

that passes down his poor parched throat, and snatch it from his grasp ere it is quite empty!—Main strength here wins the day; they have little respect for friends or comrades in misfortune; and no wonder—each is endeavouring to save his own life!

Hark! what splash was that? They have just hove two unfortunates overboard; their bodies were yet warm, but they were encumbering the crowded decks: the flies were swarming around them, and even the air was becoming tainted; they are now food for the sharks; two of these ravenous creatures have followed the vessel across the Atlantic: they have been gorged with human flesh, but they are never satisfied: they will await the last victim, and then go in search of more.

Nine bodies have been thrown overboard to day.

Just peep down into the men's slave-room; how close and poisonous the atmosphere! only three feet from the planks to the deck above; they must all squat down in one position: move they cannot. Immense leaguers for holding water are stowed away underneath; some little fellows manage to crawl between the planks—they find the bung-hole of the cask. Necessity is, indeed, the mother of invention: they tear off a portion of the rag that is tied round their waist, and it is their only covering, fasten it to a rope-yarn, and lower into the cask: lo! they draw it up, suck out all the moisture, and so again, until their insatiate thirst is somewhat abated. Some never come up again, perhaps cannot, and so die beneath the planks, and are not discovered until the confined air below becomes rank poison, and then search is made, and a putrid body found and cast overboard.

I feel a hot puff of wind from the south-west—that dense cloud on the horizon is rising fast—a flash of lightning issues from it—it begins to spatter with rain—this portends a squall. Unhappy wretches! you must descend. With what reluctance they go!—the strongest shoving the weak before them. Look at the forest of human heads with the faces turned upward, peeping through barred-down gratings of the hatchway! What shoving, squeezing, cuffling, and yelling, to get the envied berth! Brute force again carries the day, and the weak squat down in despair—their breasts heave, and they gasp for a little air.

A short time before we captured her, they were all battered down in a gale of wind. Yes, they covered the hatchways to prevent the seas that fell on board from filling the vessel. What screams of agony, what yells must have been uttered, when they were suffocating! The weather moderated, the hatches were opened, and forty corpses were passed up and committed to the deep.

Thanks be to Heaven for the fine refreshing fair wind; how the sun shines and the vessel flies! The port is in sight, and we shall anchor ere sunset.

Lo! we are at anchor. What cries of joy the unfortunates utter as they leave the dirty, nauseous vessel that has brought them across the Atlantic! Those that are dying for a while partake of the joy, and fancy their sufferings all over; and, indeed, so they are, for no earthly aid can save their bodies, and, alas! they are ignorant of their souls. And thus they die, casting a last envious look on their comrades, who "eat, drink, and are merry,"—on the cool, clean, spacious decks of Her Majesty's receiving frigate *Crescent*. The healthiest are divided into messes, and are given beef, soup, and farina, and as much water as they can safely drink.

Some little urchins love to sit all day long by the side of the tank, and turn the water for every one who comes; that running stream

being to them the dearest sight earth can afford. The sick are laid on beds, and have the best medical treatment; they are given nourishing food to reanimate their debilitated frames: some poor skeletons would drink all day long (if allowed) so great is their thirst. By degrees they recover and get merry, and dance their native dances, and sing their national songs, and so in time, by care and kind treatment, forget all their past sufferings.—When they have sufficiently recovered, another scene takes place; one half of them are again sent on board the slave vessel; they are about to proceed to the British colony of Guiana; for if they remain in the Brazils they will again become slaves.

How the poor creatures dread another voyage!—How they cling to the sides of the frigate, as if to save themselves from a certain death! They recollect all that they previously suffered—the suffocation! the raging thirst! the burning heat of their bodies! comrade after comrade dying beside them! But their fears are in vain; happily for them they are no longer in the hands of the Philistines. 150 are now put into a space where 500 were crammed on leaving the coast of Africa. The water is pure and wholesome, and they are allowed a liberal quantity. They are all clothed; for the Guiana Immigration Society not only liberally provide clothing, but defray all the expenses of their transportation. The provisions consist of hung beef, salt fish, farina, rice, and lemon-juice; with tapioca, arrowroot, sugar, wine, &c. for the sick.—Each one is provided with a mat, which they take the greatest care of. The officer who is sent with them is very particular in keeping the vessel pure and clean, and regularly ventilated, sprinkling chloride of lime in the hold occasionally, and keeping the negroes as much on deck as possible. Twenty of the finest and strongest are selected to assist the seamen in working the ship. They keep regular watch, which they are proud of.

The passage is long and tedious, but they are merry and free from care, as the following extract from the prize officer's private log will show:—

"The negroes this evening established a band of culinary instruments. Such a din I never heard: kettles, frying-pans, baking-dishes, tin-pots, and spoons, &c. &c. all in concert! After the dancing a kind of pantomime was performed, in which the actors imitated all the actions and stratagems of the elephant hunter. One stout fellow appeared particularly excited, and for a moment, perhaps, fancied himself again in his native woods,—he handled a stick (his gun) with the greatest dexterity, loading and firing quickly, and with great minutiae of movement.

"The successful shot was attended with a yell of triumph, and a crash of pots, pans, &c. His movements were regulated by a song, in which all joined."

Thus, evening after evening, they amused themselves.—At length they anchor in the river Berbice; they are landed, and are located near a plantation.—They immediately demolish an acre of sugar-cane.

The men and women are now divided, and made to form a line opposite each other; the men are told to select a wife from the opposite party, when, if the lady be nothing loth, they are married by a magistrate, and henceforth are husband and wife.

In a short time they begin to work at the different plantations, and gain a livelihood, labour here finding a ready market; they are perfectly at liberty to change masters when they please; they are under the protection of a magistrate, responsible only to the government, and they enjoy as much liberty in every respect as those of our own race. They become

Christians, attend church, and, in the fulness of time, they depart this world,—not as worshippers of stones and serpents, but with a hope of everlasting happiness. And thus ends the liberated African's "strange eventful history." F.

## THE TRAVELLER.

From the Correspondent of the *New York Observer*.

### INTERESTING LETTER FROM EGYPT.

CAIRO, March 25, 1842.

This is the Mahomedan Sunday. I have visited the palace of Ibrahim Pacha today. The hall is airy and paved with marble, and it has a noble marble stair-case. Unluckily I did not get a sight of his majesty, as he was gone to the harem, it was supposed. He is much out of health since his return from Syria, and not easily accessible. We again passed through his grounds, and they appeared more charming than when I first saw them. An old Arab closing up the barrier of some beds sufficiently watered, reminded us of Virgil's sweet lines, giving them new beauty by a practical illustration. *Claudite mururas sat prata liberrunt.* From the palace we crossed over in a ferry boat to an island in the Nile called Rhoda, where the infant Moses is said to have been found, in the bulrushes, by Pharaoh's daughter. Ibrahim Pacha has purchased the island, and converted it into a garden, which is tastefully laid out. On our return we passed two funeral processions going out of the city to bury their dead. One seemed to have been a respected man among his Arab friends. A procession of about thirty Arabs of the middling class, preceded the corpse, which was wrapped in a red Cashmere shawl, and borne by a rude kind of bier. They moved at a quick pace, continually chanting passages from the Koran, in harsh monotonous tones, as is their custom. The other was evidently a poor, friendless man. He was simply borne of four, and covered with a dirty brown cloth. No creature followed him to the grave. Yet, doubtless, death in striking him down, blasted cherished hopes, and frustrated many schemes and plans.

On our return to Cairo, the janissary of Mr. Gliddon accompanied us to the door of his Mosque, where, by standing in the street, we might witness their worship. We could not be admitted into the Mosque; for our Christian feet would pollute its matting or floor, and the very pillars of their Mosque would be regarded as defiled and desecrated, should a Christian but lean his shoulders against them. We mounted upon a tailor's little platform, on the opposite side of the street, therefore, and looked over into the Mosque, the two doors of which opened directly into the street from the main body of the building, so that the congregation on entering passed from the upper stone of the steps immediately into the nave.

The congregation, all of men, for women are not admitted, was large and respectable. This was the chief Mosque of Cairo. Numerous horses held by servants, with elegantly embroidered saddles of crimson, purple, blue and buff silk velvet, or fine broadcloth, all profusely adorned with tassels, fringe and gold, and with bridles and breast-bands, whose rich ornaments of golden fringes and tassels half covered their necks and breasts, announced that the rich and noble were there. Many a Turk, Arab, Fellah and Bedouin came after our arrival, and went in to worship. Each one, on arriving at the door of the Mosque, and before stepping upon the floor, took off his slippers, and placing them in his left hand, sought out a place to seat himself cross-legged like a tailor. All the military officers took off their swords, and laid them with their slippers directly before them on the floor. An Imam, or Mahometan priest, read from the Koran, and expounded in a loud shrill tone, a part of the time.

I never saw a congregation more devout in appearance. There was no staring about, no loitering, no sleeping. All seemed absorbed in the business of their worship. It was a solemn spectacle, to see a whole congregation reverently lowering their heads together as before the Almighty, and then kneeling and bending till their foreheads all touched the floor. So far as I could observe, their worship was directed not to Mahomet, but Jehovah. They have no images or pictures, and their adoration is eminently spiritual. I confess I have been struck with the simple devotions of