

THE

History and Adventures

OF

No 81.

JACK MANSONG,

THE

Famous Negro Robber,

AND

TERROR OF JAMAICA.



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History and Adventures

OF

Jack Mansong.

THIS daring maurader, whose name was Mansong, was a native of Africa, was of a bold and martial appearance, possessing a keen and penetrating eye. The steadiness of his manner and firm intrepidity of his mind commanded the reverence of those who, like him, wielded the servile spade; and the overseers of the plantation would tremble as they smote him for neglect of duty.

This very extraordinary man, unaided by either accomplice or associate, bid defiance for near two years, to the military and civil power of the island of Jamaica.

Onowahee, the father of our hero, dwelt at Simbing, in the interior of Africa, adjoining the country of the Moors. Simbing is scarcely a day's journey from Jarra, a large Moorish town situated at the bottom of some rocky hills. He was in the decline of years; and his bullocks were frequently stolen by the Moorish robbers, who came in large parties, and plundered the peaceful inhabitants of their property.

Mansong was now grown to manhood; and he took upon himself the protection of his father's cattle. One day a large party of the Moors came down, and drove before them the finest amongst the herds. The people stood at the doors of their huts affrighted, but Mansong lifted high his javelin, and struck it to the heart of the leader of the Moorish robbers, who fell dead upon the plain.

The Moors were determined to resent this outrage, as they termed it, and sent back the javelin; the aim was good, and Mansong fell to the ground, bathed in his blood. The inhabitants set up a loud scream, and the Moors drove off. Mansong was borne to his father's hovel upon the shoulders of his countrymen. When they had conveyed him to his hut, and laid him upon a mat, all the spectators joined in lamenting his fate, by screaming and howling in a most piteous manner. Onowau-hee tore his hair in the bitterness of his grief; and casting himself on the cold body of his son, expired in sight of his bewildered spectators!

Mansong was not, however, deprived of life.—The javelin had pierced his breast, and a great effusion of blood succeeded. This occasioned a fainting fit, from which he shortly recovered. The astonished people made frantic gestures in token of their joy, and, being of the Mahometan persuasion, exclaimed, "*La ila et ella Mahomet rasowl allabi.*"—"There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

Our hero was soon perfectly recovered, and resolved to revenge the death of his father, whom he for a long time bewailed in the bitterness of filial grief. He collected his countrymen, and exhorted them to rush upon the Moors and repair the losses they daily sustained; but the people of Simbing could not be prevailed on.

The fiery soul of Mansong was not to be defeated by a cool refusal. Another opportunity soon presented itself; he then pictured to them the horrors and calamities they were daily exposed to, and again exhorted them to revenge. The youths now embraced the opportunity; and Mansong led them to join the king of Kaarta, who was then waging war with the perfidious king of Banbarra who prompted by ambition, had availed himself of

a most frivolous pretext to declare war against Daisy, King of Kaarta.

By means of some desertions, Daisy's army was not so numerous as he expected; and when encamped at Kemmoo, the whole number of effective men did not exceed 4000; but being men of spirit and enterprise, could be depended on. Mansong with his small troop from Simbing, had joined them and their appearance gave joy to Daisy. Mansong had trained his heroes in the art of war, and had taught them evolutions which the King was unacquainted with, and he embraced, with all the fervor of his heart, to powerful an ally. Mansong undertook the discipline of the men of Kaarta, and he was unanimously chosen Commander in Chief.

Daisy now defied the malice of the powerful King of Bambarra, placing confidence in the valour of those few troops that were scarcely one-fourth the number of his foes, who now appeared before the town of Kemmoo. Mansong led his men to the field, but the Kaartans grew faint, when they saw the numbers they had to oppose; Mansong encouraged them by example, and the slaughter commenced! The Bambarrans were mown down like blades of grass: but their numbers were great, and as often as a chasm was effected, it was filled with fresh troops.— They visibly gained ground: and at length the men of Kaarta fled with great slaughter.

Mansong now, with a corps of reserve rushed upon the foe, and bore down all before his conquering arm. This encouraged the troops of Kaarta, who appeared again in the field, aiding those of Simbing, headed by the victorious Mansong, who fought like a tiger; his valour inspired his own men, struck terror to the heart of his foes, and he came off victorious!

When he returned from the fight, Daisy, with tears of gratitude, received him into his arms, and hailed him as a son. The Bambarans retreated from Kemmeo, but in three days again appeared before the walls with redoubled force. Mansong knew it would be madness to resist them now, and retreated to Joke, a town north-west of Kimmoo, whither he was followed by the King of Bambarra; Mansong then with his small troops, took refuge in the strong town of Gedingooma, situated in a hilly country, surrounded with high walls of stone, and now acted on the defensiv, harrassing the enemy by skirmishes, &c. while they laid siége to the town.

The King of Kaarta had a beautiful daughter, named Zaldyna; the soul of Mansong, though fired with martial glory, could not resist those pleasing sensations her presence inspired: during the seige of Gedingooma, Mansong employed the hours in which his presence was not required in the discharge of those important duties which his situation as Commander in Chief required, in conversation with his beloved Zaldyna. Her charms had entangled the heart of Mansong; and she too felt an equal passion for the hero whose valour had saved her family from ruin.

The grateful King of Kaarta with pleasure beheld their mutual attachment; he had already hailed Mansong as his son; he sanctioned their loves, and promised to join their hands as soon as peace should again be restored to his country. But, alas! such happiness was not Mansong's lot, that ideal felicity was never realized.

Mansong now tired of this shilly-shally fighting issued with a large body of men from the town, gave battle to the Bambarans, and defeated them with great loss. The King now sent to Daisy, to treat for peace; and this worthy

man, who loved the welfare of his people, immediately sent Mansong, accompanied by a small detachment of officers, to adjust the preliminaries. The Bambarrans who were as eager as the Kaartans to have peace restored, loudly huzzaed as Mansong, with his small troop, entered Sigo, the town where the king waited to receive them. Lubeg, the king of Bambarra, saw with a joyful eye the leader of the Kaartans before him; and instantly devised a hellish scheme to ruin his foe, and terminate the military glory of the great and warlike Mansong.

Peace being now agreed upon, joyful festivity reigned throughout Bambarra and the ambassadors were requested to stay three days at Sigo. Mansong, although he wished to convey the news so eagerly sought for by his royal master readily acquiesced; and Lubeg furnished them for three days with sumptuous entertainment. On the eve of the last, they were all invited to the palace, and the liquors of Bambarra were placed upon the board; but Mansong excused himself and requested permission to prosecute his journey to Kaarta. Lubeg, finding no other alternative, gave the signal, and a large party rushed in. "We are betrayed," exclaimed Mansong drawing his sword, and the Kaartans, following his example, fought most furiously! but overpowered with numbers, they were obliged to submit to their perfidious foes. Mansong, with a gleaming sabre like a tiger in the toils, darting on the foremost, cleft him to the ground. The sabres of his adversaries clashed over his head, but he heeded not death, and struggled hard to break the chains that encircled him. He still fought, and his blood streamed around, till at length overcome, he fell covered with wounds, and four of his adversaries lay dead beside him; the others

bound up his wounds, and sent him with the rest of his party, to the slave merchants.

Four hundred slaves were offered by Daisy for Mansong's release, but the offer was rejected; and on the bank of the Gambia, they were sold to an English Captain bound for Jamaica.— On their voyage, they experienced all these horrors peculiar to confinement in a slave ship.

On their arrival, Mansong, whom we shall, in future call Jack, that being the name given him on his arrival at Jamaica, with his fellow-slaves, were disposed of according to lot. He was then branded on the breast, and he smiled upon the red hot iron as it seared him; but he had vowed revenge, and called upon the God of his country to witness his vows of vengeance on the European race. He had often received the lash of his employers on his bare shoulders; and as the blood trickled down his back, so did he resolve that for every drop a white man's blood should sprinkle the plain!

Eighteen long tedious months had passed since he was dragged from his native country, from his friends, and from his betrothed bride, the beautiful Zalwana—eighteen long tedious months had heard his groans; and Jack devised how to lash his persecutors with a rod of iron.

At this period the island of Jamaica was greatly infested with the professors of Obi, which caused the most dangerous and fatal consequences among the negroes. The obi was a system of witchcraft, religiously believed in by all the negroes. No wonder then that the heroic soul of Jack became a prey to this weakness. He confidently hoped that the possession of an obi would at once render him feared by his fellow slaves, and secure his vengeance on the Europeans. He therefore sought the most eminent professor of the art.

Amalkir, the obian practitioner, dwelt in a loathsome cave far removed from the inquiring eye of the suspicious whites in the Blue Mountains; he was old and shrivelled; a disorder had contracted all his nerves; and he could scarcely crawl. His cave was the dwelling place, or refuge of robbers; he encouraged them in their depredations; and gave them obi, that they might fearless rush where danger stood. This obi was supposed to make them invulnerable to the attacks of the white men and they placed implicit belief in its virtues.

Jack approached his cave with a reverential awe; he sought his friendship and Amalkir engaged to set all the slaves of every plantation in the island in dreadful commotion. Jack, charmed with the plan, fervently wished its speedy execution; he now no longer groaned under the heavy burthens of the day, the sweat that chased his brows, or the cruel blows of his task master, created no pain: he had a balm at heart, which made his daily toil the lighter.

Two summers had now elapsed, since Jack arrived at Jamaica; and the slaves, who were excited to rebellinn by Amalkir, were firmly attached to him. They had by stealth, provided themselves with arms and ammunition, which they concealed in the Blue Mountains. Nothing was now wanting, and they only waited the moment to set the plantations on fire, to plunge the dagger in the hearts of the Europeans, and lay that fertile island in waste and ruin. Jack, in imagination, already beheld the scene, and smiled on its horrors.

On the tenth of February, 1780, it was resolved by this desperate band, headed by a more desperate and determined leader, to brandish around the flaming sword of vengeance. The

evening before that fixed for the execution of their massacre, the chiefs of the insurrection met at the cave of Amalkir; and it was agreed among them, that the signal to be given, was the firing of a gun.

Thus resolved, they separated; and now the eventful moment dawned; the heavy bell struck the midnight hour of twelve, and the expectation of the negroes, waiting the approaching insurrection, was at the pitch. At length the awful clock warned them of the time. Jack listened to the solemn toll, as from the vapoured sepulchre it struck upon his ear, and whispered the bloody design with infinite delight! his heart swelled with joy and hope of victory.

At this moment a gun was fired, and a horrid yell ensued. The slaves were in arms; they soon assembled in a line at the foot of the Blue Mountains, and Jack led them to the carnage.

All the Plantations were soon aroused, and the alarm bell rung; but ere the Europeans could be aroused from their torpidity, Crawford Town was in a blaze. The smoke ascended in volumes, mingled with the devouring flames.—Screams of the defenceless, and groans of the dying, assailed their ears.

At this juncture a troop of Maroon soldiers arrived; the rebellious negroes stood their fire, and ran with fury on the guns of their assailants, who turned their backs and fled.

It was now five o'clock, and the sun had risen; the streaks of darkness were all dispelled, and morning beheld the havoc which shameless night had aided. Jack, now aware that the colony would proceed against him, called off his troops, and prepared for the fight.

The Governor sent 500 choice Maroons in pursuit of those rebels. They met and fought. The

negroes, as before, rushed upon their guns, but the Maroons firing as they retreated, kept them at bay and made great slaughter. Jack in vain encouraged his men he could not rouse them to the combat, and they fled in every direction.

Next day the Governor published a proclamation, offering a free pardon to such of the insurgents as would return to their duty. This had the desired effect; for they all returned except Jack, who still determined to harass the Europeans. He again repaired to the cave of Amalkir, who hung an obi born about his neck, rare for its supposed virtues.

Dr. Mosely, in his Treatise on Sugar, says—
 “I saw the obi of the famous negro robber, Three Finger'd Jack, the terror of Jamaica, in 1780.—The Maroon who slew him brought it me. It consisted of a goat's horn, filled with a compound of grave dirt, ashes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat, all mixed into a kind of paste: a cat's foot, a dried road, a pig's tail, a slip of virginal parchment of kid-skin, with characters marked with blood on it, were also in his obian bag.—These, with a keen sabre, and two guns; were all his obi; with which, and his courage in descending into the plains, and plundering to supply his wants, and his skill in retreating into difficult fastnesses, among the mountains, commanding the only access to them, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil power and the neighbouring militia of the island at defiance, for near two years.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the exploits of this famous robber, we shall therefore only relate a few of the most prominent. One day, as Jack was reconnoitring on the top of Lebanon, he beheld a negro beneath, armed, and bearing provisions. Jack rushed down the moun-

tains, and attacked him. This negro was an intimate of Jack's in his days of slavery; but Jack would now acknowledge no friendship, and commanded him to deliver. Quashee, who was also bold and resolute, refused; Jack drew his sabre; Quashee pulled a pistol from his girdle, fired, and shot off two of his antagonist's fingers, from which he acquired the name of *Three Finger'd Jack*. This enraged Jack, and he used his sword in savage fury.—Quashee received several wounds, and no longer capable of maintaining the contest, he fled; while Jack took charge of the booty, and retired to his cave.

Another time Jack was sorely drove, having had no food for some days. There stood a plantation not far from Lebanon, the proprietor of which had given his slaves a holiday, it being his daughter's birth-day, and they were making merry. Jack beheld with gloating eye, from his retreat, the festivity of the assembled, and trusting to the terror of his name, he seized a musket and descended: When he came near, he hid himself behind the entwined branches of a fig-tree, and taking a good aim, he shot the presider of the feast, who instantly dropped dead. The negroes were strack with a general panic: and Jack appeared among them. Not one was bold enough to seize him; he held up his three finger'd hand, and they all fell upon their faces to the ground; then, seizing as much booty as he could dispose of, fled to his cave.

The slaves recovering from their fright, ran to the planter, and informed him of the appearance of *Three Finger'd Jack*. He was as much surprised as themselves, tho' differently instigated; their surprise was mingled with excessive fear; his was at the daring impudence of this bold marauder,

who could assume courage enough to venture before seven hundred negroes.

Jack had now continued his ravages for near a year, Captain Orford a young Englishman of good birth, and a most amiable disposition, had come over to Jamaica, with a party of soldiers, who were to be garrisoned there, Rosa, the daughter of a Mr. Chapman, an eminent planter in Maroon's Town, had cast a favourable eye upon Orford, who also affectionately beheld her.

Mr. Chapman, who had much at heart the happiness of his daughter, finding that Orford really loved her, consented to their speedy nuptials. The lovers were transported with the joyful presage of future happiness; but their joy was soon damped by an unexpected event.

Captain Orford, unacquainted with the true character of our hero, frequently traversed the Blue Mountains, accompanied by his favourite negro-boy Tuckey, to enjoy the breeze which lightly fanned the mountains' tops. One day, thoughtless of danger, he proceeded till he came near the mouth of Jack's cave. Jack was seated upon a crag; who no sooner saw Orford than he leaped down. Tuckey gave a loud scream, and Orford preparing for the combat, drew his sword, Jack smiled upon him with contempt; and lifting up his gun by the muzzle, knocked him down with the but-end.

Tuckey, wild with terror, fled; and Jack seizing the senseless body of Orford, slung it down the mountain's side. Tuckey was proceeding homeward, when a groan struck his ear—he listened—another groan succeeded—and the compassionate boy wished to learn from whence they came. Winding down the intricacies of the mountain, the body of Captain Orford arrested his step? His master was not dead, but very much bruised,

and his skull fractured. Tuckey raised him from the ground, and with much difficulty bore him to the plantation of Mr. Chapman. Rosa was in an agony of grief, when she beheld the helpless situation of Orford. She dressed his wounds, and constantly attended him in his illness, and he soon recovered; for wounds are cured to a miracle in the West Indies, in any part of the body, except the legs, where they are seldom or never cured.

This fresh proof of Jack's valour, spread his fame over all parts of the island. He was said to be the head of a gang of negro robbers, which was false; for he had no associates.

Captain Orford was now perfectly recovered; and Mr. Chapman, eager to have the marriage solemnized, fixed the day so earnestly, looked for by the young lovers. To dispel the time, he proposed a variety of entertainments, and the next day was appointed for a shooting party. The morning was fine; and the party consisting of Mr. Chapman, Captain Orford and his boy Tuckey, with several planters and their servants proceeded along the banks of the river Morant. Near the bay, the game was pretty fair; Captain Orford, being too eager after the game, he and his boy were unfortunately separated from the rest of the company. They sprung a covey of wild fowl; the Captain fired and brought down his mark: the bird falling on a rock that o'ertopped the sea, Tuckey ran up the cliff to save the game. Jack, who was out in search of prey, met and recollected him, and, without further parley, threw him into the ocean. Fortunately a boat was sailing by, and, perceiving the transaction, took him on board.

Jack now observing Captain Orford, he levelled his gun, and shot him in the back. Orford prepared to return the fire, but Jack sprung upon him, and wounded him with his sabre. Orford

immediately fell bathed in blood. He being very weak, Jack took him on his back and conveyed him to his cave.

Mr. Chapman, missing Captain Orford, returned with his party to search for him; when they came to the bay, they found his hat and gun lying on the ground. Immediately suspecting the disaster he spread the alarm, and caused an instant pursuit, but without effect. Jack having eluded their search, Mr. Chapman, absorbed in grief, returned home. On his arrival, he was met by Tuckey; this for a moment assuaged his grief; but when the boy related the disaster, his agony increased. He feared to tell his daughter the melancholy circumstance and dreaded the discovery.

Rosa perceiving the company returning, went with a joyful heart and smiling countenance, to meet her father; but seeing his melancholy air, she was alarmed. She inquired after his health, and the cause of his grief but received no answer; she then eagerly asked for her beloved Orford; but the awful silence and sorrow which appeared on every countenance convinced her of the cause; and she immediately fainted away. She was borne to her chamber; where she continued several days without taking any refreshment; and her life was despaired of. Fortunately a favourable and sudden change took place, for which neither her physician or attendants could assign a cause, and she visibly recovered.

Mr. Chapman was blessed by this joyful change; he saw with transport the colour again glow on the cheek of his beloved daughter; and he was resolved that the day of her recovery should be a joyful holiday to the whole plantation. He was really a good man, and very generally beloved; the slaves readily obeyed so kind a master; and his plantation was esteemed the most thriving in

the island. And we feel no hesitation in asserting that if every planter in Jamaica and the West Indies were to follow this humane example, it would not only tend to the increase of their own private wealth, but the good of this country at large; and it is indisputably as easy for a master to gain the love of his slaves as their hatred.

One morning Mr. Chapman visited the apartment of his daughter, expecting to find her much recovered; but what was his surprise to perceive her chamber window open a sheet slung out, and one end tied to the bed-post. Her clothes were on the floor. He was transfixed in amaze; but perceiving a note lay on the table, he eagerly broke the seal, and read it's heart rending contents. It was as follows:

“DEAR FATHER,

Being no longer able to support an existence without the partner of my soul, my beloved Orford, I hope you will pardon this my first act of disobedience. The conflict between filial duty and love has been severe—but all powerful love has conquered. I am determined to search the mountains and find out this Jack; this terror of our island—to try if he will give me him on whom my soul doats. Do not be uneasy on my account. If I find him not, I shall return and die in the arms of the best of fathers. I can with safety seek the cave of this robber, as I have been informed by those who speak from experience that he never will molest a female. Adieu, my dear father.

ROSA CHAPMAN.”

This imprudent step of Rosa's had nearly proved fatal to her father. He loved his daughter with the greatest affection, and a severe illness was the consequence of her flight.

Jack had now been near two years in the Blue

Mountains; he had become the terror of the whole island, and rendered himself so obnoxious by his daily depredations, that Governor Dalling found it necessary to apply to his Majesty, to issue his royal proclamation, offering a reward for apprehending this daring robber. Accordingly, two proclamations were issued, dated the 12th December, 1780, and 15th January, 1781, offering a Reward of two hundred pounds, for killing Jack, or taking him alive.

The House of Assembly, of the Island of Jamaica, also came to the resolution of giving their freedom to any slave, for whom they were to indemnify his owner, and also freedom and pardon to any of his accomplices, who should kill and bring in the head and three finger'd hand of Jack, which was issued immediately after the first proclamation.

In consequence of these offers, two resolute and bold negroes, named Quashee and Sam, both of Scots-Hall, Maroon-Town, with a party of their townsmen, resolved to go in search of Jack. Quashee, before he set out, was christened, and his name changed to James Reeder. The expedition commenced, and while this party are on their pursuit, we shall return to Rosa, who had left her father's house, in search of her lover.

The night was extremely dark when she took the resolution of descending from her chamber, to go in search of her beloved Orford: She dressed herself as a sailor-boy, to secure her from violence; and thus equipped she defied the inclemency of the weather. The passion which preyed on her heart dispelled her fear; and unintimidated she proceeded to the woods.

Rosa had repeatedly heard it said, that Jack's cave was near mount Lebanon, somewhere among the chain of the Blue Mountains. Thither she pro-

ceeded. Faint and weary she was often obliged to rest herself beneath the spreading fig-tree, her tender limbs unused to such excessive fatigue sunk beneath her; her lips were parched with fever; but still the lively colour revelled unfaded on her lovely cheek. The hope of recovering her beloved Orford, in whose absence life was insupportable, and the happy presages of her soul making that wished-for event as certain, supported her resolution, and made her persevere with a courage rarely to be met with in her sex, more especially when the peculiar delicacy of her constitution is considered.

By violent exertion he climbed the craggy steep that overlooked Old Crawford Town, where still was visible the ravages of the fire. The evening fast approached, and the dread thunder was heard to reverberate at a short distance. The dazzling lightning played around, and the rain fell in torrents down the mountain's side. Rosa saw a narrow dismal path, leading to a more dismal cave; and she enters the gloomy abode, where none but the robber or wretched in heart could dwell. The arched vault, formed by the rough hand of Nature, and the obnoxious vapours that assailed her, impressed her mind with dismal fears. She dreaded to proceed, yet the still more gloomy horrors that play'd around the cave's mouth, impelled her to seek a refuge. She accordingly bent her steps to the interior of the cave, where the chilly dew, hanging on the projecting crag, dropt upon her like ice, and froze her heart. She now came to the mouth of another descent, which led still deeper into the gloomy abode; and, to her infinite surprise, beheld a taper burning beneath! She uttered a faint scream, and fell down the rocky descent into the cave, where the glimmering taper helped to lessen its gloom.

Rosa lay for some time senseless; her forehead was very much bruised, and her lovely tresses hang'd shrivell'd on her face. At length she recovered to the misery of her situation; she beheld with tortured eye, the frightful cave, which was hung around with the skeletons of turtles, aligators, and other reptiles, enough to chill the female heart; but Rosa was endowed with more courage than many of her sex.

Three Finger'd Jack, into whose cave she had thus been precipitated, was out, and prowling for fresh prey. At this critical juncture he returned, and descended into the cave by means of a ladder, while Rosa was viewing with terror the Three Finger'd hand depicted on the wall. Jack no sooner beheld an European in his cave, than he seized one of his muskets by the muzzle, and prepared to dash his brains out. Rosa fell upon her knees, and exclaimed, "Mercy! mercy! I am a woman!"—Jack dropt the weapon, and was perplexed; for although he was resolved to shew mercy to women yet he had also determined to put to death that being who should gain a knowledge of his cave.—The idea of his beloved Zaldwna recurred to his mind, "Perhaps said he, at this moment she too may have cause to implore for mercy!" and after some deliberation, he resolved that Rosa should not die: but self-preservation demanded he should confine her in the bowels of that rock her rashness had penetrated.

Night was getting on apace. Jack was wearied with the fatigues of the day; and, after eating of the plaintain of which the hungry Rosa partook, he sunk into a sound sleep. Now Rosa conceived the idea of making her escape; she reconnoitred the cave, and could find no means of extricating herself from her prison, but by the way she entered. She was therefore hasting up the ladder by

which Jack descended when a dreadful groan assailed her ear ; she stopt—another groan succeeded. Astonished, she turned back, and hastening to the place from whence it proceeded, she opened the door of an inner cell, and beheld her Orford, pale and bloody ! She uttered a loud scream, and fainted. This aroused Jack, who on discovering the cause, was about to put her to death ; but his passion abating, he thrust the helpless Orford farther into the cell, and locked the door ; then taking the ladder he ascended, and hung the key upon a projecting part of the rock, nearly thirty feet from the ground. Rosa was now recovered ; Jack seated her on a log which served him as a chair ; and tying her hands together with a long cord, one end of which he fastened to one part of the rock, and holding the other in his hand, he retired to his mat, placing the ladder beneath him, and sunk again into a sound sleep.

Rosa was now lost to all hope : she despaired of effecting her escape, or the release of her suffering lover. Distracted at the thought, she knew not what to do ; the obstacles seemed insurmountable, and she gave up all as lost. The idea of Jack again awaking, and perhaps putting a period to the existence of her lover, for his attempting to escape, presented itself to her troubled mind—the agony of thus losing her lover, and the dreadful situation she saw him in, almost overcame her resolution. After some time spent in anxious thought, hope illuminated her heart. Near where she sat was placed a table, on which stood a lighted taper ; and her only means was to consume the cord that bound her hands. Joyful at the idea, she drew the table nearer with her feet, and holding her hands over the light, burnt the cord. Now disengaged, she tied the end of the rope to the leg

of the table ; and, falling upon her knees, implored Heaven to aid her escape, and that of her faithful lover.

She returned to the cell wherein Orford was confined ; but her heart sunk within her, when she beheld it fastened by a large padlock, the key of which she despaired of obtaining. After a long search, she cast her eye on it, and using several ineffectual efforts to get it down, she at length happened to see a long stick, with which she unhung the key, and it fell with a great noise. Jack was aroused, but jerking the cord he held in his hand, found, as he supposed, his prisoner safe ; and so renewed his slumber.

Rosa now softly approached the cell where her lover was confined, and unlocked the door with the greatest caution. Poor Orford fell senseless into her arms : his wounds were not great, but he was faint for want of nourishment. She took up Jack's bottle of liquor, which was on the table, and poured some of it down his throat, which greatly revived him. He no sooner discovered his preserver than he was about to make his grateful acknowledgements ; but Rosa checked him.

Fresh obstacles again presented themselves to impede the escape of the lovers. Jack had secured the ladder, and he lay beneath the mouth of his cave ; but this obstacle was soon obviated. They placed the table astride him as cautiously as possible, on which they also put the stool. Rosa ascended, and Orford followed. As he slept from the stool, down fell the apparatus.—Jack started up in a fury, and fixed the ladder—but Orford drew it up, and left him, raging like a madman, vowing their immediate destruction.

He accordingly, urged by his fury, climbed up the rock, and had nearly reached the top, when

Orford, with the but-end of a gun, which he had taken with him, knocked him down again.— Stunned with the blow, he lay senseless while they effected their escape.

Being thus fortunately freed from the horrors of their situation, they left Jack to his fate, and made all possible haste to relieve the anxious fears of Mr. Chapman; whom on their arrival they found confined to his bed. Rosa's father overjoyed in again beholding his beloved daughter, whose courage had been the means of preserving the life of her lover, and restoring happiness to his family, he soon recovered.

Soon afterwards the marriage of Captain Orford and the amiable Rosa were solemnized with great festivity: the Captain sold his commission, and purchased a large plantation near New Crawford Town, where they live, loving and beloved. We shall now leave them happy in the society of each other, and return to the party who set out in pursuit of Jack.

Reeder and Sam with their party, had been creeping about in the woods for upwards of three weeks blockading, as it were, the deepest recesses of the inaccessible parts of the island, where Jack, far remote from all human society, resided; but their search was in vain. Reeder and Sam, therefore, tired of this mode of war, resolved to proceed by themselves in search of his retreat, and take him by storming it, or perish in the attempt. The negro boy, Tuckey, being a lad of great spirit and a good shot, was, however, determined to accompany them.

These three, whom I well knew, says Dr. Mosely, left the rest of the party; from whom they had not been long separated, before they discovered, by impressions among the weeds and

bushes, that some person must have lately passed that way. They silently and cautiously followed their impressions, and soon perceived a smoke.— They then prepared for war.

Jack after the escape of the two lovers fearful of being surprised in his cave, seldom visited it, straying about in different parts of the mountains. This caused him much anxiety; he grew weary of his situation, and the forebodings of his soul whispering mischief to his heart, caused an unusual heaviness on his spirits.

Reeder and Sam, by following the impressions on the grass, came upon Jack before he observed them. He was roasting plaintains by a fire on the ground, at the mouth of a cave. Turning round he discovered his enemies; and snatching his guns, he instantly jumped up. His looks were fierce and terrible, and he told them he would kill them instantly, if they did not surrender.

Reeder undauntedly replied that his *obi* had no power over him now, for he was christened, and his name was no longer Quashee. Jack knew Reeder, and as if paralysed, he let his two guns fall to the ground, and drew his cutlass.

Reeder and Sam were at first frightened at the sight of him, they had to retreat, and considered that they were to grapple with the bravest, strongest, and most determined man in the island. But Jack was also intimidated, for he had prophesied, that *white obi* would get the better of him; and he well knew, from experience, that the charm would lose nothing in the hands of Reeder.

Without farther parley, therefore Jack, fearful of the event, with his cutlass in his hand, threw himself down the precipice at the back of the cave.—Reeder attempted to shoot him, but his gun missed fire. Sam fired, and shot Jack in the
er, as he fell.

Reeder, encouraged by the flight of Jack, and fearless of danger, with a cutlass in his hand, plunged headlong down, after him. The descent was nearly thirty yards and almost perpendicular—Both of them preserved their weapons in the fall.

Here was the spot on which two of the stoutest hearts that perhaps were ever hooped within ribs, began their bloody struggle. Having recovered their feet, the dreadful combat began, with all the savage fierceness of two enraged lions.

Tuckey, the little boy who had been ordered to keep out of harm's-way now reached the top of the precipice, and during the fight shot Jack in the belly.

Sam, who at a distance beheld the scene, coolly descended the field of action. When he arrived at the foot Jack and Reeder had closed and tumbled down another precipice, in which fall they both lost their weapons.

Sam, now perceiving their situation descended after them as quick as possible, and also lost his cutlass among the bushes in getting down.

He came up just time enough to save Reeder; for though they were without weapons, and their wounds were deep and desperate, they were not idle. Jack had taugth his antagonist by the throat with his giant's grasp.

The combatants now presented a most horrid spectacle—Reeder had his right hand almost cut off; and Jack whose wounds were also deep and desperate, streamed with blood from his shoulder and belly. In short, both combatants were covered with blood and gashes.

In this state of the battle, Tuckey, the little boy who was armed with a pistol and cutlass, just came up; he snapped his pistol at Jack, but it missed fire. Sam, however, was umpire, and decided the

fate of the day. He struck Jack on the head with a piece of rock; stunned with the blow, he let go his hold, and fell senseless.

The three then rushed upon Jack; with the outlass, they cut off his head, and three finger'd hand,* and carried them in triumph to Morant Bay. Here they put their trophies in a pail of rum, and followed by a vast concourse of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's obi, blowing their shell and horns, and firing their guns in their rude manner, they proceeded to Kingston and Spanish Town, and claimed the rewards promised by the King's proclamation, and House of Assembly.

The victorious Reeder was soon cured of his wounds, and he and Sam having procured their freedom, and the promised reward, live happy; and annually celebrate the joyful event.

Thus fell Three Finger'd Jack, a man perhaps of as genuine courage as ever existed. Had his military fame not been cruelly stopped by the treachery of the king of Bambarra, who consigned him to the horrors of slavery, he, in all human probability, would have lived happy, and been an ornament to his country. Those bright prospects were all blackened by the worst of traffics,—

the AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE!—However interested individuals may soften the measure, by specious and plausible arguments, every real Christian, or good moral man must condemn the practice!

* His head and three finger'd hand are now preserved in spirits for the satisfaction of the curious.