1,50

Betsy Caulkins, Property

2 0
2 5
3 0
3 5
alta
35
Mouths of the Nile
Cairo
30
ZAN
Mourzouk
LYBIAN DESERT
EGYPT
25
20
Bornou
bama Kanno
15
Wangara
where Major Rennell
supposes the Niger
to terminate
Bahr Abiad
Bahr Kulla
10
5
1 5
2 0
2 5
3 0

A

JOURNAL,

COMPRISING AN ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS OF THE

BRIG COMMERCE,

OF HARTFORD, (CON.) JAMES RILEY, MASTER,

UPON THE WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA,

AUGUST 28th, 1815;

ALSO OF THE

SLAVERY AND SUFFERINGS

OF THE

AUTHOR AND THE REST OF THE CREW,

UPON THE

DESERT OF ZAHARA,

In the Years 1815, 1816, 1817;

WITH ACCOUNTS OF THE

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND HABITS

OF THE

WANDERING ARABS;

ALSO,

A BRIEF HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL VIEW OF THE CONTINENT OF AFRICA.

———oooo———

BY ARCHIBALD ROBBINS.

———oooo———

THIRD EDITION.

HARTFORD.

PUBLISHED BY SILAS ANDRUS.

1818.

Stereotyped by C. Starr, New-York.

District of Connecticut, ss.

(L. S.) BE it remembered, that on the thirteenth day of September in the forty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, ARCHIBALD ROBBINS, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Author and proprietor, in the words following, to wit:—"A JOURNAL, comprising an account of the loss of the brig COMMERCE, of Hartford, (Conn.) JAMES RILEY, master, upon the western coast of Africa, August 28th, 1815; Also, of the slavery, and sufferings of the Author, and the rest of the crew, upon the desert of Zahara, in the years 1815, 1816, and 1817; with accounts of the manners, customs, and habits of the wandering Arabs; Also, a brief historical and geographical view of the continent of Africa. By ARCHIBALD ROBBINS."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."

R. I. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of record, examined and sealed by me,

R. I. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

TO THE

HON. JAMES SIMPSON,

AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL

AT TANGIER,

AND THE

HON. WILLIAM WILLSHIRE,

BRITISH VICE CONSUL, AND AMERICAN CONSULAR AGENT

AT MOGADORE—AFRICA:—

GENTLEMEN—

PERMIT me to offer this little volume to you. I have, upon the OCEAN, endured the distress occasioned by the *elements*—upon LAND, the miseries inflicted by *man*, and from YOU have enjoyed the blessings of humane benevolence, which I can repay only by unalterable gratitude.

With high Respect,
and Consideration,
I am, Gentlemen,
Your grateful and ob't. servt.

ARCHIBALD ROBBINS.

THE MAP.

THE *Map* attached to this volume is added to illustrate the subject of it. It was not made to aid the geographer, but to assist the reader in tracing the eccentric course the author was compelled to travel with his Arab masters. The *Western coast of Africa* and the *Desert of Zahara* are represented with as much accuracy as was attainable from the observations of the author and from the most approved maps. The *general* situation of the different tribes is laid down upon the map, although their frequent wanderings almost precludes the idea of giving *locality* to them. The *great* station for caravans is designated, although there may be others unknown to the author. If errors should be detected in the map, by the acute examiner, the author can only say, "*to err is human, to forgive divine.*"

TO THE PUBLIC.

I SHALL make no apology for offering to the public the following Journal. It would be affectation to pretend that in doing it, I have been influenced by motives wholly independent of personal emolument. My object in preparing and publishing this concise and simple narrative of my own sufferings, experience and observations, among a people, and in a quarter of the globe little known to my countrymen, was twofold—to obtain, if possible, a small remuneration for the unprecedented privations and sufferings, of which I have been the unfortunate subject, and to add to the scanty knowledge that exists with respect to this singular people, and extraordinary portion of the earth, such facts and information as I was enabled to obtain, during nineteen months of the most cruel and oppressive slavery which barbarism, and a blind and ferocious superstition could produce.

But although these were my principal objects, yet had they not been presented to my view, and strengthened by circumstances peculiarly favorable, I should never have been persuaded to have engaged in so arduous, difficult and expensive an undertaking. The wreck of the brig COMMERCE, and the distressing fate of the crew, was known throughout the United States; and in Connecticut, where most of them had lived, there was a lively and honorable sensibility felt upon the subject. Under these circumstances, on my re-

turn home in June last, it is not a matter of surprise that my friends, and others, should have felt anxious to have me publish the "sad tale of my sufferings."

In preparing this Journal, I have aimed to be correct—to give a faithful and accurate detail of *facts;* and although it will probably contain some errors even in this respect, yet I think it will be free from the charge to which works of this description are too generally and too justly exposed, that of containing *strange and marvellous accounts.* Not wishing to be deceived myself, I cannot, designedly, become the instrument of deceiving others. In describing the manners, customs, modes of living, religious ceremonies and worship of the Arabs, I have observed a minuteness which many may think unnecessary. But as the variance of a few shades changes the complexion and general appearance of a piece of painting, so a few minute, and apparently unimportant particulars, affect, essentially, the general characteristics of a people.

It was found impossible, in the course of the work, to avoid incorporating some of the proper names of the Arabs; in doing which I have been obliged to adopt an English orthography, and the barbarous and guttural sounds of their words appear, if possible, still more harsh when put in an English dress. Wherever Arabic terms or words have been used, they have generally been explained; but the words *Wiled* and *Biled* which occur frequently in the work, not having been explained in the text, it may not be improper to inform the reader in this place,

that the latter signifies *country*, and the former *sons of*; that is, denoting the first or primitive stock from whence the tribes have descended. These words, from the rapid speaking of the natives, are pronounced *Will'd* and *B'led*—as, *Will'd Abbousebah—B'led Mouessa Ali.*

Having had no other than a common education, and from the pursuits in which I have been engaged, it could not be supposed that I should make much pretension to literature. In preparing the work, I have been assisted by a gentleman of science and information, who has bestowed upon it considerable attention, and given it a shape and character which it could not have assumed if it had gone from my own hand, unassisted by literary skill or scientific acquirements.

ARCHIBALD ROBBINS.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. I.

Page

Short biographical sketch—Voyages—Author is taken prisoner by H. B. M. frigate Surprise—discharged—taken again, and held till peace.—Brig Commerce—her owners and crew—voyage to New-Orleans—to Gibraltar—her wreck on the African coast - - - 15

CHAP. II.

Shipwrecks—Wreck of the brig Commerce described—danger of the crew—landing on the African coast—wrecked articles—disposal of money—first view of a wandering Arab of the Zahara Desert—he is joined by more—they approach us, menace us, and retire—first night in Africa—we are driven aboard the wreck—attempt to go to sea in a boat—in vain—escape of Capt. Riley and capture of Antonio - - - 21

CHAP. III.

A consultation—measures adopted to clear the surf—we put to sea in the long boat—alarms and distresses—stood out four days—stood in three days, and landed on the 5th Sept. 1815, to the north of Cape Barbas, western coast of Africa - - - - - 30

CHAP. IV.

Brief historical sketch of the discoveries upon the African continent—origin of present European nations, and African tribes—Canary Islands—Cape Bajador—Porto Santo—Madeira—Cape Verd—Cape of Good Hope—De Gama—Columbus—East-Indies—America—Coast of Africa—Interior of Africa - - - - 38

CHAP. V.

Passage from Cape Barbas—mutual pledge—the coast—crossing precipice—projecting rock—watery cavern—view of Zahara—sleeping on hill—prayer—capture by Arabs, and separation - - - - - 50

CHAP. VI.

Separation of the crew—taking leave—departure into the desert—mode of travelling—water—goat skin—arrival at a tent—mode of making fire—cooking and eating—

travelling upon Zahara—Mahommedan worship—clothing - - - - - - - 63

CHAP. VII.

Meeting with part of the crew—preparations for a journey—tent—furniture—man-saddle—female do.—loading tent and furniture—gazelle—Mr. Williams and Barrett—Christian and Mahommedan religion—separation—mode of spinning and weaving—of making a tent—of pitching it—scrupulous regard to worship - 75

CHAP. VIII.

Painful travelling—salutations—Mr. Williams' situation—Barrett—rocks—Africans enslave each other—a wandering male Arab—female do.—American pork—Mr. Savage—interview with him—a rarity - - 88

CHAP. IX.

Origin of wandering Arabs—vegetables on the desert Zahara—gloomy prospect—roots—snails—water obtained—submission to fate—last meeting and last interview with Capt. Riley, Mr. Savage, Clarke, Burns, and Horace—situation upon desert—valley—meeting with Porter - - - - - - - 98

CHAP. X.

Sympathy—Hogan—his situation and feelings—received at the tent of Ganus—my mistress—fictitious ceremony—power of the female Arabs—gloomy valley—Dick—misery of black Africans—Messrs. Wilberforce and Clarkson—American flag upon Zahara desert - 112

CHAP. XI.

A shower—a female fashion—an adventure—a journey—dress of a wandering Arab—smoking—Gum-Arabic—slaying a camel—a repast—Hogan—Arab hospitality 121

CHAP. XII.

A storm of sand—distress—a great story—Porter's sickness—a dismal plain—rapid travelling—nauseous water—description of a well in Zahara desert—marble mountain—deep valley and monument—impossibility of escaping—Spaniard—view of the ocean—Cape Mirik—author sold to another Arab of the tribe of Wiled D'leim 130

CHAP. XIII.

Africa—the coast—Interior—Deserts—Mountains—Capes—Rivers—Islands—Straits - - - 146

CHAP. XIV.

Mahomet Meaarah—Fishing—Cape Mirik—innocent deception—obstinacy—Barrett—Hon. William Willshire—

calendar—second tour into the desert—thanksgiving—description of camel—mode of instruction in reading and writing - - - - - - 155

CHAP. XV.

A long journey—Porter—locusts, mode of catching, cooking, and eating them—narrow escape—Mahommedan teacher—blacksmith upon the desert—salt-bed—debility approaching to death - - - - 169

CHAP. XVI.

Medical practice—Hogan and Dick—sale of Porter—happiness in Zahara—author regains his health—is sold to Hamet Webber, an Arab merchant of the Wiled El Kabla—African and European merchandise—an expected battle—gunnery—females of the El Kabla tribe 179

CHAP. XVII.

A Caravan—an armed Arab—black mountains—cultivated land—apprehension of danger—African serpents—Hamet joins a caravan which is attacked—mountains of sand—fatigue—caravan broken up—author sold to Bel Cossim Abdallah of Wadinoon—wounded Arab—arrival at Wadinoon. - - - - - - 188

CHAP. XVIII.

Wadinoon—its situation—number of houses and inhabitants—cattle—people—gardens—vegetables—barley harvest—cruelty of Bel Cossim—reaping, threshing, winnowing and grinding—keskoosoo—eating—market and fairs—manner of building houses—Sheick's house - - 197

CHAP. XIX.

Public worship—fasting season—feasting season—circumcision—wreck of a prize to the Romp, and her crew—redemption of the crew of the British brig Surprise—Sidi Hesham, his appearance and power—Jews, decree concerning them—tobacco and snuff—Hamet Webber 209

CHAP. XX.

Nature of government among the Arabs—marriage ceremonies—interment of dead—the Saint, Sidi Timah—a mound—practice of physic—amusements—ransom of Porter—quarrel between Wadinoon and Akkadia—a flood—ploughing season—description of locusts—mutto-morahs - - - - - - 217

CHAP. XXI.

Manuscript in English—author purchased by a Shilluh—leaves Wadinoon—dangerous travelling—distant view of Santa Cruz—monuments—El'ajjah Mahomet—letter and express sent to Mogadore—the Shilluh—productions of

their country—story of the Spaniard—message from Mogadore—passport to that place - - - 230

CHAP. XXII.

Departure with El'ajjah Mahomet—El-wad Sta—sand hills—the ocean—Atlas mountains—arrival at Santa Cruz—description of that place—passage over a mountain—a contrast—romantic view—cottage in a forest—dogs—view of Mogadore—reception by Mr. Willshire—admission into his house—cheering American flag 241

CHAP. XXIII.

Character of Mr. Willshire—description of Mogadore—the Jews—markets—manufactures—public buildings—mode of worship—manners of the people—population—harbor—shipwrecks—letter from the Hon. James Simpson - - - - - - 250

CHAP. XXIV.

The author, Davis, and Brown, leave Mogadore for Tangier—the country—Azamor—river Ommirabih—Douar of tents—fearful apprehensions—equestrian exercise—escape by night—aqueduct—arrival at Rabat - 257

CHAP. XXV.

Rabat, description of it—the harbour—shad—Mr. Abouderham—Jewish feast—Sallee—a Lake—river Saboo—scenery—Rock of Gibraltar, and Mount Atlas—arrival at Tangier—reflections—Hon. James Simpson—Mount Washington, in Africa—passage to Gibraltar—Mr. Henry, consul—Mr. Simpson's letter - - 264

INTRODUCTION.

THE narratives and journals of adventurers, the shipwrecked, the traveller, and the captive, are often told with exaggerations, and not unfrequently condemned by the discerning. Such narrations gratify those who are always seeking "*to see or hear some new thing;*" but they only raise the wonder of the credulous, and deceive the inquirer after truth. But it may be here remarked, that readers are readily disposed to disbelieve every thing that goes counter to their own experience, that surpasses their own observations, or that represents the actions of men, and men themselves, in a manner that violates *their* ideas of human nature. The author of the following JOURNAL has seen life in a sphere uncommon to his countrymen:—he has endured miseries uncommon to human nature. But by the blessings of a merciful Providence, he has survived to relate them to his countrymen. However imperfect may be the *manner* in which he may give his relation, he is determined that the *matter* shall be founded on facts alone. If these facts are of a nature calculated to excite the doubts of his readers, he can only regret it; and will content himself with the reflection, that as he is incapable of deceiving his readers, he will not wound his own conscience by uttering a known falsehood. He hopes not even to be mistaken.

The narrative of my highly respected friend, Capt. James Riley, is already before the public. It has excited that interest which the history of human sufferings is calculated to produce among a humane people. For two months he was a captive among a race of beings, whose "*tender mercies are cruelties.*" During that period, I, together with the rest of his unfortunate crew, was likewise a sufferer. At the end of this time, he was released from a cruel bondage, and was restored to his native country and anxious friends. A more cruel fate attended me. I was still detained as a captive among the wandering Arabs; and was compelled, for nineteen months, to endure as much as human nature can bear and yet survive. I have, however, abundant reason to rejoice that I am now among my friends, while the fate of some of this wretched crew is still unknown. The following journal shall be a faithful and accurate detail of all the knowledge I possess of this ill-fated crew.

JOURNAL, &c.

CHAP. I.

Short biographical sketch—Voyages—Author is taken prisoner by H. B. M. frigate Surprise—discharged—taken again, and held till peace.—Brig Commerce—her owners and crew—voyage to New-Orleans—to Gibraltar—her wreck on the African coast.

THE life of an humble individual is of but little consequence to a community, where the lives of the great are read as a common amusement. But as I am about to relate an interesting part of my own, I hope I shall escape the imputation of vanity by very briefly relating it from my birth. I was born in the town of Wethersfield, Conn.—a pleasant and fertile town, situated on the west side of Connecticut river, on the 19th day of November, 1792. I continued with my parents there until I arrived to the age of twelve years. At this time I went to reside in the town of Middlebury, Vt. In this flourishing village, in which is situated a University which begins to rank amongst the first in New-England, I spent the winters in obtaining a common school education; which, added to the little knowledge I had before acquired in my native town, gave me such rudiments of an English education, as is common with the

young men of New-England. I returned to Wethersfield at the age of about fifteen years, and continued with my father until I became sixteen. Situated in a town where ship-building was then a leading business, and from which a great number of young men had gone to try their fortunes upon the ocean, I soon turned my attention from the peaceful and certain pursuit of husbandry, to the hazardous employment of a seaman.

My first voyage was made in a vessel, partly owned by my father, from Wethersfield to the island of St. Christophers. No incident happened to the vessel, to the crew, nor to myself, worthy of relation. No part of the cargo, nor any lives of the crew were lost.

The second voyage I made was in the same vessel to Wilmington, N. Carolina, from thence to the W. Indies—back again to Wilmington—from thence again to the West-Indies, and back to Wethersfield. A pleasant voyage.

My third voyage was made from New-York to the West-Indies, from whence I returned to New-London in Connecticut.

Thus far I had met with no disasters uncommon to the pursuit of a sea-faring life. I became attached to it, as is common with the young men of New-England. The fascinating charms of the ocean, and the pleasing diversity of a sailor's life, led me along, like the song of the Syren, to the endurance of privations and miseries, which, when I now review, call upon me for the most undissembled gratitude to that merciful Being, who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground

without his knowledge; and who mercifully "*tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.*"

My fourth voyage was commenced in the month of February, 1813. The American canvass could no longer be spread with safety upon the ocean. Her proud and powerful mistress—wielding the trident of Neptune, would no longer permit the "striped bunting" of Americans to pursue its wonted course. We sailed from New-York for the neutral port of St. Bartholomews—were taken on our passage, by his B. M. frigate Surprise, and landed at St. Bartholomews, from whence, after a short detention, I returned in a cartel to New-York.

The fifth voyage I made, I sailed from New-Haven, (Ct.) for St. Bartholomews, in September, 1813, and was brought to by the British squadron lying off New-London. They took from our vessel about eighty barrels of provisions, and ordered us for Halifax. I remained there about two months. I then took a passage in a Swedish vessel for St. Bartholomews; having business entrusted to me at that island by a merchant in the city of New-York. I succeeded in accomplishing my business, and returned off New-London. The vessel, in which I was a passenger, was taken by the squadron, and I was put on board of the Borer, brig of war, and sent again to Halifax. I remained a prisoner in the prison on Melville island, until the conclusion of the peace by the treaty of Ghent. I hoped to have been in some measure compensated for this imprisonment, by receiving pay for eighteen months employ, and imprisonment occasioned by that em-

ploy, by the merchant at New-York.—His failure in the mean time cut me off from realizing this hope; but as he is a man of the strictest honour I have no doubt but I shall yet be compensated. On my return to America, I found myself destitute of property and employ, but not of resolution.

I now come to the relation of the sixth and last voyage I have made. In relating it I sensibly feel a high degree of responsibility. But, taking the pole-star of truth for my guide, I am determined to satisfy my conscience, and, if possible, my readers.

I felt anxious to pursue a business with which experience had made me acquainted. The brig COMMERCE, of Hartford, Con. being owned by Riley & Brown and the Messrs. Savages, was fitted for sea. She was a fine stout built new vessel. The acknowledged respectability of her owners, as merchants, and the long experience and reputation of Captain JAMES RILEY, as her commander, induced me to enter her in the capacity of an able seaman. Her principal mate was Mr. *George Williams*, of Middletown—her second mate was Mr. *Aaron R. Savage*, of the same place. The crew consisted of *William Porter*, *Thomas Burns*, *James Clarke*, and myself, seamen; *Horace Savage*, cabin boy; *Francis Bliss*, *James Carrington*, ordinary seamen; and *Richard Delisle*, (a man of colour,) cook.

This brig cleared out from Middletown for New-Orleans, with a small cargo—her ballast being brick. The object of the voyage to New-Orleans was to obtain a freight for a foreign market. We sailed on the 6th day of May from Say-

brook, situated at the mouth of Connecticut river. Nothing material occurred until off Carysfort reef, on the coast of E. Florida. The vessel struck upon this reef, and excited great apprehension in our captain and crew for the safety of the vessel and ourselves. We clewed down all sails, and let go an anchor, which immediately brought her to; having passed the reef, and riding safe in about twelve feet water. We then lowered down her stern boat; and the captain and four of the crew entered her—sounded below her for a safe passage—found one—weighed anchor, and passed through in safety. We arrived at the city of New-Orleans upon the 1st day of June. We here discharged our cargo, and took in a cargo of flour and tobacco. The two ordinary seamen, Bliss and Carrington, objected to going a voyage to Gibraltar, to which place the vessel was bound, and were discharged. Two seamen were shipped in their room, viz. *John Hogan* and *James Barrett.* On the 24th of June, we sailed from New-Orleans for Gibraltar; and, after a passage of about forty-five days, we arrived at that place and landed our cargo. I was ordered, with three others, while lying in the bay, to go with Capt. Riley on board a schooner, from New-York. In performing this service, assisting the schooner in beating out of the harbor, and returning to the brig, it having become almost dark, our boat was upset; and while we were hanging upon it, we were relieved by Capt. Price, who returned with his schooner to our assistance; and having bailed the boat we returned to the brig.

We now took in part of a cargo of brandy and wine. An elderly man, by the name of Antonio Michel, was taken on board to work his passage to New-York. On the 23d day of August, we set sail from Gibraltar for the Cape de Verd islands, to complete the cargo with salt. The usual course from Gibraltar to these islands is, to run down, and make the island of Madeira; but Capt. Riley, wishing to make the passage as expeditious as possible, run down between the Canary islands and the African coast. We continued our course, with all sails set. The weather being thick and foggy, we passed the grand Canaries without discovering them. It was noticed by the mates and some of the crew, on the 28th day of August, (sea account,) at meridian, that the water was coloured, indicating a near approach to land. This circumstance was mentioned to Capt. Riley; but he was of opinion that this appearance was occasioned by the fog and the thick weather; and he continued his course S. W. at ten knots an hour, until, at about 10 o'clock in the evening, we were wrecked on the coast of Africa, near Cape Bajador, between 26 and 27 degs. N. Latitude.

CHAP. II.

Shipwrecks—Wreck of the brig Commerce described—danger of the crew—landing on the African coast—wrecked articles—disposal of money—first view of a wandering Arab of the Zahara Desert—he is joined by more—they approach us, menace us, and retire—first night in Africa—we are driven aboard the wreck—attempt to go to sea in a boat—in vain—escape of Capt. Riley and capture of Antonio.

TO a seaman, the description of a shipwreck is familiar from his knowledge of a vessel, the tackle, and the nautical terms of sea-faring men; but by that portion of readers who are not thus acquainted, no adequate conception can be formed of the appalling horrors of such a scene. When it is foreseen, and yet cannot be avoided, the mind is, in a degree, prepared to encounter it. It is fortified greatly by appealing to that Being who, "*on the wings of mighty winds*," directs the storm that is powerful enough to dash to pieces the strongest fabrick of human invention. But when it comes upon the unsuspicious, who are riding in apparent security upon that element with which they have become familiar, the scene is doubly horrible. Thus it came upon our worthy captain and his ill-fated crew. The gale, that we imagined was wafting us on our passage to our native shore, and the arms of our friends, dashed us upon the inhospitable coast of merciless barbarians. At a little past 10, on the night of the memorable 28th of August, our fine brig ran ashore with such violence as to start us from the deck, or prostrate us up-

on it. We immediately let go our sheet anchor, clewed down our sails, and used every exertion to save her. But her fate was decided, and our exertions were vain. The sea broke with tremendous power over the starboard quarter, and our stern boat, being in danger, we took her on board. We then broke open the hold, and exerted all our energies in filling small casks with water from our large water casks, knowing that the dismal coast on which fate had driven us, was almost destitute of that indispensable necessary of life. We also secured all the provisions we could, as the vessel was now fast filling with water. At 12 o'clock, the weather became sufficiently clear to enable us to discover the beach off the larboard bow. The larboard bulwark was instantly cut away, to enable us to launch the boats with greater expedition and safety. The small boat was then lowered into the water, into which Capt. Riley and William Porter jumped, and carried a rope ashore which they made fast by means of sticks which had floated there from the wreck. We then got the long-boat overboard, and hauled her under our larboard bow. We threw over some barrels of water and wine, which floated ashore, and by those on shore were secured. We put into the boat two or three barrels of bread, and some beef and pork. I jumped into the boat with James Barrett, and, veering her by means of a rope fastened on board the brig, we approached the shore. The surf immediately filled her. We instantly jumped overboard, and saved some of our wet provisions,

and secured one barrel of bread wholly dry. Capt. Riley, Porter, Barrett and myself were now ashore. The long boat being bilged, and the small one unable to stand the surf, we could not return to the wreck. Our companions on board, in the mean time, were heaving overboard chests, beds, and every article that would float, that they could come at, and those of us on shore were securing them as they floated within our reach. Day-light at length appeared. Capt. Riley hailed the mates, who were both on board, ordering them to make fast one of the ropes, that extended from the wreck to the shore, around his trunk containing some specie. This being done, we dragged the trunk ashore. The brig was now completely filled with water. Capt. Riley ordered the masts to be cut away. This being done by those on board, our next attention was directed to the best means in our power, to rescue our companions from the imminent danger surrounding them. I had been ordered, with Barrett, to come ashore in the long boat with provisions, as before mentioned, and to return again. This was now impracticable, as the boat was bilged —the small boat would not have lived in the surf a moment—but a rope remained fastened to the wreck, and extending to the shore. This was loosened, and made fast to the hawser, by those on board, and by those who had landed, drawn to the shore, and made as fast as the slender means within our power would enable us to do it. It was now high water. The brig lay from twenty-five to thirty rods from the shore;

and between them, the surf was rolling and roaring in a manner calculated to produce consternation and despair in the stoutest heart. Capt. Riley, by signals, as he could not now be heard, motioned to those upon the wreck to come ashore upon the hawser. He placed himself, together with Porter, Barrett, and myself at the hawser, as far in the water as we could stand, the surf all the while breaking over us. At length Hogan attempted the perilous passage. Suspended upon the hawser, between two worlds, uncertain to which every returning surge might waft him, he approached the shore. Before he reached it, he was so much exhausted, that he lost his hold—a surf washed him within our reach, and we saved him. The next that arrived and was received into our arms was Mr. Savage, second mate. Young Savage, (cabin boy,) Antonio, Mr. Williams, first mate, Clarke, Burns, and Dick, (man of colour,) came in succession, and landed at about sunrise on a coast containing a race of beings more merciless than the waves from which they had just escaped.

We now found ourselves with bodies exhausted, and minds agitated, stretched upon a desert shore. We saw, for nearly a mile on the shore, the fragments of a valuable cargo, which, twelve hours before, we thought safe. Our first attention was directed to the boats. We hauled them up from the surf, and gave Capt. Riley all the assistance we possibly could in gathering together the small amount of provisions and clothing which lay strewed along. This being done, our captain opened his trunk in which

were two bags of specie of $1000 each. He told us all to take as much of it as we could conceal about our persons. I declined taking any part of it, as I had already more of my own than I could thus hide from the eye of an Arab. It is impossible to tell what would have been our fate, had not the Arabs discovered that we had in our possession the precious metals; but I verily believe it was the discovery of it that induced them to heighten their demands for our ransom, and increase their cruelty to our persons. The other bag was buried in the sand. The sun was now rising over a sand hill that stretched along a short distance from the shore. Our attention was now attracted to the appearance of a human creature at the distance of nearly half a mile approaching us; if that creature can be called human whose appearance is nothing but a slander upon our species. As he discovered the wrecked articles and our wretched group, he manifested, by his actions, the commotions of a mind agitated by the mingled operations of joy and fear. He came perhaps within twenty rods of us; and then, by signs, showed an intention of departing. Capt. Riley walked gently towards him, and by every sign that could be resorted to, endeavoured to persuade him to come and take possession of some portion of the wrecked articles. After interchanging signs, in token of peace, this horrible figure, that defied description, left us to our reflections upon this adventure. We were then endeavoring, with oars and the fragments of broken spars, together with two of our steering

sails, which we had secured from the wreck, to erect a tent and secure our provisions and water; scarcely thinking of any thing else, from the peculiar perils of our situation. While busily engaged in this service, the figure before mentioned re-appeared; being joined by two aged females of the most frightful aspect, a boy, and two small girls, whom we supposed to be their children. More terrible visages never presented themselves to the astonished eyes and the agitated hearts of men. The gnashing teeth and opened mouth of the old man, stretching almost from ear to ear—his long grey beard hanging on his breast—his head covered with long bushy hair, standing in every direction—the red and flashing eyes of the old women, their tushes projecting from their jaws—and the more mild, though terrible appearance of their ferocious brood, imparted feelings to us, better imagined than described. Although the old man, on his first appearance, showed evidence of fear, it was now changed to insolence. He broke open the chests, and plundered the clothing; and, approaching our tent, was about to wrest from us our provisions and water. We resolved that death should be his immediate portion, and that of his clan, if he attempted this; indeed, had it not been for the almost certain knowledge that the sand hill concealed a numerous horde like his, they would soon have been deprived of the power of plundering us at all. They departed with their plunder, and left our wretched party either to despair, or to take measures for our future escape or safety. Capt. Riley proposed

to attempt a repair of the long boat. Mr. Savage, Porter, Horace, and I, assisted him in doing this in the best manner we could. The rest of our shipmates, from that despair which produces desperation, had deprived themselves of the power of joining us in this necessary duty, by too freely using the wine within their reach. Some of these natives had furnished us with some fire, with which we cooked some salted pork, by fuel procured from the beach. This, with some bread and butter, furnished us with the last meal we were to enjoy from the provisions yet saved from the wreck. The old man with his hideous followers had retired—the night came on—and although, on one side the ocean was dashing her surging billows upon the rocks we had just escaped, and on the other we were environed by the sand hill concealing probably a horde of wretches preparing on the approaching morning to recommence the work of plunder, and perhaps become our executioners, I sunk down, with my shipmates, excepting a watch, into a profound and refreshing sleep upon the sand under our tent.

The next morning, the sun rose more gloomily to us than it did to Sterne's sick Lieutenant. He was sinking into the arms of death, among his anxious friends;—we were in momentary danger of being devoured by demons, whose diabolical ferocity would have added a laurel to the escutcheon of Satan himself. The old man once more made his appearance with additional reinforcements. The women commenced a yell, that reminded me of the description of the wail-

ing of the damned spirits. He ordered us to the wreck, pointing to a drove of camels descending a hill to the eastward. He approached our tent with an iron spear, and commenced an assault. We all fled to the small boat, while Capt. Riley defended himself with a piece of a spar with the most consummate coolness. Our little boat immediately filled—bilged—and we re-landed, and drove the old Arab some distance up the beach. The camels, with their armed riders, were pressing upon us. We flew to the long boat—turned her over, and committing ourselves to the waves, we all reached the wreck, and viewed these banditti, armed with spears and scimitars, showing us the tokens of defiance, and carrying off or destroying all they found upon the shore. Immediately upon getting aboard, we sought through the wreck to get what provisions we could. We found a few pieces of pork and a few bottles of wine, but no water. These we let down into the boat, which was in a leaky condition, requiring two men to bail her. Porter and I got a fore-top-mast-stay-sail, and put it into the boat. We could find no oars; and as a substitute, we split two planks which we found floating in the hold. These we also put into the boat. We all let ourselves down into the boat, and attempted to put to sea. The surf nearly filled our boat, and drove us back to the wreck which we regained. The Arabs afterwards returned, unarmed, and by manifesting every appearance of peace, and offering Capt. Riley a goat skin, which will hereafter be described, filled with water, induced

him to go ashore. The old man came aboard, and after seeking for fire-arms and money, in vain, he went ashore. We then witnessed the danger of Capt. Riley—he was seized by two of the clan, and we expected to be sad spectators of his death. We sent all the money we had on board in a bucket, to the shore, hoping to appease the vengeance of these merciless wretches. We were disappointed. The danger of our captain increased. He hailed us. Mr. Savage once more descended on the hawser, and was approaching the beach, and was discovered by the captain, who intreated him by signs to return, and send Antonio ashore. He did so; but as Antonio carried no money, the vengeance of the Arabs apparently arose to the highest pitch. Capt. Riley made his escape to the wreck, followed by two natives, and Antonio was seized, loaded with plunder, and forced over the sand hill.

Since I have returned to America, I have read a small part of Capt. Riley's narrative. I find that Capt. Riley expressed his regret at the death of Antonio, fearing that he was the cause of it. He may dismiss his regret upon this subject, as I, with many of my shipmates, are positive that he was not assassinated, as our captain states. We distinctly saw the Arabs load his back with plunder, and force him to carry it over the sand hill. Afterwards, while at sea in our boat, it was a subject of conversation amongst us, that if we were all lost, as then seemed inevitable, Antonio would be the only survivor to relate our disaster, to our anxious friends, should he ever return to his native country.

CHAP. III.

A consultation—measures adopted to clear the surf—we put to sea in the long boat—alarms and distresses—stood out four days—stood in three days, and landed on the 5th Sept. 1815, to the north of Cape Barbas, western coast of Africa.

WE were now all on board the wreck, excepting poor Antonio, whose fate was mentioned at the close of the last chapter. A melancholy consultation was held by the captain and crew. Whether to go ashore and fall sudden victims to the Arabs, or drag out a miserable existence of slavery among them—or to entrust ourselves to the foaming billows, with our shattered boat, was a question, upon the decision of which hung, perhaps, "*our life, our death—our bane, our antidote.*" After long deliberation, we concluded once more to attempt our escape by sea. The weather had been moderating through the day—the wind a little shifted to the eastward, and the surf had, in a degree, subsided. To make our attempt with greater security, we rigged a spar over the stern of the wreck, making fast a rope to its outer end, to force the boat through the surf, and give her a good head-way. We then put aboard every thing we had received from the wreck to begin our perilous voyage, which the boat could contain, in her leaky condition. These consisted of a few pieces of salt pork—a live pig—which we took from the wreck to the shore—and which, wonderful to relate, had voluntarily swum from the shore to the wreck—

about four gallons of water, a few pounds of figs, soaked in salt water, and about a dozen bottles of wine. We likewise had aboard our small boat's sails, consisting of jib and main-sail, and the fore-top-mast-stay-sail of the brig, and the splitted planks, before mentioned, which were to serve us for oars.

We now descended into the boat, out of which Porter waded to the shore, and brought aboard an oar which he found laying on the beach. Of his own accord, he went again on shore and brought aboard about four or five hundred dollars which had before been buried. We now fixed ourselves at the oars, and at the rope bended from the spar provided as before mentioned. Capt. Riley placed himself at the stern of the boat to steer her with a plank, she having no rudder. We then, by an united effort, forced ourselves through the surf without difficulty, and passed off into a smooth sea. This was accomplished at nearly sun-set. Capt. Riley returned thanks to Heaven, in which we all joined with uncovered heads, and, I trust, with sincere hearts, for our safe escape from the shore and from the surf. Darkness now approached; and cape Bajador being under our lee, the wind being partly ahead, we were under the most fearful apprehension lest we could not clear the cape. We spent the whole night in rowing and bailing, until our strength and fortitude were almost exhausted. At day-light, however, we were greatly rejoiced to find ourselves to the leeward of this fatal cape. It was like the transition from expected destruction to hoped-for safety.

On the morning of the 30th August, we ran moderately down the coast to the S. W.; during which time we were in consultation upon the question, whether we should run down to the Senegal river, upon which there is an European settlement near its mouth, or stand off, and endeavour to make some of the Canary Islands. The objections to going to the first mentioned place were, that we had no quadrant, no compass, and no chart of the coast. A further objection was, that if, in the night season, we should pass the Senegal and Cape Verd, without discovering either, we should then be in the open sea without *any* hopes. On the other hand, it was said, if we should stand off, and attempt to make some of the Canaries, we should, with more likelihood, fall in with some European vessels. We concluded to alter our course, and stand off for the Canaries. We this day put ourselves upon allowance, viz.—one bottle of water and half a bottle of wine amongst eleven of us, this being the whole crew. We also allowanced ourselves to two figs each; the pork not being particularly allowanced. We endeavoured to secure the boat from the breaking in of the sea, by fitting around her gunwale, waste-clothes about eight inches above it, composed of a part of the fore-stay-sail. We had a fresh breeze from N. E. during the day, and kept her close upon the wind; but made but little headway, our sails being small, and a considerable sea running, which drifted us fast to the leeward.

On the 31st of August the weather moderated.

We were in no immediate danger from the sea, notwithstanding our boat was in a most shattered condition, and we continued to stand out. Our pig, for the want of necessary sustenance, began to grow thin, and we concluded to kill him, while he was yet in an eatable state. His blood we carefully preserved to quench our thirst. His intestines we devoured for the same purpose. It was the painful sensations of thirst that we most dreaded; and to guard against it, we began to preserve our own urine, securing it in the bottles we had before emptied of their contents. As the night came on, it threatened darkness, and squally weather. The wind blew strong from the N. E. and by midnight the sea ran so high as nearly to fill the boat. We endeavored, with every instrument in our possession, to bail her; our buckets, our hats, and every thing that would hold water, were used for this purpose; and although we all expected that every returning surge would send us to the bottom, we succeeded in keeping our boat alive until morning. No one can judge of our peril excepting those who have experienced something similar. The rocking of the boat had drawn most of her nails. We saw nothing of the dismal gloom that surrounded us, excepting what was presented to our affrightened view by the vivid lightning which kept constantly flashing. We could derive hope from no source but from the interposition of an over-ruling God, whose voice we hear in the thunder, and whose arrows we see in the lightning, and even this was despaired of. Capt. Riley and Mr. Savage alter-

nately prayed with us, which had considerable effect in allaying our fears, and encouraging our dying hopes.

Day-light at length appeared, on the morning of the 1st September. No painter could adequately have described the appearance of this gloomy group of human beings. Despair was depicted upon every countenance, and fortitude deserted every heart. We supposed we were about to lose our last hold upon life, so dear to us all; and as our fate seemed remediless, we submitted to its decrees in silent horror. Soon after, however, the weather moderated considerably, and the wind hauled about to N. N. W. We continued to stand off; but we relinquished all hopes of fetching any of the Canaries, and our only remaining hope was of falling in with some sail that might be running down near where we were situated. Our thirst increased to a degree almost intolerable, and the scorching rays of the sun, being within the torrid zone, were nearly insupportable. We relieved our parched and thirsty frames a little, by making use of a few drops of wine and water, and the urine we had preserved.

On the 2d, we continued to stand out for a considerable part of the day. Capt. Riley, with all the rest of us, gave up all hopes of descrying a sail; our provisions and water were growing short; our strength began to fail with our hopes, and by an unanimous voice, we concluded to stand in for the shore; lest, by getting farther out at sea, we should be wholly unable, from the state of the boat, our provisions, and our

strength, to stand the sea or reach any shore whatever. We then, towards evening, put her head towards the coast, which we had left, and judging by the sun, began to steer a S. E. course.

On the 3d of September, standing in, we were favoured with a fair wind, nothing very material occurring. Dismal as the prospect before us appeared, horrid as the recollection of the coast we had left was to our minds, we still felt a kind of desperate satisfaction in returning to it. Desperate, indeed, was the choice, as I trust my readers will find in the sequel of this Journal.

During the 4th, standing in, we were on the constant look-out for land, and feeling the deepest anxiety to discover it. The day passed off, and we beheld nothing but the surrounding ocean, expecting every hour to be swallowed up by it. We subsisted, as we before had done, without any water excepting a little urine to wet our parched lips, and stiffened tongues. In the night season, we obtained a little rest during the short intervals afforded us from the duty of rowing and bailing the boat.

On the morning of the 5th, we discovered land at a great distance to leeward. Why we should have rejoiced at beholding a coast from which we had so recently escaped with our bare lives, is difficult to determine. But, in the elegant language of the Poet—"*When grief o'erpowers us, a twine may lead us.*" The current drove us rapidly towards the shore. As we approached it, we found it bounded by perpendicular rocks, rising in majestic and destructive grandeur. We could discover no aperture, through which

we might pass for some time. At length we saw something that had the appearance of a sand bank. We made for it with all our little strength; and, exerting ourselves with our oars, and rising upon a wave that elevated us mountain high, we were carried on to a beach of sand of very small extent. As the wave retired we surveyed, in silent astonishment, the yawning grave of rocks we had just escaped. They looked like the jaws of a natural sepulchre, and we considered ourselves as rescued by Almighty power from the grave they seemed to have formed to receive our emaciated bodies. Thus, after seven days perilous navigation, in our frail boat, four days standing out and three standing in, we landed. Having stated that we were in the boat seven days, I must add, that this is according to my best recollection. During the time we were out, we little thought of reckoning *days*, when we all the while thought our *last day* had come; and it is from the most mature reflection that I have fixed it at the number of days mentioned. It would not be singular, after all, if a mistake, in this respect, should be made.

The place, where we thus landed, was to the northward of cape Barbas; and between that cape and the river St. Cyprian, being at this time entirely dry; the coast running from E. N. E. to W. S. W. While Capt. Riley and Mr. Savage were seeking a passage to the land above the rocks, we made all the preparation we could for a night's repose, after having exerted all the remaining strength we had in digging for water in the sand, without finding it. They returned;

and after partaking with us of a little refreshment, we committed our bodies to our bed of sand, and enjoyed undisturbed repose until morning. We then opened our eyes, and found ourselves again upon the land of barbarians!!

I had been taught in early life to believe in the doctrine of an overruling Providence; that the destiny of men is in His hands, and that, "*it is not in man that walketh to direct his own steps.*" I was most sensibly convinced of the truth of these positions at this time. Although one misfortune had trod close upon the heel of another, for some years previous, until after a great variety of calamities I was now reduced to one which must be the greatest, excepting death, we can endure on earth, and which no possible change but that could make worse, I still felt the most perfect submission. Whether it arose from Christian humility, or from that kind of apathy, from long misfortune, which brings the minds of men to feel a contempt for even fate itself, I cannot certainly tell; but this I can assuredly say, I felt not the least disposition to murmur or repine at my fate, however awful it was, or might become.

CHAP. IV.

Brief historical sketch of the discoveries upon the African continent—origin of present European nations, and African tribes —Canary Islands—Cape Bajador—Porto Santo—Madeira—Cape Verd—Cape of Good Hope—De Gama—Columbus—East-Indies—America—Coast of Africa—Interior of Africa.

THE readers of this Journal found the author of it, at the end of the last chapter, cast a second time, with his shipmates in misfortune, upon the western coast of Africa, and upon that part of it where the wandering Arabs inhabit. He wishes to relieve himself, and his readers, from the continued detail of human misery; and thinks he cannot do it better than by giving, very briefly, what scanty historical and geographical information he can collect concerning this quarter of the globe.

Although Africa holds the third rank in point of size among the four great continents that constitute our globe, in a moral, political, and commercial point of view, it is decidedly inferior to them all. While the continents of Europe and America have been making rapid progress in civilization, the arts and sciences, Asia may be said to have been, for the most part, stationary, and Africa retrograding. While the arts that conduce to the comfort of man, and the sciences that expand and elevate his mind, have, in the former, been advanced almost to perfection; in many parts of the latter, the same degree of barbarism prevails now, as prevailed at the birth

of our Saviour. Indeed, for a considerable time before the Christian æra, the Persians, Medes, and Romans, had large and beautiful settlements upon the Niger, and in different parts of the African continent. But upon the subversion of the Roman empire, in the fifth century, when the northern hive broke loose, and was precipitated upon Europe, the Goths, Vandals, Franks, Ostrogoths, Visigoths, and other barbarous tribes, made a war of extermination against civilized man, and of destruction against all the productions of the arts and sciences. The Vandals, always taking the lead in barbarity, passed from Spain into Africa, converted some of the most populous places in this continent to a barren wilderness, held uncontrolled dominion in all the north part of this continent for more than a century, and were at last compelled to surrender a country which they had thus ruined, to the Mahometan Arabs, or Moors, who now, under different names, form the principal part of its population.

This immense continent, which has so long been the theatre of suffering humanity, is bounded north by the Mediterranean sea, having Europe on the north; west by the Atlantic ocean, having America on the west; south, by the southern ocean; east, by the Indian ocean, the Red sea, and part of Asia, to which it is united by the Isthmus of Suez, about sixty miles in breadth. This immense peninsula in shape resembles a triangle; its east and west sides being very irregular. From Cape Bona, on the Mediterranean, to the Cape of Good Hope, on

the southern ocean, it comprehends seventy degrees of latitude, or about 4875 miles; and from Cape Verd 17° 33′ W. long. to Cape Guardafui, 51° 20′ E. long. it is something more than 4790 miles.

It is within the knowledge of every historian, that the present nations of Europe owe their origin to some one of the barbarous nations who overturned the Roman empire, about the middle of the fifth century. Breaking forth in myriads from the frozen regions of Scandinavia, where they had become inured to every hardship and privation, and pouring their countless legions upon the fertile, highly cultivated and delightful countries, bordering upon the Mediterranean, they lost the ardor of conquest, and the thirst for discoveries. The Ostrogoths and Visigoths, took to themselves the beautiful regions of Italy and Naples. The Gauls and Franks possessed themselves of France. The Moors, who came from the east, established themselves in Spain and Portugal. The Saxons overran the extensive German empire, including Prussia and Poland. This, the most brave, magnanimous and warlike of the northern clans, afterwards passed over to England. From them Americans may trace their origin. They continue to be brave and magnanimous, and, when necessary, can be warlike.

Although many of these tribes inhabited countries but a short distance from the continent of Africa, yet so completely had they destroyed every vestige of the arts and sciences, and with them so effectually checked the progressing

knowledge of navigation, commencing the period which has been denominated the "dark ages," that this continent for a long period of time, remained to them, and to the rest of the world, almost unknown. At length the mariner's compass was invented; and about the middle of the fourteenth century, (1344) the Canary islands, near the western coast of Africa were discovered, and, by the Pope, erected into a kingdom, and bestowed upon a royal Castilian. The ardor for penetrating unexplored regions revived; and the fifteenth century may be called THE AGE OF DISCOVERY. The Portuguese led the van in the path of navigating glory. An armament was fitted out by John I. of Portugal to attack the Moors, who had possessed themselves of the Barbary coast in Africa. The vessels that were sent forward to explore, proceeded as far as Cape Bajador, the dreadful place where Capt. Riley and his crew met their fate. This was 160 miles beyond the voyages of former navigators. The dreadful breakers, dashing upon the impending cliffs near that Cape, deterred them from approaching the coast, and they returned. Henry, son of John I. soon after fitted out a vessel, and entrusted the command to two gentlemen of his own household. Timidity made them merely coasters; but a gale of wind drove them out to sea, and they accidentally discovered Porto Santo. The next year, he sent out three vessels to take possession of that island, and from that they discovered a fixed spot in the horizon; and upon approaching it, they found it to be the island of Madeira,

so well known to our countrymen. Soon after, the dreaded Cape Bajador was doubled; and in a few years after they discovered the river Senegal, and the coast from Cape Blanco to Cape Verd, and, in 1446, the Cape de Verd islands. The equinoctial line was soon after passed; and Benin, Congo and Guinea, were discovered in succession. The Portuguese monarch, animated to enthusiasm by this success, and thinking there must be a southern termination to the African continent, despatched Bartholomey Diaz to find it. He accomplished the object; but dared not approach the threatening promontory, which he named Cabo Tormentoso. or Stormy Cape. But the king, knowing that he had found a passage to India, gave it the name of the Cape of Good Hope. Towards the close of this century, (15th) he despatched a nobleman by the name of Vasquez de Gama, to double this Cape, and if possible proceed to India. He accomplished this great object, and landed in India the 22d of May, 1498, and returned to Lisbon the 14th of September, 1499, about seven years after Columbus had discovered the continent of America.

The coast of Africa had now been thoroughly explored, while the interior was known only by the barbarians who inhabited it; to the geographer, it was nothing but a vastly extended blank; and it remained so until near the close of the 18th century. The reason for this may probably be found in the fact that all the great enterprises, set on foot for the discovery of unknown regions, have generally proceeded from

a desire to accumulate wealth, or augment power; and the accumulation of the one is generally an augmentation of the other. The unpromising appearance of the coast of Africa afforded but little encouragement to the ambition of monarchs, or the cupidity of merchants. To this it may be added, that De Gama, by discovering a passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope, had unfolded to European merchants the inexhaustible stores of wealth embosomed in that quarter of the globe. Columbus at the same time discovered a New World. The mines of Potosi and Peru were beginning to pour forth their rich contents into the coffers of European monarchs, and to stimulate the avarice of European merchants. To these, as the leading causes, may probably be imputed the ignorance in which the world remains of the interior of the continent of Africa to this day.

We have, to be sure, a few books of travels in this continent. But they are the productions of individuals, whose romantic desire to obtain information led them to encounter every hazard, and surmount every danger. We can hardly expect a correct delineation of a country, or a description of its inhabitants, institutions, manners, and customs, by a solitary wanderer, who is every moment in danger of death. Surely, that head is poorly calculated to treasure up facts and detail them to the world, which is liable every hour to be taken from the shoulders. The travels of Vaillant, of Norden, and of Bruce, and what little of Park's is published, have been carefully examined by the writer of this Journal,

with a view of enriching it with interesting extracts therefrom. But the design is relinquished, as they give us no information concerning the wandering Arabs, or of the immense desert of Zahara which comprehends a great proportion of the interior of North Africa. It may here be remarked, that we can expect correct information of this desert and of the Arabs, from none but European or American slaves. The traveller, who is in pursuit of this knowledge, is in hourly danger of death or slavery. The slave is safe in the hands of his master. With him he traverses the desert; with him he reposes in a tent. Having leisure, he can record in safety the peculiarities of this peculiar people. If he becomes a slave to a settled resident in some of the towns, he can describe that, and the customs of the people. The author of this Journal was in both these situations, and hopes to give a correct account of this part of Africa, or that part of it which he saw.

But I cannot omit to incorporate into this work some portion of the doings of an "*Association for promoting the discovery of the interior parts of Africa.*" This association was formed in England by a number of gentlemen of rank and learning, in the year 1788. The first adventurer that entered into its service, and proceeded upon a tour of discovery in Africa, was one of our own countrymen by the name of Ledyard.

The daring enterprise of Americans has been known to the world, and by the world applauded, ever since Englishmen became known by

that name. Although the Portuguese first began the business of discovery, it was left for Americans and Englishmen to complete it; and from what they have already accomplished, it may be rationally expected, that the ardent spirit of discovery will not subside so long as an ocean or sea remains untraversed, or any portion of the earth continues unexplored. Our countryman, the indefatigable Ledyard, had been long engaged in traversing unknown seas, and exploring unknown countries, without the aid of governments, or the assistance of private munificence. He became known to this association, was adopted as their agent, and employed to accomplish their splendid objects. The readers of this volume will be better gratified by an account of this American, from the doings of this association, than from the imperfect manner in which it would be given by the writer; it is, therefore, presented in their own language:—

"Scarcely was this society instituted, when two gentlemen were engaged in the advancement of these schemes of discovery, whose talents and courage eminently qualified them for such an arduous service. One of them named Ledyard, by birth an American, feeling from his earliest youth an irresistible desire to explore those regions of the globe, which were undiscovered, or imperfectly known, had passed several years among the Indians in America, studying their manners and habits, and had thus learned how to recommend himself to the favor and protection of savages. He had accompa-

nied Capt. Cook in his voyage round the world, descending to the humble situation of corporal of marines, rather than forego an opportunity so inviting to his inquisitive and adventurous spirit. He next resolved to traverse the continent of America, from the north-west coast which Cook had partly explored, to the eastern coast, with which he himself was already perfectly familiar. Disappointed in his intention of sailing in a voyage of commercial adventure to Nootka Sound, he crossed the British Channel to Ostend, with only ten guineas in his purse; determined to travel over land to Kamschatka, whence the passage is short to the western coast of America. When he came to the Gulf of Bothnia, he attempted to cross it on the ice, that he might reach Kamschatka by the shortest way; but finding that the water was not frozen in the middle, he returned to Stockholm; travelled northward into the arctic circle; and passing round the head of the gulf, descended on its eastern side to Petersburgh. There his extraordinary appearance attracted general notice. Without stockings or shoes, and too poor to provide himself with either, he was invited to dine with the Portuguese Ambassador, who supplied him with twenty guineas on the credit of Sir Joseph Banks, and through his interest he obtained permission to accompany a detachment of stores which was to be sent to Yakutz, for the use of Mr. Billings, an Englishman, who was entrusted with the schemes of northern discovery, in which the Empress was then engaged.

"From Yakutz, which is situated in Siberia, 6000 miles east of Petersburgh, he proceeded to Oczakow, on the Kamschatkan sea; but as the navigation was completely obstructed by the ice, he returned to Yakutz, intending to wait for the conclusion of the winter. Here, in consequence of some unaccountable suspicion, he was seized in the name of the Empress by two Russian soldiers, who conveyed him, in the depth of winter, through the north of Tartary, to the frontier of the Polish dominions; assuring him at their departure, that if he returned to Russia he should certainly be hanged; but if he chose to return to England, they wished him a pleasant journey. Poor, forlorn, and friendless, covered with rags, and exhausted by hardships, disease, and misery, he proceeded to Konigsburg, where the interest of Sir Joseph Banks enabled him to procure the sum of five guineas, by means of which he arrived in England. He waited immediately on Sir Joseph, who, knowing his disposition, informed him that he could recommend him to an adventure as perilous as that from which he had just returned, and communicated to him the views of the association for discovering the inland countries of Africa.

"Ledyard entered with enthusiasm into an enterprise which he had already projected for himself; and receiving from Sir Joseph a letter of introduction to one of the members of the committee appointed to direct the business, and promote the object of the association, he went to him without delay. The description which that gentleman has given of their first interview

strongly marks the character of this hardy traveller. "Before I had learned," says he, "from the note, the name and business of my visiter, I was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye. I spread the map of Africa before him, and tracing a line from Cairo to Sennaar, and from thence westward in the latitude and supposed direction of the Niger, I told him that was the route by which I was anxious that Africa might, if possible, be explored. He said he should think himself singularly fortunate to be entrusted with the adventure. I asked him when he would set out? To-morrow morning, was his answer." From such zeal, decision, and intrepidity, the society naturally formed the most sanguine expectations.

"Mr. Ledyard sailed from London on the 30th of June, 1788, and in thirty-six days, seven of which were spent in Paris and two at Marseilles, arrived in the city of Alexandria; and having there assumed the dress, and been instructed in the manners requisite for an Egyptian traveller, proceeded to Cairo, which he reached on the 19th day of August. Ledyard travelled with peculiar advantages. Endowed with an original and comprehensive genius, he beheld with interest, and described with energy, the scenes and objects around him; and by comparing them with what he had seen in other regions of the globe, he was enabled to give his narrative all the varied effect of contrast and resemblance. His remarks on lower Egypt, had that country

been less generally known, might have ranked with the most valuable of geographical records; and greatly heightened the opinion which his employers already entertained of his singular qualifications for the task which he had undertaken. Nor was his residence in Cairo altogether useless to the association. By visiting the slave markets, and by conversing with the Iclabs, or travelling merchants of the caravans, he obtained, without any expense, a better idea of the people of Africa, of its trade, of the position of places, the nature of the country, and the manner of travelling, than he could, by any other means, have acquired: and the communications on these subjects, which he transmitted to England, interesting and instructing as they were, afforded the society the most gratifying proofs of the ardent spirit of inquiry, the unwearied attention, the persevering research and the laborious, indefatigable, anxious zeal with which their author pursued the object of their mission."

This interesting and elegant account of our wonderful countryman is extracted from the "*Proceedings of the African Association*," for 1790. It is incorporated into this volume with the highest pleasure, as it is an encomium, derived from our enemy, in favour of one of our native countrymen; from an enemy too, who have always used the small arms of the pen, and the artillery of the press, to diminish American genius—American courage—and American greatness.

This indefatigable association continued their laudable exertions. Mr. Lucas sailed for the

African continent in October, the same year with Ledyard. In 1790, Major Houghton was employed in the same enterprise. In 1795, the celebrated Mungo Park began to explore the continent of Africa. Mr. Hernemann, a German, followed in 1797.

We might extend this chapter by giving short biographical sketches of these celebrated adventurers, but we now return to our Journal;—intending, in a future part of it, to give a brief geographical view of Africa, embracing the principal places described by these travellers, and what may be gathered from other authentic sources.

CHAP. V.

Passage from Cape Barbas—mutual pledge—the coast—crossing precipice—projecting rock—watery cavern—view of Zahara—sleeping on hill—prayer—capture by Arabs, and separation.

AFTER having given our readers a compressed historical account of Africa, derived from the most authentic sources, we now return to the melancholy Journal of individual sufferings in this quarter of the globe. They were endured by the author for about nineteen months, that is to say, from the 5th day of September, 1815, when he landed from the boat near Cape Barbas, until the 8th day of April, 1817,—when the author left this quarter of the globe to return to America, that quarter of it in which he had his birth.

After we ran our boat ashore, as mentioned, north of Cape Barbas, our first object was to secure what provisions we had remaining. It had been many days since we ate bread; the wreck of the brig having ruined the whole, excepting what we got ashore at Cape Bajador, and that was soon consumed. Our wine was also exhausted, the last bottle having been drank just before we made our landing in the little sand beach among the rocks. We still had a little water, and some salt pork remaining; but could not transport them, together with our clothing, when ascending and descending rocks, whose perpendicular position and ragged sides seemed to defy the approach of human footsteps. We knew the impossibility of doing this from a view of the precipices that surrounded us,—and we left all our clothing excepting what covered our bodies —cut from our pork all that was lean—buried and threw away every piece of money in our possession, at the suggestion of Capt. Riley. Most of us made small sacks out of the sail we had in the boat, with a pen-knife and some rope yarn. In these we deposited each of us a small quantity of fat pork and a porter bottle filled with water, it being all we had now remaining, excepting one extra bottle which we drank upon starting on our uncertain and hazardous journey. We now came to a solemn agreement to remain together as long as possible, and to render to each other every kind office in our power. It was not merely common danger that made us friends; we had become attached to each other by previous sufferings and mutual favors. As

we were doomed soon to be separated under circumstances the most painful to the human feelings, I must be indulged in naming the whole crew. James Riley, captain—George Williams, chief mate—Aaron R. Savage, second mate, all of Middletown; William Porter, James Barrett, and John Hogan, of Massachusetts, near Portland; Thomas Burns, of Lyme; James Clarke, of Hartford; and myself, seamen. Horace Savage, cabin-boy, of Middletown; and Richard Deslile, (man of colour) cook, of Hartford. Mr. Williams, Barrett, Hogan, Antonio, and Deslile, (called Dick) still remained unheard of, and probably are either starved, assassinated, or remain in bondage, from which the rest of us, heaven be praised, have escaped.

On the 6th of Sept. we started, scarcely knowing what object we had in view. We resolved, however, to follow the coast, hoping to espy some sail at sea—hoping to find water—hoping to reach the wreck—and hoping to find something more in it to sustain life a little longer; having at the same time no expectation of seeing either of those hopes realized; and in this we were not disappointed; we were defeated in all of them.

Porter and myself usually kept forward, sometimes seeing our companions in the rear, and sometimes they were hidden from us by projecting rocks. It is impossible for a stranger to this dreadful coast to conceive of the danger and fatigue we endured in this journey. Occasionally we found a short distance of beach on which we could walk without difficulty; we were then

opposed by rocks projecting into the sea, upon which a surf was constantly beating. We had to wait for the surf to retire, and then clamber over the rock. For many rods we were obliged to ascend upon the broken cliffs of the rocks, the surge beating upon the base of them below in a manner calculated to make despair take the place of hope. During this day, we came to a narrow projection from the almost perpendicular rock, for nearly thirty rods in length; not much wider than a stone step. It was our only passage. It was as much as fifty feet above the surf below, and rising as many as five hundred feet above our heads. He must be something more or less than man, who could pass this track with unconcern. Porter and I being far ahead, found a small passage into the rock, where we could remain with safety, and we waited till the rest came up. The water had worn a hole into the rock, nearly in shape of a common kettle, which was filled with warm water. We bathed our heads in it which greatly refreshed us. We were soon joined by our whole party, who did the same, with the same effect. We continued to grope our way along the rocks until dark, when we came to a projecting one, around which we had to wade, or swim through the surf. We then ascended a cliff, and to our great joy, found a place where we could repose. It ought to be here mentioned, that all the way we saw fresh dung, and tracks of animals, and during the night heard their howling; but we neither of us this day or night saw any animal. We lay down to rest with our clothes soaked, after eating a little

raw pork and quenching our thirst with a sip of water. Notwithstanding our constant and unwearied exertions, we could not have travelled more than five miles during the whole of this day, judging from the objects in our rear which we had passed, and a harder day's travel was never made by man.

On the morning of the 7th of September, we found ourselves stiffened and almost unable to move from having slept the preceding night, which was chilly, in the open air, with wet clothes. In the morning we partook of the only food in our possession—cutting a thin slice of raw pork from what remained, and water enough only to wet our mouths. With this little nourishment, and with our debilitated bodies, we began our second day's journey. The difficulty of travelling was not diminished, but rather increased. We shortly came to a rock which projected a great distance over the sea. The water had worn under it from fifty to sixty feet; and the cliffs that had broken from the rock above, lay, in great masses, in the surf below. It seemed to us impossible to pass; but we resolved to attempt the dreadful passage. We let ourselves down from rock to rock until we reached those lying in the surf, and clinging to the one upon which we alighted, the dreadful surf broke over us with all its violence. As the sea went out, we snatched the opportunity to pass a short distance over these craggy rocks, tearing our bodies in a terrible manner. In this way we travelled, from rock to rock, and through surf after surf, I should judge half a mile; in performing which we were

as many as three hours. At length the party all came up, and we reached the sand beach which we had before seen ahead. Had it not been at low water, we could not have passed at all. For most of this distance, the water had worn under the rocks, as near as we could judge, from sixty to eighty feet, presenting to view a cavern, from whose frightful aspect the heart recoiled with horror. In this passage we found and ate a few salt muscles, which, although they afforded some nourishment, very much increased our thirst. We also saw a large leopard; the first live animal we had seen on the African coast, excepting the camels, at Cape Bajador, where our calamities commenced. It was about 10 o'clock when we reached the beach. We immediately began to dig for water, and having no implements to do it with, we used our hands, scraping the sand into our hats and throwing it to the top of the well. Capt. Riley went in pursuit of a passage to the world above the rocks, if, by good fortune, he could find one, and we continued to dig, without the least effect, in various places for water. Capt. Riley gave us a gloomy account on his return, and his gloom was increased when he found that we had obtained no water. We all once more started, and at the end of the beach, it being about noon, we were completely exhausted. Nature could do no more—we stretched ourselves upon the beach—under a shelving rock guarding us from the rays of the sun. "Sleep, balmy sleep—nature's fond nurse, sweet restorer," came to our relief; we reposed, and our "senses were steeped in forgetful-

ness," for two hours. I will not attempt to describe my feelings at the time I awoke, for it could hardly be said that I had any feelings. I had become so inured to misery, that she had adopted me as her child, and I felt no disposition to avoid her embrace. I knew I had done all I could to rescue myself and assist my companions in escaping from the army of calamities that surrounded us. This seemed to be a common sentiment among us.

Capt. Riley, in his pursuit of a passage over the rocks, had discovered that there was a beach for some ways ahead, and proposed that we should make one effort more to find our way to the land above, through this hitherto inaccessible precipice. With one accord we acceded to the proposition, and were once more on the march. We soon began to ascend, crawling upon our hands and knees, catching hold of every substance that would assist us in dragging our bodies forward. It was next to dragging ourselves to the scaffold—it was like becoming our own executioners. We at length ascended the top of the precipice, and, O merciful Heaven! what a prospect presented itself to our affrighted view! what despondency sunk into our hearts! Had we been called to meet the dangers of the sea, or to fight the enemies of our country, we should, I know, like true American sailors, have encountered them without dismay. But, after having encountered and overcome almost all the varieties of human misery; after having rung all the changes of calamity; then to be cast upon a barren heath, a boundless plain, made up of burn-

ing sand and flinty stones, producing neither a green vegetable, or refreshing water; there to be famished with hunger, devoured by wild beasts, or become slaves to the most merciless of creatures that wear the form of man, was surely enough to appal the stoutest heart! It seemed as if death was about to overtake us; and the outstretched plain before us seemed like the great Golgotha of the human race. Casting our eyes far to the southward, the plain, owing to the striking of the rays of the sun upon the dried sand, appeared like an immense lake. We even thought of going in pursuit of it; but having so long been betrayed by the illusions of hope, *this ignis fatuus* could not lead us. Some of us felt a disinclination to move at all. Hogan, at the mention of whose name I can hardly suppress a falling tear, however, the first one who ventured upon the hawser as before mentioned, was asked what it was best to do? He answered, with perfect apathy, "I don't know—but what's the use of lying down to die as long as we can stand up and walk." The fortitude of a New-England sailor is certainly proverbial; but we are told that a continual dropping will wear away stones; and as our bodies wasted, our courage was diminished. We moved off in a body, keeping in with the coast; and as we wandered near the edge of the precipice, we were almost dizzied by the immense distance to the roaring surge at the base, which continually beat and wasted its force upon this iron bound coast. We occasionally saw a wild dry plant resembling a wild parsnip, or fennel stalk, which

we dug up out of the hard baked earth with sharp stones and the knives we had with us. It afforded but little nourishment to us, and from the appearance of the earth around them, they had been sought after and ate by wild beasts, their tracks being visible around their roots. We saw large heaps of muscle shells, and the appearance of a former fire where they probably had been roasted by the natives. Thus far, in this day's travel, we had found but little sand, the surface of the earth being chiefly covered with sharp stones. But towards night, coming to a more sandy ground, we discovered the tracks of a camel and those of a large human foot, travelling to the northward. These tracks appeared to be recently made; indeed they must have been, as the blowing of the dry sand would soon have filled them up. This circumstance convinced us that we were at no great distance from some of the natives; and however terrible was the reflection, we now felt anxious to fall in with them, for we were famishing and thirsting to death. We still had a few drops of water remaining, with which we moistened our mouths, after sitting down near the precipice, where we enjoyed a cool breeze. After travelling a little farther, we discovered a sandy beach; the precipice suddenly diminishing and falling back from the shore. We intended, if possible, to make this beach, and there to spend the night. It now became dark; and after travelling about an hour we discovered the light of a fire at a considerable distance ahead. This discovery excited in our bosoms the mingled emotions of

joy and fear—joy, that we might obtain something to satisfy the hunger that gnawed upon our frames, and quench the thirst which was parching us to powder—fear, that this relief would forever take from us the freedom which we enjoyed with our misery. We descended, with great difficulty, about half way down to the beach, and upon a steep side-hill, surrounded by cragged rocks, we laid down upon the burning sand, after having scraped off the surface of it to make a cooler bed, and also a guard to prevent us from sliding down the hill. Here we slept until morning; and upon awaking, found ourselves chilled by the cold air and the dews which prevail here in the night season, notwithstanding the heat of the days.

The 8th of September had now come, a day memorable in the calender of our crew; for upon this day we lost the exalted character of freemen, and became the most degraded of slaves.

About sun-rise we were all assembled upon the sand bank upon which we had slept, and in a united manner, joined Mr. Savage (if I rightly recollect) in prayer. Standing uncovered upon the declivity of the hill, with the boundless ocean roaring on one side, and the immense desert stretching out on the other, we poured out our souls to that God who made them, imploring His protection and support in whatever situation we might be placed, in whatever scenes we might be called to act, and in whatever sufferings we might be compelled to endure. We then mutually pledged ourselves to each other.

that, as we should undoubtedly very soon be enslaved by the Arabs, and probably separated from each other, we would use every means to effect our own and each other's release, that should fall in our power; that if we could, by any means, convey the intelligence of our situation to any Christian power, we would avail ourselves of the opportunity. We now descended the hill to the beach, and continued our course along the same to the northeast. After proceeding about two miles, as I judged, and rising a small sand hill, we discovered at no great distance a drove of camels. We came to a sudden stop, and upon consultation, some were for going on, others for lying by. We concluded that this *might* be a *caravan* travelling to the northward; and *might* assist us on. We continued to approach them; and as we drew near, we concluded there must have been as many as seventy or eighty of the natives. We were now first discovered by six or seven of them, who had wandered from the clan; one of whom appeared to be a middle aged man, and who afterwards became Hogan's and Dick's master—the others were two women, the rest being children. As soon as they saw us, they run rapidly towards us. We immediately fell upon our knees, and, by signs, begging the man, who was armed with a drawn scimitar, to spare our lives, and bestow upon us a little water. The first request he granted, but totally disregarded the second. The women, ten times more ferocious in appearance than the men, came up with the children, and with the greatest violence, stripped off all

our clothes excepting trowsers. Some of us, however, were stripped entirely naked, although they left me my trowsers. The man, in the mean time, was constantly brandishing his naked scimitar around our heads, and darting it towards our breasts, seeming impatient to see us bleeding. The whole clan now discovered us, and came rushing on with many of their camels. The manner of their approach defies description; some were running on foot, armed with spears, some on camels, some with muskets, others with large clubs, others with scimitars, and all seemed anxious to be the first sharers in the plunder, when alas, they could find no plunder but our miserable bodies. As they came up, those who had possessed themselves of all our clothes, and of our persons also, began to throw sand into the air, and hooting somewhat like American savages. A contest now began among themselves, of which we were spectators, all contending for their right to us as slaves. After this contest was ended, in which no lives were lost, although much heathen blood was shed, we were all led towards the well; each one of us having three or four Arabs hold of us, forcing us on, and each of them contending for *his* right to us, as *his* slave. We very soon reached the well, around which were a number of vessels filled with water, in which the camels were drinking. They were made of the skin of the camel. The top of them was a circular hoop, to which the skin was sewed, and which rested on three legs. Between these legs, the skin hung down in the shape of a common basket.

holding generally about twenty gallons, from which five or six camels drink at one time; it being supplied from the well until the camels are satisfied. As I came to the well, my masters released me from their grasp. I immediately plunged my head into the tub with the camels, to satisfy my raging thirst, regardless of the vessel or of the kind of liquid I was drinking. The camels were frightened by their new companion, and began to retire; the natives immediately drove me away, and restored to the camels, more humane than their masters, their previous right. During this time there seemed to be a contest among those who brought me to the well, the object which was to determine to whom of *right* I belonged. They seized me three or four at a time, and pulled me one way and the other, with so much force, that I concluded they were about to settle the dispute by making an equal distribution of my body among them. During this scene, in which I was a passive actor, they kept constantly jabbering very loud and with great earnestness. At length one of them continued his hold, the rest having surrendered me to him; and he now became my sole master. His name was GANUS. He was about five feet eight inches in height; large and raw boned, as is indeed the case with all the wandering Arabs, and about forty years of age. It had now become about eight o'clock in the morning. My master led me off to his camels stationed at a small distance, in the keeping of two young women, who afterwards proved to be his sisters. I here fell in with Mr. Savage, Mr

Williams, and Barrett, who were situated near by. They informed me that they had been furnished with a small supply of milk and water. The girls then gave me some milk and water, in a bowl, which I shared with my companions in misery. The camels having been sufficiently watered, and the goat skins having been filled, preparations were made for a departure from the well.

CHAP. VI.

Separation of the crew—taking leave—departure into the desert—mode of travelling—water—goat skin—arrival at a tent—mode of making fire—cooking and eating—travelling upon Zahara—Mahomedan worship—clothing.

SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1815.

FROM this day I date my slavery among the Arabs, and my shipmates may also date theirs from the same time. We were now all in the possession of barbarian masters; although it is impossible for me to tell precisely how the crew were distributed. Just before my master started, which was between nine and ten o'clock, A. M. I was permitted to take leave of Capt. Riley and all the crew, who were situated in different places around the well, excepting Mr. Williams and Barrett, who went off in company with me. As it is wholly impossible to describe the feelings of my bosom at this adieu, I will not attempt it. More poignantly distressing they could not have been, had I been about to leave this world for another. It left me in a state of horror and anguish which I then thought I could not, but for

a short time, survive. I was mounted upon a camel behind the hump, wholly destitute of clothing excepting my trowsers, and compelled to steady myself by clinching the long hair upon the hump, which is generally from four to six inches in length. The back of the camel, from the hinder part of the protuberance upon it, commonly called the hump, is entirely smooth; the back bone extremely sharp, and the hip bones projecting but a very little from the rump, which slopes very steeply, so that it is utterly impossible to keep your seat without inclining the body far forward, and constantly holding on by the long hair. The camels commonly used for carrying baggage and passengers are from twenty to twenty-five hands in height; and although in riding at full trot the naked body of the miserable slave who is compelled to ride, is excoriated and torn to pieces, a sudden fall from them would endanger his life. If he falls off by accident, or voluntarily slips from his painful seat to relieve himself from excruciating torture, he is left in the rear, and is driven up to the party who have gotten ahead, by the scimitar, the spear, or the club of his master. After travelling in this way for some miles, I began to wonder why I had not been sunk in the ocean, precipitated from a rock, or in some sudden way been deprived of that life which now became a burthen to me. My body was naked, excepting my legs, under the almost vertical rays of the sun, being within the torrid zone, or tropic of Cancer, and my legs were constantly chafing and wearing away by constantly thumping upon the

hard hips of an hard trotting camel. Poor beast, thought I, we both have the same unfeeling master, and must both submit to the capricious exercise of that power which absolute authority gives him. I almost imagined that the *camel* pitied me; and should have come to this conclusion absolutely, had it not been from the prevailing sentiment that *men* possessed more *humanity* than *brutes*. How often are we in the habit of making mistakes! The Arab is not the only being, among those called *rational*, whose direful cruelty would make even a tiger weep.

After we had ascended the precipice, and had gone some distance upon the plain, my master left his camels, his baggage and me, in the keeping of the girls, and joined the master of Mr. Williams and Barrett. They knew that we must have landed on this coast at no great distance off; and having asked me, by signs, where the boat or vessel lay in which we were wrecked, I satisfied them by signs as well as I could. They now both started upon a long trot, a camel seldom galloping, and went in pursuit of the boat or wreck. My master had about twenty camels, and the master of Mr. Williams and Barrett about the same number, and we were now all joined in one party, in the keeping of the women belonging to the two parties. We now proceeded upon the plain towards the interior, in a S. E. direction, travelling at full speed. We were compelled to keep up with the party, and although riding in the manner before described was excessively painful, we were under the necessity of enduring it, as we could not on foot

do this. We however, occasionally dismounted, and run a short distance on foot, to obtain a little relief from our pain, occasioned by the hard trotting of the camels. At about 2 o'clock, two Arabs approached, with great speed, stole Mr. Williams and Barrett from their keepers, in spite of all their exertions to prevent it; placed them behind upon their camels, and made off to the south; and, in a few minutes, were out of sight. I was now left alone; no human creature to associate with; no bosom into which I could pour my own sorrows. My captain and shipmates were all dispersed, and in different hands; and I was left, without any spectator of my distresses, excepting the wretches who took delight in increasing them. The girls now stripped off my trowsers, and gave me, in exchange, a strip of old blanket, about eighteen inches wide, which I made fast around my middle with thorns. I begged for some water, which they gave me in an old hat, which I was obliged to carry in my hand, out of sight of the camels, lest by wearing it, I should frighten them. We then started again; and, as the party slackened their pace a little, I was enabled to keep up on foot. We continued in a S. E. direction; and after travelling about two hours, I had the first view of the Arabs' tents. We halted at about a quarter of a mile distance from them, and I soon saw a female coming towards us, who came out to meet the returning party. She seemed to manifest a little feeling at my forlorn situation, and entreated the girls to give me a little water, which they did. She took hold of my hands,

and examined them very intently, showing at the same time signs of wonder and curiosity. We then prosecuted our journey, some mounted on camels, and some on foot, till about five o'clock, the sun appearing about an hour high. We now came near the tents belonging to the two masters of our party, situated in a small valley. The surface of the ground consisted of hard baked earth filled with small, sharp, flinty stones, and occasionally of a small vein of sandy ground. There was not a tree nor vegetable in sight; and the earth had nothing verdant upon it, but a few small bushes thinly scattered, about two feet high. Upon these, the camels fed. They were distributed around the valley, and supported themselves by browsing upon these bushes. The camels loaded with water, which was contained in goat skins, were driven up to the tent, and unloaded.

These skins, made to transport water from one part of the desert to the other, are fitted for this purpose by taking the skin whole from the goat. This is done, by cutting it around the neck; then by thrusting in the hand, it is taken whole from the animal to the end of its legs. The holes, at the end of the legs, are made fast, by tying an overhand knot with the skin of the legs. The Arabs have a kind of root which, dried and pounded, they apply to the inside of the skin, which cures and tans it, sufficiently to become a water vessel; leaving the hair on the outside in its natural state. The neck of the skin, into which they pour the water, is made water-tight by lashing a cord around it, which

is also made fast to the skin of one of the fore legs; and in this way they keep the neck of the skin in a perpendicular position, while the body of it lies along-side of the camel horizontally; being made fast to the saddle by a cord extending from each leg. The camel is sometimes loaded with four of these skins, two upon each side. These skins are sometimes used for the transportation of milk, taken from the camel, although those used for this purpose are more thoroughly tanned, and the hair wholly taken off.

Before we arrived at the tents, my master's wife and three children came out about half a mile to meet us. They welcomed the return of the party, by enclosing their hands in those of the returning, and also throwing their arms about their necks and kissing them. The old lady wore a face that seemed to have something of humanity in it. She took my hand, and letting it go, put hers to her own mouth, motioning to me to do the same, with my own, which I did. The little children, by their signs, wished me to kiss their hands, which I did. They all manifested a kind of pleasure in having a slave in their family, to serve them, and more probably because they hoped to make a sum of money by the sale of me. I was then conducted to the tent; and after resting awhile, was sent out with one of the girls, who had a kind of hatchet in her hand, for what purpose I could not tell. I however soon learned it was to cut bushes for fuel. After she had cut a few of them to instruct me, she handed the hatchet to me and bade me cut

or dig them out of the ground. After gathering and carrying three handfuls to the tent, I was told it was sufficient, and was bade, by signs, to sit down. They then dug a small hole in the ground in front of the tent, and struck fire with a flint and steel upon a kind of dried weed, which served for tinder. After the weed had taken fire, they gathered up a quantity of dried camel's dung, which is always to be found around an Arab's tent, and after rubbing it in their hands, placed it upon the burning weed, and blowing it, it soon set the dung on fire. They then put on a few dried sticks, and, as soon as they began to blaze, they were placed in the bottom of the hole. This is the universal method of building a fire among this people. They then gathered some small stones and threw into the fire; commanding me to cut a small slice from the pork which they found in my sack, and the same being cut into small pieces, it was put into a small wooden bowl. They then, with two sticks, took from the fire in the hole the heated stones and dropped them into the bowl among the pork, which I kept from burning by stirring it round. It was very much for my benefit that my mistress was a Mahometan, for she would not *publicly* eat pork herself, although she dispensed so far with the articles of her faith, as to permit her children to partake with me of this unholy food. Before I began my supper, however, she made me pour my pork, fat and all, into my hat, as they will never permit a Christian to contaminate their vessels by eating or drinking in them; and I have often been deprived of a

draught of water, because no vessel but theirs could be found to contain it. They commanded me to preserve part of this mess until next morning, as I could have no more food until the next evening. Cooking, however, is an uncommon duty among the Arabs, as they seldom have any thing to cook, living almost wholly upon the milk of the camel, which they sometimes warm with heated stones. Indeed, were it not for the camel, the immense desert of Zahara, sometimes called Zaara, and Saharah, must be wholly deserted by human beings. From the peculiar nature of the camel's feet, being somewhat of the nature of a puff-ball, and yielding to the smallest pressure, they are enabled to endure the sharp stones, and also to travel in the deep sand. By these animals, the Arabs are enabled to traverse the desert, and to transport their plunder, their persons, and their slaves, from one part of it to another. The country, producing no vegetable food of any consequence, the natives are enabled to sustain life by the milk of these animals and their meat when slain. Why they are permitted to live at all, as they do nothing to add to the common stock of human enjoyment, but every thing in their power to diminish it, is a question which neither the dim light of nature, nor the imperfect reason of man can solve. At about eleven o'clock at night, the usual time of milking the camels, I had perhaps a pint of milk mixed with a pint of water, which is the usual quantity afforded a slave. The reason for milking the camels near the middle of the night is, to let their milk cool, which is always much

heated by the exercise of the animal, and the burning sun of the preceding day. They suffered me to sleep upon the sand at one corner of the tent. In the course of the night my master Ganus returned from seeking after the boat. To me, it was next to a miracle, that he could have reached the boat, and have taken therefrom articles which I knew we left there, in this short space of time. But afterwards, on seeing Porter, he told me that the next day after my master descended, he went down to the boat himself with his master. That the camels and an Arab would descend a precipice with ease, which an European or American could hardly pass without endangering his life. My master brought a bag of rice which we had left near the boat, the same being ruined by the salt water, and having turned as green as verdigris: he also brought some lean pork, which we could not carry with us upon the precipice; a part of a boat sail, pieces of ropes, and, what reminded me of our brig and my country, the colours of the brig.

September 9th.—This was the second day of my slavery. The family of my master consisted of himself, his wife, and two girls, and a boy; the oldest about twelve. His mother and his two sisters, before mentioned, lived in a tent near by, and both seemed to constitute but one family. I now furnished myself with a long string, having no means to keep the day of the week, or of the month, the month itself, or even the year; and every day I tied a knot in it to keep my reckoning and have it correct. The family of my master could not be reckoned among the rich Arabs;

he and his mother having between them but two small tents, and but about twenty camels, young and old. At this time they milked but three, which produced but about six quarts of milk daily. This served for the support of the whole, being eight in number, besides myself; and my proportion of milk was of course the smallest in quantity, being sometimes not more than one pint, mixed with the same quantity of water, for twenty-four hours. They generally preserved a part of the milk they got in the night, in a goat skin, for the next day at noon; depending upon the small quantity they obtained in the morning for breakfast, of which I was sometimes deprived of any part.

The first thing the family do upon rising, which is invariably at day-break, is to go to *Sulle*, or prayer. This they perform with great apparent solemnity. They begin this worship by pulling off what few camel-skin slippers are among them; then kneeling to the earth, rubbing sand upon their hands, arms and faces, a number of times. In whatever attitude, during this duty, whether standing, sitting, or kneeling, their faces are always turned to the east. The ceremony of rubbing their hands, arms and faces, with sand, is a symbol of ablution, or cleansing, as they have no water to perform this with. After this is done they stand up very erect, facing to the east; each repeating exclamations or orisons, in a manner so very peculiar, that it is almost impossible for a foreigner to *spell* the words made use of, however familiar he may become with the pronunciation of them. It is equally

difficult to obtain from them the precise meaning of the words used; as there is a kind of peculiar mystery in their language, as well as a peculiar solemnity in their deportment when worshipping. For nineteen months I was in the habit of witnessing the worship of the Arabs, in families and in larger bodies, generally four times in a day, and hearing the exclamations they made; and will attempt to enter down a few of their most frequently repeated expressions. Looking towards the east, they exclaim—"*Sheda el la lah, Hi, Allah!—Sheda Mahommed Rah sool Allah!*" They then throw their outspread hands forward, exclaiming *Allah Hooakibar* ("Great God.") They then kneel down upon the earth, and, supporting their bodies with their hands, kiss the earth; and as they kiss it, exclaim again, *Allah Hooakibar;* then rising erect, repeat the same expressions. They now, with a low and solemn tone of voice, casting their eyes occasionally towards heaven, repeat over a prayer from one to two minutes in length. From having afterwards learned the meaning of many of the expressions made use of in these prayers, I feel fully authorized to say that they return thanks for the favors received; for the food they eat; for the clothes they wear. They most earnestly pray for rain when the earth is dry; and for sufficient food for their camels. They pray for abundance of plunder, and that they may take numerous slaves. That the Great God would destroy their enemies and protect them; that he would keep their children alive, and bless all their possessions. In the course of these prayers, they frequently mention-

ed the name of *Moolay Solimaan.* During the repetition of this prayer, they stand perfectly erect. After the conclusion of it, they again exclaim, loudly, *Allah Hooakibar*, and again kiss the earth, in the manner described, two or three times, at each time repeating *Allah Hooakibar!* They then sit down upon the earth, and each repeats over to himself, probably some part of the Koran. During this, they hold in their hands, the most of them, a string of beads upon which they cast their eyes as though offering to them the most profound adoration. These beads they count over, stopping as they come to some particular one. They sometimes wear them upon their arms, and frequently carry them in their hands as they are walking or sitting. They close this ceremony by repeating the words, *Sulle Mulla.*

This is a description of family worship. When a larger number are together, the worship is conducted by arranging themselves in a single line, one of the oldest stepping out in front, and being the only speaker. They, however, all repeat with him, *Allah Hooakibar*, and following his motions, bow to the earth and kiss it. When a family have closed their morning worship, they proceed to suckle the young camels, the bag of the old one being always secured from them, by a kind of basket made of a species of grass found in some of the northern parts of the deserts, which the women fasten over them. They then milk the remainder into a bowl, which is but a trifle, and divide and drink it. The camels, unless they are to travel, are then sent off to feed

upon the small shrubs or bushes already mentioned, being always in the care of some one of the family. My master remained in his tent through this day. Having obtained two pair of shoes, he gave one pair to me, they being part of the plunder they took from the crew the day before. He restored to me my trowsers, which his sisters the day before had torn from me, having cut them off at the knee, saying, all below the knee was *foonta*—i. e. good for nothing. He also gave me part of our boat sail, which his son fancied, and took from me, giving me a patched skin in exchange, which, tied in front, hangs over the back part of the body, covering it nearly as low as the knee. The family spent part of the day in examining their plunder, and I slept under the tent a considerable portion of it. I ate a little of my pork, with the milk allowed me for my supper, and nothing occurred until next morning.

CHAP. VII.

Meeting with part of the crew—preparations for a journey—tent—furniture—man-saddle—female do.—loading tent and furniture—gazelle—Mr. Williams and Barrett—Christian and Mahommedan religion—separation—mode of spinning and weaving—of making a tent—of pitching it—scrupulous regard to worship.

ON the 10th of September, 1815, at about 9 o'clock, A. M. my master took me with him, on foot, about five miles, where we came to a number of tents. No one can judge of my surprise, when I saw Capt. Riley, Clarke, Burns, and I think

Horace, sitting near one of the tents. Although the interview with my shipmates was wholly unexpected; although it produced the most delightful feelings, they were mingled with the melancholy reflection, that it could be but short, and probably would be the last. We spent nearly half a day together; and while we were in sad conference upon the subject of our fate, the Arabs, about twenty in number, were holding a council. These they frequently hold, but in a very confused and irregular manner, having no one in particular to preside over their deliberations. Not at that time knowing any of their language, I could not tell, from that or from any signs, what was the subject under consultation; but I judged it was relative to the mode of disposing of us, their slaves, as Capt. Riley was telling them, by counting stones, how many dollars he would give for our ransom, if we could be carried to Morocco, or, as the Arabs call that country, *Marocksh.* Capt. Riley seemed to feel some hopes that we might yet get released, and advised us all to keep up good spirits. I took a painful leave of them, and, at about 3 P. M. returned with my master to his tent. I was sent to gather wood for the night. The family built a fire, and cooked some of the damaged rice which was brought from the boat, by heated stones. This they did by putting a small quantity of rice, mixed with water, into a bowl; then throwing in the hot stones and covering it over, it became a kind of pudding, which they divided among themselves, leaving what little adhered to the stones for my share, which I was obliged to

scrape from them with my teeth. This, with a little piece of lean, salt pork, which was cooked by the embers of fire mixed with sand, a little water, and, at 11 o'clock, a few drops of milk, made up my supper.

On the 11th, for the first time, I witnessed the manner in which the Arabs prepare for a journey. It may here be remarked, that they have no particular places appropriated to particular individuals. They pitch their tents in any unoccupied place; and when they strike them, they leave the place of their temporary abode, to the next occupant. They begin, by taking all their furniture, from the inside of the tent, which consists of two or three wooden bowls (*geddacks*) which they procure from the Moors; about the same number of water goat skins, (*gillabar*) and a small milk goat skin, (*s'cow*) both of which have been before described; a small axe, (*gaddo*)—a tent knife, made perhaps of an iron hoop, (*sekeen*)—a sleeping mat for the family, (*lassaia*)—a patch-work skin (*farrowa*) to cover them, and sometimes a few spinning implements, with which they spin camel's hair. They all have a kind of female saddle of which no idea can be formed by an American without a description; and it is almost impossible to give an accurate idea of it by the most minute description. It is made by two crotches, not unlike the forward part of our saddle trees. One of these settles on to the back bone of the camel, forward of the hump, and the other back of it. From these, are extended two poles about four feet in length, and near the ends they are

made fast to the two crotches which are padded inside to prevent them chafing the camel's back. Upon the top of these two poles, is placed a camel's hide, the outer edge of which is sewed to a rim rising about eight inches above the poles, making a sort of oblong basket, about three feet in length, and two in width, placed crosswise upon the back of the camel, and made fast to the poles. A girth is made fast to each of these poles either by buckles, which they can seldom procure, or a knot, passing under the belly of the camel. Another girth or rope passes from the hinder part under the tail of the camel, somewhat like our cruppers. Another one extends from the forward part around the breast of the beast, somewhat in the manner of our breast girths. From each corner of this basket is raised a pole, meeting in the centre of it, and made fast at the top, over which they throw a blanket, a skin, a piece of sail, or whatever they have suitable for this purpose, to preserve their bodies from the rays of the burning sun. Into these, the mother generally places herself in the centre, having a child on each side to keep this saddle properly balanced. They also have a saddle which is placed upon the forward part of the hump for the owner, or a man to ride upon. This has a saddle-tree forward, which is padded inside, and goes on to the camel's shoulder bones, very near the neck, rising eight inches above the seat, which is circular, hollowed in the middle, and from the outer edge a piece of raw camel's hide is drawn over it. Around the whole of this circular seat, except-

ing where it is made fast to the tree, a small thick pad is fastened, a stud extending from each side of the circle, and resting upon the pad to support it. This saddle is made fast by a girth passing just back of the fore legs. The rider seats himself, and crosses his legs upon the descending part of the camel's neck. This is a description of the saddles generally in use, although others vary in some trifling respect. They now strike their tent, and take therefrom all its long and short poles. These, with all the rest of the articles described, excepting the saddles, water and milk skins, they roll up in the tent, by putting part in one end of it, which is folded up in shape of a piece of cloth of different lengths. They roll up each end of the tent, each having a long tent poll in it, together with other articles, so divided as to make a balance. These poles are lashed together fore-and-aft upon the top of the camel, resting upon the centre of the hump. This is made fast to the animal by a rope extending over the top of it and around the body. Another rope passes from it under the tail, and another round the breast. All this preparation is made in half an hour, and often in less time. The tent and its contents are generally put upon a camel that is driven, although he is sometimes ridden.

We started this day at sun two hours high. I shall hereafter be less particular in stating the hour of the day upon which any event took place, unless it is a very interesting one. Indeed, time was of but little consequence to me, as I had nothing to interest me but the peculiar habits, man-

ners, and customs of the Arabs, the immense deserts through which I was passing in almost every direction, and the distresses I there endured.

This day we travelled moderately, alternately on foot, and mounted on camels. As we came to spots where bushes were thinly scattered, the camels were permitted to feed, as is generally the case. In the course of the day we saw great numbers of animals which the natives called Gazelle. Their appearance was very similar to that of a deer, although they were of a smaller size. They were extremely gaunt and had long legs. Although they leaped and skipped about with great activity, they manifested but little fear upon our approach; and continued to browse at a short distance from us. I have seen them frequently upon different parts of the Zahara desert; but I never saw the natives take any of them, although I have often seen their skins, and was at this time wearing part of one. I afterwards learned from the natives, that they were taken at a particular season of the year, probably on account of their condition as to flesh and hair, the latter of which is exceedingly beautiful; surpassing, in this respect, any animal I ever saw in America. We halted, towards night, amidst a small flat of bushes, more flourishing than any I had before seen, in sight of a number of tents. It is not generally the custom, when on a journey, to pitch tents very near to each other, as each party requires a considerable adjoining ground to feed their camels upon during the night. I reckon we travelled about twenty miles this day, and, as I judged from the sun, in

a S. E. direction. After pitching our tent, I was sent, as usual, to gather fuel for the night, then to the nearest tent to get fire, as this would save the trouble of striking one. In this tent I saw Mr. Williams and Barrett, who were stolen as before mentioned. Their legal master had regained them, probably, after a severe contest, as a slave is the last piece of property an Arab will relinquish; indeed, they are the only property except their camels, that is worth a contest. From what I could learn relative to their traffic, they would estimate a healthy slave, at the value of ten full grown camels; although as they approach near to a market for slaves, they rise in value.

These miserable shipmates were almost entirely naked. The skin upon their backs was very much blistered. They informed me that they had suffered very severely from rapid travelling, and from want of food; they still, however, had a small quantity of pork which their master, in company with mine, had gotten from the boat, and which neither dared to eat. Like me, they derived some benefit from the religious tenets of their master; and I think we might all say, without incurring the vengeance of Mahommed, their prophet, that this was the only benefit we ever derived from the faith of a mussulman. It is almost impossible in this place, to avoid remarking upon the different effect that the two systems introduced into our world by our divine Redeemer, and the impostor Mahommed, has upon the professors of these different systems. The religion introduced by the one teaches

"Peace on earth, and good will to men. To do to others as you would have others do to you." It teaches men to check the operations of passion, and depraved nature, and to become pure in heart. That of the other promises the full gratification of every propensity. His paradise is a region of gluttony, drunkenness, and debauchery. The one teaches men to love their enemies—the other to destroy them. The one teaches us "to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked,"—the other, to tear from the unfortunate being in their power, the last piece of raiment that guards him from the inclemency of the seasons, and to see, with perfect indifference, the famished slave die at their feet, when they become unfit for market.

I could spend but few minutes, and have but few words with my unfortunate friends. I hastened to my master's tent—built a fire—cooked a small slice of my pork, and, at the usual time, had my scanty portion of milk and water; and, in a corner of my master's tent, upon the sand, slept till day-light.

September 12th.—This day we started early, and continued south easterly. I sometimes rode behind my master, by securing myself, as well as I could, by means of my skin and rope, upon the hump of the camel. We halted a few minutes in the middle of the day, took a little milk and water, and the camels browsed upon the bushes. At about sun set we stopped for the night, having travelled, as I concluded, about fifty miles. Knowing the service I should be compelled to perform, I voluntarily set myself

about it; procured a fire, fuel for it, assisted in unloading the camels, pitching the tent, &c. As it was in vain to resist the power of the unfeeling wretches, into whose hands fate had thrown me, I endeavoured to conciliate their favor, by performing, with apparent cheerfulness, all the irksome duties of a slave.

13th.—This was a day of but little travel and considerable rest; having stopped and pitched the tent about noon. An Arab's tent, folded up as before described, containing almost all the moveable estate of its owner, is taken from the camel—separated from its contents, and pitched, ready to receive the furniture and the family, in fifteen minutes. The cloth, of which the tent is made, is wove of camel's hair, sheared from the hump and sides of this animal. Their mode of spinning this hair, which they prepare for doing by whipping it in the same manner Americans do oakum, is the most simple. They have no implement with which they twist this or any thing else; seeming to have not the least idea of a wheel to facilitate motion. They hold a quantity of this hair in one hand, and with a spindle in the other, commence the operation. The spindle is nothing more than a small stick made sharp at one end, and about eight inches in length. This they make fast to the hair, and with the thumb and finger begin to twist. After drawing the thread to the length of the arm, they let the spindle hang down, and by having affixed to the lower end a considerable weight, and giving it a twist with the thumb and finger, the weight below will turn the spindle sufficiently

to twist a thread about three feet long. The thread is then wound round the lower end of the spindle, and in the same way they continue to draw out and wind up, thread after thread, until the spindle is filled, which they then wind off upon a ball. When they have made two balls, perhaps of the size of a twenty-four pound cannon shot, they twist two threads into one, in the above manner, after having wound them into a single ball. In this tedious and slow process they manufacture all their yarn for tent cloth. When they get a sufficient quantity of yarn to make one tent cloth, which is longer or shorter, according to the size of the tent they intend to make, they proceed to weave it. They make the cloth about three quarters of a yard wide; and when they are prepared to weave, they must halt long enough to weave the cloth through, as they have no other loom than that which is made by driving into the earth a number of pegs at each end of the web, equal to half the number of threads they put into the warp. Then by turning the yarn around each of those pegs at each end, and drawing it very tight, the warp is prepared to receive the filling. They have no idea of a reed, a harness, or a shuttle. They have a piece of hard wood, about three feet in length, about three inches in width, and about half an inch thick. This has a handle at one end, and is made pointed at the other, resembling a wooden sword. With the point of this instrument, they separate the threads of the warp, having half upon the upper side, and half upon the under side of it. Then, by

turning it up edge-wise, they make a space sufficiently large to pass through the filling, which is always done with the hand, either from a ball, or from a stick, upon which they sometimes wind it. After passing through a thread, it is beat up, by taking hold of each end of this wooden instrument, and pulling it up two or three times with as much force as a female can conveniently exercise. I have been thus particular in describing the mode of spinning and weaving, among the Arabs, to shew how stupidly ignorant this barbarous race of beings are, of the most simple arts of civilized life. The mode described is that in universal practice among the wandering Arabs; although at Wadinoon a mode somewhat different is adopted.

To make a tent for a family, the natives generally sew together from eight to twelve of the pieces of cloth manufactured as has been described. They are from twenty to thirty feet in length, and from eighteen to twenty-five feet in width. In the centre of this tent cloth, upon the inside, is sewed on a kind of socket, composed of the thrums of the camel's-hair yarn. When they pitch a tent, they insert into this socket, an oblong block, rounded upon the top, and in the under side of which is made two mortises. To each tent, are two long poles of about twelve feet in length, and two short poles of four feet. Upon each corner, is a loop made of iron, wood, or rope, and strongly fastened to the tent cloth; and upon each side and end two; making twelve in the whole. To each of these loops is fastened a tent-peg, about one foot in length, with a raw

camel's-hide rope, six or eight feet long. The first thing done in pitching a tent, is to spread the cloth flat upon the ground; then driving into the earth the twelve pegs. For this purpose, an Arab always carries with him a smooth round stone, lest he should come to a place where none could be found. In driving the pegs, the cloth is sufficiently slackened, to give it a proper height with the long poles; and constant practice almost invariably enables them to make a proper allowance for this. The next thing done, is to insert the upper end of the long poles, into the mortises in the central block. These poles stand one on each side of the tent. After the upper end is inserted, a sufficient number of women (for the men are but spectators) are placed at the lower end of each pole; and raising them at the same time, they place the end, which is sharpened, into the earth; leaving them about eight feet apart at the bottom. This braces the tent, and prevents the wind from blowing it down. If this does not make the cloth sufficiently tight, it is made so by means of the ropes fastened to the loops and the pegs. This leaves the tent cloth about two feet above the ground. The entrance into the tent is made by the two short poles, being entered into the two side loops, and standing perpendicularly. This entrance is about four feet high, and is always opposite to the wind; for if the wind shifts before the tent is struck, these poles are shifted to the opposite side. The space between the bottom of the tent cloth, and the earth, is generally closed upon the back-side and the ends, by means of

spare cloths which are fastened to the tent cloth, with iron or wooden pins, and to the earth, by laying stones or any other heavy substance upon the edge of them. This preserves the people within the tent from the chilly easterly wind, which generally blows through the night season. During the afternoon of this day, I remained an idle and uninterested spectator of the stupid conduct, and beastly manners of the wretches with whom I was compelled to associate. But by this time I had learned that it was my best policy to conform to their whims, affect a cheerfulness which I could not feel, and submit to my fate without murmuring. Notwithstanding their disregard for every thing belonging to humanity, they were invariably punctual in worshipping "*something whom they call God.*" Three or four times every day, let their engagements be what they might; let their violations of common justice be ever so enormous; they suddenly prostrate themselves upon the earth, exclaiming "*Sheda el la lah, Hi Allah—Sheda Mahommed, Rahsool Allah—Allah Hooakibar!*"—concluding with some part of the Koran, and, with the most solemn appearance and manner, exclaiming "*Sulle Mulla.*" Happy may the wretched slave think himself, who, the next moment after this ceremony is ended, can feel safe from a stroke of the scimitar, the spear, or the club.

CHAP. VIII.

Painful travelling—salutations—Mr. Williams' situation—Barrett—rocks—Africans enslave each other—a wandering male Arab—female do.—American pork—Mr. Savage—interview with him—a rarity.

SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1815.

THIS was a day of rapid travelling, having started very early, and not having halted 'till about dark; and I conclude we must have made as many as sixty miles. Our course was an easterly one, and no event of any consequence took place. I rode a considerable part of the day behind my master. To do this with the more ease, I took from my back my skin to secure myself from the sharp back of the camel. But while this preserved my seat and legs from being worn raw, my back was exposed to the almost vertical rays of a torrid sun, and the skin began to peal from my back from being blistered and parched. Judging from the course we had travelled from the place where I was captured, I conclude we must now have reached the 21st deg. N. latitude, the body of a tent, a camel, and a man, making but a very little shade, and that to the *south*, as it was now near the autumnal equinox. This night our tent was not pitched, being unloaded, but not unfolded. At the time of stopping, I discovered a number of lights, from different tents. I learned from one of my master's sisters, whose name I had now found out was *Muckwoola*, that Mr. Williams and Barrett were in one of these tents. How she

knew this I cannot tell; but this I know, that the different parties of Arabs generally know the situation of each other, and the slaves they have in their possession. She accompanied me to the tent; and on the way, said some things to me which I could not then understand. I found my shipmates near a large fire in front of a tent, it being pitched in a place where there were large dry thorn bushes. They were cooking some pork. Upon our shaking hands, the natives noticed it very particularly, laughing and sneering at our mode of salutation, at the same time going through their own mode, which is, by placing the inside of the open hands together, then bringing it to the lips, touching them, and dropping the hand. I think I shall always prefer the mode handed down to us from our brave Saxon ancestors, of clasping and squeezing the hand of a friend whom I love.

Mr. Williams was considerably emaciated; his body much blistered and parched by the sun, and his, as well as the rest of our legs and feet, were much swollen, occasioned by the heat of the sun, and the irritation by thumping upon the almost bare bones of the camel. I can hardly, at this time, suppress the anguish I feel in remembering this, which was the last interview I ever had with this worthy man and good seaman. He had lost his fortitude by his misery; and despaired of life. He mentioned his family in the most affectionate manner; and continued to converse upon this interesting subject, until overwhelming grief forbade farther utterance. Although this was the last time I saw Mr. Wil-

liams, I learned some time after, by Barrett, whom I saw at a fish place near Cape Mirik, that he had regained his health and flesh; was living better; had a very good man for a master, who was also his (Barrett's) master; and I console myself, and I think his friends may also console themselves with the hope, that he may once more see his native country, and be blessed with the society of his friends.

As to Barrett, he was at this time apparently less miserable than Mr. Williams. I took some fire from this tent, and returned to my master's. My pork still held out, as my Mahometan master would permit me to eat but little of it at a time; and, thanks to his Mussulman faith, would eat none himself.

On the 15th and 16th we prosecuted our journey at a moderate rate. The general view of this part of the Zahara desert is a boundless plain terminated by the horizon, although in travelling over it, the traveller meets with gently rising sand hills, and shallow vallies. Sometimes he sees a rock from which large pieces have fallen, in a very irregular shape, there seeming to be no seams or grain to this stone like most of the large bodies of rocks in New-England. These rocks are mostly covered with a whitish moss, similar to what is frequently seen upon the rocks in the District of Maine. This is sometimes eat by camels when nothing else can be found. We occasionally met with clusters of tents, and some standing singly. Many of the Arabs have muskets, for which they have the highest admiration; seeming to

esteem them next to their holy beads. The one they think will secure to them the favor of their prophet, and with the other they hope to procure or intimidate slaves, as they frequently took deliberate aim at my breast, which I as often laid open, telling them to fire; being then almost indifferent, whether I was laid dead upon the desert, food for wild beasts, or compelled to traverse with men as wild and as ferocious as the tigers or leopards that prowl over them also. They often put these muskets into my hands, asking me whether they were *Fransah* or *Inglisis*. I sometimes saw valuable double-barrelled muskets, which they probably either procured from the European settlement upon the Senegal, or took from a black slave, which perhaps *he* obtained in exchange for one of *his* countrymen. These Africans, of every name and feature and complexion, take delight in enslaving each other; and although the slave trade, carried on by Christian merchants, on the coast of Africa, excites the just indignation of the Christian world, yet it can hardly be expected that an American, who has for months and years been enslaved by them, can feel so much compassion towards a slave *here* as those do, who have always enjoyed the blessings of humanity and liberty.

A description of the male wandering Arabs is: they are six feet in height generally; remarkably straight; large-boned; have very black, penetrating eyes; black hair, until age makes it grey, but of different qualities; some being soft and straight, and some coarse and bushy. They

have high cheek bones; noses that incline more to the aquiline than Roman; thin lips; beautiful white teeth, and very regular; thick, black beards when in middle life, which hang down to the breast, increasing in length as they advance in years, which then become almost entirely white. When old, and some of them must be very aged, they have a gravity and solemnity of appearance which is seldom seen in Americans. The features of the men, unless when distorted by anger, or the prospect of plunder, are regular, and often display some marks that would induce a stranger to think that they belonged to the human family.

I would gladly omit a description of the female wandering Arabs; but it will leave a chasm in the description of the natural curiosities of this country. They are somewhat higher in stature than the American women, and, like the Arab men, remarkably straight when young. Their cheek bones are high; their eyes and hair similar to the men. Their teeth are also white; but the two eye-teeth often turn out of the mouth like a tush. They endeavour to make them project as far as possible, to furnish a resting place for the upper lip; and they constantly stand, like two faithful centinels, to protect it from an assault from the under one. They generally carry their young upon their backs; and their breasts, from constant exposure, and having no stays to support them, become relaxed, and hang down to such a length, that they can furnish the child upon their backs with food from these accommodating reservoirs, by thrust-

ing them under their arms; the child, at the same time, hangs quartering upon the mother's back, and grabs them, one at a time, to draw therefrom the food they furnish it. Among the young women, however, are many of very regular and interesting features. They generally have very long hair, which they braid behind, and turn up to the back part of the head, and confine with a kind of hoop placed upon the crown of the head, giving the back part of the head an elevation considerably above the forehead. Upon the forehead and temples are a number of small braids of hair, to which is fastened a great variety of the most beautiful shells; and sometimes large rings, made of white stone. Over the whole of this apparatus is thrown a piece of blue cotton cloth, as a turban, concealing the whole head and face, excepting the forehead, the eyes, cheek bones, and nose; the variety of shells hanging around the edge of it. They also ornament their wrists and ancles, with strings of black beads, and sometimes of small shells. Their covering is generally a single blanket or skin of different lengths, and put on in different ways, depending upon the wealth, the whim, or the necessity of the wearer.

During these two days we were penetrating easterly into the interior. The reflection, that I was departing farther and farther from every trace of civilization, imparted feelings of the most gloomy kind. We, however, travelled moderately; advancing, perhaps, not more than sixty miles. I saw none of my shipmates, nor any other unfortunate slave.

September 17th.—We continued to travel in an easterly direction. I was reminded of my native land, and of the abundance of her blessings, by occasionally partaking of a little slice of pork which was there produced. It was a real comfort, notwithstanding it compelled me to draw a most disheartening parallel between my former situation, and the dismal prospects that then surrounded me. My master's water began to grow short; and although I was parched without by the burning sun, and within by dreadful thirst, I could not, by the most humble and urgent entreaties, move the obdurate heart of my master to afford me a drop. Amidst the most melancholy reflections, I recognized Mr. Savage in company with two Arabs. This was the first time I had seen him since the commencement of our slavery. When I first saw him, he was in my rear. I slackened my walk, and he overtook me. My master's camels were travelling at a quick rate, which shortened my interview with him. He said he had neither seen or ate any food but milk and water, and that in very small quantities, since we first were separated. I lamented that I had not the small remains of my pork to divide with him, my master never suffering me to carry it myself. I hastened with all my power to overtake the camels. The country had become more barren and sandy, and the heat of the sun increased. We at length found a few thorn bushes, which is the only tavern an Arab ever finds, and we *put up.*

18th.—Having found this place of refreshment, my master and his retinue were deter-

mined, I suppose, to *eat it out* before he quitted; and during the whole of this day, we laid by.

19th.—For the four past nights, we had not pitched the tent; and sleeping upon the sand in the open air, I found myself every morning moistened with the heavy dews, and almost stiffened by the chilly air. It can easily be imagined what would be the sensations of a person, who, for a number of days, had been exposed to a scalding sun, and blistered with its rays; deprived almost wholly of food and water; hunger gnawing him within, and the heated sand irritating his blistered body, and the dews and cold chills operating upon him at the same time. We started early this morning at a moderate rate, and continued in an eastern course. At about 11 o'clock, we came to ascending ground; and the camels were halted while my master, having been joined by some other natives, went forward to make discoveries. The camels browsed; the women laid down to enjoy the sand beneath, and the sun above, and I wandered off to a small bush to enjoy a little shade, and, what my debilitated and fatigued body greatly needed, a little rest. I fell into a kind of broken slumber and continued here, "twixt wake and sleep," until my master returned. I then discovered, to my very great joy, that they had unloaded the camels, and seemed to be making preparations to pitch the tent. I saw a number of other tents at no great distance, and again fell into a sleep. I slept till the middle of the afternoon, and was then awakened; not by the hoarse and menacing voice of a barbarian, but by the mild, and

cheering accents of a friend. It was Mr. Savage. To see him once more was a consolation that made me, for a moment, forget my misery; it was doubly consolatory to see my friend not wholly destitute of resolution. He said he was in a state of absolute starvation; and bestowed a string of the most bitter curses upon the inhuman wretches who were starving him to a skeleton. We went to seek something from our mother earth, and found a few snails, which Mr. Savage took. Notwithstanding we had the most vindictive feelings towards our tormentors, we retired to our shade; and after bewailing our hard fate, remembered that we had a Father in heaven, to whom we addressed a short prayer, and separated. I gathered wood for the night; the tent was pitched, and my master allowed me a little of my pork, a small quantity of water, and a less quantity of milk for my supper.

20th.—This was a day of repose. After having performed the usual ceremony of worshipping, which, as I have before stated, is always the first service of the day, whether on a journey or at rest, my master went off, as usual, about the desert or to the neighbouring tents. The camels were sent off to feed, which were always watched by the children, this service never having yet been enjoined upon me. When the natives are stationary, the men are constantly visiting each other at their tents, and sometimes are assembled in considerable numbers around them.

It ought to be remarked that the wandering Arabs consist of many distinct tribes, and not of

one general one, as is by some supposed. The tribe to which my first master belonged is called WILED LEBDESSEBAH. From what I afterwards learned, when in possession of other tribes, I found that this was considered by all, as the poorest, most ferocious, and contemptible of the whole. They wander farther over the deserts, and have the most uncertain and casual subsistence. This accounts, in some degree, for the total want of method or object which is perceptible among them. They wander from day to day, seeming neither to know where they are going, nor what they are going for. When assembled together, as mentioned, they jabber together in confusion, for a while, and then for a while gaze at each other with unmeaning vacancy. The women at the same time saunter in and around their tents, with but little employ, although all the labour that is done, is done by them. While our brutal masters were thus employed, Mr. Savage and I, their wretched slaves, again met at the tent of his master. I found him alone, pondering upon his fate. Upon my approaching him, he seemed to affect a degree of cheerfulness. We thought it no great crime to steal a little water from a goat skin, as we were nearly choaked. After this, Mr. Savage recollected that early in the morning a wen or sore had been cut out of one of his master's camels; and we concluded to cook and eat this excrescence that was taken from a beast, which itself is not more palatable than our horses. It lay upon the sand in two pieces, and upon taking it up, it appeared not unlike a shad-spawn,

and like that, was very tender. A little fire remained, mixed with sand, into which we put our delicious morsel, and before we had half roasted it, we saw Mr. Savage's mistress approaching, and ate it down, almost at a mouthful, knowing that this was the only method we could take to secure it from being taken from us. I spent a considerable part of the day with my friend, and towards evening returned to my master's tent.

CHAP. IX.

Origin of wandering Arabs—vegetables on the desert of Zahara—gloomy prospect—roots—snails—water obtained—submission to fate—last meeting and last interview with Capt. Riley, Mr. Savage, Clarke, Burns, and Horace—situation upon the desert—valley—meeting with Porter.

FROM reading most of the productions of travellers, and all the narratives and journals of slaves, readers have their indignation excited to the highest pitch against the degraded race of beings among whom the author of this Journal was so unfortunate as to be enslaved. Before we conclude, however, to exclude them from the human family; before we denounce them as unworthy of the least consideration, as a part of human beings; the candid inquirer after truth will endeavour to trace their origin. He will try to learn what has been their course of life; what kind of government they have lived under, and what advantages they have enjoyed. It cannot be done in this little volume, which professes to tell what they *are*, and not what

they *have been.* It may be briefly remarked, however, that a general sentiment prevails among historians, that the Arabs are the descendants of Ishmael. In recurring to an authority which will not be doubted, we find that Ishmael was the son of Hagar, the handmaid of Sarai, Abram's wife; that Hagar was an Egyptian; that although Sarai, being childless herself, consented that Abram should go in unto Hagar, yet, when she found that Hagar had conceived, her wrath was kindled. "*And when Sarai dealt hardly with her, she fled from her face.*" (Gen. xvi. ch.) "*And the angel of the Lord said unto her, Behold, thou art with child, and shalt bear a son, and shalt call his name Ishmael, because the Lord hath heard thy affliction. And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him,*" &c. In chap. xxv. of Gen. we find it thus recorded:—"*And these are the names of the sons of Ishmael, by their names, according to their generations: The first born of Ishmael, Nebajoth, and Kedar, and Adbeel, and Mibsam, and Mishma, and Dumah, and Massa, Hadar, and Tema, and Jetur, and Naphish, and Kedemah. These are the sons of Ishmael, and these are their names, by their towns, and by their castles; twelve princes, according to their nations. And these are the years of the life of Ishmael, an hundred and thirty and seven years.*"

Thus it appears, that these miserable creatures owe their origin to a despised mother. That she herself was a wanderer, and her son "a wild man." The common chronology makes this tribe (or the descendants of Ishmael) 3995

years of age; and the best historical authorities, called Profane History, in distinction from Sacred History, have always represented them as a despised, abused, degraded, and wandering race. They are now called wandering Arabs; and from many of their religious rites, they seem to have blended together some of "the law that came by Moses," with many of the ceremonies introduced by Mahommed. They circumcise their young according to the first—they worship the prophet according to the last. *Their hands are literally against every man, and every man's hand against them*—to this day.

It is with "trembling solicitude," that the author of this Journal has attempted, very briefly, to trace the origin of a race of beings, whose existence and modes of life, excite the wonder of an inquiring world. It was not done so much to impart information, as to excite inquiry. It was with the same view he attempted to give a brief historical account of Africa. To give a gloomy, monotonous diary of human sufferings would "pall upon the senses;" he has, therefore, endeavored to blend with it such accounts of this quarter of the globe, as he thought tended to illustrate the subject of his Journal.

It was now the 21st September. We had no possible means to determine in what latitude we were situated; but the sun was to the northward of us, and of course, what little shadow any object made, it was cast to the south. The heat was excessive, and I could almost have envied the natives a tawny skin, that was made to endure it. To me it was distressing in the extreme.

Although some of them seemed to pity me for the blistered and parched skin that slightly adhered to my flesh; yet their pity was mingled with contempt that *Inglesis* could bear no more. They glory in bearing every thing—hunger, thirst, fatigue, and every privation, and pronounce that being *foonta*, or good for nothing, who cannot endure with them. My master's water was nearly expended, and in the morning of this day, preparations were made to retrace the dismal desert over which we had before travelled. We started early, and travelled nearly in a north east direction. The sun was my only compass by day, and the north star by night. We travelled rapidly through this day, and I watched, with the utmost care, to see if I could recognize any object I saw as we went out; but I could not. At this time, almost all the parties were returning towards a well, and we were frequently in sight of different tents, some near to us, and some at such a distance, that the size of a camel seemed to be diminished to that of a small dog. It reminded me of a fleet of merchantmen, recently dispersed by a storm, and all endeavoring to make the same port. No singular object presented itself, nor any event took place upon this day, worthy of description.

On the 22d, travelled same course, and very rapidly. Our tents were this night pitched. After I had assisted in making the usual preparations for the night, I cooked my remaining piece of pork, and as I was just about to enjoy the last piece of food of American growth, I was overjoyed to see my master enter his tent with Mr.

Savage. My mistress cooked a little rice, and handed it to me. Mr. Savage and I partook of this pork and rice together, by the consent of my master and mistress. I must confess I felt a glow of gratitude to him for conducting my friend to his tent, and to her, for enabling me to partake of what we then deemed a rich repast. They familiarly called me *Robbins*, and Mr. Savage they called *Arrone*. It is always the first object of an Arab to learn the name of a stranger; and as they rarely have but one name themselves, they take either the given or surname of a stranger, as best suits their whim, or their organs of speech. After learning the name, they ask if he is *bono*-good, or *foonta*, which has already been explained. Mr. Savage retired to his master's tent, and I to my bed of sand.

The next day, (23d) we prosecuted our journey, in company with eight or ten different families, making a large party. Mr. Savage's master bore to the northward, and I was separated from him. We travelled fast; our water being all expended, and we had no liquid or food except the milk of the camel, and that being a very small quantity for the number of the family, and my pork being expended, I suffered very severely. Toward night we stopped, and the women, as is always the case, sought for a suitable place to pitch the tent, and pitched it. At night my master entered the tent. I inquired after Mr. Savage, and he told me he was but a little way to the northward, and that I should see him again the next day.

Upon this day, (24th) the camels having fed

but a little for two or three days, and the family having eat nothing but a very little milk, we rested after travelling a short distance. The camels browsed upon bushes, and the children went in pursuit of a small root, sometimes found in the shallow vallies. I also went in pursuit of the same myself, and found a small quantity. This root resembles a small white onion, and is about the size of a walnut. The stalk or stem of it is five or six inches high, growing generally in a single blade. There is but little nutriment in it. I also found a vegetable that had the appearance of a shepherd-sprout, which I saw the natives eat, and ventured to eat myself. It had a bitter taste. For two hours I sought for these roots and sprouts, and ate all I found, which were but few; but as I found any vegetable that was eatable in this ocean of burning sand, I snatched at it with the utmost avidity, and devoured it with the keenest appetite. The men, during this time, had gone ahead. I was ordered to drive the camels together, and we proceeded on our journey, until about noon; then rising a small hill, we discovered the men seated in a small valley. They made the usual sign, of waving a blanket, for us to approach, with the camels, the tents, &c. loaded upon them. Upon our arrival, the camels were made to kneel, and were unloaded of every thing, except the necessary implements to procure water. The goat skins were made ready to contain water for the family, and the skin basket, or watering tub, for the camels to drink in. My master and his two sisters went off with the camels and their accou-

trements in search of a well, leaving me with the rest of the family. I now went forth a solitary wanderer, famishing with hunger, parching with thirst, and almost scorching to powder with the dreadful heat of the sun. The camels were gone, and no milk could be had until their return; and the length of time they would be absent was unknown. Death seemed to stare me in the face; and death, too, in the very worst shape. To fall in the field of battle—to be drowned in the ocean, or to die suddenly with a raging epidemic, is not half so terrible to the imagination, as that of a lingering death by starvation. I found a few roots, and devoured them, and searching among the thorn bushes I once in a while discovered a snail, which I could obtain in no way, but by thrusting my naked arms through them, and by this I was lacerated and torn from my shoulders to my fingers' ends. I brought my snails to the tent, cooked some of them for my supper, which I was compelled to divide with my mistress and the children, having neither milk nor water for themselves.

On the 25th, I started, early in the morning, in pursuit of something to eat, being in a situation that would make me readily devour any thing. My thirst led me to pursue the tracks of the camels, as they had gone in pursuit of water. I found nothing but a few of the roots mentioned, which the natives call *taloes*, to satiate my hunger, and nothing but my own urine to quench my thirst. I wandered about until noon, found a few snails, and returned, roasting and despairing to the tent. Toward night I disco

vered my master approaching with the camels loaded with three goat skins of water, holding about eight gallons each. The sight of camels, although the most odious and deformed looking beasts in nature, had, by this time, become as cheering to my view as a sumptuous feast is to the eye of an epicure; and well they might; for my very life itself depended upon them. To see them coming with milk in their bags, and water upon their backs, produced a tumultuous joy bordering upon delirium. On being unloaded, my bowl (for I was not allowed to contaminate that of a Mussulman) was filled with water, holding two quarts. This I drank off at a draught without stopping, and almost without breathing. I had two motives for this, one to quench my thirst, the other to induce my master to give me more—my thirst was partially quenched, but no more water was to be had. I looked in vain among the Ishmaelitish daughters to find a tender hearted damsel, like Rebekah, who bade the servant of Abraham to drink, saying, "I will give thy camels drink also."

I then proceeded to cook the few snails I had gathered in the gloomy morning that preceded this evening. This I did by pouring them into the sand at the bottom of the fire-hole, after having scraped away the coals, then covering them with hot sand, and building a fire upon the top, they were roasted in fifteen minutes. These I ate after my master had examined them, and fell asleep about sun set. I became very much distressed, probably from the roots, vegetables, and snails I had been driven to live upon for some

days past, and drinking too much water at once. My mistress, having warmed a little milk with heated stones, presented it to me, which I drank, and found much relief. It had now got to be 10 o'clock at night, as I judged from the stars, when my master called me up, and asked me if I wished to go and see *Arrone*, (Mr. Savage.) I answered yes. He took me on the camel, and started off at a long trot to the northward. Being naked, excepting my shortened trowsers, the cold air was very painful: but as I knew my master, if he was so inclined, could afford me no relief, I made no complaint. We rode till one o'clock in the morning. The camel was then permitted to feed upon the diminutive shrubs, and I to sleep naked upon the sand. After sleeping about two hours, I was again mounted on the camel. I began to conjecture that my master was about to offer me for sale, and my conjectures soon became reality.

September 26.—By my string, I found I had been eighteen days a slave to my master Ganus, and I must confess I did not then wish to run the risque of exchanging him for any other descendant of Ishmael that I had yet seen. But it was not for a slave to choose, to wish, or repine. I affected a total unconcern; and although I had but little of the *lamb* in my feelings toward the Arabs, I was determined to appear to be "*pleas'd to the last;*" and although I could not in Zahara "crop the flowery food," I had almost got my mind prepared "to lick the hand just rais'd to shed my blood." Hard indeed was this mental submission to a free-born son of New-England; hard as the pain I endured in my body;—but I

thought the philosophical advice of Hudibras to Ralpho was applicable to me at this time:

"Ne'er be so dully desperate
To join *against yourself* with *fate.*"

At about sun-rise I discovered a number of tents ahead, and as we came to one, I saw some camel's meat. Delicious food! not much worse than that of an old horse; how I longed to devour it; but like Tantalus in the water, I was only aggravated by the sight of it, as I could not enjoy it. My master, however, begged some boiled blood for me, which I put into my hat, not knowing what it was. He bade me *cool*, i. e. eat. We again started, and at about eight o'clock came to a valley where we saw a number of camels crossing and passing over a small sand hill. We followed them; and on reaching another valley, I saw numerous tents. It looked like a great market for the sale of the sons of sorrow. On seeing an old woman, my master asked where the *kellup en-sahrau* (*Christian dogs*) were. She pointed to a hill to the eastward, and upon drawing near to it I saw the smoke of a fire, where they had been cooking camel's meat. I ran up to it, hoping either by begging, or stealing, to obtain a bite of it; but I forgot my hunger, my thirst, my misery, and almost myself, upon discovering Capt. Riley, Mr. Savage, Clarke, Burns, and Horace. Something whispered to me that my deliverance was near, that the day of my redemption had come. After exchanging the common tokens of affection, with my beloved shipmates, I learned from them, that they had been bought. Capt. Riley pointed to two Arabs, tel-

ling me that they had bought him, and those that were with him, and had agreed to carry them to the Sultan, (the Arabs call the emperor of Morocco *Sooltaun*) where their redemption would be certain. He said Hogan, my friend, was with them the day before, and that he supposed the purchasers were waiting to take him also; and that if they did not, he hoped to persuade them to purchase me. My heart was immediately swollen with gratitude to my captain for his solicitude and kindness to me, as miserable a son of Adam as walked upon the footstool of Deity. I exchanged a little of my boiled blood with Horace, for a piece of gristly camel's meat, which I swallowed almost whole. At a small distance off, I saw my master talking very earnestly with the two Arabs who had purchased all my shipmates just named. Hope lightened my heart and almost deprived me of reason. I almost saw my own country; I almost felt the embraces of my friends; although environed by the desert of Zahara, and held in bondage by barbarians. How soon was I dashed from the highest elevation of hope, to the lowest dejection of despair! The two Arabs hastily took my shipmates one way, and my master carried me off another. Capt. Riley tried to console me; but why "preach patience to those who wring under a load of sorrow?" My brother sailors will excuse me, when I tell them that I burst into tears. I converted my eyes into two pumps, and in this way I was partially relieved from the bilge-water of sorrow which was about sinking my shattered vessel for ever. I considered my shipmates as

safe, and in the event it proved to be so. While I rejoiced at *their good fortune*, I grieved, in the very depths of sorrow, at *my own calamities*. I might with the utmost propriety, exclaim, "*How fortune deceives! I* HAD *pleasure in tow*"—but now I had it no longer. "*My life, steered by misery's chart*"—I was compelled to continue a captive among the most unfeeling, debased, and degraded race of creatures on earth, the tribe, as I have before mentioned, which now held me a slave, being so.

I separated from my shipmates about nine o'clock, A. M. and went with my master in pursuit of his tent. The camel, being a male, I had no milk; the goat skins being at the tent, I had no water; and subsisted through the day upon my camel's blood, which I carried in my hat, exposing my bare head to the rays of the sun. The tent was removed, and we did not overtake it till dark, and not having it pitched that night, I slept in the open chilly air.

Upon the 27th, we travelled E. S. E. as near as I could judge. By this time I had become acquainted with the meaning of some few of the words of the Arabs; and by means of these and signs, I asked my mistress why I was not sold? Why they did not travel toward Morocco? And many other questions. Her answer was, that they could not go until the rainy season sat in, which commences generally in January, or, at any rate, it did this year. She said they could not support their camels in the dry season, but still encouraged me with the hope that I should, some time or other, reach that empire. We

travelled, I conclude, in the course mentioned about fifteen miles, and then shifted it to about N. E. The country became more hilly than I had before seen it; and after passing a number of small hills, we ascended one of considerable height. To the N. E. of it, I saw the largest and deepest valley I had before seen in this country. It ran from N. E. to S. W. and might have been eight or ten miles in length and two miles in width. I regret exceedingly that I cannot inform my readers of the particular situation of the country I passed; but as I then had no means to ascertain it, no maps, charts, or instruments, and could derive no information from the illiterate Arabs, I will not attempt it. I could judge of the latitude only from the situation of the sun, and as to longitude, I could judge of it from nothing at all. We must now have been near the tropic of cancer, it being September, and the rays of the sun being nearly vertical. We entered this valley at the S. W. end of it, and passed to the S. E. side of it, upon which I noticed a number of very deep gullies, on almost the whole length of the hill, which must have been occasioned by heavy rains. The surface in the valley was composed of sand, gravel, and small round stones, which were washed from the hill, the gullies having the same kind upon their sides. In one of these gullies, we saw two or three tents. The air was cooler here than it is generally found to be, and I even imagined I saw some appearance of comfort, and no one could need it more; for having been deprived of all my remaining hopes in the morning, it appeared

to me through the whole day that it must have been my last, for "hope was deferred," and "my whole heart was sick." They left the camels with me, and the whole family went to the tents.

It is an universal custom among Arabs, when the master of one tent or any of his family visits another, to offer them whatever they have to eat or drink; the whole bill of fare, however, consisting of camel's meat, milk, and water. I saw my master and family drinking with them, and my thirst "almost persuaded me" to wish I was a Mahometan that I might have partaken with them. I was then ordered by signs, to drive the camels to the tents, and as I was approaching one, was met by a young Arab, who told me that there was an *en-sahrau* (Christian) in one of the tents. The name of *en-sahrau* was as dear to me as was the name of uncle Toby to a distressed soldier. I had not the most distant conception to what Christian nation he might belong, but it was enough to console me, that he was not a degenerate Mussulman. He was one of my shipmates—it was Porter! I came near rejoicing at his slavery, it gave me such joy to see him. With this worthy fellow, I had been particularly intimate; and I think my shipmates will all say that we went hand in hand in performing our duty like faithful seamen. He appeared less dejected than many of my shipmates whom I had before seen. His robust body and stout heart enabled him to bear any thing within the compass of human endurance. He had on the remnants of an old coat, and his trowsers down to his knees, the rest of them, like mine, having

been declared *foonta.* I informed him of the good fortune of Capt. Riley, Mr. Savage, Clarke, Burns, and Horace; and the near fortune of Hogan. He then told me that Hogan and Dick were in the valley above, he having seen them the day before. My master hailed, *Robbinis!* and I was obliged to end my interview, although it was the first I had enjoyed with this good friend since we were enslaved. We passed to the top of the hill through one of the gullies, and travelled upon the top of it to near the upper end of the valley. Then discovering a number of tents, in the valley below, we descended through another difficult gully, I conclude as many as three hundred feet, and reached them. Here we pitched our tents in sight of, perhaps, thirty or forty others. The camels were put to feed in the valley, and I furnished the necessary fuel for the night. My fatigue was excessive. After eating a little of my blood, (taken from the camel,) and having a scanty portion of milk divided out to me, I retired to a corner of the tent, and forgot myself and my miseries, in as sound a night's rest as ever a sailor enjoyed.

CHAP. X.

Sympathy—Hogan—his situation and feelings—received at the tent of Ganus—my mistress—fictitious ceremony—power of the female Arabs—gloomy valley—Dick—misery of black Africans—Messrs. Wilberforce and Clarkson—American flag upon Zahara desert.

SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1815.

AS we progress in our volume, we feel a great degree of solicitude lest the detail of individual suffering should become tedious to our readers.

The world more readily sympathizes with the *joyous* than the *sorrowing*. The joys of the author have been few, his sorrows have been numerous; but he will endeavour to blend with the narration of them, such delineations of the country and descriptions of the peculiar manners, customs, and habits of the natives of Africa, as have fallen under his immediate observations, or been derived from the most authentic sources.

This day we lay by. After the morning service was performed, and the camels milked, (the last service invariably following the first,) the camels were sent with the boy to feed upon bushes; my master went to visit his neighbours; the female children went in pursuit of roots and herbs; the women lounged in the tents; and I laid down under one to reflect or to sleep, just as reflection came to my sorrow, or sleep to my relief. After remaining here until about eleven o'clock, I saw my half-starved friend Hogan, lurking around the tents; and, judging from the appearance of his mouth, and the rest of his diminished body, I concluded that he had not "fared sumptuously every day" since we parted. This was the first time I had seen him since I parted with him on the 8th at the well. I could hardly conceive that this sterling sailor, who first ventured to come from the wreck to the shore upon the hawser at Cape Bajador, on the 28th of the preceding month, could so soon have lost his firmness and his hope. He appeared depressed, melancholy, and hopeless. He entered our tent. This was attended with consi

derable difficulty, as my mistress at first refused him admittance; but upon informing her as well as I could, that he was almost naked, having nothing but a small skin and a piece of sail to wear, and almost melting in the sun, she gave him admission. We sat down together. Hogan's master was the first Arab that assailed us near Cape Barbas, where we first landed. Hogan informed me that his sufferings had been too much for a Christian to bear from such cursed barbarians; that he had not been permitted to sleep under a tent since he was enslaved; that he had been almost starved ever since he had been among them; and that he expected to die soon unless he could escape. He told me that the two Arabs who bought Capt. Riley, bought him next, and paid for him; and that a dispute arose between his master Mahomet, and Porter's master, who claimed half of him, and that his master had returned the price paid for him (Hogan) and still kept him as a slave. Mahomet and Porter's master continued to quarrel about him; had come to blows upon this subject; and the quarrel was not yet ended. Having the most painful feelings upon Hogan's melancholy relation, I entreated my mistress to permit me to give him some of my camel's blood, to which she, with some reluctance, consented, and we ate the whole I had remaining, which was but little, relying upon the mercy of my tyrants for my future support. After we had eaten our blood, my mistress, whom Hogan thought an angel of mercy in comparison to his, gave us a little milk and water. I did not altogether agree

with him about the angelic qualities of my *mistress*, knowing that my *master* had more of the virtues attributed to those celestial beings than what she had. I inquired of Hogan about Dick. He said he was a fellow-slave with him to Mahomet, and fared much better as to living than he had; although he was often beaten by his master, and compelled to attend camels from day-light till dark. Hogan tarried with me till towards night, and we agreed to go next day to procure something to eat, either by stealing from the tents, or gathering from the earth, if haply we could find any thing to steal or gather. I requested him to ask Dick to come and join us, but he said Dick would not be permitted to come. He went home; and I did the customary duties of a slave, and retired to all the rest I could enjoy upon sand.

Upon the 29th, early in the morning, my master and his family went out before the tent to worship, and took me with them; having for some days past expressed a wish that I should become a Mussulman, and no longer continue to be a *kellup en-sahrau*. I knew I might be a witness, and even a performer of their mode of worship, without becoming a proselyte to their *faith;* indeed, I was compelled to go, from the fear of vengeance if I refused. They were arranged upon the sand, in front of the tent. My master Ganus bade me follow his motions. He kneeled down, and *washed* his hands, arms, and face in the sand. I did the same. He then rose up, facing to the east, and loudly exclaimed, "*Sheda el la lah, Hi Allah—Sheda Mahommed—*

Rahsool Allah." They generally add, "*Hi eahrah sullah—Hi eahrah sullah.*" This I also repeated, having learned the pronunciation of it before, although not the meaning. They then cried aloud "*Allah Hooakibar.*" I followed them in this likewise. They then fell upon their knees, and, upon rising, said again, "*Allah Hooakibar.*" I continued to follow their example, as often as they repeated it. They then went through a catalogue of words, which I could not understand, and could not repeat. They concluded with a loud voice, "*Sulle Mulla;*" I said so too. They seemed to be highly pleased with my *apparent* conversion to the Mahometan faith. This was the first time I ever worshipped in the manner of a Mahometan; and, lest I should be brought to make a *ceremony* of worship merely, I declined, as long as I remained in Africa, to *Sulle* in this way; telling him that an *en-sahrau*, or Christian, had a different mode of praying.

Soon after this ceremony (for it was nothing else) was through, Hogan came to my master's tent. I took my sack, which I had made upon landing from the boat, and hung it upon my neck to put snails in, if we should find any. We passed over the hill lying to the eastward of us into an adjoining valley where we found a few snails. At noon, the heat became so intense, that we could not endure it. We returned to within a short distance of my master's tent, where we cooked what few we had gathered, by some fire procured from a tent near us. My master was dissatisfied that I did not bring the snails home, and divide with him and the family.

Hogan came to the tent, and spent part of the afternoon with me, where we had a little milk and water allowed us, and toward night I accompanied him to his master's tent.

Upon the 30th, I wandered round with Hogan, as I did the day before gathering snails and bewailing our fate. The natives, unless engaged in spinning and weaving, which is but seldom, are listless, inactive, and stupid. They have nothing that serves for pastime or amusement, unless it can be called recreation for females to comb and braid each other's hair, and divest it of the vermin that generally colonize it. They do this and sleep alternately. The men visit each other at the tents, apparently without object; although when a considerable number are assembled they converse together with earnestness, and sometimes go through with the customary worship. When stationary, the men repair their saddles, goat-skins, and watering tubs. The women have the entire control of the tent; they make the cloths for it, they put them together, they pitch, and strike and repair it. They have all the management of what may be called domestic economy; they apportion out the milk and the water, with the accuracy of a sergeant when making out rations, among the master, the children and the slaves, and from their decision upon this subject, there is no appeal.

October 1st.—Having added another day to the calendar of my captivity by making another knot in my string, I began to ponder with the most gloomy anticipations upon my future fate. As I have already mentioned, my pork was ex-

pended; the country where we were now situated was uncommonly barren even for the desert; my master's camels afforded but a very small quantity of milk, and one of them had become entirely dry. The little portion allowed me was hardly sufficient to sustain life; and my flesh began, moderately, to waste away. To see the gradual, although certain, approach of the king of terrors by the slow ravages of a consumption is indeed gloomy; but, in the enjoyment of health, as I was at this time, and with an appetite as voracious as the tigers of the desert that I inhabited, to waste away and go down to the grave for the want of food, was too much for the small portion of philosophy imparted to me, to endure with fortitude. My own forebodings were rendered doubly aggravating at the situation of my shipmate Hogan, whose despair was as raging as his appetite. He called again this day. Having but little encouragement to seek even for snails, we lurked around the tents in the gloomy valley, which seemed like the valley of the shadow of death. We found some of the old bones of a camel which had first been scraped by the Arabs, next by their dogs, and the remaining part fell into our hands. We gnawed off what little dry gristle was remaining, in doing which, I almost dislocated my jaws, and very much injured my teeth. At night we returned to our tents.

October 2d.—As I was standing near my master's tent, I saw Dick the cook, descending from the hill where he had been placed to watch camels. He came to the tent. For the first time,

I saw him since the day of our slavery. He was esteemed by the crew as a faithful, active cook, and always did all the duty assigned him with promptitude. He looked pretty hearty, and had better clothing than Hogan. We had been together but a few minutes before he was hailed by his mistress to return. Anxious to see me longer he did not immediately obey. She came after him, struck him on the head with her claws, and pulled him up the hill to the camels. His master immediately knocked him down, and began beating him in the most unmerciful manner with clubs. The poor fellow hallooed and screamed aloud. Never did I more ardently pant to revenge the injury of a shipmate. Readily would I have become one of a body of American seamen that would number not more than *two* to *five* Arabs, and have commenced immediate war. I was desperate, but knew I must be humble, and see my shipmate mauled to pumice. It is singular that the negroes, although Africans like the Arabs, should, even by their own countrymen, although of a different tribe, be used with such barbarity. This miserable race of beings seem to be left by their Creator to the cruelty of the whole human race. In every clime, unless, indeed, they become objects of curiosity, as did the negro in Russia, they are beaten, enslaved, and often murdered. What language, then, can be found equal to the grateful task of eulogizing the names of WILBERFORCE and CLARKSON, who have devoted their whole lives and great talents to the endeavor of rescuing these miserable creatures from the inhuma-

nity of man? And what language is adequate to express the indignation of the heart, at that portion of civilized and Christianized man, who continue to capture, enslave, and murder them?

I saw no more of poor Dick this day, nor did I ever afterwards see him. He has probably become a victim to the merciless Arabs of the tribe of Wiled Lebdessebah. I feel myself bound, however, to say that my master, although of this degraded and cruel tribe, was guilty of but little inhumanity to me. I suffered all but death to be sure when his slave; but from his situation, I know not how *he* could have helped it. He was a grave, thoughtful, and regular man; seldom inflamed with passion, and often bestowed favors upon me, which notwithstanding my distress when with him, I remember with gratitude. While I hope never to bear an injury with mean submission, I also hope, I never shall become so hardened as to forget a favor. My master this day gave me a square piece of the colors of the brig, perhaps a yard and a half square. In the centre of it, I cut a hole to let my head through, and sewed up the sides, leaving arm-holes. By this, my body was considerably secured from the sun. This was probably the first *American* flag that was ever hoisted upon the deserts of Zahara. My mistress, like a true Amazon, determined that the "striped bunting" should not be monopolized by American tars *every where*, took the remainder of it, and "covered herself with glory." Toward evening I went to the tent of Hogan's master to shew him my new uniform, made of the colors under which

we once sailed happily together. It excited feelings not to be expressed, or repressed; but his gloom made almost every object equally indifferent to him. The day ended, as it began, in misery. Hogan told me that Dick, the day before, offered him some cooked snails, which his master would not suffer him (Hogan) to eat, and that he expected to starve.

CHAP. XI.

A shower—a female fashion—an adventure—a journey—dress of a wandering Arab—smoking—Gum Arabic—slaying a camel—a repast—Hogan—Arab hospitality.

October 3d, 1815.

I WENT this day to the tent of Porter's master, about seven miles distance, and found him in it. After tarrying some time, Porter and I, together with his master, and another Arab, each of whom had a musket, went up the valley to a tent where a camel had been killed. The muskets were good double-barrelled pieces, which Porter and I carried. When we arrived at the tent, some meat was cooked, which the Arabs greedily devoured, and gave the bones to us, which we immediately, with our teeth and finger nails, scraped clean of every particle of gristle. The Arabs were also treated with milk and water, but none was allowed to us. Porter and his master toward night went home, and I to my master's tent.

October 4th.—Upon this day I saw what I had never before seen upon the desert—a shower. As soon as it commenced, the women went to the rocks upon the hills, with their *geddacks* and

sponges to gather water. This they did by taking the water from the rocks with a sponge, then squeezing it into the *geddacks*, or bowls. I laid down upon the rocks and licked and sucked all I could, but was unable to satisfy my thirst. The shower soon passed over, and the burning rays of the sun returned. The women nearly filled a water goat skin, which they call *gillabar*, with water, and carried it with them to the tent.

Upon the 5th, I remained in and about the tent. The women were engaged in ripping into pieces the garments they had found at the boat where we landed. They picked out the stitches with a large iron needle, and very carefully preserved every thread, being vexed when they broke one. They then took the different pieces of the garments, and cut them into small pieces of almost every variety of shapes. My mistress was preparing to make a garment of them for herself. The cloth was all of blue, brown, or black color; and what possible object they had in cutting it to pieces, I could not imagine. They then proceeded to sew it together. After about fifteen days' labor, she had gotten together enough to make a kind of loose frock, which was sewed to the colors, at her breast and back, and hung loosely down to her knees, her arms remaining naked to her shoulders. She assumed that kind of consequence when clad in this garment, which is sometimes seen in females that never saw or traversed these deserts. Her visitors admired it; and thought her peculiarly fortunate in having introduced a new fashion. My master, Ganus, with all his Mahometan gra-

vity, was pleased with the comely appearance of his *amiable* bride. To see the flag of my country decorating the upper part, and the habit of a sailor the lower part of my mistress, made me smile myself.

The next morning, (6th) my master and his two sisters, Muckwoola and Ishir, went with all the camels, about twenty, young and old, after water; not having watered since the 24th of last month, or as the natives call a month, *Shahar*. They were gone during this day, and the 7th, and returned upon the 8th, early in the morning. During their absence, I sought for snails and found but few. There was but a small remnant of water in the tent; and the small quantity usually allowed me was diminished, so that I was obliged to beg at a neighbouring tent, in the name of my mistress, as this was the only way to obtain it. As I had wandered about five miles from the tent, entirely out of sight of all the tents, I saw a large Arab, with a drawn scimitar, approaching me with great rapidity. I leave it to the imagination to form an idea of my feelings. He said, "*Soo-mook en tar?*" what's your name? I answered, *Robbins*, "*Robbinis! Robbinis!*" He then asked, "*Me-nane jate?*" I answered, by pointing towards my master's tent. He continued, "*Ille-mein en tar?*" I answered, to *Ganus*. He seemed by his conduct, to know my master, and said no more; but eyed me very sharply as I walked hastily from him. The tents began to move away from the valley, leaving my master's almost alone.

Upon the 8th, early in the morning, my mas-

ter, with Muckwoola, Ishir, the camels, and the water, returned, and the tents were immediately struck, preparatory for a departure to some point in the compass, or, as I sometimes thought, to a point *not in the compass;* these unthinking creatures seeming to act, half of the time, without any discoverable motive. Our family started off with the two tents, in company with one of our neighbors, who also had two tents, and about fifty camels; so that four tents, sixty camels, about twenty Africans, and one American, formed quite a respectable cavalcade. We left the valley, and passed over the hill, bearing to the S. E.

Upon a journey the usual times of *refreshing*, eating generally out of the question, is about noon, and eleven o'clock at night. When they have meat, which is seldom, they partake of it once only, and that after dark, lest they should lose a portion of it from its being discovered. When they have nothing either to *eat* or *drink*, which is often the case, these particular *times* and *seasons* are dispensed with, and the time of refreshing is made up, by a rational creature, with "*the feast of reason*," and by Arabs, with jabbering and sleeping. We travelled moderately and pitched about sunset.

From the 9th, until the 12th, we travelled gradually forward in a S. E. direction. The travelling dress of the male Arabs, of the *Wiled Lebdessebah* tribe, if they have any at all, is a coarse white blanket as the principal article. It is about a yard and a half wide, and five yards long. The mode of putting it on, when done

properly, is by pulling one corner of it over the left shoulder as low as the breast; then winding it around the back and under the right arm, holding it by the upper edge; then turning the body quickly round, until it comes under the left arm; then throwing the upper edge over the head; then behind the neck upon the right shoulder, the lower edge coming in front as low as the knee; the remaining part of it is thrown over the left shoulder, hanging loosely behind, some almost to the ground, or according to the length of the blanket. The blanket is made fast next to the body, by a belt of morocco leather with a buckle. Over the whole is thrown a belt from the right shoulder, under the left arm, and sometimes another from the left shoulder under the right arm, crossing at the breast. To these are attached sheathes or powder horns, and in the sheath is put the scimitar, or long knife, such as the owner happens to have. This tribe seldom have any under-dress, being so miserably poor that many of them are unable to procure a decent blanket. If they have muskets, of which they appear excessively proud, they generally carry them in their hands, exhibiting them as an evidence of their wealth, or a proof of their skill in gunnery.

They all have a kind of leather pouch hanging before them, by a strap going round the neck, in which they carry their smoking furniture, and tobacco, or weeds, or any thing else that will smoke. In these they also carry their flint and steel, to strike fire with. In one department they carry their tinder, made of a weed

produced in the desert. Their pipes are also carried therein, some of steel and some of wood, and some smoke through the shin bone of the goat. The men are passionately fond of smoking if they can get tobacco; and if they cannot, they will smoke pieces of leather. My master, by little and little, smoked up nearly all his pouch. When a number form a circle, the pipe passes from mouth to mouth, each taking two or three whiffs, the last of which furnishes them with a number of puffs through the nose or mouth, as best suits their inclinations. They procure their tobacco from and near Wadinoon. The manner of cultivating it will hereafter be described.

Upon the 13th, continuing nearly the same course, we discovered a number of tents far ahead. My master, taking the most fleet camel in the drove, went forward. After an absence of four hours, he returned with the head, neck, and part of the entrails of a camel, but we could not enjoy a repast immediately, as there was not brush enough in sight to cook it. We halted at sunset, and it was not until ten o'clock at night, after the most diligent search, that I was able to procure fuel enough to dress it. It was a kind of feast day with the family; and I was permitted to rejoice for the bounties of the desert over a few of the guts, which were broiled upon brush, without being washed. They cooked their part of the feast by digging a hole in the earth, and putting the head therein; then building a fire upon the top of it, it was fitted for the supper-party at about one o'clock in the morning.

From the 14th to the 16th, nothing happened

worthy of relation. On the last of these days, my master procured some water from a small valley into which the water, produced by a shower, had settled, it being thick, warm and muddy. We continued in a S. E. direction.

On the 17th, we shifted our course to the eastward; the country became more hilly, and as it became so, there were always more bushes for the camels to feed upon. In this part of this desert, we found a few trees about the size of our cherry-trees, resembling a large thorn bush, or tree. It produced a species of gum, for which the natives have a great fondness. It is light colored and transparent, and is the real *Gum-Arabic*. In the afternoon we ascended a considerable hill, and after descending a part of the way down the opposite side of it, the party stopped, without pitching the tent. We spent the night in the open air, the northeast wind blowing chilly upon us. I felt very unwell, and laid down; and my master, knowing that my indisposition arose from want of food, cooked me a small piece of camel's hide, which, with a little warm milk, and some sound sleep, restored me to health by next morning.

Upon the 18th, having retired to the most secret place, an event of the greatest immediate importance to me took place; it was one that I had long wished to witness, and the temporary benefits of which, I hoped to experience—it was the butchering of a camel. A young man from our neighboring tent came to my master's assistance, and, joining him and his sisters, assisted in catching a two-year old camel of the male

kind. They cast him, and lashed his four legs together. They then made fast a rope around his nose, and drew his head nearly back to the tail, the beast lying upon the side. They then, with a large knife, cut the neck off, close to the shoulder blades—then turning him on his back, they divided the skin from the shoulder to the tail. The entrails were laid upon clean bushes, and the meat being equally divided, was disposed of in the same manner—one half for my master and his family, the other for his mother and sisters. The mother's name was *Annbube*. They cut off pieces of the hump, which is somewhat like the brisket of an ox, and ate it raw. I had, in the mean time, gathered together a large quantity of fuel, and they immediately proceeded to cook the blood, and with the utmost voracity devoured the whole of it. This was at about two o'clock, and during the afternoon the women were employed in cutting the lean part of it into thin long slices, and hanging them in the sun to dry. Joy seemed to pervade every heart; and even the rigid features of the Arab were relaxed into something that resembled complacency. Supper time was looked for with delightful anxiety, knowing that we should then be regaled with the guts of the animal, boiled in the water found in the paunch. After this repast was disposed of, we all remained in the tent till about midnight, and then I retired to rest with a satisfied appetite; being the first time since my slavery that I could say the same. Never, I think, did the most sincere Christian feel more grateful to the Great Giver of temporal

blessings, than I did for this refreshment. It is a fact, worthy of observation, that the Arabs kill a camel with the utmost secrecy. When my master killed this one, we were upon a plain that seemed to be without limits, no tent nor human being in sight, excepting the four belonging to our party; yet, before the skin was off, five or six Arabs came bounding over the sandy desert, to partake of it. This I noticed was invariably the case, so long as I continued a slave to the wandering tribes.

The next morning, (19th) I was employed in curing the camel's hide, or rather putting it in a situation to be preserved, until after the meat of the beast was consumed. It was cut into small pieces, and thrown into the fire, which, by singing off the hair, and drying it, prepared it to be deposited in the tent and carried upon a journey. The hoofs are disposed of in the same manner. They break all the bones to pieces, and eat all the marrow, uncooked. It is astonishing to see what a quantity of marrow is produced from an animal whose meat is so dry and lean. At about ten o'clock, A. M. the master of Hogan, with him, and a number of Arabs, came to our tent; having discovered, either from the smoke of our fire, or the odour of the cooking meat, that a camel had been slain. Some meat was immediately cooked. I was rejoiced to see a pretty liberal portion allotted to my hungry friend Hogan—who ate as though the genius of famine had long had him in her keeping. He tore off the meat from the hard, unyielding neck of the camel like a tiger; and preserved a piece

to carry home to his shipmate and fellow-slave Dick: although his own appetite was not satisfied. The visiters, in the mean time, were satiating their appetites. It has been before remarked, that the Arabs always treat their visiters with what they have; it is always expected—and if it is known that a camel has been slain, and the owner conceals the meat, or declines to impart a portion, the highest indignation is excited. During these visits, the master and mistress never eat themselves, but wait upon their guests. Whether this practice arises from *real hospitality*, or from some *article of their faith*, I know not, but I strongly suspect the latter. Not having with me the *Koran*, I cannot ascertain it. Those of my readers, who are acquainted with the system introduced into the world by that wonderful production, may probably settle the question for themselves.

After the meat was eaten, the guests were served with milk and water, and retired highly gratified; not probably so much from a principle of gratitude, as from the relief obtained for their hunger.

CHAP. XII.

A storm of sand—distress—a great story—Porter's sickness—a dismal plain—rapid travelling—nauseous water—description of a well in Zahara desert—marble mountain—deep valley, and monument—impossibility of escaping—Spaniard—view of the ocean—Cape Mirik—author sold to another Arab of the tribe of Wiled D'leim.

FROM the 20th, to the 22d of October, we travelled leisurely to the southward and west-

ward. Every morning, after the sun had reached a considerable height, the party stopped, and hung out the slips of meat upon the tents or bushes to dry. The country became more hilly and more sandy. Those who have seen the sandy hills at Cape Cod, in a violent gale of wind, can form a faint idea of the country over which we were now passing. The trade wind blew a gale almost constantly. The atmosphere was filled with hot sand, as ours is with snow in a snow storm. The vertical rays of the sun beating upon a body almost naked—the sand filling the eyes constantly exposed—the feet sinking, ancle deep, into the sand at every step, made travelling all but destruction. My ears, and nose, and sometimes my mouth, were literally filled with sand—the one almost lost the sense of hearing—the other that of smelling, and the last that of tasting. The tent could not be pitched, as the sand would not hold the tent pegs. We had no water to spare for the grateful exercise of washing, and, as a most disgusting substitute, I was compelled to make use of my own urine, in washing my face, arms, and hands. A few more such day's travelling, I think, would have put an end to my life and my slavery.

Upon the 23d, we travelled to the southward. The wind moderated considerably, and at about noon, we stopped, and unloaded the tents. My master's only son, about twelve years of age, named *Elle*, told me that *Joe* was in a tent at a little distance off. I knew he meant Porter, and he and I went in pursuit of the tents to the northward. After travelling three or four miles, we

called at a tent which was owned by Mr. Savage's former master. I also saw my master *Ganus*, who was assisting in butchering a camel. I was immediately sent to gather dry bushes which were scarce, and continued as much as three hours in this laborious service. By this time, the camel was dressed. They had procured a brass kettle, into which they threw some meat, entrails, &c. and boiled them in the paunch water. Of this, they all partook liberally. As a compensation for my toil, they gave me the *fœtus* of a young camel, found in the one they had killed, about the size of a rat. I pushed it into the fire and sand under the kettle, and after roasting it, was permitted to *swallow the whole camel* myself. Extreme hunger made this a delicious meal. Porter's master was also here, and asked mine to let me go to his tent to see *Joe*, as he was sick. Liberty was granted, and I visited him at nearly sunset. He had been sick a number of days with the head-ache, and had been bled in the head by the natives with a jack-knife, which they call *L'moose*. He looked sick, had lost much flesh, and was extremely dejected. Although the common cant of advising in such a case rather aggravates than mitigates sorrow, I ventured to urge him to exercise all the fortitude he could; and as it was the will of our Maker that we must suffer, we ought to make the best we could of our situation, wretched as it was. I fully believe that it was from this sentiment, that my own life was preserved; and that by this, I was kept from perishing upon the deserts of Zahara.

We travelled, during the 24th, over deep sand; but upon the 25th, early in the morning, we all reached a boundless plain, stretching, apparently, an immeasurable distance to the south east, south west, and north west. The surface of the earth was hard, mixed with small stones, mostly baked in it. It appeared to be as hard as a pavement; and the hoof of the camel made not the least impression upon it. It could not be more dissimilar to the country we had just passed than it was. At sun rise, the camels were stopped, and, as usual, service was performed. I cannot call that *divine service*, which was performed in honour of *Mahommed*. Our water was wholly exhausted, there being not a drop remaining in either tent. A little dried meat was still left. We entered upon this plain, and to me the most gloomy entry I ever made upon any part of the earth. The natives *must* have known that the course we were travelling would lead to a well, or they never would have ventured upon it. This was to me the only consolation. By about noon, having travelled very fast, we reached the centre of this plain. The country presented to my view the most melancholy prospect that I can possibly imagine can exist in nature. It appeared to be an exact water level. The sea, in a dead calm, never, to my eye, appeared smoother; and the earth was as destitute as that of every shrub, plant, or weed. It seemed as if the genius of *famine* and *drought*, held here their cheerless dominion. Neither man, beast, nor even insect, could subsist upon it, and neither were within

sight, except our party. We fled across it as we would have fled from *the city of destruction.* At nearly sunset we again reached a more sandy country. We continued to travel until ten o'clock at night; and having found a few bushes, the wearied camels were stopped to feed. Having started in the morning at about one o'clock, by the stars, as I judged, and travelling with amazing rapidity, until ten o'clock at night, we must have gone as many as ninety miles. The course we travelled was to the S. W. We only threw off the tents, and resting till nearly day light, again started upon the journey. Not having drank a single drop of water the day before, nor during this night, my thirst was so excessive, that I thought I could not survive it. We, however, drove on as usual at a full trot; and did not, until the next day, (26th) at twelve o'clock, find any water. My master then procured a draft for us all, at a tent; and this, with a few of the roots and sprouts before mentioned, in some measure, satisfied me. We stopped but a few minutes; and the country becoming hilly, and the night dark, we travelled, full speed, over hills and vallies, till twelve o'clock. We must have gone as many miles this day as we did the preceding one, being the most rapid travelling I ever witnessed upon camels. The tents were thrown off, and the camels fed; a little meat was cooked for the party, and as soon as this was finished, we started again. For the past day, our course was about west. We drove on with the greatest rapidity until the next day, (27th) at about noon, when, to my inconceivable joy,

we reached a well. But upon attempting to taste the water, notwithstanding the extremity of my thirst, it was with the greatest difficulty I could force it into my throat, or retain it there when I had. It was more offensive than the most nauseous bilge-water—it had turned green by stagnation, and reddish by the quantity of camel's dung mixed with it; but it was our only resource, "*and we must drink or die.*"

This was an interior well, which is seldom found far into the deserts. This well was one of great depth. When the natives begin to dig a well, they furnish themselves with all the largest bushes or trees in the adjoining country, some of which are of the size of a man's thigh. These they cut into poles of about six feet in length. After they have penetrated a small depth into the earth, they put three of these sticks into holes, made in the sides of the well, leaving a triangular hole in the centre, of a sufficient size to let down and draw up the water-bucket. These poles are placed thick at the top, and further apart as the earth grows harder. In this way they continue to descend into the earth, passing the earth up in bowls from one to the other to the top, and inserting the stakes as mentioned, when necessary. After they have descended a considerable depth, they draw up the earth in leathern buckets, by means of a rope, having no windlass or sweep, to assist bodily strength in this laborious operation. Indeed, this tribe seemed to have no idea of *machinery* of the most simple kind, to facilitate the construction or manufacture of any thing, or to

save manual labor. They continue in this manner to descend, until they come to water. Looking down the well, as far as light will enable the eye to discern, the observer sees a regular triangle in the centre. These cross-sticks furnish a ladder, by which the natives descend to clear the well of sand, which is constantly blowing into its open surface; these stupid creatures seldom having sagacity enough to prevent this by covering the top. The water is drawn from the well in a leathern bucket, made of tanned camel's or goat's skins. The top of it is a circular hoop, over which the skin is sewed, forming a round vessel at the sides and bottom, holding about three gallons. Three ropes are fastened to this hoop, equi-distant from each other, and these to the one by which it is let down. The country in which this well was situated was the deepest and most extensive valley I had yet seen; surrounded, excepting to the westward, by high rocky hills. On the east side, I saw and examined immense ledges of the most beautiful white marble. As I was descending into this valley, my distress could not suppress my admiration, at beholding an immense rock of white marble, standing perpendicularly, and entirely detached from the ledge, which formed the eastern limits of it. On a distant view, I immediately imagined it to be some castle for the defence of an adjoining city, or the palace of some African prince. I felt confident that I was approaching some great city. I continued to approach, and almost forgot my hunger and thirst in the anticipated gratification of my curiosity. At

length, I came to this astonishing monument—went round it—examined it as minutely as I possibly could, and could not discover upon it the least trait of human art. My expectations were blown away by the wind that whistled round it, and my readers must excuse me for not saying any thing more about it, only that it was, at the base, in the shape of a parallelogram, or oblong square, as near as I could judge, of one hundred feet in length, and sixty in breadth. Its height must have been from seventy to eighty feet. After stating the simple fact, I leave it to the curious, the philosophical, the inquisitive, and the wondering, to make conjectures for themselves. This valley was, to appearance, the most fertile place I had seen. It was the first earth I had walked upon in Africa, that seemed susceptible of cultivation. It was mostly a clay-soil, and considerable grass was growing, or rather standing, as the excessive drought this season had dried up every thing. The grass resembled that which grows in what is called, in New-England, *boggy meadows*. Toward night we left this valley, and passed through the opening hill to the southwest, having filled but two goat skins with the offensive water found in the well. I carried a bowl full, however, four or five miles, fearing I should be destitute of water of any kind. We stopped for the night, and cooked a little dried meat, by putting small hard pieces into the fire, roasting it, taking it out and pounding it in a *maress*, or mortar.

Upon the 28th, we travelled moderately to the southwest, until noon, when the tents were

pitched, for the first time, for a number of days. Even the stomach of an Arab could no longer endure the water we had; and my master and his sisters having learned from a passing party, that water was at no great distance, went in pursuit of some of a better kind, if comparisons of quality are allowable between different sorts, all of which would nauseate a beast.

On the next day, (29th) *Muckwoola* and *Ishir* returned, bringing with them some fresh water, and some dried fish-skins, or fragments of fish, which had before been deprived of the better part. Some of this was allowed me for supper; and as it was a rarity, having lived upon camel's hide, meat, and bones for some time, I ate it with the best appetite. My master *Ganus* did not return with his sisters. I was left under the command of the women once more; and, as usual, found my privileges abridged as female authority prevailed. We remained stationary until the next day, at noon, (30th) then started and bore to the N. W. and travelled moderately, during that and the next day, (31st.)

November 1st, 1815.—From this day until the 3d, we continued to travel moderately, and as we passed along, the country became more hilly; nothing took place of any consequence. On our passage we saw a few small locusts, which we gathered and ate. Upon the 3d, my master returned to his tent, after an absence of six days, it being his longest absence since I was his slave, bringing with him one piece of tent cloth. Having often mentioned that I wandered off at a distance, and frequent opportunities occurring

to make my escape, it may excite wonder that I did not attempt it. The description I have attempted to give of the country seems to be a sufficient reason. Had I attempted it, starvation must have been the final result, if I had not been taken by another master before this took place. Let the reader imagine to himself a desert of eight hundred miles in width, and more than two thousand in length, furnishing nothing for the subsistence of human beings, but camels, and these always in possession of individuals, parties, or caravans. Let him also picture to himself a solitary wanderer upon this desert, without food or water, and without any means to procure either, and liable every day, and almost every hour, to be encountered by the natives, who are passing it in every direction, he will conclude that the means of escape were of the most unpromising nature. I might as well have escaped from a ship, by plunging into the ocean. At Wadinoon I afterwards became acquainted with a Spaniard, who attempted, upon a male camel, to escape. He assured me that he travelled the desert thirty days without water, and without any food, excepting a fox which he killed. That at the end of this time, he and his stolen camel were taken by another tribe, and he became a slave to them. He was afterwards demanded by his first master; but absolutely refused to return again into the tribe of the *Lebdessebah*, and seizing a musket, threatened the life of him. His former master relinquished the attempt to reclaim him, and he continued a slave until the time he and I were, upon the same day,

ransomed. He assured me that he had been in slavery seven years. I shall again have occasion to mention this Spaniard.

My master ordered the tents to be struck upon his return, and we proceeded to travel in a northern direction. I went ahead with my master, delighted again to be relieved from the thraldom and irksomeness of female government, which, wherever it prevails, being founded in less reason, is accompanied with more tyranny than that of men. Toward night, we overtook a sick woman upon a camel. She was the first female Arab whom I had seen dangerously sick; indeed it was rare to see even the slightest indisposition among them. I assisted her in dismounting, after the camel was made to kneel. My master's family overtook us, and the tent was pitched. After taking a little milk, I turned in.

The next morning, (4th) before day-light we were on the march for another watering-place. I was permitted to go with the party to the well, being the first time, since my slavery, that I was allowed so to do, being always before left behind with the tent. This variation from the usual custom excited a suspicion in my mind that I was to be sold; as the large watering-places are generally the market for slaves. In travelling toward it, we passed over hills of sand. When at the top of them, I saw the ocean! I knew it must be the Atlantic, from the course we had travelled. I ardently panted to be on the bosom of it, as the waves thereof might waft me to the regions of civilization—and *might* waft me

to my beloved country. In the valley below, I saw a great multitude of camels around the wells, there being a number in this valley. The camels *knew* there was water below, as well as their riders; and after descending a part of the way down the steep hill, the forward camels began to run. My camel followed the example; and as the mouth of this beast never submitted to the restraint of the bit, never having been bridled, I was precipitated down the hill with a velocity with which I had before been unacquainted; and when I arrived at the well, I might have said, as Gilpin did when he reached Ware, "I came, because my camel would come." The wells were situated near each other; but from the number of camels that are constantly coming to drink, they are obliged to keep them off, if possible, till those drinking are satisfied. This is done with very great difficulty. After the camels are sufficiently watered, they are sent to browse. The natives never bring their tents to a well, leaving them behind in the keeping of the women. I now had as much water as I wanted; and can say, that it was the first time my thirst was thoroughly quenched, since I became a slave to Ganus. The tents must have been as many as fifty miles back in the desert; for they always remain where they are left, when the owner goes in search of water, until he returns. We slept this night under a large bush with a large company, and kept a fire for the most part of the night.

Upon the 5th, early in the morning, the camels were all watered again, as they are some-

times compelled to go entirely without it for twenty days, and sometimes for a longer period. My master Ganus expressed great anxiety that my short trowsers should be washed; and told me to take them off. This left my body entirely naked, excepting that part of it which was covered with the American flag, and which he did not attempt to compel me to *strike*. They were hung upon a camel to dry, and this was the last time I ever saw them, or Muckwoola and Ishir, who carried them off with them.

I was now taken on to a camel behind my master, who, in company with another Arab, went off full trot to the southward. Before noon, we met numbers of the natives who had fresh fish with them. We obtained a breakfast of them. By the middle of the afternoon, we came to the edge of an high precipice, limiting a considerable bay, a little to the north of *Cape Mirik*. We descended to the beach, at the head of the bay, which had in it a number of sand islands. The tide was now out, leaving it dry, and we passed along at the base of the precipice, and discovered a number of shallow wells, having brackish water in them. We continued to travel upon the beach until we came to a number of pitched tents, and here I first saw a kind of hut or wigwam, constructed by erecting two crotches about ten feet apart—laying a pole on them, and from this extending poles to the ground, and covering them with sea-weed, giving them the shape of a thatched roof. Within, the natives have a bed made also of sea-weed; but lest they should blunder upon something that looks like the con-

venience and comfort of civilized life, they are careful to make them so low that a human being cannot stand erect in one of them. We dismounted near a hut. My master went off, and I sat down, in a kind of trance, gazing upon the bay before me, and upon the point of *Cape Mirik*, stretching into the sea. Soon after my master returned with three or four Arabs, one of whom was soon pointed out as my *second* master. He bade me stand up—told me to walk, and viewed me with the closest scrutiny. I suspected he was about to open my mouth to judge of my age by my teeth, and examine my feet to see if I had been *foundered* by *high living* with my master Ganus, mistress Sarah, misses Muckwoola and Ishir; but he dispensed with these ceremonies, seemed to be pleased, and said I was not *foonta*, but *bono*. He bade me follow him. We went some distance to one of the huts, where he begged some dried fish for me which I ate.

I now became the property of another Arab. I felt but little anxiety at this exchange, knowing that my situation could not be rendered much worse, although I was sensible that Ganus was not so bad as some of the Arabs I had seen. At first sight, I was pleased with my new master. He was a little over thirty, by his appearance. He had an open, ingenuous countenance, with but little of that fiery malignity so universally seen in the tribe of the *Lebdessebah*. His name was *Mahomet Meaarah*, of the tribe of the *Wiled D'leim*, his tent being some distance in the interior.

The readers of this Journal thus far will per-

ceive, that the author has confined himself strictly to what passed under his immediate observations. He has absolutely prohibited himself from incorporating with his narration, any of the vague, and generally deceptive stories, which he had heard from the illiterate and brutish race of creatures, among whom he was enslaved. Had he done this, the volume would have already been filled. His steady object has been to give an accurate idea of that part of the *Zahara* desert over which he travelled. It cannot have a *geographical* accuracy, because he had no means to ascertain the *latitude* of the country over which he travelled, or rather was transported, but by the situation of the sun, and by the shade which his own body cast upon the sand of this immense desert. As to the manners, customs, and habits of the tribe, with which he had thus long continued, he hopes the reader has acquired some correct ideas. He has attempted to describe their implements of manufacturing, cooking, and travelling—their habitations, and particularly their mode of worship. The result of this relation and description is before the reader, and it is hoped it may at least furnish some amusement, if it is destitute of instruction. We now take leave of the wretched tribe of the *Wiled Lebdessebah*, and whatever has been seen among the *Wiled D'leim* of a similar nature, we shall not repeat, but merely allude to. Whatever was noticed of a different nature in this tribe, we shall continue patiently to detail, and faithfully to describe.

CHAP. XIII.

Africa—the Coast—Interior—Deserts—Mountains—Capes—Rivers—Islands—Straits.

THE attention of the reader having been for some time devoted to that part of Africa called *Zahara*, or the *Great Western Desert*—to the peculiarities of the wandering Arabs who inhabit it, and to the sufferings of the author upon it; it may be an useful way to relieve it, by changing attention from a section of this continent to a general view of the whole. It is not intended to give a minute geographical description of each kingdom, as such more properly belongs to the geographer than the journalist. In our historical chapter we endeavored, in a compressed manner, to trace the progress of discoveries, and settlements upon this continent. In this, it is intended merely to describe the relative local situations of the different countries or kingdoms, situated upon this immense Peninsula, comprising at least one quarter of the whole globe. The most accurate information we can obtain of this continent is at best but imperfect; and our limits preclude us from giving any thing but a general account. In our historical chapter, we attempted to assign the reason, why this portion of the world is so little known, while the other continents, even that of the new world, America, have been almost wholly explored and described. To that, we refer the reader; and also to that, we refer him for the boundaries of this continent, (page 38.)

Africa is divided, nearly in the centre, by the Equator; of course the greatest part of it is situated within the torrid zone. The whole of it is either exceedingly fertile, or extremely barren. Its fertility is occasioned by the great sources of vegetation, heat and moisture. Heat prevails every where; but moisture in particular portions. Where the latter prevails, this country is one of the most productive in the universe—where it is deprived of rain, it is "all barren." This continent differs from the other three great ones, in almost every respect. In the others, the sea coast is generally the most barren; in this, the interior is so. Upon the coast, are regions abounding with every luxury which nature pours into the lap of indulgence; much of the interior is a boundless waste of deserts. A vertical sun, pouring burning rays upon dry sand, defies the progress of vegetation. Even upon these deserts, a race of beings is found to subsist. With the curse of Ishmael upon their devoted heads, and sordid hearts, they flee the regions of fertility and civilization, and seem to delight in sterile barrenness, and human misery.

It has been remarked, that this continent, in shape, resembles a triangle, with irregular sides. Beginning at the northeast point, *Egypt* is situated, bounding east upon the Red Sea, and north upon the Mediterranean, and the Isthmus of Suez, uniting this continent there with Asia. This section of Africa has long been celebrated, and is well known in sacred and profane history. Continuing west upon the *northern* boundary of this continent, and along the shores of the

Mediterranean, *Barca*, *Tripoli*, *Tunis*, *Algiers*, *Fez*, and *Morocco*, are situated, reaching the *north-west* point, at the *Straits of Gibraltar*. All these countries are possessed by *Arabs* and *Moors*, although with them are intermingled other nations. It is generally termed the COAST OF BARBARY. The history of these distinct states, or kingdoms, is known to every historian, and their geographical situation to every geographer. For centuries they have been, and still are, the terror of the civilized world. Nations, the most powerful by land and by sea, have condescended to pay them tribute, and to ransom their unfortunate countrymen who are there enslaved. They infest the adjoining oceans with their contemptible navies, and upon land they are invincible; not from their numbers or their military science, but from the facilities afforded them by their country, to avoid conquest by the best disciplined armies. Destroy their naval armaments, and batter down their capitals, they still have a safe retreat in their mountains and in their deserts, where a civilized army cannot subsist. The mention of *Tripoli* calls up the proud recollection of the infancy of the *American Navy*. It was upon the coast of that country, that Americans began to learn how to conquer upon the ocean. It was their achievements there that occasioned the prophetic *Nelson* to see, in the infancy of our navy, the future rival of that of Britain. The mention of *Algiers* makes us remember a recent achievement of this navy as she is approaching towards manhood.

Upon the *Western* boundary of Africa, are si-

tuated *Suse*, *Azanaga*, *North-Guinea*, or *Senegal*, embracing the country of the *Jaloffs*, *Foulahs*, *Feloops* and *Mandingoes*—SOUTH-GUINEA, containing the *Pepper Coast*, the *Ivory Coast*, and the *Gold Coast*—EAST-GUINEA, or the *Slave Coast*, in which is situated the kingdoms of *Whidah*, *Ardra*, and *Benin*. The next great division of the western coast is CONGO, comprehending the kingdoms of *Loango*, *Congo*, *Angola*, *Matamba*, and *Benguela*. It is upon this coast that the *Slave Trade* has so long, to the indelible disgrace of the Christian world, been prosecuted. The inhabitants are described, by all historians, as mild and peaceable. Possessing a country of great fertility—having no means of making conquests, or extending dominion, they remain where nature has placed them, unmoved by the sordid demands of avarice, or the more splendid and guilty calls of ambition. The different tribes, or kingdoms, sometimes make war upon each other; but they are urged on to warfare by European and American merchants, to capture each other to furnish slave-ships with their cargoes. With a few paltry toys, calculated to catch the fancy of untutored barbarians, they induce the natives to prey upon each other, and exchange their countrymen for baubles. After doing this, a Christian merchant excuses himself by saying, the Africans enslave each other! This reasoning may be conclusive before a tribunal of slave-merchants, assembled in a princely mansion, that owes its splendor to human blood, but all the courts of Europe have very recently, by common consent, united to wipe the

foul stain from the character of their respective nations, impressed upon them by this inhuman, detestable, and diabolical traffic. The Constitution of the United States is the first one that absolutely prohibited it.

Upon the *western* coast is also situated the country of the *Namaquas*, and of the *Hottentots*; which, together with the colony of the *Cape of Good Hope*, comprehends the southern point of the continent, and stretching quite across it to the eastern side.

Upon the *eastern* side of this continent are situated *Inhambane*, *Manica*, *Sabia*, *Sofala*, and *Mocaranga*. Continuing east, toward Cape *Guardafui* and the Straits of *Babelmandel*, the kingdoms of *Mozambique*, *Mongalla*, *Quiloa*, *Montbaza*, *Melinda*, and *Monoemugi*, the republic of *Brava*, and the kingdom of *Magadoxa*, are situated. *Adel* is an extensive kingdom, embracing an immense country around Cape *Guardafui*, the easternmost point of the continent. From this Cape, to the Isthmus of *Suez*, this continent is bounded easterly upon the *Arabian* Gulf which reaches to that place.

We have now conducted the reader around the *Coast* of this immense triangular peninsula. We have mentioned the principal countries as they succeed each other, beginning at Egypt, and following the coast along its *northern*, *western*, and *eastern* sides, until we again reached that place situated near the Isthmus of Suez. The geographical knowledge of the reader will readily enable him to supply that minute information which our limits preclude us from detailing.

The *Interior* of Africa is known more from vague conjecture than accurate description. Many hardy travellers have, at the hazard of life, (see historical chapter,) explored parts of it. *Abyssinia* has long been celebrated by the geographer, and the scholar. The one makes it the region of fertility, having the sources of the *Nile* within its limits—the other converts it into the region of romance. The classical Johnson, in his "*Prince of Abyssinia*," gives us an idea of a distinct world. His *Rasselas* has dressed this kingdom in all the charms, which the most fertile imagination and classical mind can impart to a terrestrial region.

The description of the country situated upon the *Niger*, under the general name of *Soudan*, transports the mind of the reader to a region entirely the reverse. This part of the continent, although watered by a majestic stream, and having an adjoining country of great fertility, seems to be that region where the wrath of Heaven, against man, is for ever to be displayed. The denunciation against the descendants of *Ishmael* stands yet unreversed—the innocent blood of the Messiah yet rests upon the head of his murderers, and here, in the *Great Desert of Zahara*, and in other parts of the interior, they both remain a standing miracle. The knowledge we possess of this desert is principally derived from the Christian slaves, who have there been suffering witnesses of the manners, customs, and habits of the wandering Arabs; and famishing wanderers themselves, through the wide spread desolation pervading the country they inhabit. It has fallen

to the unhappy lot of Americans to furnish most of the information the world possesses upon this subject. The ingenious Mr. Cock has given the world the narrative of the American sailor, *Robert Adams*, and the indefatigable Mr. Dupuis, has, by his notes, confirmed its accuracy. The crew of the *Commerce* seem to have been designed to suffer themselves, that the world, through them, might learn. It is hoped this little volume will add something to the little knowledge already obtained of the desert of *Zahara*, and the western coast of Africa. As to that portion of the interior, situated upon the equator, and within the Tropic of Capricorn, even conjecture itself has almost omitted to exercise its uncertain and futile powers. In Soudan, are included the empires of *Houssa* and *Tombuctoo*, the country of the *Agadez*, the kingdoms of *Ludamar*, *Bondou*, and *Bambouk*, also the kingdoms of *Bornou*, and *Darfur*. Nubia contains *Turkish Nubia*, *Dongala*, and *Sennaar*. North of the Zahara Desert, are situated the countries of *Tafilet*, and *Biled-ul-Gerid*, lying south of the *Barbary States*.

The *Deserts*, which comprehend so much of the interior, are the *Zahara* or *Great Western Desert*. This region of desolation and barrenness stretches, by the best authorities, from 15° to 31° N. Latitude, and from 70° W. to 16° E. Longitude. The *desert of Libya* from 25° to 30° N. Latitude, and from 21° to 30° E. Longitude. The desert of *Barca* is small.

The *Mountains* upon this continent are in ranges. The *Atlas* has been celebrated from the ages of antiquity to this time. According to the

fabulous accounts of the ancients, it supports the firmament. The inimitable ADDISON resorts to it as the emblem of firmness. He makes his *Cato*, like that "glory in height." These mountains extend from the western coast of Africa, to the Gulf of *Sydra*. They commence in the 28° N. Latitude, and extend, in a N. E. course, to 34° N. Latitude; and from thence, in an east direction, to 14° E. Longitude. Although these mountains are more celebrated, being more known, yet the mountains of *Kong*, in point of extent, certainly exceed them. They stretch from the river *Gambia*, to 23° E. Longitude. The *Mountains of the Moon* commence in 17° E. Longitude, and run east to 37° E. Longitude. These two ranges divide almost the whole continent into northern and southern divisions, and are situated between the fifth and thirteenth degrees of north latitude. The mountains of *Lupata* begin at the mouth of the river *Quilimane*, upon the eastern coast, and encircling the kingdom of *Mocaranga*, extend to the country of the *Hottentots*. The *Chrystal Mountains* are situated near the kingdoms of *Congo*, *Angola*, and *Benguela*, upon the western coast.

The *Capes* upon this continent are, upon the northern coast, or the Mediterranean, Cape *Bon*, in Tunis; and Cape *Spartel*, near Tangier. Upon the western coast, or the Atlantic, are Cape *Geer*, near Santa Cruz—Cape *Bajador*, upon which the *Commerce* was wrecked—Cape *Barbas* where the crew landed with the boat—Cape *Mirik*—Cape *Verd*—Cape *Mesurada*—Cape *Palmas*—Cape of the *Three Points*—Cape *Formosa*—

Cape *Negro*—Cape *de Lasvoltas*, and the Cape of *Good Hope*, at the southernmost point of the continent. Upon the *eastern* coast, or Indian ocean, are Capes *Needle*, *St. Mary*, *Corientes*, *Sebastian*, *Delgado*, *Baxas*, and Cape *Guardafui*, forming the easternmost point of the continent.

The *Rivers* of this continent, when compared with those of *Asia*, are diminished to rivulets. When the *Ganges* is recollected, the *Nile*, and the *Niger*, are almost forgotten in the majesty of the former. When compared with the *Mississippi*, *Missouri*, *Ohio*, *Amazon*, and *La Plata*, of *America*, they then lose their consequence. The *Tyber*, the *Danube*, the *Seine*, the *Tagus*, the *Vistula*, the *Thames*, and the *Don* of *Europe*, in many respects, exceed them; but still, the *Nile* must be ranked with the great geographical and *classical* streams.

The sources of this river have been sought after with an assiduity, unparalleled in the history of the most romantic adventurers. It is supposed to have its source in the Mountains of the Moon. and is known to empty itself, through numerous mouths, into the *Mediterranean*, near Alexandria, after passing through Abyssinia and Egypt. The source of the *Niger* is not certainly known; and even the course it runs is yet a disputed point among geographers. Some contend that it runs eastward, and empties itself into lakes in *Wangara*, in the interior of the continent. Others feel confident that its course is *westward*, and that it loses itself in the regions of Guinea. All we can say is, "Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?" The *Senegal* has its source not far

from the mountains of *Kong*, and it empties in the Atlantic ocean in about 16° N. Latitud The Nile, the Niger, and the Senegal, annual overflow their banks, dispensing fertility a luxuriance to the country adjoining them. T other principal streams of Africa are the *Gamb Marocco*, *Sierra Leona*, *Benin*, *Congo*, *Zui Coantza*, *Manica*, *Zambezi*, *Coavo*, *Zeta*, and *M gadoxa*.

The principal *Islands*, situated around this co tinent, have a consequence in sacred and pr fane history, almost equal to the continent itse In the Mediterranean, are the islands of *Cypru Candia*, *Malta*, *Sicily*, and *Sardinia*. In the A lantic are those of *Madeira*, the *Canaries*, an *Cape Verds*. These islands are well known t American navigators, and have greatly enhan ed the wealth of American merchants. *St. Lou* is situated at the mouth of the Senegal. In th South Atlantic, above 1100 miles from the co tinent, is situated the island of *St. Helena*; wel known to the navigators to India, and now dig nified by the residence of *Napoleon*. It is a smal island; but the modern Charlemagne cannot be come small by being in a little place. The *Isles of Ascension* and *St. Matthew* are nearly the same distance from the coast. Near to the coast are situated *Fernando Po*, *Princess*, *St. Thomas*, and *Annobon*. In the Indian ocean, is the important island of *Madagascar*, about 800 miles in length, and 200 in breadth. Also the *Isle of France*, and *Bourbon*, the *Comora* Islands, *Zanzeba* and *Pomba*. Near Cape *Guardafui* is situated the island of *Socotra*.

The *Straits* adjoining this continent are those of *Babel-Mandel*, uniting the Red Sea with the Indian ocean, and *Gibraltar*, which separates this continent from Europe.

The *Gulfs* are—the *Gulf of Sydra*, *Goletta*, *Guinea*, and *Sofala*. The *channel* of *Mozambique*, between the island of *Madagascar* and the coast of Mozambique, is the only one belonging to this continent.

This chapter is introduced for the double purpose of relieving the reader from the detail of sufferings and minute descriptions, and giving a mere bird's eye view of Africa.

CHAP. XIV.

Mahomet Meaarah—Fishing—Cape Mirik—innocent deception—obstinacy—Barrett—Hon. William Willshire—calendar—second tour into the desert—thanksgiving—description of a camel—Mode of instruction in reading and writing.

NOVEMBER 5th, 1815.

MY new master *Meaarah's* first inquiry was, if I had any clothes beside what I had on? I told him I had not, my whole wardrobe consisting of the piece of our colors, before mentioned, and a piece of the skin of the *gazelle* tied round my middle. I told him that Ganus had taken from me that day my trowsers and my shoes, the latter being worn out by travelling. He said Ganus was *foonta*, for taking them, and that he would regain them. He discovered the same resentment that the purchaser of a horse would, if the seller, after the sale, should slily take off the halter. He recovered the shoes and