

SLAVE TRADING.

Proudly on Cressy's tented wold,
The lion flag of England flew;
As proudly gleamed its crimson fold
O'er the dim heights of Waterloo;
But other eyes shall greet the brave,
Sing now, that we have freed the slave.

Having met an old naval friend, Captain Douglas Stupart, R. N., and chatting of the coast of Africa, where we had both served, I received from him the following narrative, which has a special interest as giving some faint idea of the dangers and privations endured by British seamen whilst endeavouring to suppress the slave trade, in 1845. It also describes the horrors to which the wretched negroes were exposed when cooped up in the *Hell ships*, of which they formed the cargo. "It was" (said the Captain) "on the 27th of February, 1845, when serving as a Lieutenant on board H. M. S. *Wasp*, and when off Lagos, in the bights of Benin, on the west coast of Africa, I was awakened by the midshipman of the morning watch, who informed me that I was wanted to go away on duty in the pinnace. A strange sail had been reported, and I was to give her chase; putting on a few clothes, with five minutes for breakfast, did not allow the vessel much chance of increasing its distance.

On reaching the deck, one glance through a telescope revealed an old acquaintance, and a competitor in trials of speed. On a like occasion we had started after her in our boats in the morning, and followed her till dark; next morning we had neither friend or foe in sight, nothing to eat or drink, and thirty miles to traverse ere we could obtain food, so that we were pretty well used up when we returned to the ship from our unsuccessful expedition. We hoped for better luck this time. Our chase was a beautiful clipper of about 200 tons, with tall raking masts; she was fitted with eight sweeps (large oars), and her crew was sufficiently numerous to man them well, and to allow of two spells of rowers. She had about four miles start, the wind light, and she was standing towards the land. We followed in pursuit, using both sails and oars. At noon the wind had freshened, with a passing shower, which, clearing off, we perceived the chase to be on the opposite tack. The boat's sails and masts were speedily down, and the oars bending, the men using all their strength, in order to cut the fugitive off, and with good effect. Our manoeuvre caused the slaver to resume her original course. At sunset it was quite calm, the vessel about one mile ahead, sweeping almost as fast as our tired crew could row. We were close together at eight, and appearances indicated a freshening breeze. I sent a musket ball in the direction of her helm; their upper sails were presently lowered; we gradually gained on her, and on reaching her quarter, hooked on, and all, save the bowman, were soon on board. She proved to be so thoroughly equipped for carrying slaves, that no excuses or protestations were attempted; her name we knew to be the *Felicidade*. Two guns had been thrown overboard, and two remained, charged to their muzzles with musket balls; these might have caused considerable damage had we boarded at the gangway. At midnight the *Wasp* joined us, took on board most of the captured crew, and directed me to keep company in the prize. I breakfasted on board the *Wasp* next morning, and remained till the afternoon, when I had orders to take the prize to Lagos, distant about forty miles. Shortly after I got on board, Captain N— hailed, desiring me to steer N.W. by W., in chase of a vessel seen from his mast-head; he would steer N.W. by N. All sail was made, and the men were ordered to get their arms ready, when it was found that the arm-chest only contained two cutlasses and two pistols, the former having been used for cutlass dirk were blunt and notched. Soon after dark a sail was reported, and we steered in the direction indicated, but not seeing anything, we resumed our course to Lagos at midnight. At daylight we observed a brigantine about eight miles distant. It was nearly calm till about three p.m., when a light breeze sprang up. By superior sailing we neared the stranger; at dusk she was about four miles distant. We continued our course for about fourteen miles, and thinking that here our tracks would cross, we lay by. At '10:30' the stranger approached, and when hailed, shortened sail and hove to. Taking the boat, I proceeded to board; but her suspicions being aroused as we approached, off she started, with a fine strong breeze. The men in the *Felicidade*, thinking we had boarded, and were carried off, followed in pursuit, till by firing a pistol we attracted their attention, and were picked up; but by the time we were on board the brigantine was out of sight. We went about four miles in the direction she had taken, under all sail, and then changed our course in the direction she had been originally steering. At daylight the stranger was discovered (about six miles distant) in the act of putting herself before the wind. With the wind right aft we gained less on her. However, at six in the evening we fired a gun to prove that we were within range, and at eight went close past the brigantine, and ordered them to lower their sails. On seeing all sail shortened, I placed the *Felicidade* close alongside, and sent the boat with eight men to board her, keeping in such a position that should resistance be offered, I could quickly render assistance. The captured vessel proved to be the *Echo*, with four hundred and thirty-five slaves on board, and a crew of twenty-two men. I took their officers and twelve men, and left the

remainder in the brigantine, two sentinels guarding the hatch. The boat was sent back to the *Echo*, with directions to place the prisoners in the said boat, and to tow them astern. Turning attention to our position, we sounded, and found only eleven fathoms. I called to the officer in charge of the *Echo* to get her anchors clear; I was sadly disquieted with the reply, 'there are none.' Most likely they had been cut away, when chased, to lighten the vessel. The soundings indicated that we were drifting towards the shore. The brigantine steered badly, she having two feet of water in the hold. This was a very unpleasant state of affairs, and our prospects not very cheering. Our Brazilian prisoners (who were a most cut-throat looking set of rascals) were double our number, so that having to keep a constant watch over them left us little strength for pumping. We were aware what the consequences were if the vessels had to be beached, having, a few days previously, been close to the *San Domingo*, a slave schooner, when she ran ashore to avoid capture; she stranded herself under the most favorable circumstances, having a nice breeze to help her, and a gentle slope to the beach. We were distant about two hundred yards when she entered the surf. At the moment, a piteous cry was heard from the slaves on deck, but, almost immediately, as the waves dashed over their heads, the scream became a splutter, with occasional shrieks. The vessel was driven up high enough for those who understood the business to land safely. It afterwards transpired (for, as I have mentioned, I could not get close) that the Brazilians and several slaves had been drowned. On landing, the slaves surviving were ironed and marched off to the barracks. The vessel became a perfect wreck in a few hours. Towards morning the breeze freshened, and we were saved from a like dilemma. After breakfast I hailed the *Echo* to send the boat, leaving strict injunctions with the young officer in charge to keep a watchful eye over the prisoners, and to keep his men on the alert (a difficult task, as they had been up three nights and were nearly exhausted). Alas! the result showed how necessary were these precautions. When on board the *Echo* I found that the state of things in general was not encouraging; wine and spirits were abundant, and the inducements to partake of them much intensified by the fatigue and excitement the men had undergone during the past three days. My first act was to collect all the arms of the vessel and put them under charge; next, to throw overboard all wine and spirits; the water in the hold had increased to three feet, and the slaves had to be fed, so that we had our hands full of work.

"Whilst still busy, my attention was called to the *Felicidade* which, with Brazilian colors flying, was hailing us; the flag she carried, and the fact that none of the ten men belonging to my party were visible on deck, told too plainly that a deception had been effected, and it was not difficult to conjecture what the fate of our shipmates had been. Nor did those on board the *Felicidade* keep us long in suspense as to what they would do with us; in coming aboard she fired into us, passed ahead and raked us with a stern gun. The discharges missed the men, but did much damage to the sails as well as the pumps, not irreparably, for then our case would have been hopeless, as the water gained fast on the vessel. The opposing party mustered about thirty, and the incessant jibbering of the blacks rendered hearing impossible, but instinctive habit of discipline brought my five men together. I kept the *Echo* with the wind abeam, ready to run the *Felicidade* on board if possible. She carefully avoided close quarters, and, finally, made all sail to the southward. It seems extraordinary that with a force of three to one, such a fast sailer, and in such working trim, should so soon have relinquished her attempt at our capture, knowing, as they did, what a valuable freight we carried. I followed, with the vain hope that some of my shipmates had survived and would be cast adrift in a boat. By dark the fast-sailing *Felicidade* was out of sight. On the following morning things were still in a state of great confusion, and the slaves were hungry and parched with thirst. All at once I noticed ten or twelve of them jump overboard. The men of certain tribes when suffering hardship occasionally take to drowning as an end to their troubles; by this bloodless death they expect to enter some unknown yet happy region; but, if wounded on their passage from life, it is not expected that these pleasurable anticipations will be realized. Slave-dealers generally shoot one or two when these freaks occur, in order to save the remainder of their property. I merely pointed a pistol at the head of one, which had the desired effect; all returned to the vessel but three. To prevent a recurrence of this scene it was imperative that the negroes should be fed, and to understand the difficulty there was of supplying that famishing crowd, it will be necessary to give some description of the vessel and of our supplies. She (the *Echo*) was a leaky brigantine, of less than eighty tons burden, packed with four hundred and fifty souls; water casks formed a foundation in the hold, the hollows and crevices being levelled with bags of farine flour; a few casks of salt beef and pork, some salt fish, with the addition of some palm oil, was the total of our commissariat. On the top of these provisions was a platform of loose planks; on the planks were two hundred negro men, hungry, miserable, and clamorous. On the deck two hundred and thirty-five women and children wailed and lamented. Water was the first need, and many of the strong doubtless received more than

their share. My crew worked indefatigably, without murmur or complaint, though nearly worn out. They were amply rewarded by unmistakable expressions of gratitude. Our management gradually improved, yet the slaves suffered intensely, till our ship joined us, when we were relieved by an officer and twenty men. We hurried on board to enjoy a wash, a shave, and a long sleep. The officer and six men were recalled to the *Wasp*, and with the remaining fourteen I was ordered to take the prize to Sierra Leone. My unenviable voyage commenced at 2 p.m. on March 13th, and the passage to Sierra Leone was expected to occupy three weeks, as it was necessary to go south of the equator. The arrangements on board were as follows: A strong, double bulk-head separated the main from the after-hold; the former was filled with men, the latter with women and children. At night the women and children were ranged artistically, for two people sleeping back to back require considerably more room than when facing in the same direction. By selecting children of the proper shape and size, and placing them in the vacant corners, scarcely a bit of deck was visible, though not a man, woman or child had one scrap of clothing. During the day some of those below took it in turns to come on deck for air. The usual meal consisted of corn meal, mixed with a small quantity of palm oil; scraps of salt meat or fish were occasionally added as a *bonne bouche*. At feeding time the negroes were divided into tens, and from each ten one individual was chosen in authority over the rest, furnished with a whip, and made answerable for the good behavior of his or her subordinates. Good management was occasionally rewarded with a spoonful of palm oil, or, perhaps, with a small scrap of salt meat. The women occasionally amused themselves with 'cat's cradle,' sometimes the chorus songs sounded pleasantly, if not harmoniously, as manifesting a revival of their capabilities of enjoyment. Every morning awnings were spread before the sea became powerful, and ablutions were performed by one party seating themselves in a row, whilst others deluged them with salt water, a most necessary operation, for in hot weather the aroma of our live cargo was almost too much for the olfactory nerves of Europeans. My residence, which had a strong resemblance to a large dog kennel, was bolted to the deck, near the helm; it had sliding doors, and answered for bedroom and sitting-room, as well as study, when working the reckoning or writing the log, which latter operation I performed every second hour during the night.

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

STUDY OF MANKIND.—There seems something intuitive in the science which teaches us the knowledge of our race. Some men emerge from their seclusion, and find, all at once, a power to dart into the minds and drag forth the motives of those they see; it is a sort of second sight, born with them, not acquired.

HAPPINESS.—No man can judge of the happiness of another. As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favour with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity; yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre—for the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet she, with an equal and unfavouring loveliness, mirrors herself on every wave; even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though to our limited eyes she seems only to rest on the billows from which the ray is reflected back upon our sight.

FAMILY TIES.—Probably few of us realise how strong on a man is the influence of family ties, and what a check it is, even on the bravest, to have given hostages to fortune. A Scotsman would hardly be worthy of his birth if, being alone in the world, he would not at any moment risk his life in the attempt to save the lives of others. It is another thing, however, when before a man's eyes the picture comes up of his wife at home and of his little ones around her knee, waiting together for his return. The greatest of all the Roman poets long ago pointed out how, for the man who has wife and children at home, a fresh sting is added to the terror of death. Rather, we should say, it is the only terror which death has for a man who is worthy of the name.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.—Why should not a child's fancy in the way of food—we refer to its intense dislike of certain things—be regarded, as well as the repugnance of an adult? We consider it a great piece of cruelty to force a child to eat things that are repulsive to it, because somebody once wrote a wise saw to the effect "that children should eat whatever is set before them." We have often seen the poor little victims shudder and choke at the sight of a bit of fat meat, or a little scum of cream on boiled milk, toothsome enough to those who like them, but in their place a purgatorial infliction. Whenever there is this decided antipathy, nature should be respected, even in the person of the smallest child; and he who would act otherwise is himself smaller than the child over whom he would so unjustifiably tyrannise.

ADVICE TO LADIES.—Have your feet well protected; then pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abide the heart and lungs. It

is from the impression made upon these organs, through the skin, that the shiver comes. It is nature's quake—the alarm bell at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs, or hands, or head; but let the cold strike through her clothes on her chest, and off go her teeth into a chatter, and the whole organism is in a commotion. One sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore, while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attend to, the natural connection of the dress will supply the rest, and the lady is ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbours, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for exercise.

WANT OF PUNCTUALITY.—It is astonishing how many people there are who neglect punctuality. Thousands have failed in life from this cause alone. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but it is the fruitful parent of numerous other vices, so that he who becomes the victim of it, gets involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant waste his time; it saps the business and reputation of the lawyer, and it injures the prospects of the mechanic. In a word, there is not a profession, nor a station in life, which is not liable to the canker of the destructive habit. Many and many a time has the failure of one man to meet his obligations brought on the ruin of a score of others. Thousands remain poor all their lives, who, if they were more faithful to their word, would secure a large run of custom, and so make their fortunes. Be punctual if you would succeed.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.—How eagerly men are engaged in the pursuit of beautiful women, and how little do they dream of its brief existence. This is undoubtedly in obedience to a supreme law growing out of our organization, for who does not love order, harmony, symmetry, and perfection in all things? But in this eager pursuit it would be well to remember that there are qualities of far more importance than mere personal charms. True, we may be fascinated with a dark, lustrous, and beautiful eye, the crimson blush on the cheek, a graceful, symmetrical form; but, after all, the inquiry should be, "Is there a soul within? Is there elevation of thought, generous principles, noble purposes, a cultivated intellect?" If not, what else would a woman of beautiful personal appearance be but as a doll or gilded toy? How long could a man of genius be induced to worship at such a shrine? How long before his affections would assume the form of hatred or contempt? Powerful passions and strong affection invariably accompany the man of genius. Hence it is clear that unless personal charms envelope a cultivated mind as well as the sterling qualities of virtue, the noblest impulses of affection in such a man will soon be extinguished, and his fondest hopes blasted, in the selection of a partner for life. Nothing is more desirable to a man of genius in this life than the ardent affections of a good, sensible woman; and, on the other hand, no offering on earth is so acceptable to a woman as the sincerest affection of a man of genius and truth.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H.A.C.F., Montreal.—Postal received. Would have answered before, but have not your address.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Solutions of Problems No. 130 and 131 received. Correct. Many thanks for several valuable Chess communications.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 131 received.

W.G., Montreal.—The Programme of the Canadian Chess Association Congress is now published.

We are indebted to our correspondent J. W. S., of Montreal, for further kindness in furnishing us with the annexed lists of the British and American players who have already given in their names as antagonists in the approaching correspondence match between the Chess players of Great Britain and the United States. Twenty-eight names are entered on the British side, and only sixteen, as yet, on the American side.

BRITISH PLAYERS.

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| Mr. J. Allen | Belfast |
| " H. Brewer | Bournemouth |
| " Wm. Coates | Cheltenham |
| " J. T. C. Chatto | Cambridge |
| " J. Coppinger | St. Neots |
| " J. Crane | Hull |
| " G. N. Farrow | Mull |
| " G. H. D. Gossip (Chess Author) | East Bergholt |
| " John H. Hood | Bursall, Coventry |
| " E. H. Heath | Ewell, Surrey |
| " D. Latta | Leith |
| " M. W. Molson | Belfast |
| " H. Monck | Dublin |
| " W. T. Morton | Ayr |
| Sergt.-Major McArthur | Chichester |
| Mr. Wm. Nash | St. Neots |
| " James O'Brien | Renfrew |
| " J. Parker | Grimby |
| " R. H. Philip | Hull |
| " J. T. Palmer | Hull |
| " Edwin Palmer | Collumpton |
| Rev. C. E. Ranken (Ed. Chess Pl. Chron.) | Malvern |
| Mr. G. W. Stevens | Coventry |
| Colour-Sergt. J. Scott | Chichester |
| Mr. R. J. Stranger | Norton |
| Henry Waight | Malton |
| Colour-Sergt. Woods | Chichester |
| Mr. H. Williams | Wrexham |