

society in question by the gentleman above named, who has been for several years engaged in similar investigations in the Moorish States of Northern Africa, and who has more than once exposed the nefarious connivance of some British steam companies, and British employes, with slavery in those countries.

Mr. Richardson's journey, which occupied twelve months, and extended over 2500 miles, will, it is understood, in due time form the subject of a book, but in the meantime he has embodied the most striking particulars in a report to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, which is published in their *Reporter* for 2d November last, from which we make the following extracts:—

Of the treatment which the poor slaves receive from their masters, in their painful journeyings over the Great Desert, I have already said much, and it is of no use descanting on the sufferings of these unfortunate beings, the victims of mercantile cupidity and brutish sensuality. I shall only copy two or three passages from my journal, sufficient, I think, for the object I have in view, to prove that the *middle passage* of "the ocean of stone and sand" is equal in miseries and horrors to the ocean of "the mighty waters." I have now, for my own personal advantage, the power to quote from descriptions of scenes to which I was an *eye-witness*, and no longer rely upon the testimony of others; an advantage of which I am willing to boast.

"*Oasis of Sirdolavs, 10th of February, 1846.*—This morning went to pay a visit to Haj Ibrahim, and seeing a young female slave close by and very ill, I said, 'You had better leave her with the daughter of the Marabout, or she'll die like the other of yesterday.' 'Oh, no; he replied; 'she's a *she-devil*.' Thinking she was sulky, I said no more. A few minutes after I heard the noise of whipping, and turning round I saw, to my great surprise, Haj Ibrahim lashing with a thick whip of bull's hide the unfortunate slave. I was much displeas'd at this; for I thought that even if she did sulk, there was a way of curing her without this brutal whipping. About a quarter of an hour after, I saw Haj Omer, Haj Ibrahim's Moorish servant, going towards the grave-yard of the Marabout shrine, and suspecting something had happened, I followed him. On arriving at the place I said, 'What are you going to do?' He answered, 'Dig a grave.' 'What!' I rejoined, 'are you going to dig a grave for the slave whom your master has just been whipping?' He said 'Yes;' but greatly ashamed and annoyed. Here we have a case of a poor thing whipped at the *point of death*! I only observe that it is extremely difficult to ascertain when a slave really sulks. There is no one to interpret their feelings. If they say 'they are exhausted,' they are not believed. When they drop down from fatigue and utter exhaustion, they are flogged till they get up again, or tied by the waist or the neck behind a camel, and so dragged along. And these cases of extreme weakness and helplessness are always confounded with any innocent tricks a slave may play to get a ride or any other alleviation of his sufferings. But you will be surprised to hear that though the Haj Ibrahim was guilty of flogging a slave on the *point of death*, and so hastening a being to eternity, yet he was one of the best masters that I met with. What, then, may you expect would be done by others?

"*Omm el Aheed, route of Fezzan and Tripoli, 16th of March.*—This evening, just at sunset, a Mandara slave came near to me, to my encampment, and began mumbling to my negro servant. Looking at him, I saw he asked Said to beg me to do something on his behalf. In a few minutes, a slave belonging to another master came up to him and began to comfort him and said, 'Go, go.' They both then took up handfuls of sand and scattered it upon their foreheads and chins, as if performing some incantation to avert an impending evil. This done, they burst into tears, and sobbed aloud. I asked what was the matter, and learnt that Haj Essnousee had sent for the Mandara slave to beat him. I said, 'for what?' They replied, 'Nothing, nothing.' But I could not believe this. Then looking towards the encampment of Haj Essnousee, I saw him greatly excited, and calling to two other slaves, 'Fetch him, fetch him.' These slaves—I cursed them in my soul—immediately sprang up, and running like blood-hounds to my encampment, seized the wretched slave, their brother in bondage, and dragged him off to his enraged master. The poor fellow, from fear and trembling, could not stand upon his legs, and was held up by his captors. On arriving at Haj Essnousee's encampment, this ferocious man took him aside, and having pinned him down, flogged him with a huge slave-whip upon his

naked body, until the desert was literally filled with his cries; continued to flagellate him for seven or eight minutes, till Haj Essnousee himself was exhausted with administering the brutal whipping. The Arabs of the caravan got upon their legs, from the annoyance at the sound of the whip and the cries of the wretched slave, but contented themselves, like cowardly abettors, with looking on silently and motionless. I never felt so much contempt for an Arab before. For myself I was not near enough to Tripoli to make any effectual interference, and was, besides, at the mercy of these slave-dealers. But when the business was over, I went up to Haj Essnousee, and asked him 'for what he flogged the slave in that brutal manner?' He replied, still excited, 'Oh, he'll not eat, he's a devil; it is necessary that there should be one devil amongst my slaves!' His nephew near him said, 'Oh, he's a thief.' This is the only satisfaction I got; and I afterwards learnt that the poor Mandara slave was flogged for no cause whatever, but only to gratify the capricious cruelty of Haj Essnousee, who got into a bad humour that night. 'This Moor was born to be a slave master,' as we say, people are 'born to be hung.' A cunning ferocity, and a genuine Moorish sensuality, are stamped upon the features of his face.

"I shall only trouble you with a short account concerning the *ghiblee*, or hot wind from the south.

"*Route of Fezzan and Tripoli.—April 1st.*—A *ghiblee* in all its force. * * * I never was so astonished in my life, as when I saw the negroes on this day. They seemed as if they could bear any cold better than a hot wind. They got behind bushes, behind the camels, held up their barracans, walked behind the Arabs, crept along the ground, and invented all possible expedients to shelter themselves from the simoon of the Desert. The Arabs certainly bore it much better; and whilst pitying the helpless slaves, I could not forbear admiring the superior physical construction of the white man over the black; for the former kept up his head and faced the furnace blast, whilst the latter shrunk away as if shrivelled up with the heat; and this, notwithstanding that in the native clime of the negro, heat reigns eternally, in all its fiery fervors. . . . But this was an eminently *slave-driving* day, and the poor helpless miserable creatures were driven along by repeated strokes of the lash, with the most extreme violence. Haj Essnousee distinguished himself this sad day by an unusual display of active ferocity, dismounting from his camel, chasing the slaves along the route, and flogging those most unmercifully who happened to loiter behind, or fell to the ground from exhaustion. At length the wind got so furiously choking and stifling—heaven and earth seemed to conspire against the unhappy slaves, that we were obliged to stop.

Personally, I could render the poor slaves with whom I travelled no assistance, or all I could do, was, to allow the weakest to ride upon my camel whilst I walked over the Desert myself. This I did every day. I gave them also occasionally a little water—the greatest luxury in the desert, and now and then a little food. The poor things were puzzled to know how a *Kafir* (infidel) as the Moors and Arabs called me, could be so kind to them. But they soon instinctively collected around my tent, and were always begging some little thing. Whenever they wanted to save a few dates for the morrow, they were always deposited with me, the *Kafir*.

I close this account of the horrors of the slave traffic of the Great Desert with an anecdote or rather significant opinion, of the Bashaw of Mourzuk, respecting this traffic as carried on by the slave dealers of Ghadames. On visiting him one day his Highness said to me, amongst other things connected with this traffic, "I detest the merchants of Ghadames, they are the most miserable wretches upon the face of the earth—they are a nation of Jews! When they die nothing is found in their houses, nor gold, nor silver, nor money, nor goods, nor even anything to eat or drink. *It appears to me that God punishes them and curses them, for dealing in poor slaves, during their whole life-time.* So beware of them, and don't trust them."

USES OF AFFLICTION.

A man who, forgetting his immortal prospects, debases his nature by making himself the slave of avarice: whose earliest thoughts and whose latest cares are engrossed with money; who thinks of nothing, speaks of nothing, cares for nothing, and does nothing, without a reference to the accumulation of a fortune: