

been for his impatient temper, which made him fret and vex himself for every trifle, and then he falsely imagined he had nothing for it but to drown his care in liquor.

“ It was my lot to be taken by my mother’s brother, who was master of a merchant ship. I served him as an apprentice several years, and underwent a good deal of the usual hardship of a sailor’s life. He had just made me his mate in a voyage up the Mediterranean, when he had the misfortune to be wrecked on the coast of Morocco. The ship struck at some distance from shore, and we lay a long stormy night with the waves dashing over us, expecting every moment to perish. My uncle and several of the crew died of fatigue and want, and by morning but four of us were left alive. My companions were so disheartened, that they thought of nothing but submitting to their fate. For my part, I thought life still worth struggling for; and the weather having become calmer, I persuaded them to join me in making a kind of raft, by the help of which, with much toil and danger, we reached the land. Here we were seized by the barbarous inhabitants, and carried up the country for slaves to the emperor. We were employed about some public buildings, made to work very hard with the whip at our backs, and allowed nothing but water and a kind of pulse. I have heard persons talk as if there was little in being a slave but the name, and I doubt not that slavery is a very different thing in different parts of the world; but no one, I am