

son ! If some of our good friends who suppose we are not sufficiently zealous in denouncing slavery were only here just now, what a glorious chance they would have for the crown of martyrdom ! The next day I went to King A., and asked him how it was that he had threatened on Saturday, in the presence of the river gentlemen, to shoot me ? I told him I did not much mind what he had said to me on Saturday, for he was angry then, and I was present ; but it was a very different thing when he used such language after his heart had cooled, and especially in my absence. He was remarkably civil, and said that he had not told the white men that he purposed *now* to shoot me ; that what he said was, that when I told him on Saturday that Creek Town slaves had hanged Egbo Eyo because Egbo Eyo kill plenty Creek Town slaves, he was *then* so vexed, that he was on the point of lifting his gun and shooting me. *Court etiquette* required, it seems, that I should have consoled with the Duke Town gentlemen on the death of Egbo Eyo.

Antaro Young and I have not exchanged compliments since, and on account of, the last substitutionary Egbo murder perpetrated at Duke Town. On passing his house some days later, however, he called me in, treated me with unwonted respect, and asked my opinion of the state of matters at Creek Town. I stated, among other things, that Duke Town gentlemen should learn a lesson from what was going on at Creek Town, and avoid exasperating their slaves by unjust, tyrannical, and cruel treatment.

On Saturday, 6th July, there was a great quarrel or fight in town, which I fear will lead to mischief. The belligerents were Antaro Young's people on the one side, and Bassey Africa's on the other. A slave of Bassey Africa's, from another country, had learned that a countrywoman of his is one of Antaro's wives. Ignorant of what he was about, being newly come to this country, and, some add, the worse of rum, he was walking deliberately into Antaro Young's women's yard to see his countrywoman, when he was seized and violently beaten. His master's slaves interfered for his protection—hence the quarrel. About two o'clock on Monday morning following, the intruder into Antaro's women's yard was knocked down and beheaded. Hearing that a substitute is to be given to Egbo on the part of Antaro's people, I went round town doing what I could to prevent it. I see that Antaro is disposed to throw to the winds the bargain which he made with me.

Saturday, 3d August, was another melancholy day for Duke Town. I have good information that the other gentlemen of the town were quite willing, yes, wishful, to accept of a nominal fine of brass rods from Antaro Young for the part taken by his people in the fight already alluded to. But he insisted on giving a slave to die. Last evening a poor, slender, sickly youth came in from the plantation, whence he had been summoned by his master, A. Young, on pretence of being sent to market to-day. He joined others this morning in carrying firewood from the beach till about nine o'clock, when he was laid hold of and pinioned, and forthwith taken to the place of execution in the market-place, and murdered. The idem, or executioner, was merciful, for he severed the head from the body at one blow. At such executions the number of strokes is seldom below a dozen. There are frequently four or five idems, Egbo executioners, who must all have a stroke or two ; and thus the poor victim's neck is usually haggled through. A member of the church, who was present when the boy was caught, tells me that he never saw anything like it. The boy did not cry, did not beg, never uttered a syllable or a moan. Lamb never submitted itself more meekly to the knife. My informant, a Sierra Leone young man, burst into tears as they led away the mild, placid-looking victim, for which he was jeered and laughed at by Antaro and company. One's blood boils at such outrages. I often say to myself,—never more heartily than at this moment,—“ Oh, that I were a centurion with his complement of men ! ” But yet God beholds all in silence and patience ! One finds relief in the assurance that “ He shall make inquisition for blood.”

Two persons were killed by the *esere* on the 10th July, on pretence of having caused the death of a small gentleman who died the other day. Sabbath, 21st July, was a most melancholy morning. Church nearly deserted. Hundreds of people assembled in the king's yard, administering *esere* to several parties charged