

but that, which chiefly served him in these excesses, was the criminal complaisance of the overseer. I had time to develop the character of this man. He was one of those, whom crimes have banished from their native country and driven into a foreign land, where they spread the vices with which they are infected. Aided by a certain species of talents, and lying recommendations, he had been introduced to M. de C—; he had obtained the management of this plantation; and covering his rapines with an apparent zeal for the service of his master, he advanced towards fortune by a way unhappily too much frequented. His yoke was a yoke of iron to the poor negroes. The labour of these unfortunate people would not have been immoderate, had they only to satisfy Mr. de C—; for he was a gentle master. But they were compelled to exceed the bounds he had prescribed, to gratify the avaricious extortions of the agent. It may seem astonishing, that their complaints should not have reached the ears of Mr. de C—; but those, who have suffered, will know how timid an oppressed man is, and how powerful is the oppressor. The proprietor arrives. The agent never quits him. He points out those, whose spirit he fears, as seditious slaves. If they dare to speak, the proprietor (already prejudiced) gives little attention; and, soon as he is at a distance, rigorous chastisement gratifies the vengeance of the exasperated overseer. Yet, in this will be seen too faithful a picture of the greater part of the plantations. Thus too often these masters abandon the fate of a portion of innocent humanity, to men, who, by new crimes, recover, at an extremity of the world, the importance which former crimes had forfeited in their

native country. The age of M. de C— presaged to the overseer a new reign; and by flattering the passions of the young Theodore, he endeavoured to strengthen himself in his post. His ambition went a step further: by multiplied loans, which served the dissipation of the unhappy youth, he hoped, at the death of the father, to possess himself of this part of the inheritance; and thus to become master, after having been a despicable valet.

I was confirmed in my first suspicions of this man's policy, by the observation of some negroes, who were pleased to make me the confidant of their grievances. The pity, which I could neither refuse to them, nor disguise, rendered me the object of the overseer's hatred. He also feared me as a dangerous witness of his conduct, who might soon unveil it to Mr. de C—. But his orders respecting me were so positive, that he dared neither drive me from the place, nor even disoblige me.

Theodore at first regarded me only as a young man, who would serve as a companion for his irregularities. He had not the usual prejudice of the Europeans, who think they dishonour themselves by admitting us to their society: but it was debauchery alone that gave him this apparent philosophy. It depended then solely on my pleasure to be always with him: but his amusements were too far removed from my taste, to permit me to accept of an equality, to which my principles must have been sacrificed: I stood aloof, with a reserve which my situation seemed to require; and I was proud to have preserved my inclinations pure, and not to have stained the dignity of man by the condition of slavery.

(To be continued.)

BARBARITY OF JANVIER.

THE following narrative by Mr. Long, at once shows the relentless power of hunger, and how much of the ferocious and savage animal enters into the human constitution.

Oné Janvier, a French Canadian belonging to a trader of the name of Fulton, being obliged to divide his men into two parties, which is called *Carw-way*, or casting lots, which party shall hunt and fish, and which shall stay with the master, did so accordingly. The fishing party consisted of Charles Janvier, Francis St. Ange, and Louis Dufresne, all natives of Canada, who, being provided with axes, icecutters,

and fishing materials, set off, and at the expiration of eight days arrived at a convenient place, where they built a hut, in which they lived for some time tolerably well; but fishing failing them, and having no success in hunting, they were almost starved. In this situation, said the chief, the bad spirit entered into Janvier, and he being the strongest man, supported hunger better than his companions, by which he was enabled soon after to effect a diabolical purpose he had formed, of killing the first Indian who should come in his way, and which he had declared he would do. In the height of their distress, Janvier