

they had often tried. However on coming to town during the fair (for he lived in the country) some other Negroes invited him to drink with them. At first he would not, but they pressed him till he was obliged to comply. As soon as he came into the room, the others took a pot from the wall and pledged him, desiring him to drink likewise; he drank, but when he took the pot from his mouth, he said what beer is this? It is full of \*\*\*\*\*. I purposely omit what he mentioned, for it seems undoubtedly to have been the name of the poison with which malicious Negroes do so much harm, and which is to be met with almost every where. It might be too much employed to wicked purposes, and it is therefore better that it remains unknown. The other Negroes and Negro-women fell a laughing at the complaints of their hated countryman, and danced and sung as if they had done an excellent action, and had at last obtained the point so much wished for. The innocent Negro went away immediately, and when he got home, said that the other Negroes had certainly poisoned him: he then fell into a consumption, and no remedy could prevent his death.

*End of Vol. I.*