

LOOK UP!

O, soul that wreath with thy lot. Give not thy youth to the desert! Look up! to Heaven and merrily not! Though labor faces thee everywhere. For what is life when loosed from Toil? An objectless and dreary yoke! There is no Goodlike Labor's spoil, So dressless and so unallied.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

TOMANGO; A TRUE STORY OF A FRENCH SLAVER.

A good sailor was Captain Ledoux. He began his naval career before the mast, and rose to be Quarter Master. At Trafalgar he had his hand shot away, and was discharged with good certificates. Inactivity not agreeing with him, he embarked as mate aboard a privateer, and the prize money he gained enabled him to buy books, and study the theory of navigation, the practice of which he already knew perfectly.

The Hope sailed from Nantes on Friday, as superstitious people afterwards remembered. The inspector, who of course minutely examined the vessel, failed to detect six large chests full of chains and handcuffs; nor were they surprised at the liberal stock of water on board the Hope; which, according to her papers, was going to Senegal to trade in wood and ivory.

Tomango, a famous warrior and man-stealer, had just brought down to the shore a great number of slaves and was willing to sell them at a bargain, knowing that he possessed the power of obtaining a fresh supply as soon as that on hand was exhausted.

Tomango, rendered furious by the brandy he had drunk, was no longer master of himself; he struck his wife violently with the butt end of his gun, and then, turning to Ledoux, said: "I make you a present of that woman." She was pretty, and Ledoux, looking at her, smiling said, "I can easily find room for her."

They sat down, and a sailor, who knew a little of the Congo language, acted as interpreter. After exhausting a few compliments a cabin boy brought a basket holding several bottles of brandy; they drank each other's health; and the captain, to put Tomango in good humor, made him a present of a copper powder flask, with a portrait of Napoleon in relief upon it.

THE AGITATOR

Devoted to the Extension of the Acts of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

M. H. COBB, EDITOR. THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM. W. D. BAILEY, PUBLISHER. VOL. I. WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1854. NO. 19.

It may readily be imagined that there is slight chance of escape on the way for those who have fixed to their necks a stout staff six feet long. As each negro passed before him, the captain shrugged his shoulders, found the men too dwarfish, and the women too old or too young, complaining, at the same time, of the degeneracy of the African race.

Formerly, said he, the women were nearly six feet high, and four men could turn the capstan of a frigate, and raise anchor. However, while he criticized, he selected the strongest and handsomest of the blacks. These he was willing to buy at the market price, but on the rest he claimed a large abatement. Tomango, on his side, maintained his rights, pulled his goods, and spoke of the scarcity of men and the dangers of the trade.

He concluded by asking a higher price for all the slaves the captain wished to take on board. As soon as the interpreter had translated into French the offer of Tomango, Ledoux almost fell back with surprise and indignation; and then, muttering frightful oaths, rose to break off negotiations with such an unreasonable man.

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shore, and made signs to him that it was time to be gone, but he remained; he even offered his brilliant epaulettes, his sword, his gun—all in vain. During this discussion, the mate of the Hope said to Ledoux: "Three slaves have died during the night, why should not this strapping rascal, bring us alone, more than the three we have lost?"

With one blow he knocked down the man who held him by the collar, and leaving part of his coat in the hands of the other, rushed like a madman upon the mate in order to recover his sword; the man struck him with it on the head, inflicting a large but shallow wound. Tomango fell a second time, and then they bound his hands and feet firmly.

The unfortunate man was, in the meantime, bleeding to death. The charitable interpreter, who had on the preceding evening saved the lives of the six slaves, went and bound up his wound, addressing to him some words of consolation. The negro remained motionless as a corpse, and some of the crew were obliged to carry him like a bale of goods to his appointed place between decks.

His companions in captivity, formerly his prisoners, saw him arrive among them with looks of stupid astonishment, and such was the dread he still inspired, that none dare insult the misery of him who had been the cause of their. Favored by a strong breeze from shore, the vessel rapidly left the African shore behind. Already at his ease on the subject of the British cruisers, the Captain only thought of the enormous profit that awaited him in the West Indies.

Tomango fired, and the wretched creature was released from slavery. "Now for another," whooped the intoxicated savage, pointing at a decrepit old man; "a glass of brandy, or—" one of his wives seized his arm, and the shot missed. She had recognized in the old man a magician, who had promised her she should be a queen.

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formed their plans after mature deliberation. The boldest, with Tomango at their head, when they went on deck, where to seize the arms of the guards, whilst others were to go down into the captain's cabin, and get possession of the muskets there.

This figure moves slowly, and does not approach more than a stone's throw from the edge of the grove; the women cry, "There is Mumbo-Jumbo," and bawl like fish hags; then the husbands say, "Come, huzzies, tell us if you have been steady; if you lie, there is Mumbo-Jumbo, he knows, and is ready to eat you alive."

At night when the crew were asleep, the man on duty heard a grave, solemn, and dismal cluunt, proceeding from the slaves' berth and the shrieks of a woman. A moment after all was still. The next day Tomango appeared on deck, with his face much swollen and bruised, but his air was haughty and resolute as before.

Meanwhile, Tomango, shut up with other slaves, was constantly exhorting them to make a bold attempt to recover their liberty. He spoke to them of the small number of the whites, and pointed out the increasing carelessness of the watch; and, without explaining how, he told them he was able to lead them back to their country, boasted of his knowledge of sorcery, which the blacks were easily persuaded of, and threatened them with the vengeance of his fetish if they refused to aid his enterprise.

For a time Tomango's wound kept him below. At length he appeared on deck, and tossing back his head with disdain when he saw his fellow slaves, gazed calmly and sadly on the vast watery waste around him; he then lay down, or rather threw himself on the deck without seeking to arrange his irons to render them less galling; whilst Ledoux, seated on the traffrail, quietly smoked his pipe, and Ayche, carried in an elegant blue cotton dress, arrived a waiter of liquors ready to serve refreshments.

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to them. Tomango examined the compass for some time, moving his lips, as though reading the characters traced thereon. Then raising his hand to his head, he assumed an attitude of meditation, like a man making difficult calculations. The blacks surrounded him, gapping mouths and staring eyes, eagerly observing his slightest motions. At length with a mixture of fear and confidence caused by ignorance he moved the rudder wheel with violence. Like a generous steed rearing under the spur of an imprudent rider, the beautiful brig bounded on the waves at this sudden motion. One would have imagined she sought to sink the imprudent pilot. The necessary relation between the direction of the sails and of the rudder, thus violently interrupted, the vessel reeled and went upon her beam ends, as if about to capsize.

The terrified negroes fled below uttering dismal yells; but as the wind had no more hold upon the vessel, she remained floating heavy in the trough of the sea. Then the boldest returned on deck, and cleared the wreck. Tomango remained motionless, his elbow resting on the pinnacle, and hiding his face upon his folded arms. Ayche was by his side, but dared not speak. By degrees the blacks approached, and a murmur arose, which soon increased to a tempest of reproaches and abuse. "Cheating impostor!" they vociferated; "thou art the cause of all this misfortune; it is thou who didst persuade us to mutiny against them. Thou didst boast of thy knowledge, promising to lead us back to our country. We believed thee, fools, that we were! and now we are about to perish because thou hast offended the fetish of the whites."

Tomango haughtily raised his head, and the blacks around him drew back. He seized on two muskets, made a sign to his wife to follow him, and passing through the crowd, which made way for him, reached the fore-castle. There he made a breastwork of empty casks and planks, and sitting down in his entrenchment, presented from it the threatening bayonet of his gun. They did not attempt to molest him. Some wept, others raised their eyes to heaven, invoking fetishes. Some, on their knees before the compass, whose perpetual vibrations they admired, entreated it to conduct them home. Others stretched on the deck, gave themselves up to gloomy despair. All at once a negro came on deck, and with a radiant face, announce he had discovered where the whites kept their brandy; his joyful countenance showed he had already tried it. The news suspended for a moment the cries of those unfortunates, and they ran to the caboose to gorge themselves with liquor. An hour afterwards many were insensible, and the others, jumping and screaming on the deck, gave themselves up to all the extravagancies of the most brutal drunkenness.

The sword dropped from the captain's unmoved hand. Tomango seized it, and raising his mouth stained with blood, pierced with redoubled blows the body of his expiring enemy. The victory was no longer doubtful. The few sailors who survived sought to excite the pity of savages; but all, including the humane interpreter, were pitilessly massacred. The lieutenant died gloriously. He had retired aft, near one of those small guns which turn on a swivel, and on board the Hope were kept loaded with grape. With his left hand he pointed the piece, whilst with his right one he defended himself so valiantly that he attracted towards him a swarm of blacks. Then pulling the trigger, he opened through the compact mass a wide path, paved with the dying and the dead; a moment after, he was cut to pieces. When the corpse of the last white, hacked into fragments, had been thrown overboard, the blacks, satiated with vengeance, raised their eyes to the sails, which, filled with a fresh breeze, seemed still to obey their late tyrant, and to drive the conquerors, notwithstanding their trumpets, towards the land of slavery. We have accomplished nothing, thought they, with sadness, for the great fetish of the whites will not carry us back to fatherland, now that we have shed the blood of its masters; and they called upon Tomango with loud cries to take command. He was in no hurry to appear. They found him in the fore cabin; in one hand he held the bloody sabre of the captain, the other was extended to Ayche, who kissed it as she knelt before him.

The exultation of his conquest could not dispel the gloomy uneasiness his countenance betrayed. Less ignorant than the others, he was more alive to the difficulties of their position. At length he appeared on the quarter deck, affecting a calmness he was far from feeling. Urged by a hundred confused voices to direct the course of the ship, he slowly approached the rudder, and as though desirous of delaying even for a moment, the act which should decide, for others, the extent of his power. There was not a black on board, however stupid, who had failed to observe the influence of a certain wheel; and box placed before it, exercised on the motion of the brig; but this machinery had always remained a mystery

The blacks respectfully bent their heads, and crowded around him. "The whites," continued Tomango, "alone knew how to guide these great wooden houses but we can manage these light boats, launch and jolly-boat of the brig. Let us fill them with provisions and embark; the wind will blow us home."

Never was there so wild a project; and they believed him. Ignorant of the use of the compass, and in the midst of a vast ocean, they could only wander at random over the desert of waters. He imagined that by towing on they would come to some place inhabited by blacks; for blacks, thought he, possessed the land, whilst the whites live on board the ships. Everything was soon prepared for embarkment, but as the boats could not contain the ninety negroes who survived, they were obliged to leave behind the sick and wounded, who entreated to be put out of misery before the others departed. The two boats were got afloat with infinite difficulty, and left the vessel in the midst of a rolling sea, which threatened every moment to swallow them up. The smaller boat started first. Tomango, with Ayche, had taken his place in the launch, which being much heavier laden, remained far behind. They still heard the plaintive cries of the wretches left on board, when a huge wave struck her amidships. She filled and sunk and those in the jolly-boat, seeing