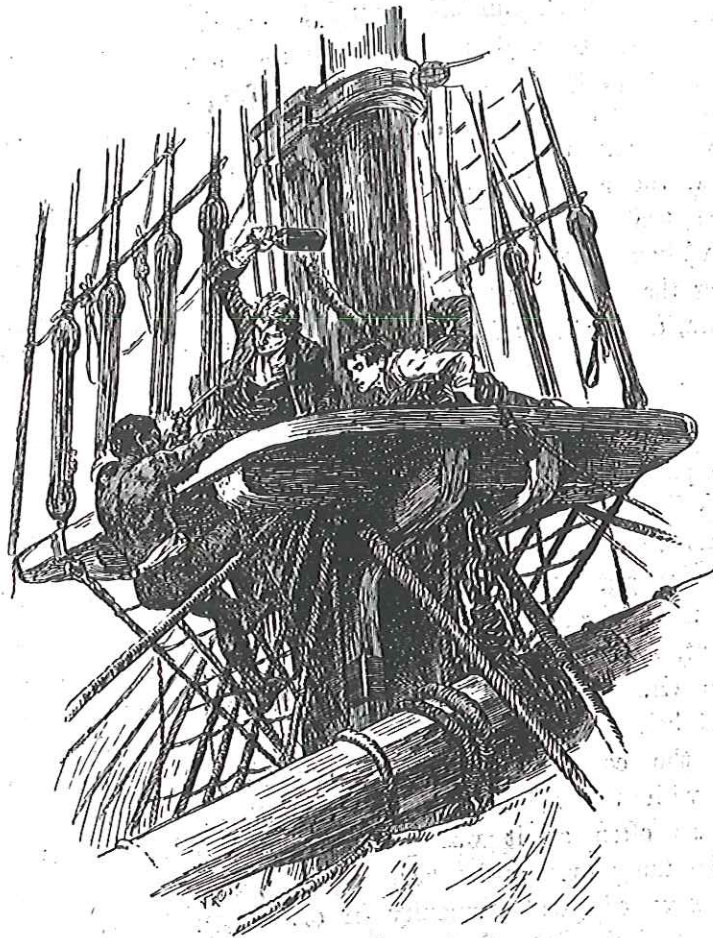
Another anecdote throws a light upon the risk as well as the horrors which attended the slave trade during the last century. In the year 1766 a sloop sailed from Antigua, having on board the captain, named Jones, the owner, one Williams, the mate, three seamen, and thirty-three negro slaves, men, women, and children. A violent squall carried away the whole of the sloop's sails, and the vessel lay helpless, at the mercy of the wind and sea. She was provisioned with but stores enough to last out her voyage, and during the many days in which she lay helpless, these gave out. Famine stared the crew in the face; and, at length, goaded by hunger into an act of cannibalism, they took the body of a dead negro child and devoured it. The narrative goes

en to relate that the little crowd of slaves fell mad with rage and suffering, and in the frenzy of their passion contrived to break loose and gained the deck. In a breath they set upon the crew; killed the owner and the mate; hacked them to pieces with knives seized in the caboose, and flung them overboard. The captain received a ghastly wound, but notwithstanding had life enough left to enable him to spring aloft. Finding himself pursued by several of the negroes, he worked his way in an agony of desperation down the main topmast-stay, thence slid down the jib-stay, sprang on to the forecastle, and contrived to drop into the hold, where he secreted himself. One of the seamen lay dying from his wounds on deck, and the others had taken refuge in the forepeak, and lay in hiding until the rage of the slaves had abated, when they came forth, and were spared that they might navigate the vessel to Bermuda. How they got along without sails or food the narrative is not particular in relating: merely stating that when the sloop eventually made port she had been fifteen weeks at sea, during forty days of which her wretched people were without provisions.

We may get a pretty good notion of the value in which the life of a slave was held in the palmy days of the Guineaman by the result of the trial of one Captain William Lugen, in 1759, for the murder of a negro child. The prisoner was in command of a slaver hailing from Bristol, and had taken in a living freight of two hundred blacks upon the coast of Africa for sale in the markets of Carolina. Among the unhappy people was a negress with an infant, and early in the voyage the woman died of some malignant disease. The child at the same time was ill of the distemper, and the sailors sent it below into the slaves' quarters to be tended. But the negroes—knowing the contagious nature of the disorder—refused to have anything to do with the little one, and threatened to toss it up through the hatchway as often as it was passed below. Whereupon the captain ordered it to be flung overboard. "He appeared," runs the account of his trial, "to be a man of great humanity in other respects. He was acquitted; for the judge told the jury there could be no premeditated malice in the case."

Anecdotes of a similar character might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but one more instance must suffice. This time it shall be an extract from a letter written at Liverpool, and dated in the year 1769:—"The mate of the *True Blue* arrived here last Saturday from St. Thomas's, and brings the following account from the fourth mate, who has arrived here, of the transactions on board that unfortunate ship, after the doctor, mate, etc., left her. Two out of the five white people left on board her the blacks threw overboard; the fourth mate they cruelly mangled and left for dead, having cut his throat, as they supposed, and stabbed him in three or four places, but none of his wounds were mortal; he afterwards concealed himself until the

ship was run on shore, which happened in a week from the insurrection between Appee and Wydah. Two of the five men left on board, as soon as the ship struck, flung themselves on shore from the jibboom end; the fourth mate, not being able to do it so expeditiously, remained concealed till all had left the vessel, when he followed. The Annamboe slaves shot all the

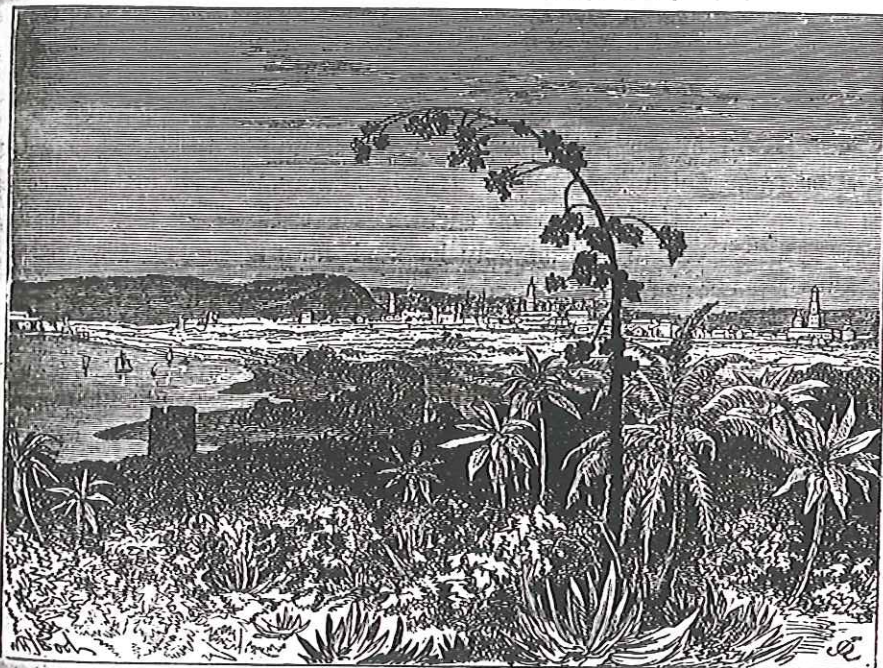


"HIT HIM" (p. 434).

Benin men to the number of nearly 200 through the gratings, at their first taking possession of the ship; but after they got on shore with all the women, boys, and girls, they set off for Annamboe, as they thought, but went the wrong way. This they found out, and, returning back, they overtook the poor wounded and half-dead fourth mate. They saved his life on condition he would bring them to Annamboe, but they were soon met by a body of blacks and whites from Wydah; the eighteen Windward slaves stood upon the defensive, and shot some of the Wydah men, but were soon overpowered, and they instantly ripped open the belly of him who acted on board as captain, and cut off the hands of three or four others; all the rest were taken to Wydah, and sold to a Frenchman. The cargo of the ship, when taken, consisted of 500 slaves, three tons of gum copal, 2,200 double pawn cloths, besides carpets, etc., all which, if brought home safe, would have been worth £20,000 sterling; and perhaps the most profitable voyage ever made from Guinea."

So that slaying was not without its risks, even to those who as yet had nothing to fear from the white ensign. Passing on from our brief review of the slave traffic in its palmyest days, so far as this country is concerned, we

come to the period when the moral work of abolition having been achieved at home, it fell to the lot of the British Navy to carry out the practical part of the task. It was one thing to legislate, but quite another to enforce. For years after the prohibition of slavery, the trade was carried on with scarcely diminished vigour. The Yankees, gaining in power as a maritime nation, and at the same time feeling the necessity of importing labour to develop the vast resources of their soil, entered upon the illicit commerce which two generations later was to be the means of plunging their mighty republic into one of the most terrible struggles the world has ever seen. Long after the last English



HAVANA.

slaver that ever degraded the red flag had been captured, the canvas of the American negro ships continued to whiten the ocean off the West African coast. The indignation of the people of this country was virtuous and thorough. James Montgomery was writing his poems of denunciation; Henry Russell was singing his stirring songs; Charles Dickens was painting with his master hand all the iniquities of Yankee slavery, and a strong demonstration of abhorrence was the result. Possibly the recency of our own conversion made us all the less tolerant of the sin of others.

Be this as it may, the British Navy was not long in recognising the slaver as a lawful prize, let her nationality prove what it might. Wilberforce had played his part nobly, but it was for the guns of British ships to do the real stern part of the business. Lord Palmerston's Slave Trade Suppression Bill, passed in 1839, gave naval officers plenty of licence in dealing with any

suspected vessel. It was enacted: "That every such vessel shall be subject to seizure, detention, and condemnation, under any such order or authority, if in the equipment of such vessel there shall be found any of the things hereinafter mentioned, namely—

"Hatches with open gratings, instead of the close hatches which are usual in merchant vessels.

"Divisions or bulkheads in the hold or on deck more numerous than are necessary for vessels engaged in lawful trade.

"Spare planks fitted for being laid down as a second or slave deck.

"Shackles, bolts, or handcuffs.

"A larger quantity of water in casks or in tanks than is requisite for the consumption of the crew of the vessel as a merchant vessel.

"An extraordinary number of water-casks, or of other vessels for holding liquids, unless the master shall produce a certificate from the Custom House at the place from which he cleared outwards, stating that a sufficient security has been given by the owners of such vessel that such extra quantity of casks, or of other vessels, should only be used for the reception of palm oil, or for other purposes of lawful commerce.

"A greater quantity of mess tubs or kids than are requisite for the use of the crew as a merchant vessel.

"A boiler of an unusual size, and larger than requisite for the use of the crew of the vessel as a merchant vessel, or more than one boiler of the ordinary size.

"An extraordinary quantity, either of rice or of the flour of Brazil, manioc or cassava, commonly called farina of maize, or of Indian corn, or of any other article of food whatever, beyond what might probably be requisite for the use of the crew; such rice, flour, maize, or Indian corn, or other article of food, not being entered on the manifest as part of the cargo for trade.

"A quantity of mats or matting larger than is necessary for the use of the crew of the vessel as a merchant vessel.

"Any one or more of these several circumstances, if proved, shall be considered as *prima facie* evidence of the actual employment of the vessel in the transport of negroes or others, for the purpose of consigning them to slavery, and the vessel and cargo shall thereupon be condemned to the Crown, unless it be established by satisfactory evidence on the part of the master or owners that such vessel was, at the time of her detention or capture, employed on some legal pursuit, and that such of the several things above enumerated were found on board of such vessel at the time of her detention, or had been put on board on the voyage on which, when captured, such vessel was proceeding, and were needed for legal purposes on that particular voyage."

There was no nonsense about the spirit or the wording of this Act; neither were there any half-measures in the Navy's interpretation of it. Swift vessels

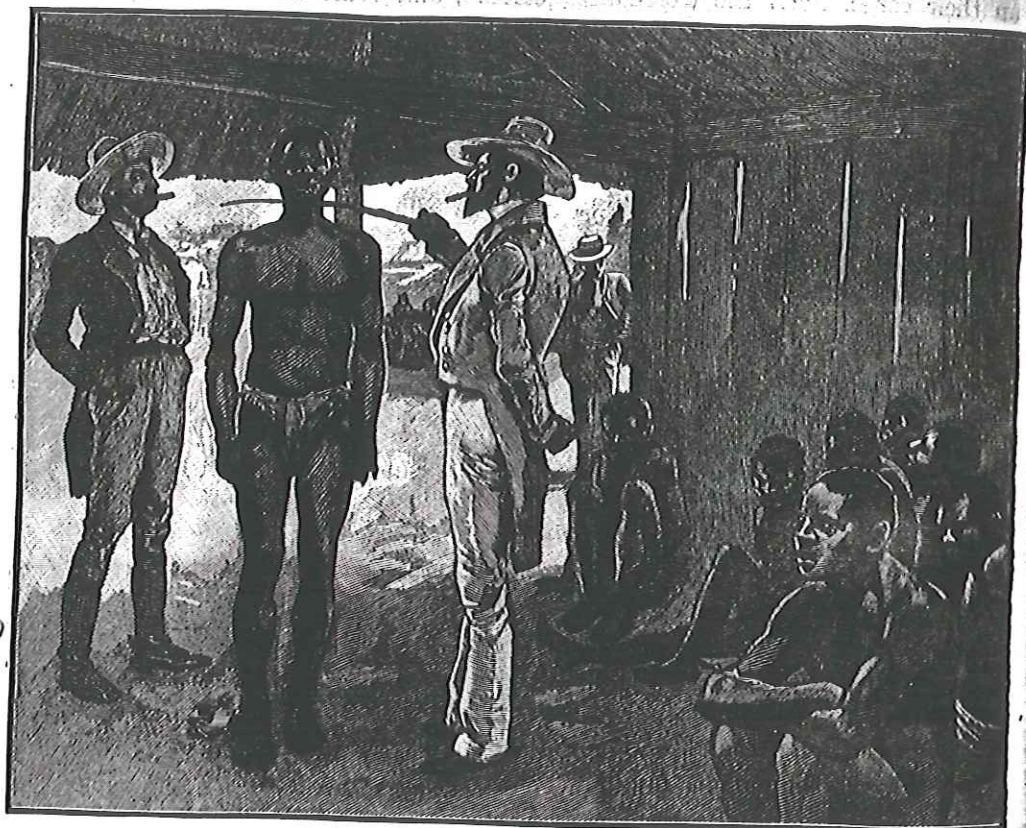
of the fleet were commissioned for cruises in the waters of the Antilles and the West Coast to put a stop to the traffic. That glorious sea yarn, "Tom Cringle's Log," gives us many a stirring picture of the warm work done by our Bluejackets amongst the slavers of Cuba. Captain Sir Richard Grant, of H.M.S. *Cornwallis*, who visited Havana in 1837, found the port crowded with slavers, and relates some very interesting particulars of them in his journal of the voyage, published in the *Nautical Magazine* of that year.

"The slave vessels," he says, "are interspersed among the shipping on the Cuban shore, and are easily distinguished by their very neat and rakish appearance. At the time I write there are upwards of twenty ships—brigs, brigantines, and a fanciful variety of schooners; scarcely a day passes but that some of them slip out always under the Spanish flag, and others, having run their cargo, hoist the Portuguese colours, and come boldly in. The two largest and finest are the ships *Venus* and *Socorro*, each about 350 tons. They are much masted—in fact, all legs and wings; I was surprised at their immense topsails. They are two beautiful corvettes, pierced for twenty guns, fitted in most costly style, and well found. The *Venus* is as sharp as our river steamers, and looks rather ticklish; her first voyage she made in three months and fourteen days, landing close to the Havana 830 slaves; it was considered the best speculation that had been made for a considerable time, and well rewarded the proprietors, who made the captain a present of 20,000 dollars. The *Socorro* arrived, having landed near Port Mariel 570 slaves, upwards of 200 having died on the passage. I went on board just as she anchored; she was very filthy, had thrown her guns overboard or landed them. The captain, who was a Frenchman, said that they had had very bad weather; he was chuckling at having eluded the *Nimrod*, which vessel came in about an hour after him. She had two chronometers by Barraud and Arnold, excellent compasses, indeed no expense is spared to ensure speed and safety. An ex-lieutenant of our service is said to have made several very successful voyages. The number of slave vessels has much increased within the last three years, and each vessel is required to make more voyages. What with insurances and the small number captured as compared with the great number fitted out, the loss and check is trifling; on an average, I was informed by a Spanish merchant whose authority may be relied upon, our captures do not amount to more than three per cent."

Later on, Sir Richard Grant gives a description of the slave depôts of Havana, which is of much interest. "The barracones, or barricades," he writes, "places where the slaves are confined and exhibited for sale, are all situated about a mile outside the city; they have grounds attached sufficient to raise most of the food, and the establishments have the appearance of order and cleanliness. The different apartments, which are very large rooms or covered enclosures, had about 100 slaves in each, who had been sorted as to age, size, and sex. The barracones are well-filled, the demand was great,

and the stock easily kept up. A Spanish gentleman who had purchased eight slaves, and was selecting others, afforded an opportunity of observing this singular and heartless transaction. For a healthy, able person he paid 400 dollars. We were asked how many we wanted, but were soon made out to be English, and taken no further notice of. In concluding this short notice of slaves and slave-ships, I may mention as to the difficulties of condemning, owing to false papers; that the *Venus* has three sets—Spanish, Portuguese, and American—for one of which 10,000 dollars were paid."

Contemporaneously with Palmerston's Slave Suppression Bill, an Act was passed commanding that, for the future, all slavers captured by British war-ships, and condemned, should be destroyed, and not sold. From this date, therefore, came in the practice of sawing the vessels in halves. The following



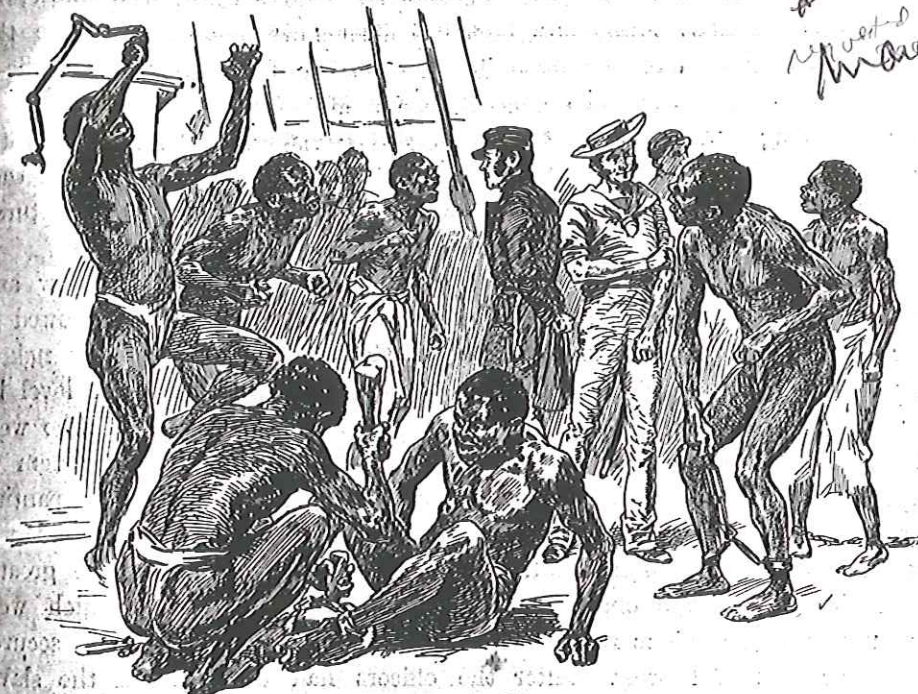
"SELECTING OTHERS" (p. 440).

paragraph, cut from a number of the *Southampton Advertiser* for October, 1836, is somewhat of a curiosity, as recording the sale of the last slaver which was thus disposed of:—

"On the 14th ult. the Captain's Room at Lloyd's was crowded with ship-owners, masters, and others to witness the sale of a captured slave vessel,

At
Mar 10

the last which can be exposed to public sale within any part of the British Dominions, all such vessels, by a recent Act of Parliament, being in future to be broken up, and not sold. The vessel sold was the coppered brig *Cazador*, condemned, *re* His Majesty, by the Vice-Admiralty Court at Gibraltar



"THEY WERE FREE!" (p. 412).

as forfeited for a breach of the laws for the prevention of the slave trade, and is now entitled to a British register in consequence. By a letter received from Sierra Leone, dated the 17th of July, it appears that there are twenty-four empty vessels fitted as slavers, lying there, which have been detained during the past seven months by the squadron on that station. The *Gazita* schooner, captured by the *Pylades*, had been condemned, hauled up, cut into two parts, and afterwards sold for £132."

The slavers plying between Cuba and the West Indies, finding that they were easily recognised by the eagle eyes of the British naval officer, had recourse to various methods for disguising their real identity. Mr. H. Davy, Master, R.N., writing an account of the voyage of H.M.S. *Thunderer* in 1843, says: "In Havana, and other western ports, the slavers are known and admired for their beauty of form, tall spars, and rakish, Red-Rover-like appearance; they are also well-found, and, as far as lavish expenditure can effect it, made efficient. But how changed the system in the Mozambique, and, I believe, generally in connection with the Brazils, and possibly as a *ruse* for ports in the West Indies! The vessels thus employed bear the semblance of the fair-trading

merchantmen as much as possible, being barques and ships from 300 to 450 tons burthen, of American and Baltic build, and preserving the resemblance, in paint and general appearance, below and aloft. They are generally well-found, and, if such a word can be allowed, are the most comfortable ships for the slaves. The smaller vessels, wretched in every respect, look like crazy old coasters of various forms and rigs, but mostly as brigs. Such are the guises that slavers assume in pursuit of their horrid, but too lucrative, traffic—from the celebrated *Venus* and *Socorro*, to these unseaworthy craft."

The following extract from the *Sierra Leone Watchman* for November 15th, 1846, very graphically recounts some of the horrors of the slave trade of that age. The vessel referred to is the Brazilian brigantine *Paqueta de Rio*, captured off Sherbro:—

"The five hundred and forty-seven human beings—besides the crew and passengers (as they styled themselves), twenty-eight in number—were stowed in a vessel of 74 tons! The slaves were all stowed together, perfectly naked, with nothing but the surfaces of the water casks, which were made level by filling in billets of wood, which formed the slave-deck. The slaves who were confined in the hold—it being utterly impossible for the whole of them to remain on deck at one time—were in a profuse perspiration, and panting like so many hounds for water. The smell on board was dreadful. I was informed that, on the officers of the *Cygnat* boarding the slaver, the greater part of the slaves were chained together with pieces of chain, which were passed through iron collars round their necks; iron shackles were also secured round their legs and arms. After the officers had boarded, and the slaves were made to understand they were free, their acclamations were long and loud. They set to work, and, with the billets of wood which had hitherto formed their bed, knocked off each other's shackles, and threw most of them overboard. There were several left, which were shown to me. We will leave it to the imagination of your readers what must have been the feelings of those poor people when they found they were again free—free through the energy and activity of a British cruiser. On examining the poor creatures, who were principally of the Kosso nation, I found they belonged to and were shipped to different individuals; they were branded like sheep. Letters were burnt in the skin two inches in length. Many of them, from the recent period it had been done, were in a state of ulceration. Both males and females were marked as follows: On the right breast, J.; on the left arm, P.; over women's right and left breasts, S. and A.; under the left shoulder, P.; right breast, R. and R. J.; on the right and left breasts, S. S.; and on the right and left shoulder, S. S. This is the same vessel that cleared out from here about three weeks previous to her capture for Rio de Janeiro. The slaves were all embarked from the slave factories at Gallinas, under the notorious Don Luiz, and the vessel under way in five hours; and had there been the slightest breeze she would have escaped. Among the slaves there were two men belonging to

Sierra Leone—a man named Peter, once employed by Mr. Elliott, the pilot; he stated that he had been employed by a Mr. Smith, a Popohman, to go to the Sherbro to purchase palm-oil, and that whilst pursuing that object he was seized and sold by a Sherbro chief named Sherry."

The writer then works out the probable profit which would have accrued to the venturers in this voyage had it proved successful. The average price paid for the slaves was about £4 a head, in the following goods: One piece of blue baft, one piece of satin stripe, one piece of romal, one musket, and one hundredweight of tobacco. The average price of a prime slave in the Brazils was from 400 to 500 dollars, but taking the value at half the latter figure, and presuming that the *Paqueta de Rio* had landed two-thirds of her miserable freight, the profit would have amounted to very nearly £12,000.

It is cheerful work reading of the wholesale captures of slavers by our men-of-war in the maritime journals of those days. Take, for example, such a paragraph as this, from the *St. Helena Gazette* of September 13th, 1845:—

"We learn from our vessels of war stationed on the western coast of Africa that, from the 1st of April, 1844, to the 6th of April, 1845, no fewer than seventy-five slavers have been captured by them, the Americans having during the same period captured one slaver, making a total of seventy-six captured vessels during a period of fifteen months and six days."

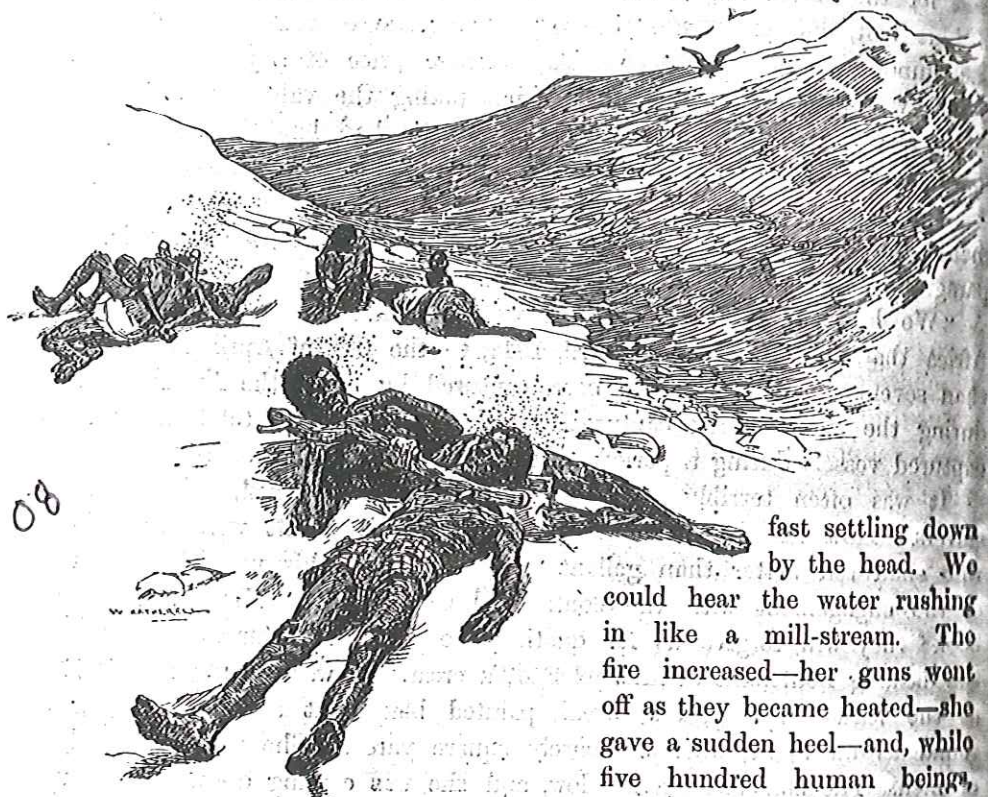
It was often terribly warm work, though, for our men, this capturing of slavers. How fiercely the crews of these devilish craft were wont to fight who shall tell better than gallant Tom Cringle, in his matchless description of the engagement with the contraband Guineaman? Many will know the book; they will forgive us for quoting the passage. "Our antagonist," writes the dashing lieutenant of Michael Scott's creation, "was a large brig—300 tons at the least—a long, low vessel, painted black out and in, and her sides round as an apple, with immensely square yards. She was apparently full of men. The sun was getting low, and she was coming down fast on us, on the verge of the dark blue water of the sea breeze. I could make out ten ports and nine guns of a side. I inwardly prayed they might not be long ones, for I was not a little startled to see through the glass that there were crowds of naked negroes at quarters, and on the fore-castle and poop. That she was a contraband Guineaman, I had already made up my mind to believe; and that she also had some fifty hands of a crew, I also considered likely; but that her captain should have resorted to such a perilous measure—perilous to themselves as well as to us—as arming the captive slaves was quite unexpected and not a little alarming, as it evinced his determination to make a most desperate resistance."

After a pulse-quickenng description of the battle and the usual British *finale* of boarding, we have presented to us such a picture as none other than this master-hand could have drawn:—

"But the fire was quicker than they. The smouldering smoke, that was

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rising like a pillar of cloud from the fore-hatchway, was now streaked with tongues of red flame, which, licking the masts and spars, ran up and caught the sails and rigging. In an instant the fire spread to every part of the gear aloft, while the other element, the sea, was also striving for the mastery in the destruction of the doomed vessel; for our shot, or the fall of the carronade into the hold, had started some of the bottom planks, and she was



M. 08

LEFT TO DIE.

fast settling down by the head. We could hear the water rushing in like a mill-stream. The fire increased—her guns went off as they became heated—she gave a sudden heel—and, while five hundred human beings, pent up in her noisome hold, split the heavens with their piercing death-yells, down she

went with a heavy lurch, head foremost, right in the wake of the setting sun, whose level rays made the thick dun wreaths that burst from her as she disappeared glow with the hue of the amethyst; and while the whirling clouds, gilded by his dying radiance, curled up into the blue sky in rolling masses, growing thinner and thinner until they vanished away, even like the wreck whereout they arose—and the circling eddies created by her sinking no longer sparkled and flashed in the red light—and the still waters where she had gone down, as if oil had been cast on them, were spread out like polished silver, shining like a mirror, while all around was dark blue ripple—a puff of fat black smoke, denser than any we had yet seen, suddenly emerged, with a loud gurgling noise, from out the deep bosom of the calm sea,

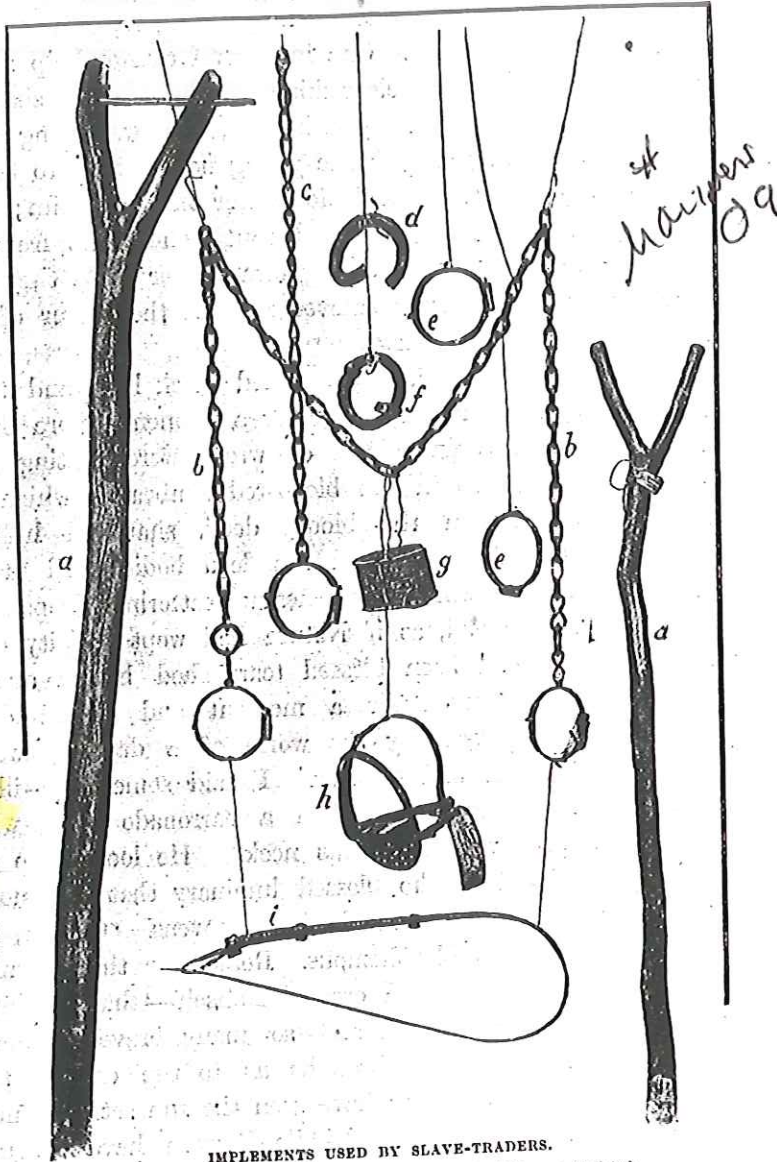
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and rose like a balloon, rolling slowly upwards until it reached a little way above our mastheads, where it melted and spread out into a dark pall that overhung the scene of death as if the incense of such a horrible and polluted sacrifice could not ascend into the pure heaven, but had been again crushed back upon our devoted heads as a palpable manifestation of the wrath of Him who hath said, "Thou shalt not kill!"

"For a few moments all was silent as the grave, and I felt as if the air had become too thick for breathing, while I looked up like another Cain."

Presently, about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, men, women, and children, who had been drawn down by the vortex, rose amidst numberless pieces of smoking wreck to the surface of the sea; the strongest yelling like fiends in their despair, while the weaker—the women, and the helpless,

gasping little ones—were choking and gurgling and sinking all around. Yea, the small, thin expiring cry of the innocent suckling infant torn from its sinking mother's breast, as she held it for a brief moment above the water, which had already for ever closed over herself, was there. But we could



IMPLEMENTS USED BY SLAVE-TRADERS.

(By permission of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.)

- a, a, The Yoke or Goree; b, c, Chains used to fasten slaves; d, Iron ring welded on to limb of a slave, which had to be severed by a chisel in order to be removed; e, f, Fetters; g, Iron Collar; h, Helmet used for gagging slaves, with pieces of iron to force tongue down; i, Corlash or whip made of rhinoceros hide.

not perceive one single individual of her white crew; like desperate men, they had all gone down with the brig. We picked up about one-half of the miserable Africans, and—my pen trembles as I write it—fell necessity compelled us to fire on the remainder, as it was utterly impossible for us to take them on board. One incident I cannot help relating. We had saved a woman, a handsome, clear-skinned girl, of about sixteen years of age. She was very faint when we got her in, and was lying with her head over a port-sill, when a strong, athletic young negro swam to the part of the schooner where she was. She held down her hand to him; he was in the act of grasping it, when he was shot through the heart from above. She instantly jumped overboard, and clasping him in her arms they sank, and disappeared together. 'Oh, woman, whatever may be the colour of your skin, your heart is of one only!' said Aaron.

"Soon all was quiet; a wounded black here and there was shrieking in his great agony, and struggling for a moment before he sank into his watery grave for ever; a few pieces of wreck were floating and sparkling on the surface of the deep in the blood-red sunbeams, which streamed in a flood of glorious light on the bloody deck, shattered hull, and torn sails and rigging of the *Wave*, and on the dead bodies and mangled limbs of those who had fallen; while some heavy scattering drops of rain fell sparkling from a passing cloud, as if Nature had wept in pity over the dismal scene; or as if they had been blessed tears shed by an angel in his heavenward course, as he hovered for a moment and looked down in pity on the fantastic tricks played by the worm of a day—by weak man, in his little moment of power and ferocity. I said something—ill and hastily. Aaron was close beside me, sitting on a carronade slide, while the surgeon was dressing a pike wound in his neck. He looked up solemnly in my face, and then pointed to the blessed luminary that was now sinking in the sea, and blazing up into the resplendent heavens. 'Cringe, for shame, for shame! Your impatience is blasphemous. Remember this morning, and thank *Him*'—here he looked up and crossed himself—'thank Him who, while He has called poor Mr. Handlead, and so many brave fellows, to their last awful reckoning, has mercifully brought us to the end of this fearful day. Oh, thank Him, Tom, that you have seen the sun set once more!'"

But the horrors of the Middle Passage have become a tradition of the past. The slave ship must take her place amongst the marine phantoms of a bygone age. We, as Englishmen, may pride ourselves that this country gloriously vindicated the slur which for generations lay upon the fair page of its history by the noble part our Navy played in the work of suppression. Britannia never ruled the waves more triumphantly than when her sons had accomplished their mission of achieving for the defenceless blacks that most priceless of God's gifts—freedom.

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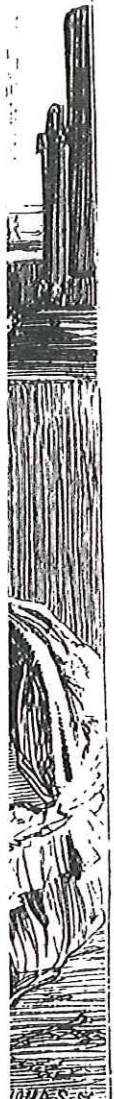
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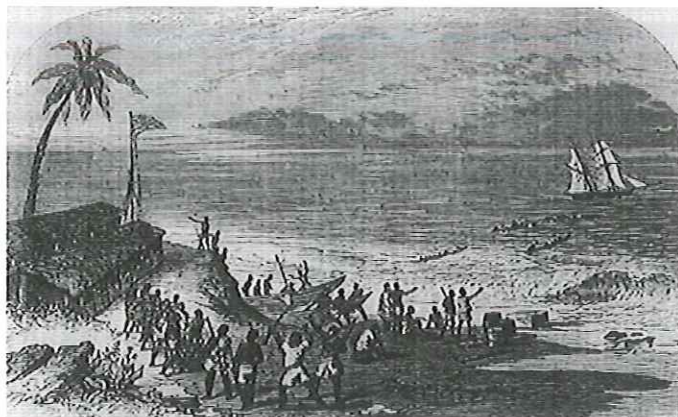
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E."—p. 79.

Image No 68 of 196 showing all pictures



Picture No 10012247

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Description SLAVERY/AFRICA

Details WEST AFRICA Embarking slaves from the African coast for shipment to the Americas

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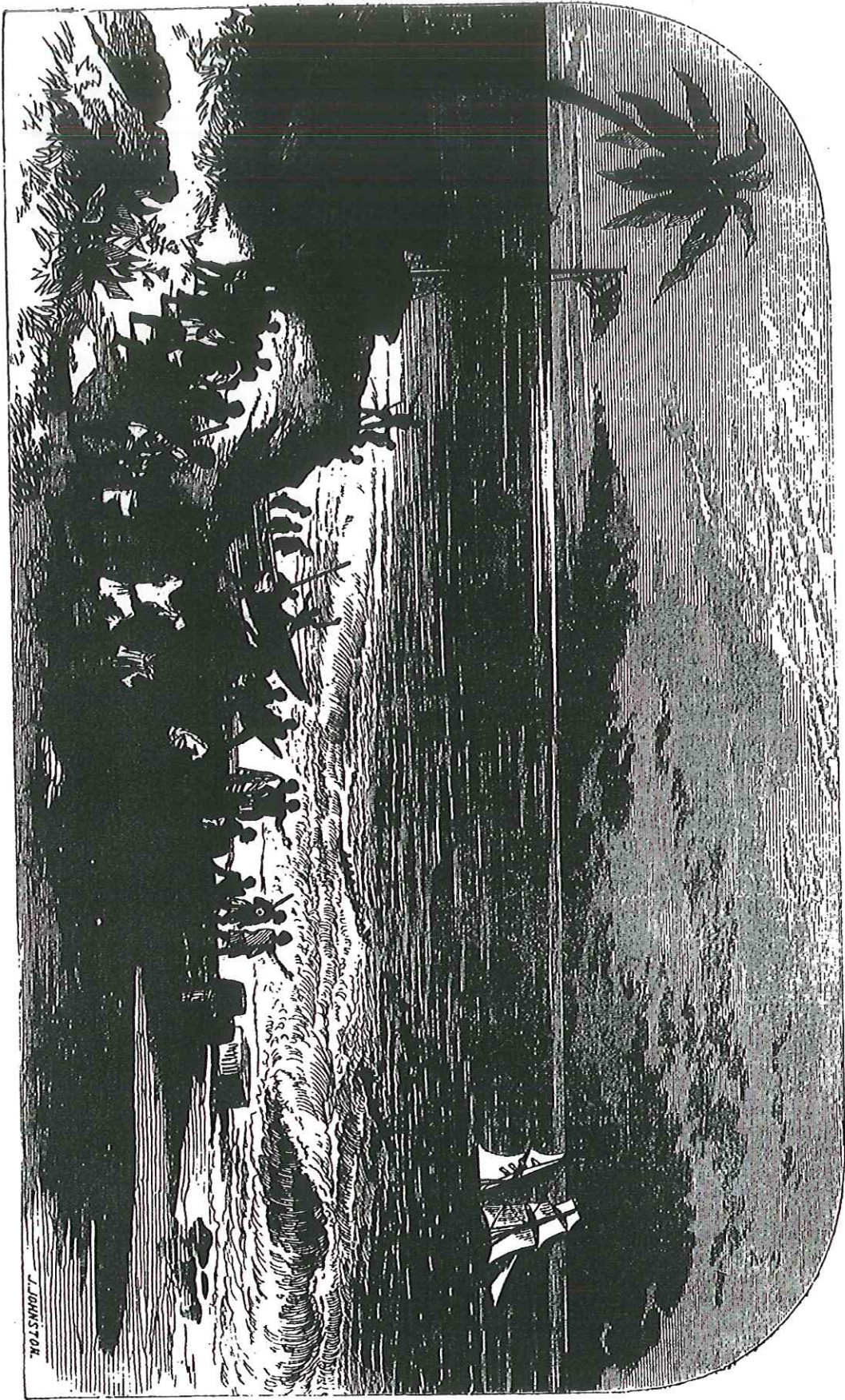
*See attached sheets
1865, vol II. , p 44*

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Vol. 2 (1865), p. 44

SHIPPING SLAVES ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.



“TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.”



HERE are two sorts of "taking thought for the morrow"—the one proper, and necessary to success, the other useless, sinful, and ruinous to one's happiness. The first kind consists in a thoughtful and serious concern for the wants and contingencies of the future, and the second kind consists in painful misgivings, forebodings, and fears in respect to the wants and contingencies of the future, when it is wholly out of our power to make any provision for them. So long as any practical good will result from painful and serious thought as to how this want shall be met, or that evil averted, a man does well to be anxious as to what he shall do in the future; but when it is beyond one's power to meet the want, or avert the evil, or secure the good contemplated, when the most serious concern, and active diligence, and unflinching earnestness can effect nothing, then anxiety becomes useless, sinful, and ruinous to happiness.

And yet how much of just such "taking thought" there is, even among Christians! What a besetting sin of many persons it is to brood over the future, and, with heart full of forebodings, and mind burdened with anxious thoughts, wonder "what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed!" How many lives, which would otherwise be happy, are made miserable by a habit of contemplating events with painful anxiety that are yet in the future, and over which they have no control!

Let, then, harassing care have no place in our minds. Firstly, because it is useless. It can do no possible good. "Which of you," said our Lord, when trying to guard his disciples from this very evil, "by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?"—can effect the slightest change in the things about which he is troubled? The strong inference from our Lord's question is, that no one ever yet did himself any good by mere anxiety about things in the future, over which he has now no control.

Secondly, we should not allow an undue care

the future to have place in our minds, so we have no right to put in one day what is to another. "Give us this day our daily bread," is the petition, and not, "Give us this day for a week, or month, or year." The future has its own wants, and its own provisions for them—so it has the present—so has each particular day of ours; and it is wrong for us to put into one day what belongs to another. This is true of all the wants and contingencies of human life. The future will have its own cares and anxieties—of them, likely—and they will be forthcoming due time; but they have no business among the cares and anxieties of to-day.

Thirdly, we should not allow an undue care of the future to have place in our minds, because it does not give us grace and strength to-day to trials that will not befall us for years to come. Grace and strength that we have to-day are not to be used with an exclusive reference to the pain or magnitude of to-day's trials. The trials that God will send upon us to-morrow, or next month, or next year, if they are heavier or needier than those of to-day, will be accompanied by supplies of grace and strength. "As they will, their strength shall be." So that, when we do ourselves about the events of the future, we lay upon ourselves a burden for which to-day's grace and strength are not adequate—God not giving us in advance, assistance to bear troubles yet in the future. No wonder that in such circumstances our hearts grow sad, and our faces pallid, and our heads ache, as we vainly attempt to stagger along under burdens that are too heavy for us, and are crushing us in the dust.

Fourthly, we should not allow an undue care of the future to have place in our minds, because it implies a want of confidence in God. The present is ours—the future is God's. He has it all in His own hands. He claims it as his prerogative to dispose of His affairs. And when we are anxious about what evil or good shall befall us in the future, we in effect doubt God's wisdom, or power, or goodness. We show a want of confidence in Him, and ought to consider that God's past faithfulness is the pledge of future faithfulness. "After so much mercy past, will he let us sink at last?"

THE DYING SLAVE

ON the heart of a gloomy, reeking swamp, A son of Africa lay,
The night shades crept round, so cold and damp,
While his life ebbed fast away.

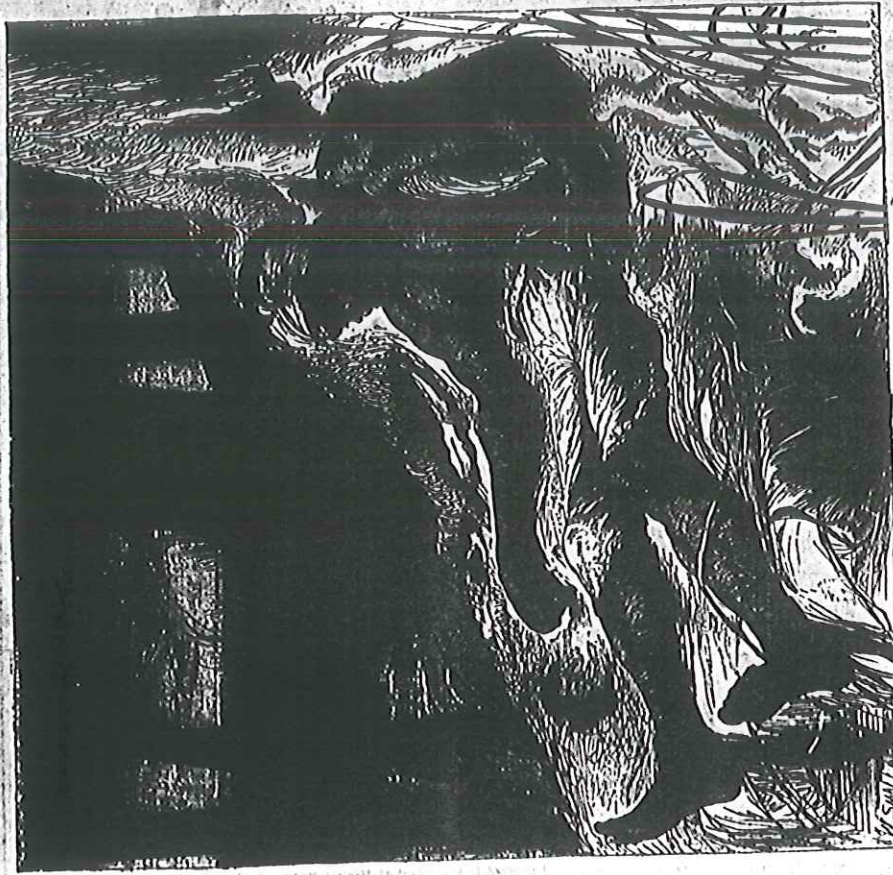
Around him there stretch'd a festering marsh,
Where chills and fevers bred;
And the gloomy pine-trees grated harsh
Around his gory bed.

The hideous toad and slimy snake
Over his bare limbs crept;

And there, in the reeking, rotting brake,
The hunted negro slept.

He slept; and a look of terror stole,
Like a cloud, across his face;
And fear and anguish filled his soul,
As he dreamt in his hiding-place.

The cry of the fierce pursuer he hears,
And the bay of the gaunt bloodhound;
And, aroused by his agonising fears,
He starts at every sound.



But all around is hushed and still,
Save the boom of the waving woods,
And the cry of some distant whip-poor-will,
In the gloomy solitudes.

Again he slept; and a smile now fits,
Like a sunbeam, round his mouth:
By his mother's knee he happy sits,
In his home in the sunny South.

Once more he plays, a little child,
'Neath the palm-tree's grateful shade,
With his happy playmates—free and wild
As a fawn in forest glade.

His bosom heaves with a heavy groan;
Like rain his tears fast pour:
For he feels, alas! that dream is gone;
He's a wounded slave once more.

Slowly his life-blood ebbs away;
The night-shades now are gone;
The glorious sun proclaims the day:
Must the poor slave die alone?

Is there no one near to soothe his pain—
To wipe the death-dew'd brow?
Yes; He who once for him was slain
Is with him even now.

No human eye looks on his form;
No human help is nigh:
But Love shines brightly through the storm,
His hopes in Jesus lie.

His cares, and fears, and painful cries
Are gone; no more he'll weep.
To heaven the poor slave raised his eyes;
He smiled—then fell asleep.

10.28.2004; Image from: The Quiver, n.s. vol. 1, part 5, March 1865, p. 377
-Annis Steiner

and powerful fortification. It is the boast of these wild people that for four centuries they have struggled against the Turks, and maintained their independence. They make no good use, however, of their freedom: there are no manufacturers or works of industry within their district. The country is unfruitful, and the soil, generally producing sufficient corn and manure for the subsistence of the inhabitants. All other comforts or necessities of life the Montenegrins had to obtain elsewhere than in their own territory; and, as he has no money to purchase, he purchases. The Montenegrin Raja boldly asserts that his position warrants him in playing the part of a bandit: that it becomes an absolute necessity that he should do so. It has been found, however, that these people can easily be reclaimed, and when they have the opportunity they can be industrious. Instances are not rare where the Montenegrin has been given land in Bulgaria: this he has cultivated with great care and industry, and has become as good a planter as his neighbours.

Speaking of Bulgaria, it has long been disputed whether the Bulgarians belong to the Bala race or not. The general opinion is that they are of the Rhinland tribe, descended from persons who settled in Bulgaria when that country was invaded by the Huns, in the seventh century, and that as the new soldiers grew in strength they drove out the Bala, who were the original possessors of the soil. Be that as it may, the Bulgarians are very different in their manners and habits to the Montenegrins. They are mild, gentle, patient, and laborious, cultivating the soil with an ability and a care which would not disgrace our most scientific agriculturists. They differ just as essentially, too, in their characters and passions. The Montenegrin will seize his gun and rush after any unfortunate Turk that should chance to come within sight of him, and take his life solely for the love of plunder. The Bulgarian, even though he may be oppressed by the Turks, will not contend with his oppressor; all he will say is, with his finger on his mouth—"Wait for the hour of deliverance."

There were times when the Bulgarians were sorely oppressed, and then many of them emigrated to Russia, but in more peaceable days they returned. As a nation they have an unconquerable attachment to their country and the religion of their fathers. Some two years ago it was pretended that the Danish priests had converted the whole of the population of Bulgaria to Popish doctrine. "Three millions of people brought into the Church of Rome" was proclaimed about the streets of London. This proved to be one of the many falsehoods so constantly uttered by the Pope's emissaries. The three millions have dwindled down to 200 individuals, and it is asserted that these are all persons whose characters are sufficiently ill-famed for the Bulgarians generally to despise them.

We have not space to devote to Servia and the Raita there, but their history differs very slightly from that of the Montenegrins, except that they lost their independence as early as 1389, since which time Servia has been in bondage to Turkey. Bosnia and Herzegovina were formerly distinct provinces, but were united under one government by a new organization given to them by Omar Pasha in 1841. The local government meet in Servia. The population of these provinces num-

ber 1,000,000, of which about a fourth belong to Herzegovina. They are much divided in religion, two-fifths are Mussulmans, the remainder are Christians—one part belonging to the Greek church the other to the Latin. The inhabitants of Bosnia who are Mussulmans, are the descendants of a native who, after having fought for independence against Mahomet II, established himself to preserve his lands and privileges. From that time he and his descendants have formed a military aristocracy, as formidable to the soldiers of Constantinople as they have been merciful to the Christians in their own country. Whenever the Porte is dared to make an attempt to take away their personal privileges, they immediately give battle. It is well known that he invariably loses the battle. It was agreed at Constantinople that their "squad heads," and that they would henceforward accept of them as "good Mussulmans."

Engaged in their castles, they took a position in front of our barons of the Middle Ages, and became the private proprietors of the soil, whilst the Christians became their vassals, and the Mussulmans resigned over the country as tyrants and despots. You recognize them when you meet them on the highways at the present day, not only by their equipments, but by a certain air of nobility and grandeur which cannot fail to strike a stranger. "I refer to them," said M. Obernal, in his report in 1835 to the French Minister of Public Instruction, "not in the *lions* (nobles) and upon the Romanian nobles on a visit to their estates. These gentlemen in the full acceptance of the word, are elegant and haughty manners, heightened by the beauty of their costume, would give them distinction in the highest European society." The perfect gentlemen, however, sometimes become worthless neighbours. The worst enemy the Raita have is not the unworthy Bey, who content himself with making his serfs pay, but the bashi-bazouk (irregular soldiers), whose plunder and depredations are horrible to relate. This excesses committed by these undisciplined robber bands fill all pages.

In 1838 an address was delivered to Prince Oulitchew, the Turkish Ambassador at Vienna, which had a great number of native signatures, calling attention to the state of this country, where the authority of the Porte is powerful only for evil. "Not only," said the address, "are atrocities inflicted by the tax-gatherers on poor persons unable to pay, but men frequently die from the cruellest of diseases, and the soldiers who accompany the collectors in their roundabouts are shut up and well nigh suffocated in stables, until a more wealthy neighbour comes forward to ransom the victim." The address concludes with accounts of sundry atrocities upon women which are too horrible for us to relate.

Our readers are aware that at the present moment the Christian Raita in Herzegovina and Bosnia are in open insurrection; they have fallen from their allegiance to the Sultan, and are seeking independence on their own terms. They are seeking union with other Christian populations in Turkey, whom they hope to be able even to defy the Sultan himself, who has taken the part of the



THE RAJA SLAVE.

10. 28. 2004: The Quiver. n.s. vol. 2, part 5, March 1865
-Annis Skinner p. 411

souls to God, and went forth from those hallowed scenes resolved to die rather than renounce the truth which had made them free. The history of one or two of these faithful converts will be interesting.

Rafary, a lady of rank, had been once conspicuous for her support of idolatry; but the grace of God reached her soul, and she was baptised by the name of Mary, and became a zealous servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. She was accused by her own slaves of reading the Bible and praying with her companions, and at once confessed herself a Christian, though she refused to give the names of her companions. The queen sentenced her to death, but, in consideration of distinguished services rendered by her father, the sentence was commuted to banishment and the conscription of half her property. Her new home continued to be like her former one, a sanctuary in the moral wilderness, but it was soon assailed and plundered, and she



THE DEATH OF LAVA.

herself off by the public executioners to undergo the law's last penalty.

As she went to the place appointed for execution she prayed in the words of the first martyr—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The place was at some distance, and as she was to be executed at dawn of day, she was brought to a house on the way for the night, bound hand and foot with chains. In the course of that night a destructive fire broke out in the capital, and amidst the universal confusion, the sentence of death was forgotten, and as many thought the fire to be a Divine judgment on the queen, and her own suspicious fears accorded with that opinion, Rafary was spared, but only to become the property of a distant relative. She treated her with great consideration and kindness, and then sold into slavery.

How, too, the hand of God was over her. She became the property of a distant relative, who treated her with great consideration and kindness, and she was soon liberated by her husband, who was a colonel in the queen's army. During this period she still sought out the company of the

and was a constant attendant at their secret meetings for prayer. The queen and her ministers, however, periodically betrayed by some had in "deans and caves of the earth," in order to destroy them. Some fled to the pursuit of the queen's soldiers, who for some had in "deans and caves of the earth," in order to destroy them. Some fled to the pursuit of the queen's soldiers, who for some had in "deans and caves of the earth," in order to destroy them.

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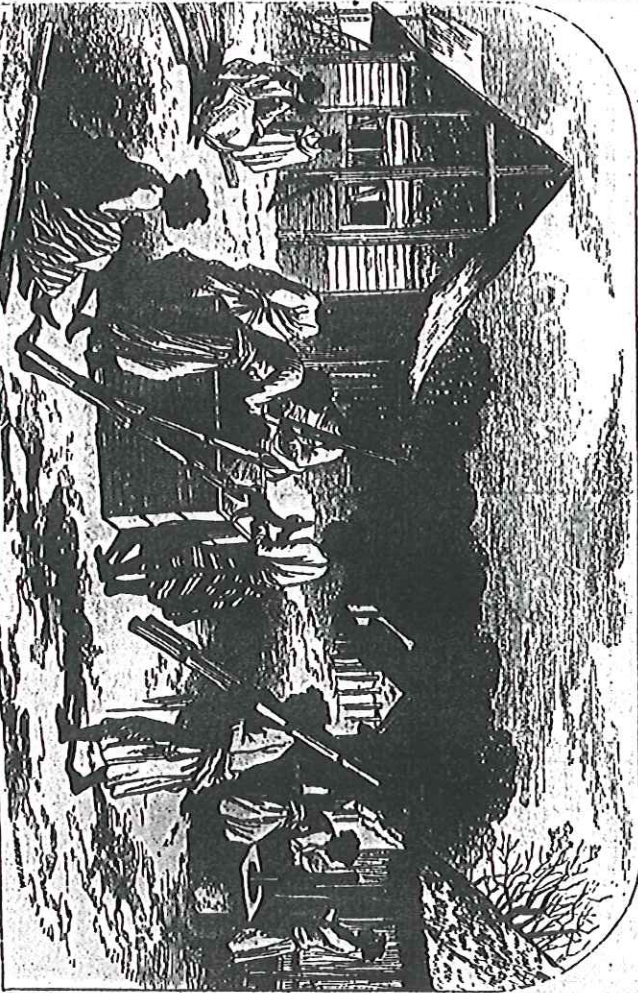
in 1822 to the Mauritius to serve her fellow Christians as occasion might offer; and in the next year accompanied Mr. Jones in his attempt to visit a mission off the coast of Madagascar, on the island of Nosibe, where, however, he was barbarously murdered.

Another of these faithful witnesses for Christ was Basalama. She was one of the earliest converts, and was doomed to die by the spears of the executioners. This noble young Christian rejected the sentence of death with fortitude, and as many thought it was granted to her to suffer shame for the name of Jesus. Her prison constantly echoed to the hymns of praise and thanksgiving. A day or two previous to her execution, her ordinary chains were exchanged for others of a more trying kind, and bars being fastened round her neck, hands, feet, and knees so as to force her body into most painful positions.

It was joyful to her to hear that the hour of her sentence was at hand. As she was led away by the soldiers she sang and prayed with the holiest fervour, and her firmness and fortitude confounded

her persecutors, and astonished all who witnessed it. Unacquainted with the power of her faith, they attributed her calmness and endurance to the effect of some magical charm; but she knew in whom she had believed, and like so many others of her fellow-Christians in Madagascar, was enabled to endure "as seeing him who is invisible."

How strange and mysterious are the ways of God! We marvel why such scenes and persecutions were permitted. We might have expected that some sudden judgment would surely fall on the rebellious queen and her royal family. But no, she was spared until about three years ago, and her only son, instead of being cut off as a judgment on such



MADAGASCAR SLAVES DRAWING WATER.

a father, had his heart so marvellously disposed to favour the Christians, that he was the means at length of allaying the fury and persecution, and of giving such timely notice and protection to the doomed converts whilst it lasted, as to save the lives of thousands. Frequently this young prince was known to come into the secret assemblies of the Christians to join their devotions, and afterwards to lift up his voice on their behalf in the council chamber of the queen.

It was in this way the mother prevailed over the monster in Ranavolama's bosom, and she became lenient to those with whom her only son had made such common cause. His mother died in 1861, and the prince succeeded her as Radama II. His early promise was not redeemed by his subsequent

career. Though he continued to be favourable to the Christian cause, and though he threw his dominions open for the return of the messengers of the cross, his private life and public policy were such as to destroy the confidence of his subjects, and he soon lost his life by a conspiracy of his own ministers.

Another queen sits on the throne of Madagascar; but the truth sounds freely throughout her empire. The missionaries are once more, at their posts, and there is neither let nor hindrance to the preaching of the Gospel. The multitudes who flocked from their hiding-places on the death of Ranavolama to proclaim their faith, as well as the tombs of the martyrs who died

during her reign rather than renounce it, give irrefragable evidence to the living power of truth, and the unquenchable brightness of Christian faith. Madagascar stands forth as, in the nineteenth century, the great proof that the Word of God in the heart, and the love of Christ in the soul, can exist, even when the gracious helps of ministers, and sacraments, and church-communication have been taken away. For five-and-twenty years did this infant church exist like the bush in the wilderness, burning but unconsumed, and long may the example of its early martyrs and confessors be blessed, not only to their immediate successors in their own land, but to all "who profess and call themselves Christians."

10.28.2004: The Queen, n.s. vol. 1, part 5, March
-Ann's Steiner
1865, p. 425.

GLEANINGS FROM THE GREAT HARVEST FIELD.

BY THE REV. W. PARKMAN WALSH, M.A.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS: THEIR PAST AND PRESENT.



ABOUT forty years ago the city of London witnessed a strange procession passing through the streets. The King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, with a strange train of leading chiefs, and a stranger retinue of dark attendants, were passing from the inspection of one remarkable sight in the metropolis to another, whilst they themselves were confessedly a far more remarkable sight than any which they beheld.



TIKUAN SACRIFICES IN THE SACRIFICIAL CHAMBER.

Men held their breath and asked, "Are these the sovereigns of those savage islands which our great navigator, Cook, discovered forty years ago, and where, though at first he was worshipped as a god, he afterwards met a cruel and bloody death? Are not these the people whose cannibalism and human sacrifices have made them a terror to our merchants? Is it not concerning these Hawaiian idolaters we are informed that every pillar in their idol temple was planted upon the body of a man who had been offered as a victim to the sanguinary deity to whom it was erected? Was it not amongst these Polynesian savages that, in 1804, when a pestilence was decimating the king's army, and

three hundred victims were seated three days before their eyes put out and their limbs broken; and who are now riding so tranquilly through our streets, beside the swine and mangled prisoners who offer, and there stabbed and beaten until they died?"

It is no wonder that such questions should be asked, and there can be no doubt that they had all been answered in the affirmative. And yet when, afterwards, this monarch and his queen and died of measles in the midst of us,

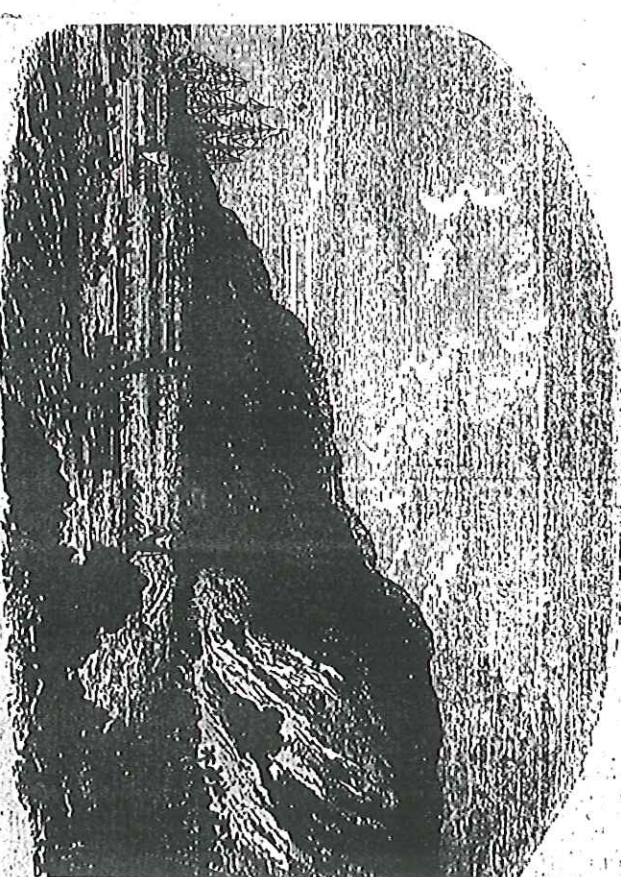
a third of regret passed through the heart of our great city, and the bodies of our strange and royal guests were conveyed back, by order of the British Government, with every mark of honour and respect, and that island kingdom over which they had ruled, and where such terrible enormities had been perpetrated.

To understand this apparent inconsistency, we must go back a little in the history of the Sandwich Islands. The events had attracted attention to this distant group in the Pacific, and called forth hope and energy on its behalf. In the year 1809, two youth who had been taken from the island of

GLEANINGS FROM THE HARVEST FIELD.

a trading vessel, arrived in New York, and some of the students in Yale College undertook the work of instructing them. One of them, whose name was Obookiah, became deeply impressed with Divine things, and longed to be the bearer to his own countrymen of the blessed Gospel which had brought peace to his own soul. Arrangements were set on foot to carry out this project; but whilst they were in progress, Obookiah died, in 1818, at the early age of twenty-six, leaving behind him deep regrets for his untimely end, and an earnest determination in the American Church to carry out, in some other way, the missionary work that lay so near his loving heart.

The second event was the inauguration, by American Christians, in the year next year, of the Hawaiian Mission. A band of seven hundred labourers,



KESSELEWAKA BAY, IN OWHIHEE, WHERE CAPTAIN COOK WAS MURDERED.

including two ordained missionaries, a physician, a printer, a mechanic, an agriculturist, and others, with their wives, sailed for the Sandwich Islands, and reached their destination in five months. On their arrival they discovered a state of things most favourable for their project.

The king, Kamehameha I., who had just died, had formed the several and conflicting communities into one empire, and had expressed his determination to put down the whole "tabu" system, which had consolidated and upheld the idolatries of the country. He did not live to carry out his design, but bequeathed it to his son, Kamehameha II., who, in conjunction with his mother, the Queen Dowager, proceeded to carry it vigorously into execution. The result was that the idols were destroyed, and the heathen temples committed to the flames. From one end of the kingdom to the other the smoke of smouldering sanctuaries proclaimed that was hastening to its end; and though serious efforts were made by one of the great chiefs, the process, it was soon completed, unprecedented spectacle presented of a nation out a religion. It must be added, however, far as the king was concerned, no higher seemed to influence him in the abolition of than to give free scope to his own licentiousness.

It was, however, by these means that he was preparing the way for the missionary and on their arrival they were permitted to their residence; but only at first for a year, the king had applied to England for teaching, and to await the result of his application, making any definite arrangement. The missionaries occupied a hut which measured or

feet and a half to the rafters, and which was furnished with a table, chairs, and furniture. The missionary band were scattered in the surrounding districts.

The first step was to construct an alphabet, the first to enrol themselves as pupils, soon able to read and write. The royal was extensively followed, and in so far as regards; but his habits of intoxication did retard the progress of the mission of white nominally patron.

In less than three months sixteen religious were established. The Sabbath was held, and the king's order made public proclamation the Saturday evening that all traffic and all should be suspended on the Lord's day, the people should attend the public worship.

The Quiver, n.s. vol. 2, part 6, April 1865, p. 464

10.28.2004
Annis Steiner

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First Last

Handwritten note:
~~not appropriate for website~~
abolitionist -
Canton

- Format:** Visual Material
- Author:** Queen, James Fuller, 1820 or 21-1886, artist.
- Title:** Journey of a slave from plantation to the battlefield [graphic].
- Imprint:** [Philadelphia]: c1863.
- Description:** 12 prints: chromolithographs; 11 x 7 cm.(4 x 2.5 in.)
- Notes:** Copyright by William A. Stephens, 1120 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia.
- Notes:** Attributed to James Queen after Henry Louis Stephens.
- Summary:** Collection of twelve titled carte-de-visite size cards depicting the evolution of the life of an African American man from a slave to a Union soldier. "In the Cotton field" and "The Christmas Week" show his life on the plantation from which he is sold and separated from his family in "The Sale" and "The Parting: 'Buy us too'." His new master whips him in "The Lash," for which he then retaliates in "Blow for Blow." He hides "In the Swamp" and is finally "Free!" to become a Union soldier and "Stand up a Man" to fight in the battlefield to "Make Way for Liberty!" He is struck down in "Victory!" for Liberty who states as she mourns over his body, "He Died for Me!"
- Notes:** Queen, a Philadelphia lithographer and pioneer chromolithographer known for his attention to detail, served in the Civil War militia from 1862 until 1863, and created several lithographs with Civil War subjects.
- Local Notes:** William Stephens was a native Philadelphia book and magazine illustrator who worked in New York in the mid-19th century for the periodical "Frank Leslie's."
- Local Notes:** Described in Gathering History: The Marion S. Carson Collection of Americana. (Washington, DC: Library of Congress, 1999), p. 26.
- Subject:** Slaves --United States.
- Subject:** Slavery --United States.
- Subject:** Slave trade --United States.
- Subject:** Fugitive slaves --United States.
- Subject:** Slaveholders --United States.
- Subject:** Liberty.
- Subject:** United States --History --Civil War, 1861-1865 --Participation, African American.
- Genre/Phys. Char.:** Collecting cards --1860-1870.
- Genre/Phys. Char.:** Chromolithographs --1860-1870.

** GC - Emancipation*