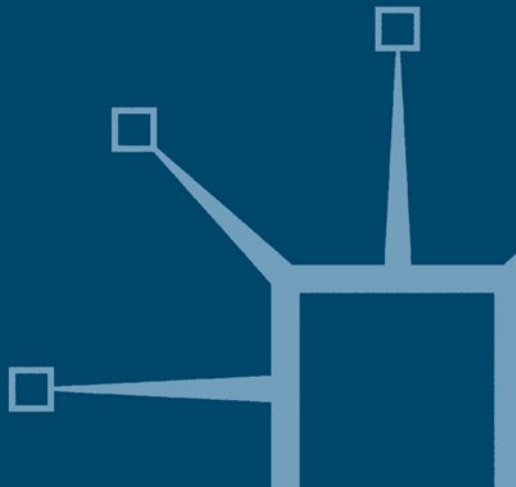


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White Women Captives in North Africa

Narratives of Enslavement, 1735–1830

Khalid Bekkaoui



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Narratives of Enslavement, 1735–1830

Khalid Bekkaoui

Professor, Department of English, University Sidi Mohammed Ben Abdallah, Morocco

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Compilation, Introduction, translations and editorial matter © Khalid Bekkaoui 2010

Softcover reprint of the hardcover 1st edition 2010 978-0-230-22198-7

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First published 2010 by
PALGRAVE MACMILLAN

Palgrave Macmillan in the UK is an imprint of Macmillan Publishers Limited, registered in England, company number 785998, of Houndmills, Basingstoke, Hampshire RG21 6XS.

Palgrave Macmillan in the US is a division of St Martin's Press LLC, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010.

Palgrave Macmillan is the global academic imprint of the above companies and has companies and representatives throughout the world.

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ISBN 978-1-349-30748-7 ISBN 978-0-230-29449-3 (eBook)
DOI 10.1057/9780230294493

This book is printed on paper suitable for recycling and made from fully managed and sustained forest sources. Logging, pulping and manufacturing processes are expected to conform to the environmental regulations of the country of origin.

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

White women captives in North Africa: narratives of enslavement, 1735–1830/
[compiled by] Khalid Bekkaoui.
p. cm.

Summary: "A fascinating anthology of historical narratives composed from the late sixteenth to early nineteenth centuries by European women abducted by Muslim corsairs and enslaved in North Africa during the age of piracy. Many of the narratives are very rare and are by women coming from diverse social and economic backgrounds"—
Provided by publisher.

1. Women slaves—Africa, North—Biography. 2. Captivity narratives—Africa, North—History. 3. Europeans—Africa, North—History. I. Bekkaoui, Khalid.

HT1345.I5 2010

305.48'809061—dc22

2010027484

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10

*To my beloved parents
To Amina, Soumayya, Tariq, Salaheddine, and Hamza*

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Preface

On 23 March 2007, the Iranian navy seized a small British patrol boat for having allegedly trespassed into Iranian waters, and the 15 marines on board were taken hostage. The presence of a servicewoman, Faye Turney, among the captives attracted huge media coverage and the old story of white female captives in Muslim lands was immediately brought to the fore. In an article, significantly entitled 'Captives Again', published in the *National Post* (3 April 2004), British historian Niall Ferguson reacted to Turney's abduction by drawing an analogy between her capture and that of a British woman, Elizabeth Marsh, by Barbary corsairs in 1756, insisting that the reigning king of Morocco owes the English an apology for this past incident. Ferguson goes on to urge Britain for a tough stance against the Iranians, arguing that Turney's kidnapping has to be interpreted in the context of the seventeenth and eighteenth-centuries' North African piracy when 'Tens of thousands of Britons ... fell into the hands of the so-called Barbary Corsairs, the Moroccan and Algerian raiders who infested the Western Mediterranean.'

It is, indeed, within this paradigm that upon her release Faye Turney frames her captivity tale. Deliberately echoing Linda Colley's book *The Ordeal of Elizabeth Marsh*, whose publication coincided with the British-Iranian hostage crisis, Turney entitles her autobiography 'Faye: My Ordeal'. The title appeared on the front page of *The Sun* tabloid newspaper (9 April 2007) and was accompanied in visible scripts with sensational phrases: 'Stripped to Knickers in Dingy Cell' and 'I Feared Being Raped by Iranians'. Turney claims that when their vessel was intercepted and boarded by the outnumbering and heavily armed Revolutionary Guards, she feared rape, and, in the manner of Penelope Aubin's English heroine in *Life and Amorous Adventures of Lucinda* (1722) when her vessel was given chase by Moorish corsairs, Turney tried to masquerade as a man to save herself from alien sexual predation. Turney's sex was, however, soon revealed when she was ordered to take off her helmet, upon which, says Turney, the kidnapers began yelling in surprise and disbelief 'Woman! Woman!' As they steered ashore, they kept staring at her. In captivity, Turney was blindfolded, led away from her male comrades, incarcerated alone in a tiny cell, and stripped naked. 'They took everything from me apart from my knickers', says Turney, 'They could do anything now and nobody would know.' In addition to rape, Turney feared death when she 'heard saws and hammers. Then a woman measured me. I feared it was my coffin', she adds in a tone of gothic horror.

It is interesting how Turney's tale subscribes and perpetuates the formulaic plotline of female captivity genre such as Elizabeth Marsh's *The Female*

Captive (1769) and the *History of the Captivity and Sufferings of Mrs. Maria Martin* (1807). For her story, Turney received more than £100,000 in a lucrative joint deal with *The Sun* and ITV channel. None of her male comrades received as much. Her story continued to attract the headlines, while theirs virtually sank into oblivion. Obviously, the account of a female hostage has a much higher media value than male tales.

Another post 9/11 female captivity story that attracted huge media attention and was frequently invoked in relation to Turney's abduction is that of the American Private Jessica Lynch. On 23 March 2003, during the early stages of the Allied Forces' invasion of Iraq, 19-year-old Lynch was captured by the Iraqis following her injury in a road accident and placed in a private room for treatment in Nassiriya hospital. When the news of her imprisonment reached the US forces, Special Forces commandos raided the hospital and rescued her. The dramatic rescue operation was filmed and the footage aired on television world wide. Lynch immediately developed into a national icon and her captivity and rescue began to be framed within the rhetorics and politics of a female captivity tradition.

The media made references to Lynch as a brave American female soldier with blond hair, while *The Washington Post* (3 April 2003) invoked her 'daring exploits' in her standoff against the Iraqis, claiming that she 'continued firing at Iraqis even after she sustained multiple gunshot wounds', preferring death before being 'taken alive'. Commenting on Lynch's story of captivity and redemption, *The New York Times* (6 April 2003) says that it reads as a 'classic happy ending of a classic American captivity story'. Miss Lynch was young, blond, pretty, and single, a perfect typecast for a captivity heroine. Like the American heroines in Indian captivity the desert captive 'confronted dangers and upheld her faith; in so doing, she became a symbol, representing the nation's virtuous identity to itself'.

Simultaneously with this highly romanticised image of the American desert heroine, Lynch was construed as a victim of alien sexuality. 'Heroine Tells of Ordeal: I Was Raped by Saddam's Beasts' reads a sensational headline in the *Daily Star* (7 November 2003). In *I am a Soldier, Too* (2003), Lynch's biographer, Rick Bragg, deliberately entitles one of the chapters 'A Blonde Captive' to associate her experience with the Oriental and Indian captivity tradition. Bragg, invoking an allegation recurrent in Western Barbary captivity discourse during the age of piracy, affirms that Lynch was cruelly tortured and sodomized. Lynch never actually claims to have been sexually abused, yet, even when she contradicts the allegation, she complicitously does nothing to prevent its circulation in her biography. The perpetuation of the stereotypical image of a rapist Muslim molesting a white female is meant not only to demonize the enemy and rally support for the war efforts but also to promote the marketability of the captive's tale. For her book rights Lynch signed a contract worth \$1 million.

Lynch became the symbol of the American conquest of Iraq. The Iraqi insurgents were determined to upset the American sense of victory and heroism by trying 'to kidnap an American woman in order to shock the American public' (*The Washington Times*, 1 July 2004). This became more urgent following the release of the shocking Abu Ghraib images with an American woman, Lynndie England, sexually torturing Iraqi POWs and the reports of the systematic rape of Iraqi women detainees by US guards.

The insurgents' plan would materialize on 7 January 2006, with the abduction of 28-year-old Jill Carroll, a freelancer for the *Christian Science Monitor*. The captors threatened death to their hostage unless the Americans released Iraqi women from military custody. The US forces raided houses and arrested or killed Iraqis in a desperate attempt to set Carroll free. The Lynch rescue scenario, however, could not be repeated. Carroll was paraded in several videos pleading for the US to comply with her kidnappers' demands. The image of a wretched female hostage, trembling, sobbing and begging to be released from her heavily armed captors, who pose in their black attire with threatening banners, was intended by the kidnappers to shock American public opinion and project their enemies in a position of helpless vulnerability through the metaphor of the powerless female body.

Carroll was also coerced to promote her captors' agenda. In the videos Carroll denounced the forces of occupation, describing her kidnappers as patriotic *mujahideen* who battle for the liberation of their country. Interestingly, in an interview on Baghdad Television following her release after about three months in captivity, Carroll still talked of her captors in positive terms. 'I was treated very well', she says, 'They never threatened me in any way.' Confoundingly, even after her homecoming, Carroll continued to humanize her abductors. In her captivity narrative '*Hostage: The Jill Carroll Story*', serialized in *The Christian Science Monitor* in August 2006, Carroll affirms that during her captivity she enjoyed many privileges: her captors treated her kindly, calling her their sister. And unlike in the case of Turney or Lynch, Carroll makes no reference to sexual threat; the real threat she faced was of a spiritual nature. Echoing a common trope in female Barbary captivity stories, Carroll says that her captors began to teach her the Qur'an and zealously endeavoured to persuade her to become a Muslim. Carroll was eager to learn more about Islam but unwilling to change her faith.

A post 9/11 hostage who was willing to cross the religious and cultural boundary is 43-year-old British journalist Yvonne Ridley. Ridley was arrested by the Taliban on 28 September 2001 while trying to sneak into Afghanistan disguised in a burqa. She was incarcerated in Kabul and faced trial on suspicion of spying. In her captivity autobiography *In the Hands of the Taliban* (2001), Ridley writes that on the way to Jalalabad she dreaded being gang-raped when one of the Taliban started fondling her. She was also greatly terrified at the idea of being stoned to death as a spy. However, the Taliban treated her courteously and set her free. Back home, Ridley was horrified

to discover that during her captivity the British intelligence or the CIA had leaked false information framing her as an Israeli spy so as to have her executed by the Taliban and thereby bolster popular support for coalition air-strikes on Afghanistan. 'Obviously if the barbaric Taliban had tortured and killed me', she says, 'it would have provided a wonderful piece of propaganda for the West'.

During her captivity, a Taliban cleric tried to persuade Ridley to embrace Islam. She promised to learn more about Islam when she was back in London. She kept her word and eventually converted, adopted the veil, and turned into a bitter critic of the West. The media were perplexed at this unexpected twist in Ridley's captivity story and quickly diagnosed it as a classic Stockholm Syndrome – the captives' reaction to kidnapping by sympathizing with their captors.

Interestingly, the post 9/11 stories by white women captives in the Orient – Turney, Lynch, Carroll, and Ridley – exhibit striking continuities with Oriental captivity. They, too, have abduction and incarceration in remote and utterly alien lands, fear of death, emotional terror, risk of cultural contamination, and, more importantly, Muslim sexual predation. These are, indeed, the ingredients that have made female captivity memoirs such a fascinatingly gripping and popular genre from the time of the Barbary pirates to the era of the 'war on terrorism'.

This anthology offers a collection of accounts by white women captives in North Africa during the age of piracy. These narratives were very popular and contributed powerfully in the shaping of Western encounters with the Islamic world. In the context of the 'war on terrorism', these narratives have assumed a strikingly topical significance as their tropes, rhetorics, and politics have been reproduced and recycled in the post 9/11 narratives by Western women hostages of Islam.

Acknowledgements

I owe a debt of gratitude, in the writing and publication of this book, to a number of friends, colleagues, and institutions. First of all, I would like to express my deep gratitude and great appreciation to Barbara Guenther for her constant support and encouragement. Guenther has provided me with excellent reference material, invaluable feedback on the first draft of my introduction, and hosted me on several occasions while I was conducting my research at Northwestern University Library.

I should also like to record my indebtedness to Nabil Matar, who read the draft of the introduction and offered insightful comments and suggestions. He has been wonderfully supportive and provided me with invaluable references and rare primary sources.

Thanks are also due to Laura van den Broek for having patiently and painstakingly checked my translation of Ter Meetelen's narrative against the Dutch original and for her translation of additional sections. She also generously provided me with priceless archival material. Without her help the translation of Ter Meetelen may never have been completed. NIMAR, the Dutch Institute in Rabat, has generously funded and facilitated the translation project and I would like to record by deep gratitude and appreciation to Jan Hoogland, director of the institute.

The anonymous reader for Palgrave Macmillan has made detailed comments and significant suggestions on the manuscript, most of which I have incorporated.

I am grateful to the International Development Centre at the Open University, Milton Keynes, in the person of Alcinda Honwana, for awarding me a fellowship to conduct research in Britain in 2007. Thanks also go to Suman Gupta, the ex-codirector of the Ferguson Centre, for supporting my fellowship application and for his enthusiasm for this project. Though the fellowship was on a different project, it allowed me to acquire the necessary references for this book. I must also thank the Moroccan American Commission for Education and Cultural Exchange in Rabat for a Fulbright research grant in the summer of 2008 and Northwestern University for providing research facilities.

During my research visits to Britain and America, I worked at the British Library, the National Archive, the Senate House Library, the Open University Library, the Northwestern University Library, the Regenstein Library at Chicago, the New York Public Library, and the Library of Congress. The staff at each of these libraries were wonderful and exceptionally helpful and I would like to give them special thanks.

I likewise thank warmly Brian Edwards for having provided me with references, encouragement, and much needed assistance and for his enthusiastic support of my application for the Fulbright Grant. My great appreciation goes also to Ricardo Larémont for giving me excellent feedback on my translation of the pieces included in the appendices. Paul Baepler and Felicity Nussbaum have kindly provided me with very useful material.

Thanks are also due to Mohammed Laamiri who has been a special source of inspiration to this and other projects. Larbi Rddad and his gracious wife hosted me during my research visit to New York. They made my visit a very fruitful and enjoyable experience and I wish to thank them warmly.

Some sections in the introduction have appeared in 'White Women and Moorish Fancy in Eighteenth-Century Literature' in *The Arabian Nights in Historical Context: Between East and West* (eds Saree Makdisi and Felicity Nussbaum (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008). I thank the publisher for permission to use this material.

A Note on the Texts

This selection of female Barbary narratives includes eight texts, published over a century, from 1735 to 1830. The first four, printed in Europe, are historical. The other four, printed in America, claim to be historical but they are almost certainly fictitious.

The anthology is arranged in chronological order of the date of publication. The narratives went through various editions; in most cases I have used the first edition, except in the case of Velnet where the 1806 edition has been used, instead of the 1800, because the original is hard to read, and in Martin where the 1807 edition has been used, instead of the 1806, because this edition enjoyed a wide circulation.

The present English translation of Maria ter Meetelen's autobiography, *Miraculous and Remarkable Events of Twelve Years Slavery, of a Woman, Called Maria ter Meetelen, Resident of Medemblik*, is based on the French translation by G. H. Bousquet and G. W. Bousquet-Mirandolle, *L'Annotation ponctuelle de la description de voyage étonnante et la captivité remarquable et triste* (Paris: Larose, 1956) and checked by Laura van den Broek against the Dutch version she co-edited in *Christenslaven: De slavernij-ervaringen van Cornelis Stout in Algiers, 1678–1680, en Maria ter Meetelen in Marokko, 1731–1743* (Zutphen: Walburg Pers, 2006). Ter Meetelen's style is very awkward, ungrammatical and sometimes obscure. The present translation has tried to be as faithful to ter Meetelen's queer style as possible. The original spelling of proper and geographical names have also been preserved. Some of the notes in van den Broek's edition have been incorporated in this English translation.

Elizabeth Marsh's *The Female Captive* was published without the name of the author. Dates and names of several people and places have been erased and replaced by long dashes. I have supplanted most of the erased information by relying on a number of sources: first the unique original manuscript Elizabeth Marsh composed soon after her arrival in England under the title *The Following Narrative Was Written by Miss Elizabeth Marsh, During her Captivity in Barbary in the Year 1756*, available at the Special Collections of the University of California, Los Angeles. Second, the copy of *The Female Captive* at the British Library (Shelfmark: 1417.a.5) contains manuscript notes by Sir William Musgrave, who seems to have been acquainted with Mrs Crisp's family, divulging several of the erased names, places, and dates. His notes have been silently incorporated into the present edition. I have also benefited from the letters related to Marsh's captivity available at the National Archive and from Linda Colley's biography *The Ordeal of Elizabeth Marsh* (2007).

The texts are reproduced in their entirety, including prefaces. However, the list of subscribers in Marsh's *The Female Captive* and the ethnographic accounts annexed to Velnet, Martin, Bradley and Laranda have been omitted.

I have retained all original forms of spelling and punctuation and typographical inconsistencies (chearful/cheerful) exactly as they appear in the original. I have however modernized *f* into *s* and *u* into *v* and *vv* into *w* and in very few cases corrected obvious typographical errors.

1

Introduction

1.1 Slave Hunting in the Mediterranean

Beginning in the early sixteenth century, the Mediterranean basin was a scene of increasing piratical activities between Islam and Christendom. Cargoes were plundered and crew and passengers hauled into slave markets. The return of Muslim corsair-galleys with spoils and captives was celebrated with the discharging of cannons, flaunting of banners, beating of drums, powder-play, and women's *zgarit* (cries of joy). Merchants, officials, families and relatives of corsairs, and the curious inhabitants thronged to the pier to welcome the sea-warriors and contemplate their booty. An old Moroccan *malhun* poem celebrates the corsairs' victorious raid on Malta and their return with a haul of 'beautiful Christian girls, yet virgin and pure as diamonds.' Having disembarked in Salé, the corsair *Rais* (captain) and versifier chants: 'Rejoice, O my kinsmen and my comrades at the arrival of the fair beauties!'¹ A young English girl describes the jubilant celebrations of the natives following the arrival of captives:

They landed us at a sandy Beach, which ... was covered with some Thousands of *Moors*, shouting and hallooing ... we went two Miles over a heavy Sand, and a Band of their Music before us ... and, all the Way, we were entertained with a confused Noise of Women's Voices from the Tops of the Houses, which surprised me much, until I was informed it was a Testimony of Joy on the Arrival of a Female Captive.²

The arrival of Christian female captives occasioned tremendous excitement and rejoicing: for brokers, they were a lucrative merchandise; wealthy people and powerful officials saw in them a fit opportunity to supplant their harems with fresh beauties; while for pious Muslims these women were a potentially easy addition to the faith.

Women were an ideal quarry for corsairs. Their abduction was keenly promoted as it guaranteed a substantial profit: they sold well at the slave

market and, as evidenced by Edmund Cason, their ransom price was usually higher than that of their male consorts.³ Hence, when serving under Salé colours, the English captive John Dunton was instructed by his Moroccan master to make for the 'English Channel for taking English women, being of more worth than other'.⁴ Furthermore, for a corsair Rais, a good-looking *nasrania* (Christian woman) was a perfect gift to express his allegiance to his sovereign or solicit his favour. For instance, in 1534 the notorious Khair-Eddine Barbarossa forayed Fondi in Italy with the design of capturing the reputedly charming Countess Julia Gonzaga and presenting her to Suleyman the Magnificent as a token of his devotion.⁵

In the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, the majority of women taken captive were seized during slaving sorties into European coastal towns and villages. In 1617, corsairs raided the isle of Madeira with an armada of eight vessels and 800 mariners, snatching no fewer than 1200 men, women, and children.⁶ A decade later, Morat Rais, with three vessels and 200 seamen, many of them British renegades, made a spectacular descent into Reykjavik in Iceland, capturing 400 inhabitants, mostly women and children.⁷ In 1637, Algerian and Tunisian corsairs with eight galleys snapped up 64 men, 94 children, and 125 women from Ceriale in Italy.⁸ In the same year, the Algerians raided the Spanish village of Calpe; the 315 captives were again mostly women and children.⁹

The British Isles were by no means secure. On 20 June 1631, the Flemish renegade Mourad Rais raided the Irish town of Baltimore, carrying off into slavery 20 men and 89 women and children.¹⁰ Pierre Dan visited Algiers in the 1630s on a redemptive mission and found in the city about 200 female slaves,¹¹ some of them fresh arrivals from Baltimore. On 4 August 1639, Giles Penn reported 'of the heathen moors of Salé of whom there came such grievous and Pitifull Complaints of taking men, women, and children ... to the number of one thousand within these six months of England, and Ireland'.¹² Six years later, in 1645, guided by a Cornish renegade, Barbary pirates, raided Cornwall at night, 'carrying off goods and prisoners, including about 200 women, some of them ladies of rank and fortune'.¹³

In the second half of the eighteenth century, the Maghribi Navy shrank substantially; yet it was still able carry out a few daring slaving expeditions. In 1727, a Tunisian corsair struck the coastal village of San Felice Circeo in Lazio, enslaving 21 women and eight men.¹⁴ As late as 1798, the Tunisians raided the city of Carloforte in the island of San Pietro off Sardinia, abducting 550 women, 200 men, and 150 children.¹⁵

To victims of *razzia* (raids) into Christian territories were added captures at sea. The Age of Discoveries and Expansionism prompted an increasing number of women to accompany their husbands, parents, or relatives on long sea voyages. Some of them fell into the hands of corsairs. In 1636, a Salé corsair made a prize of a ship called *Little David* and rejoiced in discovering on board '50 men and boys and 7 women bound for Virginia'.¹⁶ On 16 October 1670,

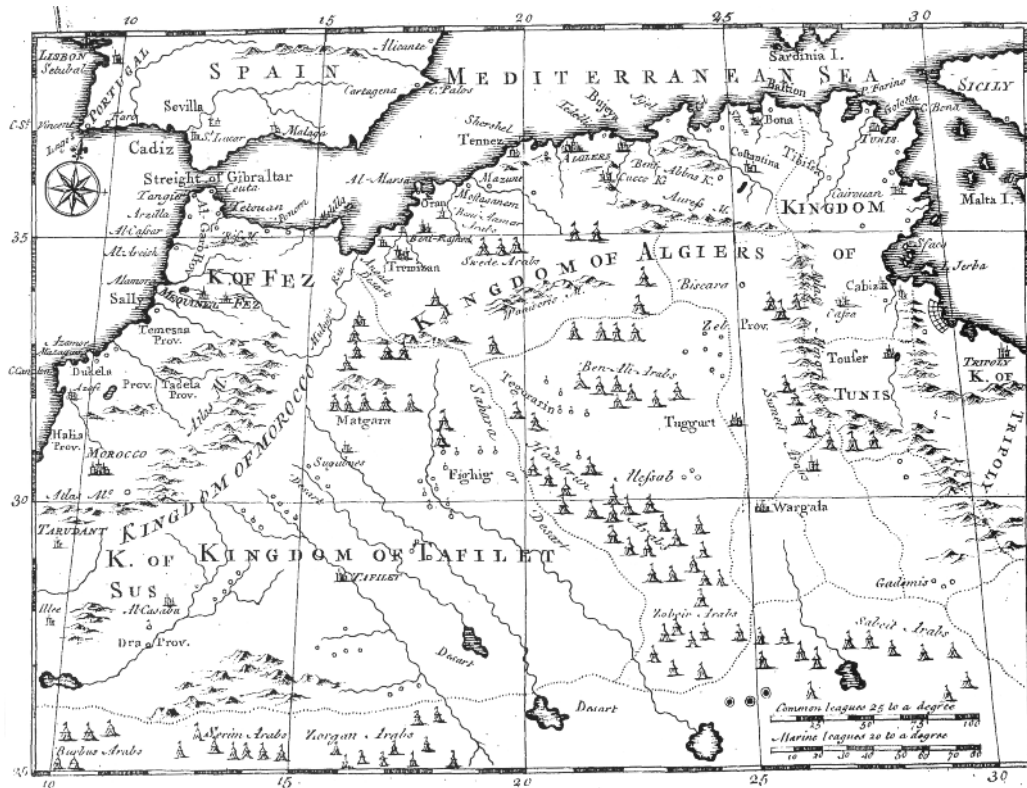


Illustration 1.1 Map of North Africa. Several voyages to Barbary (London: 1736)

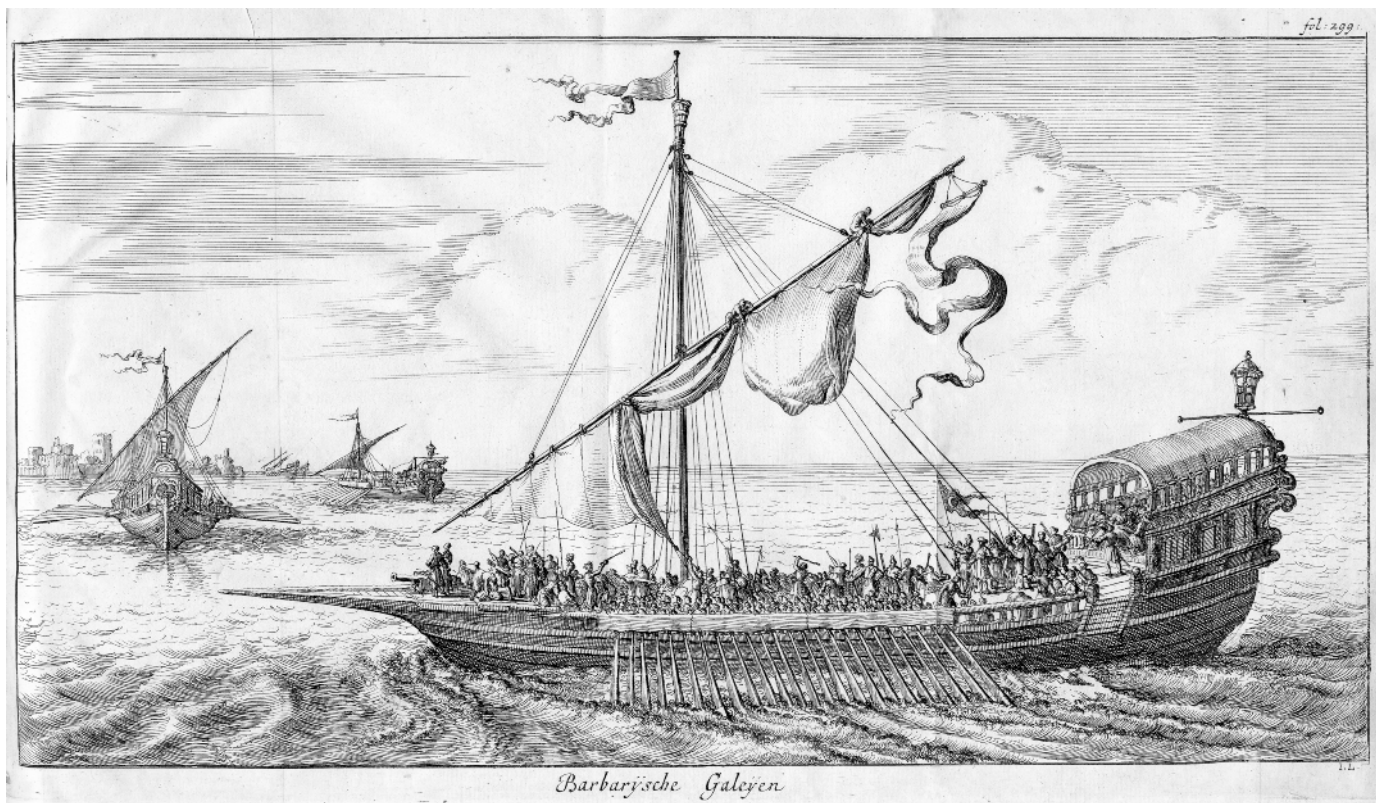


Illustration 1.2 Barbary galley. Pierre Dan, *Historie van Barbaryen* (Amsterdam: 1684)

40 men and four women were seized on a French vessel.¹⁷ In 1684, four English women were captured.¹⁸ Two years later, three young French girls fell captive,¹⁹ and in 1695, two Portuguese girls endured a similar fate.²⁰

In 1715, a Spanish woman and her two daughters were enslaved.²¹ Three years later, two British women were carried off to Meknès.²² In 1719, a renegade Rais from Algiers captured a ship on board of which were five French women.²³ In 1722, a missive from Tetuan announced the seizure of thirteen men and two women on an English prize.²⁴ In July 1726, the English Consul Anthony Hatfield mentions the capture of '23 men and women', on board a British ship.²⁵ During his redemptive mission to Meknès in 1727, Braithwaite discovered among the captives two Dutch and two English Jewesses taken on British colours.²⁶ On 16 August 1747, the Algerians captured an Irish detachment on its way to Majorca; four of the soldiers' womenfolk were also seized.²⁷ A Swedish slave in 1754 reports the capture of four women, two French and two Spanish.²⁸ Two years later, a young English lady, a boy, and twelve men were brought to Salé as slaves.²⁹ In 1758, the British *Litchfield* warship wrecked on the coast of Tangier; among the 122 survivors were three women. They were conducted to Marrakech as slaves.³⁰

In addition to these figures, many women were enslaved during European colonial incursions into North Africa. In 1541, Charles V of Spain attacked Algeria with an impressive armada of 120 vessels. 'Several Ladies also accompanied his Court, besides many of the Wives and Daughters of the Officers and Soldiers.' The conquerors established a coastal settlement but a tempestuous storm severely hit their anchored fleet and the Muslims fell upon the Spanish presidio, taking 'away Multitudes of Slaves',³¹ several of them women. In 1578, Sebastian of Portugal invaded Morocco. Being sure of a swift victory, many officers brought their spouses with them, while the soldiers were furnished with 'those sweete wenches that the Frenchmen do merrilie call the daughters of delight'. The invaders were utterly routed. 'The men, women, boys ... taken in this bataille by the Moores were in number about fourteen thousand. ... So everie man carried home with him his prisoners and spoil.'³² The chronicler Abd al-Aziz az-Zayyati reports that following Portugal's defeat a great number of slaves was hauled to the markets, causing a sharp fall in prices so that owning a white slave was affordable even to poor families.³³ In April 1681, the Moroccans liberated Mamora (al-Mahdiyya) from Spain, making captive 300 men and 37 women.³⁴ Likewise, with the capitulation of Laarach in 1689, no fewer than 1800 Spaniards were conducted to Meknès as slaves.³⁵

In 1816, the number of Christian slaves in Algiers was claimed to be 1600,³⁶ a clear indication that the capture of Europeans lingered well into the nineteenth century. In the same year, the Dey of Algiers smuggled a Sardinian girl into his seraglio on her way from the French consulate; despite French protest, she was never restored. It was believed that the Dey designed the abduction of the daughters of European consuls. 'Mr McDonell's daughter,

pretty and young, for my harem; the Spanish Consul's daughter, who is ugly, to serve the favourite ... and all the Consuls shall be killed if they dare to complain', he is said to have confided to his diary.³⁷ In 1830, France conquered Algeria under the pretext of eradicating white slavery, only to provide Algerians with the opportunity of capturing Europeans on their own soil. For instance, in 1836, the Algerian resistance led by Emir Abd al-Kader captured the French Mademoiselle Jeanne Lanternier, together with her mother and two German girls. They were all presented as a gift to the sultan of Morocco for his support of the Algerian resistance.³⁸

Perhaps this is the last instance of the capture of European women by North Africans, yet well into the twentieth century, Moorish depredations of yore are still recalled with dread by a Sicilian woman:

The oldest [still] tell of a time in which the Turks arrived in Sicily every day. They came down in the thousands from their galleys and you can imagine what happened! They seized unmarried girls and children, grabbed things and money and in an instant they were [back] aboard their galleys, set sail and disappeared ... The next day it was the same thing, and there was always the bitter song, as you could not hear other than the lamentations and invocations of the mothers and the tears that ran like rivers through all the houses.³⁹

1.2 Muslim Women Slaves in Christian Lands

The instances of captivity mentioned above can by no means convey the magnitude and impact of the enslavement of white woman in North Africa. However, in order to comprehend better the complex history and dynamics of white slave trafficking in the Mediterranean zone, it is of vital importance to read this phenomenon in conjunction with the history of Muslim enslavement in Christendom.

Western discourse has routinely popularized and capitalized on the image of white women in Muslim bondage. Piracy, as Abdallah Laroui argues, was 'a Mediterranean and not specifically Maghribi phenomenon',⁴⁰ and Muslim women, too, were vulnerable to enslavement in the land of the Christians. During his visit to Sardinia in the early twelfth century, the Muslim traveler Ibn Jubayr witnessed in the city slave market the auction of about 80 slaves 'between men and women' who had been snatched by Christian pirates 'from the sea-coasts of Muslim countries'.⁴¹ In Marseilles on 19 May 1248, Aicha was sold for nine pounds; two months later, Fatima was auctioned in the same city.⁴² Christian raids on North African coasts were so frequent and devastating that coastal dwellers lived in perpetual dread. The Muslim traveler Abd al Basit ibn Khalil relates that when he was sailing to Tunis in 1464 and was forced by a violent gale to anchor near Bejaïa, the alarmed inhabitants 'took to flight, believing that our ship belonged to

Christian pirates who voluntarily and cunningly disguised themselves to capture the Muslims'.⁴³

With the Spanish conquest of Tripoli in 1510, countless men, women, and children were hauled off into European slave markets so that a Muslim was sold at the price of 3 to 25 ducats.⁴⁴ More slaves poured into slave markets following the fall of Tunis in 1535. Portuguese raids on the Shawiya province in Morocco in 1518–19 made about 2000 inhabitants captive.⁴⁵ In 1552, the notorious Knights of Malta attacked Zouara in Tripoli, capturing a great number of men, women, and children.⁴⁶ In 1596, among the slaves sold at Cagliari in Sardinia were two Muslim women and their little children.⁴⁷ In 1584, the Venetians captured a Tunisian ship and executed all crew and passengers, including 45 women.⁴⁸ In August 1602, European pirates in Muslim disguise sacked the Tunisian town of Hammamat. A Spaniard who participated in the raid confessed: 'We captured all the women and children, and a few men (having most of the men fled). We embarked 700 souls.' On 18 September 1607, a fleet composed of 15 vessels with 200 knights and 2000 soldiers made an incursion into the Algerian town of Bona (Annaba), making at least 1500 slaves, 'men, women and children'.⁴⁹ In 1610, the French made a prize of a small Algerian galley and carried it to Toulon, where the captain immediately sold into slavery two female captives.⁵⁰ In 1697, the Spaniards captured 'seventeen Moors and three women, one Jewish and two Moorish'.⁵¹ In September 1716, a French ship transporting 159 Muslim men and 26 women and children to the Levant foundered near the port of Syracuse. The castaways managed to reach the shore safely only to fall prey to the inhabitants, who despoiled them of all their effects and confined them up in the city pen. Captives of rank were held for ransom while poor ones were destined to be sold as slaves.⁵²

Since the fifteenth century, Portugal and Spain occupied numerous coastal towns throughout North Africa and used them as bases from which to launch surprise incursions into nearby villages, often resulting in the abduction of innumerable inhabitants. Such raids continued well into the late eighteenth century, as revealed by Abu Râs an-Nâsiri:

The Christians raided Tessala and took prisoners, among whom Saint Sidi Blâha and his three daughters who remained three years in Oran [under Spanish rule]. The Sheikh was ransomed and subsequently two of his daughters, while the third one lingered in captivity and her mother wept for her incessantly.⁵³

The British, too, had their own share in the capture of North Africans. In 1625, a list of Maghribi captives in England includes several men and one woman, Massouta by name.⁵⁴ On 30 November 1626, there were at Launceston jail '50 Turkish prisoners without money or clothes'.⁵⁵ In the same year, Charles I authorized the transportation 'into the parts of Barbary

such and so many Moores as are at this tyme prisoners in this our realme of England'⁵⁶ to have them exchanged for English slaves. On 11 April 1662, *La Gazette de France* reports the shipment of 200 Algerian slaves by the English for sale in Spain. Ten years later, 250 Algerians were herded to the English colony of Tangier.⁵⁷ On June 1687, the English captured 130 Moroccans on their way to Mecca for pilgrimage.⁵⁸ These figures reveal that indeed the English corsairs found it 'easy to surprise so many Turks'.⁵⁹

The practice of capturing Muslims was motivated not solely by the need to secure enough slaves to exchange them for Christian captives; it was a lucrative trade that secured a considerable revenue for some European rulers. In a missive to the authorities in 1683, an official inquires for directions as to 'where it would please the king to put the money of the women and negro-girls who had been sold in Malta'.⁶⁰ Slave markets in Cadis, Alecante, Marseilles, Nice, Sicily, Malta, Palermo, Venice, Livourne, and Naples regularly received shipments of Muslim slaves, many of whom were resold in Brazil, West Indies, or India, thereby forfeiting any prospect of ever seeing their country again.

An Algerian slave who was captured together with several women and children wrote to the Dey: 'Nature and Use enable a Man to bear Slavery with some degree of Firmness, but the Women and children call for your Care; their Weakness requires an immediate Deliverance; otherwise, you are answerable for the Sins they might commit.'⁶¹ Apostasy and loss of virtue were the most dreadful sins. Hence, North African rulers came under increasing pressures by the *ulama* (religious scholars) to ransom their subjects from Christian bondage. In a missive to Sultan al-Mansur, Reduane aj-Jinwi (a Genoese convert who became a distinguished Muslim theologian) is outraged that Christian captives should be redeemed and allowed to go back home while Muslims languished in abject slavery in Christendom without any prospect of ever being ransomed. He protests: 'why should all these [redeemed] unbelievers return home ... while our brothers and sisters remain in their hands.'⁶² Following the capture of the port of Asila by the Portuguese in 1471, a religious scholar, Mohammed ibn Yaggrabsh at-Tazi, calls for jihad against the infidels in his book *Kitab al-Jihad*:

Are you aware that your enemies are investigating you and are employing every stratagem in order to get at you? They have gathered together in numbers too large to count and have sent their spies and scouts to every land in order to inform them of what your numbers are. ... Then they will gather ... and go out into these lands ... [The people of this land] will be shackled with chains and irons and every day they will suffer grievous torment; they will become like chattel and slaves and those who only yesterday were rich and secure will tomorrow be poor and afraid. They will be robbed of their possessions, their material conditions will be upset, their women will be separated from them, their daughters will be taken from them, and the unbelievers will compete over the prices at which

they will purchase them. Then they will be separated from each other and sent to every land and [the unbelievers] will seduce them away from their religion and will undermine the strength of their conviction.⁶³

In 1674, the Trinitarians endeavoured to ransom Francisco de Castro, a Spaniard taken into slavery in Tetuan. His master, whose wife and daughter were captives in Spain, adamantly insisted that the slave would never be redeemed unless exchanged for his own wife and daughter. The Trinitarians rescued the two women and Castro was eventually set free.⁶⁴ In March 1685, Ismail Pasha sent a letter to Louix XIV pleading with him to 'have the goodness of restoring the two daughters of Ibrahim,' explaining that their parents were his own servants.⁶⁵ In 1691, Mohammad Abd al-Wahab al Ghassani redeemed no fewer than 1000 Moroccans from Spain, 300 of whom women⁶⁶ – a figure clearly demonstrating that Moorish corsairing was more than matched by European slaving activities. In 1712, the Redemptionist Fathers, a Catholic order devoted to the redemption of Christians enslaved in Muslim lands, transported 22 Moroccan slaves, including women and young girls, to Meknès to have them exchanged for French captives.⁶⁷ In 1766, the Moroccan ambassador al-Mahdi al-Ghazzal ransomed 1000 Moroccans, a great number of whom were women and children. Even in slavery some Muslims strove to redeem women. For example, some Moorish minstrels enslaved in Portugal volunteered to collect contributions for the redemption of female slaves by calling at the dwellings of Muslim slaves, 'playing on their musical instruments and chanting in Arabic: Give an offering for the love of Prophet Mohammed and Muslim holymen to help [ransom] a Muslim woman'.⁶⁸

Muslims zealously endeavoured to redeem women and children, knowing how unremitting the Christians were in their efforts to baptize them. When al-Ghazzal arrived in Spain to redeem slaves, a young Algerian girl reported to him in tears, pleading to be ransomed, complaining that her mistress exhorted her to apostatize and threatened to sell her to a Spaniard who was going to carry her to a remote region, beyond any prospect of redemption.⁶⁹ In 1609, the Genoese transported Algerian women and children to Algiers to have them exchanged for Europeans, but the ten-year-old Fatima was not handed over. Her afflicted parents learnt that her master had sequestered her with the hope of making a Christian of her. In retaliation, the exchange was cancelled.⁷⁰ In 1696, the Algerian Sulayman Bachi was dispatched to France to find and ransom Miss Hara and a little child. Bachi carried out a meticulous search throughout France and even engaged French renegades to assist in the search. They were never recovered.⁷¹

In Europe, young Muslim slaves were usually wrested from their parents with the intention of having them baptized. A woman was ransomed in the early eighteenth century but was prevented from taking with her her three-year-old daughter whom, she was told, had been baptized.⁷² A European pirate abducted seven Tripolitan females; three of them, being

very young, 'were taken into Christian families to be raised in the faith'.⁷³ The Vatican archive abounds with instances of Muslim girls who were baptized at a very young age and assigned Christian names. For instance, on 7 August 1687, six-year-old Fatima from Salé was baptized Anna Maria Frangi; on 10 August 1726, seven-year-old Rachida from Algiers was baptized Maria Teresia Dancin; on 28 March 1739, three-year-old Camar Amia from Meknès was baptized Geltrudis Galli.⁷⁴

There are also cases of adult women who converted. Fatima, a noble Algerian lady, was seized while sailing to join her fiancé and enslaved in Corsica:

Being there instructed in the Verities of our holy Religion, and touched with the Sublimity of our Mysteries, and the purity of our Morals, she most earnestly demanded Baptism; which she received with the Christian Appellatives Maria Eugenia; instead of her primitive name Futima; And afterwards refusing a Sum of Money sent by the *Turks* to purchase her Ransom, she espoused a *Corsican Christian*.⁷⁵

Fatima's apostasy is described as a wilful decision; for many other slaves, however, as evidenced in the Inquisitional archives, conversion proved to be a harrowing ordeal. For instance, there is the moving story of a Moroccan woman who had been enslaved in Lisbon for 22 years and converted to Christianity as Ana Fernandes de Melo. In 1559, she was incarcerated upon the charge of having reverted to Islam. During her questioning by the Inquisition, Ana confessed that she and other crypto-renegades used to meet clandestinely to pray to Allah to return them to *Dar al Islam* so that they could worship with total freedom.⁷⁶ There is also the puzzling case of Susana Daça, a Muslim convert enslaved in Palermo in the late sixteenth century. Soon after baptism, she falls in love with a Muslim who prevails upon her to revert back to Islam. Her next lover is a Jew, and again she professes her adherence to his faith. Then, smitten with guilt, Susana spontaneously reports at the Saint Office to confess her sin. Hardly has she been absolved when she reappears before the inquisitors to pierce their holinesses' ears with even more sacrilegious revelations: she was involved in a sexual relation with a Catholic priest, profaned sacred Church linen, and defiled the consecrated host. Being proven an irreversible 'Moor', Susana was given a life sentence.⁷⁷

Several women converted to alleviate their sufferings only to realize that, in addition to physical, psychological, and spiritual sufferings, they were subjected to the racial and religious intolerance of the Inquisition. Hence a renegade warned one of her compatriots who was considering baptism that 'the Christians of this land imprison Moors immediately after their conversion'.⁷⁸ Isabel de Crato not only repented of her apostasy, she also strove to deter other Muslims from following suit 'since they would have to endure all that misery'.⁷⁹ A certain Maria converted under the promise that

she would be reunited with her little daughter; when that did not happen, she reneged. During her trial the afflicted mother declared that she was insensible to burning.⁸⁰ Maltreated and tortured with mental and emotional strain, the renegade Luzia hung herself from an olive tree.⁸¹

Interestingly, in his seminal study *Al Maghariba fi al Burtugal (Moroccans in Portugal)* Bouchareb demonstrates that Muslim women withheld apostasy much longer than their male consorts; the cases of reversion to Islam by female renegades investigated by the Inquisition were at times much higher than those of men. Many of the Christianized women secretly gave their children Islamic names and taught them Arabic and the precepts of Islam, hoping that one day they would escape back to *Dar al-Islam*. Before attempting her escape, a slave who could not carry her little daughter with her decided to murder her rather than leave her behind to face slavery and apostasy. Many other women resorted to abortion, abhorring the idea of begetting children in slavery and the prospect of their baptism.⁸²

Given the paucity of information, the true stories of Muslim women enslaved in Europe may never be fully recovered, yet Renaissance drama – the mass media of that time – could shed some light on what they might have endured. To early seventeenth-century audiences in London, Moorish women feature invariably as lascivious maidservants. This is the case in John Martson's *The Wonder of Women* (1606), John Webster's *The White Devil* (1611), John Fletcher's *The Knight of Malta* (1616–18), and Philip Massinger's *Believe as You List* (1628?). In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, intent on humiliating her would-be-lover, Mary places her Moorish waiting-woman in her own bed. The unsuspecting lover sleeps with the dark wench, believing he is enjoying his beloved Mary. Thrilled at the success of the trick, Mary rewards her maid with 'a new Petticoat'. Being exiled in a foreign land and stigmatized as libidinous creatures, Moorish women are unable to gainsay the whims of their masters and mistresses. In Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*, Launcelot is reprimanded for 'getting up one of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you'. He nonchalantly blames his conduct on the wantonness of the Moor, whom he brands as being 'less than an honest woman'.⁸³ Being apprehensive of sexual molestation an Oriental woman in *The Knight of Malta* explains her plight to her Maltese master, entreating him to spare her honour:

I have lost my husband, sir;
 You feel not that: him that I love; you care not
 When fortune falls on you thus you may grieve too;
 My liberty, I kneel not for; mine honour,
 (If ever virtuous touched your heart yet)
 Make deere, precious sir: you have a mother.⁸⁴

Sexual molestation of North African female captives is hinted at by Thomas Pellow in his account of the abduction of Madame Luna, a Moroccan Jewess.

In 1738, Luna was smuggled to Gibraltar on board the very ship where Pellow effected his escape. Her child was left ashore and Pellow callously advised the distressed mother to forsake him and, to alleviate her anxiety about her fate in Europe, he equivocally and cynically reassured her that her 'bright Beauty' was 'a very sufficient Protection'.⁸⁵

In the early nineteenth century, eight Muslim women, one of them 'exceeding fair', were auctioned off by Greek pirates. They were rescued by an American captain and granted permission to return to their country. However, being so smitten with shame and disgrace, they decided to exile themselves in America

from the fact that their degradation by capture and exposure to the Greeks, and particularly their having been thrown into the possession of infidels, would irretrievably prevent their recovering their original rank in society in their own country.⁸⁶

As is the case with innumerable Maghribi women who left no traces in the annals of history, the story of these women and that of Madame Luna might never be recovered. Fortunately, there is a unique letter by a Fassi lady, Lalla Fatna, enslaved together with her husband and maid in Malta. In this letter, perhaps the only extant female Muslim captivity account in the Arabic language, Lalla Fatna complains to Sultan Moulay Sulayman (1792–1822) of her cruel treatment by her Maltese master:

the *Rumi* who owns me sits on a chair, puts the inkwell in my lap ... and smokes in my lap and the smoke rises up my lap and against my face. I said to him: 'Enemy of God, why do you smoke in my lap?' He said: 'You are mine, I do with you whatever pleases me.' And he went up to her husband and put him in irons and threw him in jail. ... Then, the infidel locked her up and fastened all the doors, leaving her alone with no light and allowed none to enter.⁸⁷

She also recounts how her master hit her so hard on her belly, provoking a miscarriage of a five-month-old fetus. The letter concludes with an invocation of Allah to grant victory to the sultan and the Muslim navy. Appeals such as this prompted Maghribi potentates to spare no efforts in redeeming their subjects; not infrequently, they drove them to wreak vengeance on their foes by taking more of them captive so that the cycle of violence and counter violence escalated relentlessly.

1.3 White Women, Muslim Masters

Like their Muslim counterparts in Europe, Christian women in North Africa had to endure the callous and dehumanizing conditions of trade

in human flesh. Pierre Dan describes in moving terms the sale of female captives in Algiers:

the wives were separate from their husbands, and the children from their fathers ... the husband was sold on one side, and his spouse on the other, her daughter wrested from her arms, without any hope of ever seeing each other again.⁸⁸

The English renegade Joseph Pitts reports that at the Barbary *badistans* white female slaves were subjected to a meticulous examination by their prospective purchasers who 'have liberty to view their Faces, and to put their Fingers into their Mouths to feel their Teeth; and also to feel their Breasts. And ... they are sometimes permitted by the Sellers (in a modest way) to be search'd whether they are Virgins'.⁸⁹ Virginal slaves were highly valued because they were especially recommended by potentates for their harems. Moulay Ismail, it is rumoured, 'touches none but Virgins'⁹⁰ and is claimed to possess no fewer than two thousand concubines of almost every nation,⁹¹ – an inconceivable figure, of course, but one revealing Western hyperbolized fantasies about Muslim harems and the danger that lies in store for captured women. On 25 August 1695, writes Estelle, a corsair Rais took two young Portuguese girls and, knowing his sovereign's proclivity for foreign females, have them conveyed to Meknès where the king 'was waiting for the two lams like a roaring lion, hungry to devour them'.⁹²

Threat of Barbary rape, already exaggerated into fictional proportions in contemporary chronicles, is easily enhanced and incorporated in literary writings. In Massinger's *The Renegado* (1624), the Italian Vitelli is alarmed that his sister, who has been abducted into the Bey of Tunis's seraglio, risks

Not alone to lose her honors, but her soul ...
While he, by force or flattery, compels her
To yield her fair name up to his foul lust.⁹³

When a European vessel in Penelope Aubin's *Noble Slaves* is about to be boarded by Barbary corsairs, a passenger warns his wife: 'you will be ravished from me by some powerful Infidel'.⁹⁴ With similar anxiety, a passenger in 'The Algerine' predicts his fiancée's ravishment should their vessel be overtaken by a chasing corsair and urges the protagonist to kill her and thereby 'save her from a fate ten times worse for her and me than death'.⁹⁵ To the relief of everybody, neither of these instances culminates in consummated rape.

Fear of molestation and absorption into the Muslim fold drove single girls to look for Christian husbands soon after capture. For instance, in May 1693, the Irish Marie Yon married a French slave.⁹⁶ In 1716, the 12-year-old daughter of Diaz married the French Joseph Brouquet. At first, Brouquet, who was one of the sultan's minions, was reluctant to consent to the



Illustration 1.3 A white woman abducted by Barbary corsairs. H. Le Comte, 'Les Pirates Algériens.' G. Esquer, *Iconographie historique de l'Algérie* (Paris: 1929)



Illustration 1.4 European men, women, and children auctioned off at Algiers' slave market. Pierre Dan, *Historie van Barbaryen* (Amsterdam: 1684)

marriage. A priest, however, convinced him that saving the girl's honour and soul was a religious duty.⁹⁷ A Portuguese lady was so anxious about her daughter's virtue that she relinquished all her possessions to a queen to bribe her into procuring her daughter license to wed a Spanish slave.⁹⁸

Other slave girls displayed heroic resistance. When a 15-year-old Spanish girl learnt that she was fancied by the emperor, she urged her mother: 'Dear mother kill me yourself before such misfortune befalls me.' At her instigation, her mother slashed her face with a knife, while the entranced maiden kept urging her 'more my dear mother!' until she was completely disfigured.⁹⁹ Another much quoted story of female repulsion of alien sexuality is that of the Irish Mrs Jones, enslaved in Algiers in 1745. She resists the solicitations of a Janissary and takes refuge in a loft. Furious, the Turk cuts off her son's hand, whereupon the Irish captive hurls a heavy stone on him, breaking his leg. The Turk murders the child and the afflicted mother pelts him with stones, rendering him insensible, then comes down and slays him with his own scimitar.¹⁰⁰

Yet, despite the fact that sexual and spiritual threat facing women captives is a recurrent trope in European discourse and looms large in popular consciousness, there is no indication that their redemption has ever become a prominent issue in European foreign diplomacy. It is confounding, indeed, that female captives are left out of redemption lists and rarely feature in diplomatic correspondences or ransoming petitions. Most of the enslaved males, it should be recalled, were skilled seamen, carpenters, shipwrights, gunners, armorers, or merchants. Their seizure was certainly a painful loss of useful subjects; it was feared that their exposure to Muslim culture might have a corrosive effect on their identity and lead to their acculturation and defection, which would severely imperil the security of Europe.

Indeed, Muslim *razzia* into Christian lands depended in a large measure on the cooperation of Christian converts who offered maritime expertise, linguistic assistance, knowledge, and intelligence. In this context, Stow accuses renegades of having 'taught the Infidels the knowledge and use of Navigation, to the great hurt of Europe'.¹⁰¹ During his visit to Meknès, Braithwaite discovered that the Emperor's military industry was operated mainly by European renegades and that his elite army was constituted of white Moors. Hence his insistence on a speedy ransom of captives lest more would abjure and enlist under the banners of Muslims who 'might be able in a great measure to cruise upon us with our own People'. Renegades might also assist corsairs 'in fitting, building, repairing, and navigating their Ships, that they might be made much more troublesome to us'.¹⁰²

At the family level, the loss of males had a far-reaching devastating impact on their spouses, who often found themselves reduced to abject penury. The loss of a husband meant for the wife not only the loss of a breadwinner but also the shattering of her social and emotional life. As a consequence of her husband's captivity, Maria de Magio and her two daughters had been ostracized and maltreated by their community: 'nowadays [we] are mocked

and scorned with the opprobrium of insolent people'. Another woman complains of the 'danger of dying of hunger for not having anyone to take care of our needs, and moreover of losing the honour of one of our daughters already grown at the age of 24, but so poor that she cannot find a way to get herself a dowry'.¹⁰³

For all these reasons, women in England clamoured vigorously for the release of their breadwinners and protectors. Women acquired authorization to solicit public donations for the redemption of their husbands,¹⁰⁴ and, more importantly, mounted petitioning campaigns to liberate their loved ones. In 1626, the 'Wives of 2000 poore mariners' petitioned the House of Lords to release their husbands, without whose support their 'poore smale children and infantes are almost reddie to perrish and starve'.¹⁰⁵ At times the king of England was so exasperated with female petitioners 'that he is obliged to give them hard usage, both in words and worse'.¹⁰⁶ However, such treatment would in no way deter them from carrying out their campaigns.¹⁰⁷ In 1636, 'a thousand poor women' pressed for the redemption of their husbands and relatives enslaved in Barbary.¹⁰⁸ About that time, 'many poore women' clamoured for the release of 'more than 500 of their husbands, sonnns and friends' enslaved in Algiers and Tunis.¹⁰⁹ Shriill appeals by discontented women continued well into the eighteenth century. Around 1718, 'the wives, mothers and children of persons in captivity in Sally', 174 in number, begged the king to intervene on their behalf, explaining that they 'are ready to perish with extream want, hard labour, in naked conditions, severe strokes, and disability of work'.¹¹⁰

Campaigns and petitions by women grew so numerous and vociferous that they actually evolved into a popular protest.¹¹¹ By contrast, there is no evidence that men who lost their spouses, daughters, or sisters to North Africans showed equal zeal for their liberation. Curiously enough, no mention is made to male petitioners on behalf of their womenfolk, and the state did not have any incentive for intervening on their behalf. Following the arrival in Algiers of the Baltimore captives (at least 85% of whom were women and children), James Frizell repeatedly but vainly applied to the British authorities for funds to redeem 'his Majesties subjects from thraldome'.¹¹² Britain was often reluctant to provide the money, alleging that this 'would encourage the enemy, and make him more eager in the chase when he shall find the Bodies of your Majesty's became so good merchandise'.¹¹³ Of the 107 captives of Baltimore, writes Frizell from Algiers in 1633, 'those remaining now 70 of them to be redeemed the rest being dead and turned Turks'.¹¹⁴ Unless the government acts quickly, he warns, more would be lost. Twelve years later, in 1645, the government eventually intervened. Too late: by then only one Baltimore captive, a woman named Joan Broadbrook, was available for redemption.¹¹⁵ In the case of British women enslaved in Salé in 1636, there were at least 27 in the city.¹¹⁶ The next year, the British navy bombarded Salé, forcing the Saletens to surrender 340 English captives, only eleven of whom were women.¹¹⁷ The British fleet departed home without any enquiry

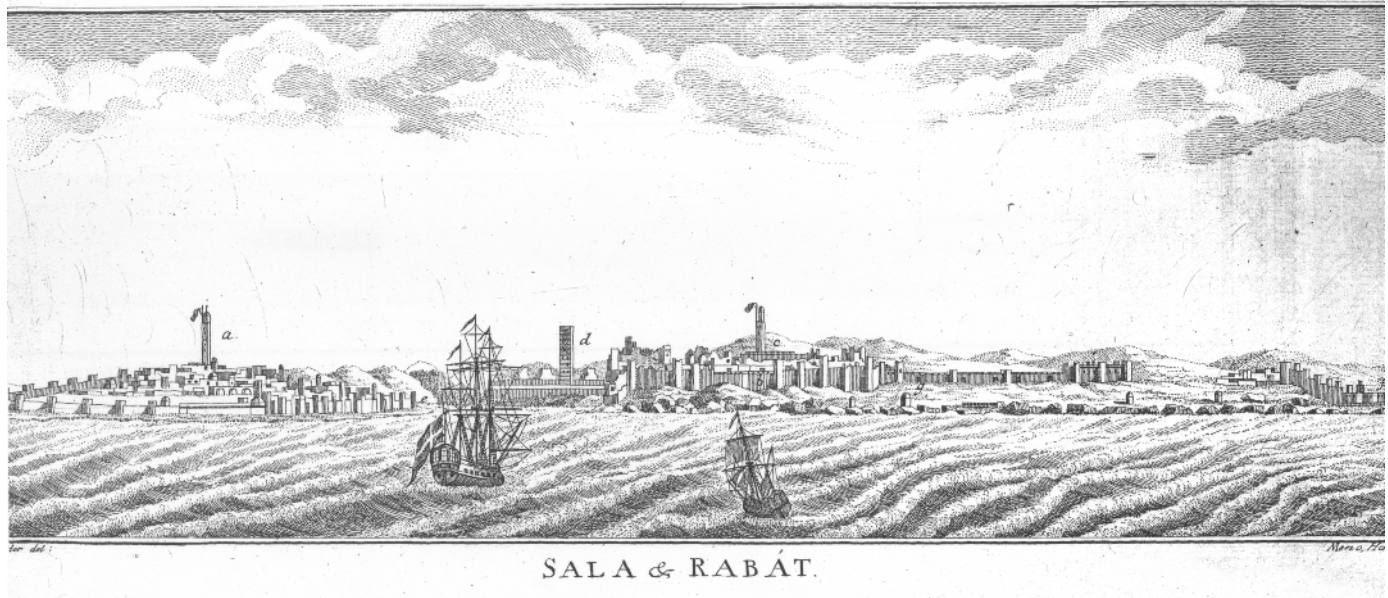


Illustration 1.5 Rabart and Salé. George Høst, *Nachrichten von Marokos und Fes* (Copenhagen: 1781)

as to the fate of the other 16 women who mysteriously vanished in the land of Islam as did those of Baltimore and Iceland.¹¹⁸

When an afflicted husband begged the king of Naples to redeem his wife, the latter offensively exclaimed, 'what, are women so scarce in my dominion?'¹¹⁹ With respect to women of Baltimore, a certain William Gunter who 'beares ye greatest pt in that loss, having his wife and seaven sonns carried away by ye Turkes, Hee will not bee dissuaded from repairing thither to sollicite yr lpps applying some remedie to his griefe.'¹²⁰ Concerning his wife, he might have received an answer not very dissimilar to the one given by the Neapolitan king. Strikingly, a petition was presented to Charles I proposing to him the transportation of British prostitutes, those 'harlots and the idle and the lascivious portion of the female sect', to have them exchanged for seamen enslaved in Barbary.¹²¹

There is no indication of a follow-up to this suggestion, yet it seems unlikely that North Africans would have assented to exchange skilled, productive, and hardworking men for idle women. In North Africa, where work had a vital importance, slaves, as an ex-Barbary slave explains, were valued not simply for their good looks but also for their domestic skills and hand-craftsmanship.¹²² A sixteenth-century Moroccan chronicler, too, notes that the market value for *uljat*, Christian female slaves, depended not only on their refinement but also on their domestic accomplishment:

Those who were bred at the house, given a good education and taught refined tastes, the art of singing, and handwork were sold at the highest prices among the imported [slaves], males or females, according to the amount of their knowledge and skill in the art of singing, entertainment, music, tailoring and embroidery. We purchased among them a group for the Sultan's sons and for other people. For the price of an *ulja*, we paid 2100 *ouqiya* of Sus.¹²³

No wonder, upon discovering the embroidery skills of her new *ulja*, a Basha's wife offered her 'mountains of Gold, if she would renounce her Faith'.¹²⁴

North Africans esteemed a gifted female slave over an idle one; they also differentiated between a noble lady and a poor wench and treated them according to their stations. In this respect, Morgan writes:

Women of Rank, whom the Dey never fails to take to his Share, are committed to the *Chekebeled*, or Mayer of the City, to be kept in his House, where they are well entertained till they are ransomed. The ordinary Sort of Women have the Misfortune to be sold to private Persons.¹²⁵

Affluent women or those having connections could expect a speedy ransom. A French lady negotiated her own ransom price, which she borrowed from a Spanish merchant, and regained freedom after 15 days in captivity. She went

back home to fetch the money and reimburse her creditor.¹²⁶ Similarly, the noble Miss De Bourk was redeemed by the French Consul soon after capture. When the wife and daughter of the governor of a Spanish presidio were captured by Algerians, the king of Spain promptly offered exorbitant money for their ransom and were speedily liberated.¹²⁷ Isabel escaped from captivity in Fez together with her husband and four children because she had the means to handsomely bribe Moroccan guides.¹²⁸ A rich lady lingered in slavery only because her parents were enjoying her estate in France and did not care to ransom her. Having discovered that she empowered a Redemptionist Father to sell her property and pay her ransom. She was set free without delay.¹²⁹

In contrast, women from poorer backgrounds – who were the preeminent victims of piracy – were usually forsaken in slavery, as was the fate of the French brunette Marie Toinette who languished in captivity for 20 years before she was finally ransomed. She went back home with her two mulatto bastard children, begotten in slavery, reportedly from one of the Christian Fathers.¹³⁰ When Captain Walter Croker visited an Algerian bagnio in 1815, he found several poor Sicilian women, among whom was a mother of eight children who had been in captivity for 13 years.¹³¹ Though Croker seemed affected by the scale of their appalling plight, he did nothing to redeem them. Four years earlier, another Sicilian woman and her five daughters had been slaves to a Tunisian for so long a period that it was obvious no one cared to ransom them. The master then took one of the girls into his harem and set free her mother and sisters – a price for their liberation, without which perhaps they would never have regained freedom.¹³²

No wonder captives felt neglected in Barbary bondage, discarded and abandoned by country and countrymen. In a letter to his wife from Meknès, a captive grieved that ‘all Christian People have forgotten us in England. ... We have had many Temptations to Turn Moores’.¹³³ Given what might be called a conspiracy of silence regarding their plight, female captives must have experienced an even greater sense of neglect and therefore a stronger propensity to desert a nation that had already renounced them. In Diego de Torrès’ *Histoire des Cherifs*, despair of ever being ransomed drove a Portuguese noblewoman to abjure her faith. Mencia was captive to a Moorish prince who proposed marriage to her; she repelled him, expecting a speedy ransom. When the Redemptionists arrived, they declined to pay Mencia’s ransom on account of the prodigious price placed on her. Despondent and embittered, Mencia (her name in Arabic means ‘the forgotten’) consented to wed her master and defected to the Moorish fold.

Stories of systematic molestation of white women by black masters were widespread and formed European stock images of Orientals. Writing about the Baltimore captives, Barnaby contradicts such stories:

The Turks of Algiers and their renegade seamen had a fearsome reputation in Christian Europe for savagery and lechery towards women and

boys. ... Yet neither the accounts of the Icelanders nor any other contemporary accounts of similar voyages mention women captives being molested in any way.¹³⁴

James Frizell attests that on their arrival in Algiers, the 'Baltimore captives mentioned no complaint by the women.'¹³⁵ Knowing Muslim respect for female captives, Pananti advises Christian passengers on being captured to trust their money and valuables to female passengers 'as the Turks hold their persons sacred'.¹³⁶ Another writer affirms that 'Female captives were always treated with the respect due to their sex.'¹³⁷ North African potentates allowed slaves to marry with each other, and permitted couples to live together in separate quarters, away from single slaves, 'without obliging them to Work'.¹³⁸ Couples having children were often allowed to cultivate a piece of land or engage in business such as keeping a tavern or a shop so as to provide for their families. A slave who 'has a family has plenty of difficulties sustaining it, and he should not be made to work, because it would prevent him taking care [of his family]', Moulay Ismail would say.¹³⁹

In 1646, 244 British slaves were ransomed from Algiers, 19 of whom were women. The highest price requested for a man did not exceed 1450 dobles (for John Reynolds of Weymouth), while that of a woman reached 1655, demanded for Elizabeth Alwin of London.¹⁴⁰ For Nabil Matar, the fact that female ransom prices were quite high 'strongly suggests that they had not been raped or rendered unmarriageable: they were still desired back by their husbands, fathers, and compatriots'.¹⁴¹

As illustrated in Thomas Southerne's *Money the Mistress* (1726), sexual threat could be employed by North Africans to extract an exorbitant ransom. In other cases, it was resorted to as a means of securing the release of Muslim slaves. In the late seventeenth century, Morocco dispatched several ambassadors to France to redeem its subjects, but the French were intransigently reluctant to free them since slaves provided vital muscular power for their galleys. All diplomatic means having been exhausted, the Moroccans resorted to sexual threat. In 1696, there was in Meknès a pretty young French lady, Marie Bonin, and it was rumoured that Prince Moulay Zaydan was planning to add her to his concubines, whereupon the alarmed Fathers and the French Consul petitioned the authorities in Paris to release Rais Haj Mohammed Candil, a renegade corsair who was serving as a galley-slave, in exchange for her, adding that this was the sole means of saving Marie from Muslim concubinage.¹⁴² Understandably, having discovered in sexual threat a powerful stratagem for exhorting Europeans to free Muslims or pay a handsome ransom, North Africans must have resorted to it very often. Knowing the efficacy of such a means, a Jew, whose sister had been captured on British colours, pressed ambassador Russel for money to ransom her, alleging that the Emperor who 'delighted more in Jewish Women than



Illustration 1.6 White and coloured women sold into slavery. H. Le Comte, 'Un Bazar d'Esclaves à Alger.' G. Esquer, *Iconographie historique de l'Algérie* (Paris: 1929)

Moors ... sent for her to the Palace'. Russel never gave him any money, suspecting that the Jew had merely fabricated the story.¹⁴³

The plot in captivity discourse usually seeks to heighten suspense by evoking endangered virtue. Nevertheless, the intrusion of the enslaved female in the narrative does not systematically unleash rape. Eliza Bradley is wrecked on an arid desert and captured by local tribesmen who strip her naked. Threat of the stereotyped Barbary rape looms large, particularly as Bradley's husband is removed to another encampment; yet, her captors/saviours give her water and treat her kindly, without ever exposing her to any sexual molestation or spiritual coercion though she is alone. Bradley is allowed a tent by herself, exempted from hard labour, and permitted to peruse her Bible and worship with total freedom. So, despite Bradley's unwavering national and religious loyalties, she inadvertently delineates her captor as a noble Moor rather than the conventional predatorily sexual Other. This ambivalence characterizes Mary Velnet's and Viletta Laranda's captors, too. They might inflict corporal punishment on their white female slaves for failing to work hard or attempting to escape but never molest them sexually or coerce them to convert.

The Portuguese Madalena, a somewhat corpulent brunette – highly attractive by Moorish standards of beauty, according to Høst – resisted the emperor's advances. To frighten her into compliance, he threatened to cut off her ears, a threat never meant in earnest, of course. One of the queens took pity on her and contrived to deflect the emperor's amorous advances and prevailed upon him to hold her for ransom by falsely telling him that Madalena was pregnant and had contracted a contagious disease;¹⁴⁴ had the ruse been discovered, it would have put her in serious peril.

Maria ter Meetelen and Elizabeth Marsh were threatened with death at the stake for refusing Muslim concubinage; however, the threat was never carried out. Marsh inadvertently turns Moor and becomes a subject completely under the power of her royal master; he refrains from taking advantage of this prerogative to make her yield. To her surprise he grants her freedom without ransom. When Maria Martin is threatened with rape a fellow captive reassures her that though her master might try to coerce her to yield to his desires, Islamic law shields her from ravishment: 'should he attempt any such thing against your will, he will lose his head'.¹⁴⁵ These examples contradict Linda Colley's statement that captured women systematically 'became the sexual property of their owners'.¹⁴⁶

Such displays of self-restraint and generosity grant the black master a redemptive status, rendering the representation of Moorishness fundamentally ambiguous and problematical and, in effect, undermines the ethical and racial assumptions that undergird white culture, and upsets the self-fashioning of white subjectivity and civilization.

Being free from European obsession with racial purity, North Africans eagerly married *uljat*; the presence of *uljat* in their household denoted affluence and

social prestige. Morgan affirms in this respect that Muslim ‘Men, purely out of Love or Vanity, marry Women of any Nation or Religion, Free or Slaves.’¹⁴⁷ During his embassy to France in 1698–99, to negotiate the ransom of Moroccan galley-slaves, ben Aicha was asked by a French lady about the practice of polygamy among Moroccans. ‘Madame’, replied he jokingly, ‘a plurality of wives is allowed among us because, in our country, we must seek in several women the charming qualities which are here to be found in one’.¹⁴⁸

Muslim proclivity towards white women finds expression in popular folktales such as ‘The Legend of El-Minar’. It recounts the story of a corsair Rais who was enthralled by the mysterious beauty of a Christian captive, whose ‘beauty was like magic and El-Behar fell madly in love with her’.¹⁴⁹ Another tale, often narrated by storytellers to audiences in North African market places, tells of Ali’s endeavours to Islamize his British slave. He promises to wed her should she convert, which she did, ‘and Ali married her, and she was a true believer ever after’.¹⁵⁰

Captivity discourse is replete with instances of European females’ defection to Islam. It is true that many of them were coerced under duress to succumb to their masters; however, on numerous occasions they voluntarily joined the Muslim fold. In 1684, two daughters of a French widow were contracted to Christian slaves while her two other daughters willingly abjured Catholicism: one of them became a concubine of Moulay Ismail and the other of his son Moulay Zaydan.¹⁵¹ In 1765, a young French girl ‘seemed to take pleasure in visiting the royal harem, and for this submitted to the Islamic religion without any resistance’.¹⁵² Another French girl, Beaucousin, willfully eloped with a Moroccan paramour after manumission.¹⁵³ Even more striking is the scandalous story of an *ulja* whose passion for a Muslim occasioned her defection from husband and church. The Spanish Vipra was enslaved in Algeria together with her husband. He managed to escape back home, gathered enough money and sent a letter to his ex-patron offering to ransom his spouse. Having heard the news, Vipra ‘was not well pleased at it for the affection she bore the Renegado Assan had smothered all conjugal love she should have had for her husband; so that she said publicly that she would not return into her Country’. Aranda eventually called on her to try to dissuade her from reneging. She boldly told him that ‘A Turkish Garment will become me as well as a Spanish Petticoat.’ Aranda sadly realized that ‘the love she had for her Gallant, was greater than what she had for her Religion, Country, Husband, and Relations’.¹⁵⁴

In the 1630s, Father Dan estimated the number of women who apostatized at 1200 in Algiers and 600–700 in Tunis. They were of Portuguese, Spanish, French, Sicilian, Italian, Greek, Dutch, British, and other European nationalities. Dan goes on to affirm that ‘Turks and Moors willingly married these renegade women rather than those of their own country.’¹⁵⁵ Opportunities available in Muslim lands prompted many defections among *uljat*. In this conjunction, it is interesting to invoke the legendary story surrounding the

effigy of a turbaned Moor erected on an ancient building in Edinburgh. The legend attached to the sculpture, as recounted by Chambers in *Traditions of Edinburgh* (1825), runs as follows: early in the reign of James I, a Scottish girl was abducted by the Salé corsairs and became a favourite of the sultan. She subsequently sent for her brother to come and visit her. While in Morocco, the brother engaged in trade and, thanks to the influence of his sister and support of her royal husband, he fared quite well in business. Upon returning home, he built a mansion and placed the bust of a Moor on the façade as a tribute to his imperial brother-in-law and benefactor.¹⁵⁶

In Europe most North African female captives continued to be treated as slaves even after baptism,¹⁵⁷ while most of the Christian captives came from poor backgrounds and left their mark in the annals of history as wives of prestigious masters: kings, princes, governors, admirals, wealthy merchants, and prominent renegades. One of the wives of an Algerian Dey was an English renegade.¹⁵⁸ The Saadian ruler Abdallah al Ghalib married a Spanish woman, mother of Mohammed al Mutawakkil, who also wed a Spanish *ulja*.¹⁵⁹ The mother of Caid ben Haddu, Moulay Ismail's ambassador to Charles II in 1681, is said to have been English.¹⁶⁰ Jonas Rowland, the English renegade who accompanied ben Haddu to London as his interpreter, was married to an English renegade.¹⁶¹ A Genoese renegade was wife to a Tunisian Bey. When the Bey acquired a young Spanish slave, the Genoese prevailed upon him to sell her, being loath to have to endure a sexual rival.¹⁶² A native wife of another Bey, on the contrary, being barren and having espied her husband's inclination for his new Genoese beauty, dressed her sumptuously, adorned her with jewels, and ushered her into his bedchamber; she bore him four sons.¹⁶³

Refuting hyperbolized accounts of Muslim brutality against slaves, James Boulden writes after a visit to the Levant:

The slaves all appeared to be quite happy and contented, and more like daughters of their mistress than as her property. In fact, female slavery in Turkey is a mere nominal thing; the bondswoman is taught every accomplishment, and frequently thereby marries the highest officer of the realm.¹⁶⁴

In 1685, an English girl of fifteen and her mother were captured on a ship bound for Barbados. She was presented to Moulay Ismail, who easily persuaded her to turn Moor and married her. He set her mother free and sent her to England with rich presents and a letter to Charles II, proposing peace between the two countries.¹⁶⁵ One can confidently assume that the mother had no complaint about her daughter's treatment in Morocco to lodge to the English monarch.

Writing about the Sultan's new bride, Busnot affirms that 'The *English Woman*, who knows how to keep in her Favour, as well as the King's, has

also more Liberty than the rest, and commonly bears her Company.¹⁶⁶ No wonder the English bride became the favourite sultana under the glamorous name of Balqis. A group of English captives report that when they arrived in Meknès they were offered 'Rice, brackish Sherbet, and dry'd musty Fish' because Moulay Ismail's 'favourite Sultana's; an *English Woman* ... was that very Day brought to Bed of a Son'.¹⁶⁷ Balqis is praised as being 'Affable, Courteous, and willing to do a good Turn'.¹⁶⁸ The Redemptionist Fathers often solicited her good service on behalf of captives and she willingly assisted them, explaining that her sole motive in doing so was to induce the king of France to manumit Moroccan galley-slaves, and thereby she would have performed a 'deed that was agreeable to God and to his prophet Mohammed'.¹⁶⁹

Being aware of British Balqis's influence at court, Ambassador Charles Stewart conscientiously carried her a proper gift on his redemptive mission to Meknès in 1721. An entry in the Disposition of Presents reads: 'To Lala Balkies, a Reinagodo Queen, 5 loads Cloth, 1 piece of Cambricks, and one piece of Gazes'.¹⁷⁰ In a time of fierce commercial and political rivalries between European powers, England must have felt it a rare privilege, indeed, to find one of her subjects turned into a Moroccan Sultana. The Emperor, who 'loved the English', granted Stewart 'everything he came for'.¹⁷¹ The success of his embassy must have been partly due to British Balqis. The French must have been extremely jealous that the English also had another of their kinswomen in the court of Algiers. In 1676, the Dey of Algiers was married to a 'cunning covetous English woman, who would sell her soule for a Bribe'. Yet, although the English were outraged by their compatriot's behaviour, since she enjoyed a strong influence over the Dey, they thought it 'chargeable to bee kept in her favour... for Countrysake'.¹⁷²

Another white woman who rose from anonymity and utter penury to become a prosperous sultana is the Scottish Helen Gloag, daughter of a poor blacksmith at Muthill in Perthshire. Driven by poverty and a ruthless stepmother, Helen left her home in 1769 and set sail for South Carolina in America, where she would have spent her life toiling on a plantation. However, her destiny was completely altered when her ship was intercepted by Moorish corsairs and she found herself at the royal court in Marrakech. Fourteen years earlier, when Elizabeth Marsh was presented to Sidi Mohammed, he offered her 'a great Collection of Rarities, which were the Produce of different Nations' as an inducement to become his wife.¹⁷³ He must have done the same with Helen. But unlike Marsh, who declined his offer, the 'bonnie lassie' Helen swiftly gave her approval, being seduced by the opulence of harem life: she embraced Islam and went into the sultan's harem. Her captivity afforded her economic ease and social advancement. The Scottish sultana, writes Elizabeth Broughton, 'was ever the most favoured of her imperial husband's wives'.¹⁷⁴ The fact that she bore him two sons must have endeared her to him and enhanced her status further. A resident from

her native town attests that her father continued to receive presents from the sultan until his death. Clark, who claims to have seen the Scottish Sultana, describes her as being 'dressed in Moorish costume; and strange as it appears, she seemed in all respects to have adopted the tastes of her new country in preference to those of Christendom'.¹⁷⁵

Another foreign-born Moorish sultana worth mentioning is Marthe Franceshini. She was captured with her parents and brother at an early age and, having reached puberty, and being 'in the bloom of health and beauty, with all those exterior accomplishments which were likely to excite the most ardent passion',¹⁷⁶ she was introduced to the emperor by the great queen with the consent of her mother, who must have been eager to ensure her progeny a lofty station. To her relief, Marthe's good graces and perspicaciousness captivated the emperor's affections. Lempriere's allegation that the girl capitulated under torture is impugned by a contemporary chronicler who confirms: 'by caresses and presents (not threats and menaces as the Author assures us) prevailed upon her, to embrace the Mahometan Religion; he then loaded her father and mother and two brothers with all sorts of favours, gave them their liberty and had them conducted to Genoa'.¹⁷⁷

Now Marthe assumed the magnificent name of Lalla Dawia (Lady Aurora). Sidi Mohammed made her his favourite Sultana, feeling towards her 'a profound affection'. It is reported that she became his secretary, wrote official letters to European sovereigns, and maintained a regular correspondence with the Queen of Spain. It is also said that, upon Lalla Dawia's request, Sidi Mohammed invited her parents to come and visit her and dispatched an envoy to accompany them to Morocco. They were accommodated in a sumptuous palace in Marrakech, attended upon by 500 slaves.¹⁷⁸

Having actually witnessed the favourable treatment of white female slaves in Muslim lands, an American traveller writes:

At a first glance we would be inclined to pity the poor girl, fancying her forcibly torn from her unwilling and distressed parents, and sold into degrading servitude; but when we reflect that she, whilst still young, among her own kindred and amid her own mountain wilds, eagerly longs for the day that will bring her to this great Eastern capital, to be sold into such luxurious captivity, where she is cheered too by the bright beacon of hope, we cease to commiserate.¹⁷⁹

When in 1785 the American James Cathcart was captured, he found on board the Algerian galley a Spanish woman, previously seized on a Portuguese prize. Cathcart was struck that the woman vented no anxiety about her misfortunes; instead, the 'facetious creature ... seemed perfectly reconciled to her situation'.¹⁸⁰ Perhaps she was hopeful that her captivity would open up for her a brighter future in Barbary as it had done for so many other female slaves.

1.4 Female Barbary Captivity Tales

Although a great number of women experienced slavery in North Africa during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the first female Barbary captivity autobiography did not see light until the mid-eighteenth century, with the publication of *Miraculous and Remarkable Events of Twelve Years Slavery, of a Woman, Called Maria ter Meetelen, Resident of Medemblik* (1748) in Dutch. Twelve years earlier, two narratives, 'Remarkable History of the Countess De Bourk's Shipwreck, and Her Daughter's Captivity' and 'Notable History of a Spanish Girl, Slave to Alidey', were incorporated in *Several Voyages*. These female captivity biographies are short and recounted in the third person. We have to wait until 1769 for the first and unique British female Barbary narrative: *The Female Captive: A Narrative of Facts which Happened in Barbary* by Elizabeth Marsh.¹⁸¹

The first three decades of the nineteenth century saw a sudden boom in female Barbary captivity narrative in America: *The Captivity and Sufferings of Mary Velnet* (1804, six printings), the *History of the Captivity and Sufferings of Mrs. Maria Martin* (1806, 12 printings), *An Authentic Narrative of the Shipwreck and Sufferings of Mrs. Eliza Bradley* (1820, 14 printings), and *Neapolitan Captive: Interesting Narrative of the Captivity and Sufferings of Miss Viletta Laranda, a Native of Naples* (1830). This upsurge can be attributed to the fact that fewer European women were being seized by Muslim corsairs, while in America women continued to be captured in great numbers by Indians in the early nineteenth century, and public concern about the fate of abducted women was more acute in America than in Europe.¹⁸²

Surprisingly, all the heroines who feature in the American narratives are Europeans, two of them British.¹⁸³ American identification with a British heroine is historically interesting. Though Anglo-American political and economic relations were very much strained in the early nineteenth century, American audiences, as Robin Miskolcze argues, 'identified with English ladies, for Englishness was a source of Anglo-America's fictive ethnicity, an ethnicity Americans could rely on when threatened by a non-Western "Other."' ¹⁸⁴ It is also a fictional ethnicity that helped imaginatively homogenize an otherwise profoundly heterogeneous Christian West into a unified identity, an imagined community.

American audiences identified with these European captives and found in their behaviour didactic examples to emulate. They also read their stories as factual autobiographies and authentic accounts of Muslim people and cultures. Contemporary critics, however, such as Paul Baepler, have categorized them as fictitious¹⁸⁵ because of the absence of any historical record concerning the captivity and enslavement of the heroines of these narratives as well as the fact that their stories are studded with plagiarism. Given the absence of genuine narratives, the increasing demand for female Barbary captivity accounts in America could only be catered for by spurious stories.

Several factors make captivity narrative an extremely important genre: first, its far reaching impact on the rise of the novel, especially among women novelists who keenly adapted the plot and formal procedures of Barbary captivity narrative. Such impact on early fiction is manifest in Penelope Aubin's *Count de Vinevil* (1721), *Noble Slaves* (1722), *Life and Amorous Adventures of Lucinda* (1722), and *Life of Charlotta Du Pont* (1723); and Eliza Haywood's *Idalia* (1725) and *Fruitless Inquiry* (1727).

Significant also is the genre's ethnographic value. Nabil Matar argues that Christian slaves had a more direct encounter with Muslim realities, which enabled them to acquire and convey a deeper and more reliable ethnographic insight into their captors' life, religion, culture, and customs.¹⁸⁶ This is true even more in the case of female slaves. Male captives were basically confined to masculinist spaces: the bagnios, building sites, dockyards, the army, the weapon factories, or corsair galleys. Gender, on the other hand, granted the female captive a more active mobility within the dynamics of Oriental society, allowing her unimpeded access to social spaces customarily unavailable and strictly forbidden to the male slave or traveller. As in the case of the *Miraculous and Remarkable Events of Twelve Years Slavery* and *The Female Captive*, the heroine agilely penetrates and unveils territories sealed and concealed to the masculine gaze such as the Muslim harem.

Another aspect that made female captivity such an appealing genre for a wider audience is the thrilling suspense surrounding the dramatization of feminine entrapment and beleaguered virtue and the transformation of the captured body into a panoply of contentious desires, a voyeuristic spectacle. The white Western body enslaved in Muslim lands is transmuted into a palimpsest where racial, sexual, religious, national, and cultural ideologies conflate and conflict.

In male-authored narratives, women captives are consistently constituted as defenceless, yet complicitously passive victims, sexually conquerable and culturally malleable. William Lempriere says of the Corsican Lalla Dawia following an interview with her at the royal palace in Marrakech: 'From the circumstance of being taken so young into the harem, she had nearly forgotten her native language, and could only converse fluently in Arabic, having only a distant recollection of the events which first brought her into her present situation.' The white sultana confesses to the English physician that at heart she has remained a Christian; yet, far from entertaining the least determination of going back home, she cherishes her integration into the alien culture and is boastfully proud of her status as the emperor's favourite. She is even seriously apprehensive lest a gum infection would damage her beauty and 'cause an abatement in the affection of the emperor'.¹⁸⁷ Likewise, the Irish Mrs Shaw in *The History of the Revolutions in the Empire of Morocco* is described by Braithwaite as having succumbed to concubinage without much ado. The author was horrified at the degree of her acculturation and alienation, having 'been a Moor upwards of 9 Years. ... She had almost

forgot her English'.¹⁸⁸ Apostasy, polygamy, and loss of national identity are fearfully interconnected.

Female slaves might have given in under compulsion; nevertheless, they are made to appear vulnerable and lacking in moral strength and heroic self-preservation. Their filial, patriotic, and religious loyalties are suspected; the possibility of their dissent and defection to the infidel fold fills their community at home with indignation, unspeakable horror, and dread; nevertheless, such defection seems to be dangerously inevitable. Hence, writing in 1636, Giles Penn pressed for the speedy ransom of women slaves lest they would be lost forever to Christendom, being 'more weake and readier to turne to the Moores lawe then men'.¹⁸⁹ Historically, his plea fell on deaf ears; fictionally, as in the case of William Chetwood's *The Voyages and Adventures of Captain Robert Boyle* (1726), it prompted the intervention of a male hero to rescue the captive woman and restore her to her community, thus prohibiting foul miscegenation and the taint of sexual Otherness.

In female-authored narratives, on the contrary, women acquire remarkable agency; here flouting infidel sexual predation is a recurrent trope. Though the captive maiden is dragged into alien lands, sequestered from her male compatriots (crew and passengers), and acutely menaced by foreign masculinity, she emerges as defiant, spirited, and steadfast, absolutely immune to torture or temptation. In the *Miraculous and Remarkable Events of Twelve Years Slavery* (1748), the beautiful Maria ter Meetelen withholds herself from Moulay Abdallah, refusing to relinquish her honour and her soul. The sultan attempts to bully her into complying with his wishes, threatening death if she continues to resist. Ter Meetelen succeeds in deflecting his amorous advances by feigning pregnancy and fainting. Marsh, too, staunchly repels the Prince's advances, and even when she is tricked into turning Moor and threatened with death at the stake unless she yields to his desires, she defiantly reiterates a phrase that was becoming a cliché in eighteenth-century women's response to lustful assailers: 'the Preservation of my Life did not deserve my Care and Attention'.¹⁹⁰ Though threatened with imminent death, the white female compromises neither her body nor her soul. Cowed by the impregnable virtue of his captive, the Prince gives over his lustful solicitations and permits her to return to her country.

While Ter Meetelen and Marsh suffered only psychological torments, Maria Martin is actually subjected to harrowing physical cruelty. She is clubbed, confined to a foul dungeon and brutally tortured by a female overseer in a scene that strikingly evokes eroticized violence:

The wretch would not unfrequently compel us for the least offence to strip ourselves naked, and ... throw hot embers and coals of fire into our bosoms; and shocking as it may appear, she in my presence deprived of life a poor unfortunate girl by strewing her naked body with hot rice!¹⁹¹

Defying masculine constructions of female frailty, Martin endures her servile lot with Christian mettle, proving to her compatriots that the weaker sex is 'capable of suffering what man had never suffered before'.¹⁹² Having heroically preserved her fair name and true faith unsullied for six years, the British maiden is happily redeemed from abject bondage.

Both Martin's narrative and its prototype, the Velnet account, were published in America and clearly echo scenes of white woman torture at the hands of Indian masters, as in *The Affecting Narrative of the Captivity and Sufferings of Mrs. Mary Smith* (1815). Nevertheless, neither Velnet nor Martin dare attempt to escape. In Indian captivity narrative, women commonly boast of having escaped from captivity, as in the case of Frances Scott, Hannah Duston, Mary Smith, Hannah Dennis, Mrs Clendenin, and many others. Mary Smith effects her escape after stabbing her Indian master to death, and Hannah Duston dispatched her captors with hatchets and walked to Haverhill with their scalps, still reeking with blood, a trophy of her incomparable prowess. Likewise, Eunice Barber in the *Narrative of the Tragical Death of Darius Barber* (1818) tomahawks her master and runs away. The escape of American women was inspired and facilitated by the Indians' open encampment, the relatively nearby presence of United States forts and cavalry, and the fact that these women were captured and enslaved in a land they were busy conquering and appropriating as their own homeland.

Barbary slaves, on the contrary, found themselves in a totally different context: cut off from country and countrymen by a vast sea and confined in pens, harems, walled towns, or encampments deep in the impenetrable desert. In historical Barbary female captivity narrative, women might resist sexual assault, yet without claiming to have the audacity to attack their captors. They patiently await redemption. In fiction, however, they often assault their foreign predators to prevent their ravishment and effect their escape. In Aubin's *Noble Slaves*, Emilia stabs her master with his own dagger with this war cry 'I'll sacrifice you to preserve my Vertue; die Infidel.'¹⁹³ Disguised in Selim's own apparel, she contrives her escape. In *Life of Charlotta Du Pont* (1723), a Venetian who has thoroughly resigned herself to the life of Muslim concubinage tries to persuade the new arrival, Angelina, that resistance is useless and that upon the return of her master, the Bey of Tunis, she 'must be a Victim to his Lust',¹⁹⁴ a statement suggestive of her recognition of sexual excess in the Oriental harem as well as her unscrupulousness about having to share her master with a new concubine. However, Angelina, who is described as 'a Woman of great Courage and had a dauntless Soul',¹⁹⁵ is by no means cowed. She contrives her as well as the Venetian slave's escape. Like Angelina, the French Ardelisa in *The Strange Adventures of the Count de Vinevil* (1721) extricates herself and another slave girl from the Muslim seraglio by setting it ablaze. Submission to foreign masculinity would imply a terrible violation of the nation. By attacking her sexual predators, the female captive saves her nation as well as Christian womanhood from dire

defilement. Interestingly, while in male-authored texts, Massinger's *The Renegado* and Chetwood's *Voyages and Adventures of Captain Robert Boyle*, for instance, it is the male hero who masterminds the woman's escape, in female-authored texts, women not only carry out their own escape but often succeed in rescuing other women from Islamic polygamy. Hence, Aubin meritoriously anoints her female knight-errants as 'heroic Females'.

Ironically, in female captivity discourse it is often white males who are relegated to a marginal position, so that the enslaved woman must rely on her own wit and prowess to ward off her sexual assailers. So, even from the position of subjection, the woman captive wields power and acquires an extraordinary prominence; in stark contrast, the male protagonist is denied agency. Ter Meetelen's first husband falls sick and dies shortly after capture, and the young widow has to confront the emperor alone. She preserves her honour unsullied and, to be able to wed her, a Dutch Protestant is compelled to yield to her condition of embracing Catholicism. Ter Meetelen is intelligent, unabashed, and extraordinarily resourceful. She assiduously takes care of her children, assists her torpid and ineffectual husband and shields him from all sorts of predicaments. Mr Crisp, Marsh's guardian and ostensible husband, is often pitifully helpless, invisible, and inaudible. Once in Marrakech, he hopelessly withdraws more and more into passivity and silence, while the mettlesome Marsh dominates the narrative and single-handedly overcomes the hostile environment of captivity. Immediately after capture in Martin, Bradley, and Laranda, husbands and brothers are purposely willed out of sight and action, being propelled away from their spouses or sisters and detained in a remote place, which symbolically liberates women from patriarchal protection and surveillance and makes the narrative structurally dependant upon the female presence and intervention in the action.

Because these female slaves display bravery and steadfastness in their religion, salvation is their ultimate reward. Having withstood temptation and acculturation, the Christian heroine returns safely to her community and civilization. Through her forbearance, perseverance under duress, and remarkable deliverance, the female captive presents an extraordinary paragon of heroic ideals of feminine virtue and the victory of the civilized world over racial and cultural Otherness. Thus Bradley is particularly recommended 'to the attention of our young females' as a heroine who 'sets a shining example of her sex in her struggles against the calamities of life, under circumstances the most unfortunate'.¹⁹⁶ Captivity authors are keen on having their stories esteemed primarily for their edification possibilities.

Closure and happy ending are often consolidated with marriage: Marsh weds Mr Crisp, the man who masqueraded as her husband in Morocco, while Velnet, Martin, and Bradley are happily rejoined with their husbands after so long a separation. One is reminded of Edward Said's argument that structure in Orientalist discourse effaces contradictions in its endeavour 'to confirm and celebrate its success. Explorers find what they are looking for,

adventurers return home safe and wealthier'.¹⁹⁷ Yet, in spite of this apparent coherent discourse of triumphalism, discursive and ideological contradictions often erupt from within the discourse of captivity, riddling closure with acute tensions and aporias. The female returnees are almost never comfortably reintegrated into their community: their stories are discredited, their national and religious identity suspected, and their tales' moral message dispersed. Ter Meetelen, for instance, assertively vows her chastity and is at pains to convince her readers that she has come out of Barbary unscathed in her body and soul; she is devastated to be stigmatized by her own fellow-slaves as the sultan's whore. Hence her bitter statement after homecoming: 'I complain not of having been so far away in the world, nor of my twelve years' enslavement, nor of the pains the Turk inflicted on me, all this I can endure, but I can not forget the insults and defamation to which me and my husband were subjected by our own brethrens. It is impossible for me to relate here all what they made us endure.'¹⁹⁸

Similarly, in *The Female Captive*, after so many ordeals, the heroine gains her coveted liberty and returns home, only to learn the shocking news that her fiancé has been alienated from her during her captivity – occasioned by his invitation to her to join him in England – resulting in a termination of their engagement. The distraught Marsh is also extremely hurt that her compatriots are skeptical about her virtue and the veracity of her tale. '[T]he Misfortunes I met with in Barbary', she writes bitterly, 'have been more than equalled by those I have since experienced, in this Land of Civil and Religious Liberty'.¹⁹⁹ The redeemed heroine increasingly feels herself against that same Britain she had so patriotically glorified in the land of captivity.

Captive women such as Ter Meetelen and Marsh are in fact the sore victims of the racial prejudices prevailing in their own culture. In European popular imagination, informed and fueled by a long tradition of stereotyping Orientals as irredeemably lustful rapists, Christian women's encounter with infidels and sojourn among them inevitably renders them rapable, besmirches their reputation, and sullies their body and soul. Having entered into the realm of the Other, though forcefully, female identity is no longer the same in the eyes of one's community. Contact with Otherness taints it, contaminates it, reinvents, and refashions it at the periphery of home culture. Understandably, the majority of female returnees chose to keep silent, preferring to slip unperceived into their community and disappear into anonymity rather than publish accounts of their enslavement and expose themselves to the suspicion of the public. This, in my view, accounts for the paucity of female captivity narratives.

1.5 Oriental Women and Christian Slaves

While white women are willing to 'die rather than live a Vassal to a vile *Mahometan's* unlawful Lust',²⁰⁰ men, on the contrary, unscrupulously submit

to native women, who are often depicted as being pretty and amorous. 'They have very fine Eyes', a captive affirms, 'and some of them beautiful Skins'.²⁰¹ White female slaves are often depicted warding off their alien sexual predators, male slaves, on the contrary, often strive to have intercourse with women of colour. Moüette in *Travels in the Kingdome of Fez and Morocco* recounts numerous affairs between white slaves and Moorish women, such as between Fatma, the wife of a wealthy Salé merchant, and a French slave. They maintained their relationship for seven years until it terminated with their death by the plague. An English slave in *A Description of the Nature of Slavery* is enamoured of Moraima, his master's wife, a young lady of dazzling beauty. She returns his affection and admits him into her apartment during her husband's absence. 'We had several Meetings of this kind', confesses the captive, 'and not a Festival escap'd us, but we took the Opportunity thereof for mutual Endearments'.²⁰² Their love affair is brought to an untimely termination when Moraima is snatched into the emperor's harem. In *The Narrative of Robert Adams* (1816), the African American captive Robert Adams pursues an affair with Isha, his master's (Governor Mahomet's) younger wife. For six months, whenever his master was spending the night with his first spouse, Robert would furtively steal into Isha's tent and spend the night in her embrace, until he was one day discovered by the first wife and barely escaped with his life.²⁰³

Though captivity narratives make frequent allusions to native women's forwardness and flirtatiousness, rather than provoking abhorrence their rampant sexuality is blamed on polygamy and the sexual depravity of their old and profligate husbands who incarcerate their wives within harem walls, strictly guarded by terrible eunuchs, while they themselves indulge in forbidden pleasures. Cuckolding their husbands becomes emblematically a transgression against female servitude and Islamic moral codes as well as a challenge to sexual despotism. Therefore, if the black man is projected as a lustful rapist and his desire for white women vituperated as a foul lechery, Christian slaves' seduction of Muslim women unfolds as a symbolic revenge against a master/slave configuration.

While in historical accounts sex with the native woman is doomed to terminate either because of the demise of one of the partners, redemption of the slave, or the forced marriage of his native sweetheart, in Oriental captivity literature such sexual encounters often culminate in elopement, apostasy, and marriage. For instance, in *Don Quixote* (1605–15) Miguel de Cervantes, who experienced captivity in Algiers for five years, interpolates a tale of an intercultural romance between Zoraida, daughter of a wealthy Algerian, and the slave Viedma. Zoraida falls in love with Viedma and, he having sworn fealty to her, she secretly provides him with money to redeem himself and freight a ship for their escape. Then she steals her father's treasures and elopes with him to Spain, where she is baptized and has her nuptial plighted. Sexuality is licensed insofar as it ensures the proselytization of the amorous infidel maiden and dominance over her culture. White man's sexual

conquest of the native woman and mastery over her culture is a recurrent syntax in captivity narrative. In Prince Hoare's *Chains of the Heart*, Cotillon urges Zulema to elope with him to Spain by painting to her the advantages of living in that country:

You shall go to races, walking matches, balls and bull-fights. You shall see every thing, hear every thing, and learn every thing. ... You shall be taught singing, swinging, skipping, marching, boxing, music, French, dancing.

Zulema is thrilled at the idea of residing in a land where women are free to 'go where they please, speak to whom they please, see whom they please, dress as they please, and do what they please'.²⁰⁴ Similarly, the Algerian Fetnah urges her American lover to take her 'to that charming place, where there are no bolts and bars; no mutes and guards; no bowstrings and seymetars. – Oh! It must be dear delightful country, where women do just what they please'.²⁰⁵

The passion the Moorish female nurtures for the Christian slave, her rescuing him from captivity, and elopement to Christendom is a paradigmatic trope in works such as the medieval romances *Sir Ferumbas* and *Sowdone of Babylone*, Philip Massinger's *The Renegado* (1624), John Dryden's *Don Sebastian* (1691), William Chetwood's *The Voyages, Travels and Adventures of William Owen Gwin Vaughan* (1736), Lewis Theobald's *The Happy Captive* (1741), Thomas Aird's *The Captive of Fez* (1878), and many others. Possession and penetration of Muslim femininity offers a unique occasion for contesting the boundaries of thralldom and conspicuously dramatizes what Spivak refers to as 'White men saving brown women from brown men'.²⁰⁶ For Malek Alloula, 'The raiding of women has always been the dream and obsession of the total victor. These raided bodies are the spoils of victory, the warrior's reward'.²⁰⁷ The Christian slave's sexual conquest of Muslim femininity is useful for his struggle for selfhood and freedom. The black patriarch is almost by definition a powerful governor, naval-captain, wealthy merchant, spiritual leader, or even a dreaded monarch. So, by subjugating and appropriating infidel femininity, the slave metaphorically achieves spiritual and cultural authority over Otherness. Thus, even in the land of Islam, Christian slaves manage to win new souls over to Christendom. The trope embodies the West's confidence in the superiority of its culture and its dream to contain and control the menacing and alluring world of Islam on its home ground.

However, the celebration of this easy triumph over infidel femininity is radically thwarted and contested by a counter discourse. To begin with, white lust for native women could prove fatal for Christendom. In *Histoire des Cherifs* a lascivious governor of a Spanish presidio pays a Moor to procure him two beautiful young Moorish virgins for his pleasure. The pander camouflages stout Moors in female garments and conveys them to the governor, who impatiently retires to enjoy them. The Moors slay the philandering

governor and throw open the gates for the Moors to invade the Spanish stronghold. Such is the ruinous effect of lust for infidel sexuality on the security of the state.

Another peril are the alluring cultural practices of the East. For Dan, the main motives that seduce slaves to turn Muslim are sensuality and cupidity: Muslim masters grant converted slaves not only freedom but also the hands of their daughters; and it is not rare, Dan goes on to affirm, that wealthy mistresses bestow freedom and half of their fortunes on their Islamized slaves and propose marriage to them.²⁰⁸ The native female deployment of wealth and sex as a means to win new souls over to Islam is illustrated in an Algerian lady who promises her slave, 'if you will renounce your Religion, I will marry you, and of a poor slave, make you Master of this house and all I have'.²⁰⁹ A Spanish slave in Moüette falls in love with a beautiful Moroccan girl who entreats 'me to renounce my Faith, that I might Marry her',²¹⁰ and even permits him to fondle her with the hope of ensnaring him into a connubial trap. Elsewhere, Moüette relates the story, which he attributes to credible sources, of a Spanish renegade who woos a Tetuani beauty. She consents to wed him if he proves to her his true love and sincere conversion by abducting his own parents and sisters and bringing them to her as her own slaves. Accordingly, the renegade fits out a ship and sails to Spain. However, his scheme goes awry, and he is captured by the Inquisition and burnt at the stake for refusing to abjure his new Islamic faith: 'notwithstanding his Parents Tears and the Perswasions of the Inquisitors, he declar'd, he would dye a *Mahometan*, for the Sake of one of the beautifullest Ladies of *Africk*.'²¹¹

Shocked at the increasing number of renegades, Captain Hamilton is convinced that Muslim women 'are all well versed in witchcraft ... captives never get free'.²¹² The real danger that faces slaves, claims another writer, was sensual bewitchment:

Taking advantage of the little succour which Christians have, the Turks use the charms of their women, who are, indeed pretty, in order to corrupt them; and if ever they are so misfortunate as to permit themselves to be seduced, they are compelled either to embrace Alcoran or be burnt.²¹³

That male slaves should unscrupulously succumb to the sexuality of the woman of colour and her tantalizing world radically subverts and distorts the representation of whiteness in captivity discourse. Evidently, as Nabil Matar has put it, Europeans' 'encounter with the Muslims was perilous because it was the only encounter with non European people who not only enslaved them but tempted them away from their history and religion'.²¹⁴ The world of Islam as constructed in captivity discourse is dangerous not so much by its threat of violence as by its power of seduction and allurement into a world that grants wealth and sex. White female captives are by no means immune to Muslim allure.

1.6 Desdemonas and the Heroes of the Black Tribe

Writing in 1711, the Earl of Shaftesbury affirms that many British women are so enthralled by Moors that they are more than willing to imitate Desdemona and

change their natural Inclination for fair, candid, and courteous Knights, into a Passion for a mysterious Race of black Enchanters: such as of old were said to *creep into Houses, and lead captive silly Women*. ... A thousand Desdemonas are then ready to present themselves, and wou'd frankly resign Fathers, Relations, Countrymen, and Country it-self, to follow the fortunes of a *Hero* of the black Tribe.²¹⁵

European women in the available female captivity narratives adamantly refuse to cross the sexual and cultural boundaries. Yet ambivalent attitudes often unfold in their texts. Marsh offers a highly idealized image of her virtue; however, her ambiguous behaviour towards her princely captor discloses inherent discursive and cultural contradictions. For instance, when one day the Prince sends her a basket of fruit, dressed with a variety of flowers with an invitation to wait upon him at the palace, she longs for the encounter, and coquettishly dresses up for this special occasion. At the palace she is greeted by the Prince whom she finds to be extremely handsome. 'I was amazed', she confesses, 'at the elegant Figure he made, being seated under a Canopy of Crimson Velvet, richly embellished with Gold'.²¹⁶ Her readers were by no means insensible to such ambiguous words and conduct.

In 'Notable History of a Spanish Girl', while Anna-Maria Fernandez is depicted as staunchly resisting the Dey's advances, one of her compatriots, who has 'yielded easily', endeavours to tempt her into his embrace. In her account, Ter Meetelen refers to two Spanish sisters who converted and went into the royal harem and to an Irish female renegade who was appointed as her interpreter. Likewise, in *The Female Captive*, not in the least troubled by polygamy, a queen of Anglo-Moorish parentage is keen to inveigle Marsh into sexual and spiritual bondage. She befriends her and suggests teaching her the native tongue only to beguile her into renouncing Christianity. So, the irony that radically subverts the whole enterprise of religious triumphalism in female captivity narrative is that while the main action centers on the heroine's struggle to preserve her honour and soul, the world wherein she is cast is already peopled with female renegades. While serving as interpreters and intermediaries, these hybrid figures prove unremitting in their efforts to entice new female slaves into spiritual bondage and lure them into the embrace of Muslim masters. Therefore, while attempting to present certainty and confidence, captivity discourse inadvertently discloses acute uncertainties and confusions in the construction of identity.

These renegades serve as visible reminders of the abysmal collapse of Western ideological hegemony and dreams to conquer, let alone dominate. In the words of Ania Loomba, 'what is especially threatening for white patriarchy is the possibility of the complicity of white women; their desire for black lovers is feared, forbidden, but always imminent'.²¹⁷ It is more so in eighteenth-century Oriental captivity literature, penned mostly by female authors. In Aubin's novel *Count Albertus* (1728), having discovered that her master has retired to enjoy a new concubine, the Italian favourite Sophia hysterically bursts into the room to murder her rival. Her reaction reveals the extent to which the white woman has assimilated stereotyped Oriental sexual jealousy. The outraged Sophia, who is gorgeously clad 'after the Turkish Fashion', rails furiously at her master: 'Ah false Abeneer ... have I another Rival? must the undone Sophia mourn your cruel Absence, and languish for your return, and then be debarr'd your Bed and Presence when you come home?'²¹⁸ The erotic Sophia is loath to have her position usurped by a new favourite.²¹⁹

Another white favourite who is enthralled by her Oriental master is the Georgian Elmira in Isaac Bickerstaffe's *The Sultan; or, A Peep into the Seraglio* (1787). The first scene opens with Elmira bitterly bewailing her servile lot and confinement within harem walls. Moved, the Sultan grants her freedom and permission to return to her country. Yet, strangely enough, the manumitted Elmira willfully decides to stay in Muslim lands, explaining that her master's 'munificence, and above all the tenderness and love he expressed to me since, have reconcil'd me to this place'. She begins to address him in the most passionate terms, telling him 'your image is so imprinted on my heart, that you are always present to my mind'. However, in the course of action her status as the favourite Sultana is usurped by a new arrival, Roxalana, an English woman of humble parentage. Being fired with ambition and thirst for power Roxalana is determined to share not only the Sultan's bed but also his throne 'or he has no love of me'. Once her rivals are willed out of sight, the covetous shrew aspires to wield power and 'be admir'd – she would be ador'd – she'd be like the queen of the country from where I came'.²²⁰

The character of Bickerstaffe's Roxalana has occasioned numerous imitations, such as Paulina in Hannah Cowley's play *A Day in Turkey; or, The Russian Slaves* (1792). Here, the Russian countrygirl Paulina confesses that her captor who treated her nobly 'made me throw away my peasant weeds, and gave me all these fine cloaths. See this tiffany, all spotted with silver; look at this beautiful turban'.²²¹ Alexina, her mistress and fellow captive, fears that the sumptuous Turkish dress was only a prelude to her imminent ravishment and absorption into the Muslim fold. However, the Italian Laretta, branded in the play as 'the contented inhabitant of a seraglio', mockingly derides Alexina's qualms about virginal honour and her resolve to 'rush into the arms of death, than into the arms of a handsome lover!'²²² Being versed in the affairs of love, Laretta offers to initiate the infatuated Russian into



Illustration 1.7 A White Sultana. A Collection of the Dresses of Different Nations (London: 1757–72)

‘all the arts of a fine lady’ and the tricks to conquer the heart of the illustrious Basha. Paulina is enthusiastic about her tutorial, cherishing the idea that her success would save Alexina from the infidel’s embrace, or rather debar her from it since she herself has grown wistfully jealous of the gorgeous Alexina. Eventually, her nuptial with the Basha is plighted in the presence of her parents to whom she says proudly: ‘Here am I going to be a great lady, and not the handmaid of a Jew.’²²³ Such an opportunity to rise from a vulgar countrygirl to the spouse of a prestigious potentate is available only in the

lands of Islam; this is unimaginable in a Europe where the social system is so rigidly hierarchical.

Social advancement is also granted a slave girl in Eliza Haywood's novel *The Fruitless Enquiry*. The European Elphania is desired by a Muslim potentate who 'from a slave ... raised her to his bed and throne: with this condition only, that she should renounce the christian faith, which she did, and is now the most favoured and best-beloved of any of his queens'.²²⁴ Soon, the Islamized Christian reproduces Orientalized lasciviousness and despotism. For flouting her sexual advances, she wreaks cruel punishment on her Christian slave, condemning him to be 'robbed of his sex, and doomed to an eternal sterility'.²²⁵

In *The Noble Slaves*, Charlot is enticed by her false French lover to a private house 'and tho' I used Prayers, Tears, and resisted all I was able, he at length overcame me'. She is deflowered and kept as a sex slave for five years. Having grown weary of her, he had her smuggled and sold into slavery in Tripoli. Of her Muslim master, Charlot candidly says: '*Abenbucer* the brave *Arab* used me kindly, lov'd, and preferre'd me before all his Women.'²²⁶ This statement demonstrates the extent to which Charlot has become an 'Other' to the culture which brought about her doom.

In Aubin's *Count de Vinevil* the Venetian Violetta unscrupulously succumbs to her master. 'I found my Conscience undisturbed, I submitted to the fatal necessity of my Circumstances', she confesses. Later, she runs away from the seraglio, yet confoundingly continues to feel attached to her Turkish master, admitting to a priest that she 'loved him, saw him with a Wife's Eyes'. The priest says condoningly:

as you were single, a Virgin, and made his by the Chance of War, it was no Sin in you to yield to him, and it would have been wilful Murder to have killed him, or but conspir'd his Death: nay, a Sin not to have been faithful to his Bed.²²⁷

This is surely a happy consolation for many girls who had to endure a similar fate. Back home, Violetta is eagerly desired as a wife by a fellow countryman. Being purged of her own blotted guilt, she unabashedly and unpredictably dismisses her suitor, telling him she still considers herself to be the Turk's spouse. In a vain effort to awaken her Christian sentiments and recover her lost identity her dismayed lover protests that the infidel 'neither was a Christian nor a Husband; he us'd you as his Slave'. Violetta condoningly attributes her treatment to cultural difference: "'Tis true, he forc'd me to his Bed, but 'twas the Custom of his Nation, and what he thought no Crime, yet he was tender of me; and whilst he lives, my Modesty cannot permit me to receive another in my Bed.'²²⁸ Violetta drifts away from the West even while she appears to have returned back to it.

When *Count de Vinevil* opens, Violetta had long been the Turk's wife, so that her rape is just glossed over. Voltaire's *Candidus* (1759), on the contrary,

interpolates a story in which a charming and naively vain Italian Princess overtly records her consummated rape:

I was nothing but Attraction; I was all Beauty and all Charms; and, what was still more, I was a Maid. However, I was not one long. This Flower, which was reserved for the charming Prince of *Massa Carrara*, was tore from me by the Captain of the Corsair.²²⁹

During her captivity, the Italian Princess chances to meet one of her compatriots, who has come to Morocco as an ambassador to conclude a peace treaty with the sultan. He feigns pity for her plight and offers to assist her return home, only to inveigle her to Algiers and sell her into slavery. The slave changes masters throughout North Africa, confessing, in a way that imbues the Orient with unlimited sexual opportunities and betrays her cherishment of sexual promiscuity, that she 'had been ravished almost every Day'.²³⁰

Candidus, with its voyeuristically titillating scenes of erotically obedient white slave-girls being ravished by exotic masters, opened up the captivity genre to pornography. A text that further explores the erotic potentialities of captivity plot is *The Lustful Turk* (1828), a novel about the ravishment of Miss Emily Barlow, an Algerine captive. Emily describes her rape in obsessively vivid terms:

I was on the altar, and, butcher-like, he was determined to complete the sacrifice; indeed, my cries seemed only to excite him to the finishing of my ruin, and sucking my lips and breasts with fury, he unrelentingly rooted up all obstacles my virginity offered, tearing and cutting me to pieces.²³¹

This convoluted mingling of the language of martyrdom and pornography discloses a sado-erotic impulse, rather than a guilt-stricken conscience. At first, Emily is proud, virtuous, and steadfast. Soon after the breaching of her body, she overcomes her shame and develops into a compulsively sex-crazed creature. Her virile and magnificent master helps her discover her hidden sensuality and initiates her into the erotic secrets of her body. She admits, 'my soul became completely and securely resigned to him as he enjoyed my soft body and instructed me in the softest pleasure nature can participate in ... I blessed the happy chance that had thrown me into his powerful arms'.²³²

Inordinate libidinousness and surrender to infidel sexuality perilously imply the white female's defection from her national and cultural identity and assimilation into the world of Otherness. In a letter to the Dey, Emily tells him that in becoming his she has willingly sacrificed her 'native country, innumerable friends, virtue'.²³³ Significantly, she signs her letter as 'your submissive slave, Zulima', using her new Muslim name.

At the end of the novel, a reluctant Grecian girl avenges her rape by severing the Dey's sexual organs. Being performed in a world that no longer

resembles Aubin's, this castration act proves to be 'an awful catastrophe' for Zulima and the other concubines. With *The Lustful Turk* the captive body is posited not so much as an object to be saved, but as a vehicle for erotic fulfillment. The novel discloses a sort of masochistic voyeurism that was fast finding expression in visual discourse. The first edition of Velnet contains an illustration of the heroine bare-breasted and in heavy chains, an emblem of Oriental sexual violence. This image was repeatedly reproduced in Martin's text, which reveals an increasing fascination with the body in bondage undergoing sadistic sexuality.

To offer a concrete image of a Christian woman in Muslim captivity and capitalize on the audience's increasing obsession with eroticized bondage, the American sculptor Hiram Powers carved 'The Greek Slave' (1844), a statue representing a naked Greek maiden in shackles for sale in a Middle Eastern bazaar. The statue was immensely popular, prompting Powers to produce several versions of it. In 1847–48, the nude sculpture was taken on a tour throughout America, and in 1851 it crossed the Atlantic to be displayed at the Great Exhibition in London. On both sides of the Atlantic it was viewed by innumerable spectators.

For some people the huge turnout was an 'evidence of the great progress which has been made in the scale of social refinement'.²³⁴ Commenting on the fact that Americans persuaded themselves to adorn their homes with such nudes, Henry James ironically wonders how they 'could bring themselves to think such things right'.²³⁵ This rendering of the captive nude as a socially acceptable and aesthetically appreciable phenomenon as well as a site for tantalizing sadomasochistic fantasies is crystallized further in a series of nineteenth-century paintings depicting naked slaves girls exhibited for sale at Oriental markets: William Allan's 'Slave Market in Constantinople' (1838), Jean-Leon Gerome's 'The Slave Market' (1867), Nicolaas Ghyzis's 'The Slave Market' (1873–75), Stanislas von Chlebowski's 'Purchasing a Slave, Constantinople' (1879), Le Comte du Nuy's 'The White Slave' (1888), José Jiménez Aranda's 'Une Esclave en Vente' (1892).

To go back to *The Lustful Turk*, the plot of this novel has constituted a paradigm in twentieth-century female fiction. In Edith Hull's bestseller *The Sheik* (1921), for instance, the pretty English Diana Mayo proudly dismisses all offers of marriage and goes trekking through the Algerian Sahara, where she presently falls into the hands of a valiant and handsome Sheik. Like Emily, Diana is arrogant and reluctant, but soon after her ravishment she is tamed into submission:

Her heart was given for all time to the fierce desert man who was so different from all other men whom she had met, a lawless savage. ... And he was an Arab! A man of different race and colour, a native ... he was the man she loved. She was deliriously, insanely happy.²³⁶



Illustration 1.8 Hiram Powers, 'The Greek Slave' at the Great Exhibition in London in 1851. *The Illustrated Exhibitor* (London: 1851)

Prompted by the extraordinary popularity of the *Sheik*, Hull composed a sequel to the novel, *Son of the Sheik* (1925). Here Diana, who has clearly succumbed to the lure of the desert and gone native, is seen leading a happy life with her Arabian husband. She bears him a son who, having inherited his father's proclivity for white women, kidnaps and weds the daughter of an English renegade.

In the twentieth century, the abduction of white women in Barbary has found expression in a veritable flood of popular novels by female authors, who discovered in this genre a highly marketable plot: Elizabeth Coatsworth's *The White Horse of Morocco* (1942), Geraldine Samon's *The Corsair* (1951), Sergeane Golon's *Angélique in Barbary* (1961), Olga Stringfellow's *A Gift for the Sultan* (1962), Lane Margaret's *The Day of the Feast* (1968), Christiana Nicholson's *The Savage Sands* (1978), Rebecca Stratton's *The Silken Cage* (1981), Victoria Holt's *The Captive* (1989), Karen Delk's *The Bride Price* (1992), Nicole Jordan's *Lord of Desire* (1992), Bobbi Smith's *Captured My Heart* (1992), Sandra Marton's *Hostage of the Hawk* (1996), Nadine Crenshaw's *Fields of the Sun* (1997), and Debbie Taylor's *The Fourth Queen* (2003).²³⁷ In most of these novels the space of white female incarceration turns out to be a place of unfettered sexuality.

The cinema, too, has capitalized on white female captivity plots with, for instance, *Sheik* (1921), *Maid in Morocco* (1925), *Son of the Sheik* (1926), *Slave Girl* (1947), *Desert Song* (1953), *Yankee Pasha* (1954), *Angélique et le Sultan* (1967), *The Wind and the Lion* (1975), *Sahara* (1983), *Bolero* (1984), and *Intimate Power* (1989). *The Wind and the Lion* (directed by John Milius) strikes me as a movie in which complex encounters between a white woman and a Barbary captor are staged. The movie is based on the historical kidnapping of the American Ion Perdicaris by the rebel leader Ahmed er-Raisuli in 1904,²³⁸ but substitutes Ion with a female hostage, his thirty-five-year-old widow Eden Perdicaris (Candice Bergen). Raisuli (Sean Connery), 'the last of the Barbary pirates', as he is called in the movie, snatches Eden from her villa and drags her along with him in his shifting encampment. Eden, who is conceived within the Victorian ideal of womanhood, threatens death to her captor should he dare to molest her. Her kidnapper, however, proves to be a noble Moor. He explains to her that her abduction was a politically motivated action in his jihad for his country against the weak and corrupt Sultan and foreign colonial enouncements. As Eden begins to understand her captor more she starts admiring him, even embracing his cause. In a scene consciously modelled on Othello's stories to Desdemona, Raisuli recounts his exploits to Eden, who, like Desdemona, is enthralled by her Moorish captor's extraordinary tales, and a romance begins between them. Raisuli, however, has to relinquish Eden when the Moroccan government gives in to his demands, but he is betrayed, incarcerated, and tortured. Eden risks her life to help him escape and Raisuli rides away under the tearful and pining eyes of his former captive. The audience is left with an ambiguous

ending, wondering whether Eden would return back home or follow her 'hero of the black tribe'.

The Mediterranean zone, as Braudel conceives it, has been a space for complex historical, military, commercial, cultural, and ideological encounters between the Crescent and the Cross. Being wrought within this multifaceted context, female captivity narrative allows disparate, often, irreconcilable tales to be heard, tales that simultaneously confirm and powerfully contest Western presumptions and construction of identity and difference. This genre is intrinsically fraught with ideological, cultural, and discursive conflicts and contradictions that increasingly threaten to shatter structural unity and coherence. However, in my view, such tensions rescue captivity narrative from becoming a mere allegory of good versus evil and reinvent it into a rich and wonderfully complex genre, a fertile field for interdisciplinary inquiry.

2

Narratives

2.1 Remarkable History of the Countess De Bourk's Shipwreck, and Her Daughter's Captivity, Release, etc, Including a Good Account of the Mounteneers. In A Voyage to Barbary for the Redemption of Captives. London: Charles Corbet, 1735, 14–35.

On 22 October, 1719, the French Countess De Bourk embarked on board a Genoese ship at the French port of Cette to join her Irish husband in Spain and afterward accompany him in his embassy to the court of Sweden. Three days later, the ship was seized off Palamos by an Algerian corsair, under the command of a Dutch renegade. Having looted the prize, the renegade made for Algiers. On the way, the ship hit a rock in tempestuous weather and foundered near the Algerian coast. The Countess, her son, and some domestics were drowned. Her ten-year-old daughter, Miss De Bourk, and four of the servants reached the shore with the help of the tribesmen who treated the castaways as captives, confined them in a remote village and demanded a ransom for their release. The captive endured her plight with brave forbearance. 'I am not afraid that these People will kill me', she exclaimed, 'but that they should attempt to make me change my Religion: I will however sooner suffer Death than once fail in what I have promised to my God'.

In confinement, Miss De Bourk managed to convey a missive to the French Consul in Algiers acquainting him with her misfortune. He immediately commissioned a native priest to negotiate her release. The tribal chieftain agreed to free the captives except for the young Countess, whom he designed as a bride for his son, saying that he was not 'unworthy of her, even had she been the King of *France's* own Daughter'. However, with gold and rich presents the priest eventually prevailed upon him to liberate Miss De Bourk. So, after about four weeks in captivity, De Bourk and the other captives gained freedom and set out for Algiers where they were joyfully received by the European contingent.

The melodramatic story of Miss De Bourk first appeared in French in François Comelin's *Voyage pour la Redemption des captifs, aux royaumes d'Alger et de Tunis* (1721). It was published in English translation in *A Voyage to Barbary for the Redemption of Captives* (1735) and became extremely popular in England, repeatedly anthologized during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in: *Several Voyages* (1736); Thomas Salmon's *Modern History* (1739); *Complete History of the Piratical States of Barbary* (1750); *The Mariner's Chronicle* (1804); *Accurate Account of the Loss of His Majesty, the Ship Litchfield* (1809); Andrus and Starr's *Remarkable Shipwrecks* (1813); *Tales of Travellers* (1837); Sholto's *The Percy Anecdote* (1839); Thomas Campbell's *Journal of a Residence in Algiers* (1842); Madame Prus' *A Residence in Algiers* (1852); and *Tales of Enterprise, Peril, and Escape* (1858). In addition to that, De Bourk's captivity story is fictionalized in novel form in Jane Strickland's *The Orphan Captive* (1848) and Charlotte Yonge's *A Modern Telemachus* (1889).

The popularity of De Bourk's captivity story is due largely to the fact that the enslavement of children filled audiences with fear and anxiety concerning the possibility of their submission to Oriental allurements and temptation to apostatize as did the young heroine in Voltaire's *Tragedy of Zara* (1733) and the 11-year-old hero of the historical narrative *The History of the Long Captivity and Adventures of Thomas Pellow* (1739). De Bourk, however, proves to be a paragon of steadfastness and Christian womanhood.

Her bravery and intransigence reminds us of her compatriot in Sergeanne Goldon's bestselling novel *Indomptable Angélique* (1960), published in English translation in Britain as *Angélique and the Sultan* (1961) and in America as *Angélique in Barbary* (1963). Like De Bourk's, the story of Angélique is set in eighteenth-century North Africa. It revolves about the French heroine's resistance to the advances of the sultan, preferring martyrdom than capitulation to an infidel. The novel was made into a movie as *Angélique et le Sultan* (1967).

A historical abduction of an eighteenth-century French woman is that of Amée du Buc de Rivéry, who was captured by Algerian corsairs and offered as a gift to the Ottoman emperor. Like De Bourk, Amée was a young girl of aristocratic background but, unlike her, she yielded to her master and became the 'French Sultana'. She is reported to have exercised a great influence on the emperor and inspired him to introduce European reforms in the country. Her biography is the subject matter of several novels, including March Cost's *The Veiled Sultan* (1969) and Michael of Greece's *Sultana* (1983), and a movie production, *Intimate Power* (1989).

Remarkable History of the Countess De Bourk's Shipwreck, and Her Daughter's Captivity

Mademoiselle De Bourk (Daughter of Count De Bourk and of the Countess his Lady, whose Father, Marquis De Varenne, Lieut. Gen. of the King's Armies, Governor of *Bouchain*, heretofore Commandant of *Metz*, and allied to the best Families in *Paris*) had sent away several Letters, of all which the last

only, directed to our Consul,¹ was delivered. It was first carried to the *Dey* by a *Moor* who was charged therewith, and the *Dey* sent it to *M. Dusault*.² By this Letter she informed us of her cruel Disaster, whereof, as also of her Deliverance, I deem myself obliged to publish the intire Narrative.

The Countess *De Bourk*, desirous of making a Journey to Count *De Bourk* her Spouse, a Native of *Ireland* (his *Catholic* Majesty's Ambassador-Extraordinary to the court of *Sweden*, and now at *Madrid*) demanded and obtained a Pass for herself and whole Family, except one of her Sons, between 3 and 4 Years old, whom she left with her Mother the Marchioness *De Varenne*. In her Way to *Avignon*, she was joined by Marquis *De Varenne*, her Brother, a Sea-Officer, who accompanied her to *Montpellier*, where she was dissuaded from going by Land thro' the *French* and *Spanish* Armies; notwithstanding the Marshal Duke of *Berwick* had proffered his Protection to pass her safely to the Frontiers of *Spain*, and the Marquis his Son had also offered to convey her from thence to *Girona*, where he commanded the Troops of his *Catholic* Majesty. This Lady's Dread of the Armies occasioned her listening to what was remonstrated to her, viz.³ 'That, without exposing herself to so many Dangers, and such Expense, her shortest and easiest Way was, to imbark at *Cette*, whence she might in twenty-four Hours reach *Barcelona*.' She came to that Resolution with more Readiness, as she had been at Sea several Times before. Having got her Pass changed, she went to *Cette*. There she found diverse *French* Barks on their Departure: But none of them having a Lading to unship in *Spain*, she was necessitated to hire a *Genouese* Tartan,⁴ just ready to set sail for *Barcelona*.

She imbarked with her Son, eight Years old; her Daughter aged nine Years and ten Months; *M. L'Abbé De Bourk*, Chamber-maid of *Valence* in *Dauphine*; her Childrens Governess; a young Girl, she took in Charity, recommended by the Nuns of *Ville Franche*, near *Lyon*; another Chambermaid, from *Strasburg*; a Steward, and a Lacquey; in all eleven Persons. Among her Baggage was a noble Set of Plate; a Picture of his *Catholic* Majesty,⁵ in a massive Gold Frame, inriched with Diamonds; a very magnificent Chapel, composed of three Chalices,⁶ with other the richest Ornaments, six Suits of Court-apparel, &c. &c; the whole in seventeen Parcels, either Bales, or Chests, leaded over.

The Tartan sailed thence the 22nd of *October*, 1719; and on the 25th Ditto,⁷ a small *Algerine* Cruiser, of fourteen Guns, commanded by a *Dutch Renegado*, was seen at about two Leagues Distance from the Tartan, then within Sight of the Coast of *Palamos*. The Captain of this Corsair, in order to possess himself thereof, sent off his Boat, with twenty armed *Turks*, who to facilitate their Enterprise, fired seven or eight Musquets, without hurting any, by reason all the Equipage either lay flat on the Deck, or had hid themselves elsewhere. Those *Turks* entred our Tartan, Sabre in Hand, and one of them grave two Cuts to a Domestic of *Madam De Bourk*. They then proceeded to the Stern-Cabbin, where that Lady was, and there posted four of their Company as a Guard, conducting the Tartan to their own Ship. The *Turks*,

in their Way thither, plundered on all Sides. Meeting with some Hams, they threw them over-board; but did not so by the Pasties, of which they eat most voraciously, casting the small Remains also into the Sea; and they drank of the Wine and Brandy proportionably to their eating.

Having reached the Corsair, they forced on board him all the *Genouese* Equipage, who were instantly fettered. The Captain passed over into our Tartan and entering Madam *De Bourk's* Cabbin, asked her, 'Who she was? Of what Nation? and Whither going?' The Answers she made were; 'That she was a *French-Woman*, come from *France*, and bound to *Spain*.' He then required to see her Pass, which she shewed him, without giving it out of her Hand, as being apprehensive those *Barbarians* might tear it: but on the Assurance that Corsair gave her of its being returned when examined, she let him have it; which, when perused by his Interpreter, he returned, saying, 'it was good, and that she had nothing to fear either for herself, her Retinue, or Effects'. She represented to him, That she being a Free-woman, both by her Pass and Birth, it behoved him to convey her in his Boat to the Coast of *Spain*, to which she was then so near: That he owed thus much to the Pass-port of *France*: That in so doing, he would free her from abundance of Fatigue, and her Husband from mortal Anxieties: That if he did her this Piece of Service, she should not fail making him a suitable Acknowledgement, when Occasion offered. He replied, 'That he, being a *Renegado*, could not do so on any Account: That it was as much as his Head was worth: That the *Dey* of *Algiers* would readily surmise that, under Pretext of a *French* Pass, he had sold Liberty to a Family of his Country's Enemies, and landed them in *Christendom*: That she must therefore of Necessity go with him to *Algiers*, and present herself and Pass-port before the *Dey*; which done, she would be delivered up to the *French* Consul, who would procure her a Passage over to *Spain*, after the Manner which he and herself should judge most expedient: That she was at her own Option, whether she would remove into the Cruiser, or continue in the Tartan, where indeed she might be much quieter and more at Liberty than on board his Ship, wherein were near two hundred, between *Turks* and *Moors*, among whom there was no very safe trusting either herself or the young Females she had with her.' *M. De Bourk* accepted staying in the Tartan; and the Captain put on board her only seven Men, *Turks* and *Moors*, to do what little was there to be done, taking her in Tow, having first carried away her Boat, three Anchors, with all her Provisions, excepting those belonging to *M. De Bourk*; and after this Manner the Corsair made towards *Algiers*. The Lady had presented him with her own Watch; and gave another, together with four *Louis d'Ors*,⁸ to the *Turk* left Commander of the Tartan.

The 28th, 29th and 30th were furiously tempestuous, and the Cable which towed the Tartan was parted. Those on board her, as well the Commander as his Equipage, extremely ignorant in Navigation (for the Corsair had not put on board any of his expertest Mariners) and withal not having a Compass, it being broken in the Fury of Boarding, abandoned themselves to

the Winds and Waves. The Tartan was nevertheless fortunately driven upon the *Barbary Shore*, *November 1*, into the Gulf of *Col*, East of *Jijel*. There they cast Anchor; and the *Turkish Captain*, who knew not the Country, made two *Moors* swim ashore, in order to learn from the Inhabitants, what Coast they were got upon.

The neighboring Mountaineers, who had espied this Tartan, were in great Numbers assembled on the Strand, to oppose the Descent of any Enemy, as taking in for some *European Corsair* coming to steal away either themselves or their Cattle. But they were undeceived by those *Moors*, who acquainted them, that it was a Prize taken from *Christians*, and that therein a great *French Princess*, whom they were conducting to *Algiers*. One of the two *Moors* staying ashore, his Companion swam back again, to give Account of his Errand, informing his Officer in the Tartan, what Coast that was, and its Distance from *Algiers*, near which City we must needs have passed, considering what Wind had for some Days been constantly blowing. On this Intelligence, the *Turkish Commander*, impatient to be at home, or at least to overtake his Captain, without taking Time to weigh, cut the Cable and sailed away, without Anchor, Boat, or Compass. Scarce was he got half a League, without the Gulf or *Bay*, but he paid dearly for his Imprudence. He was there attacked with a contrary Wind which he was not able to master, and which drove him back again upon the Coast. He had Recourse to Oars; but the Weakness of his Equipage rendered them ineffectual, and, Spite of all his Efforts, the Tartan struck upon a Rock and bilged. The whole Stern was immediately under Water, and *M. De Bourk*, being, with her Son and three Female Attendants, in the Cabbin, were drowned. Those who were at the Head, among whom were *M. L'Abbé De Bourk*; Mr *Arthur*; the Lady's Steward; a Maid-servant, and the Lacquey, clung to the Wreck which lay on the Rock. Mr *Arthur*, seeing something struggling in the Water, got down and found it to be *M. De Bourk*, whom he drew out and put into the Steward's Hands, recommending her to his Care, saying; 'That he, for his Part, was going to throw himself into the Sea.' He was indeed the only Person of the Company who could swim: And it would have been better if he had not too far confided in his Skill; for from that Moment he never more appeared. *M. L'Abbé De Bourk* was the first who went down from the Wreck, upon the Rock whereon the Tartan split. He there, for some space, sustained himself (holding by his Knife, which he had forced into a Crevice) against the furious Waves, which covered him over several Times, and finally cast him on the Declension⁹ of a neighboring dry Shoal, whence he had still a narrow Arm of the Sea to pass before he could get ashore. He caught at a dry Plank, torn from the Wreck, but it was driven away out of his Hands. At length, making use of one of the Tartan's Oars, he gained a Rock adjoining to the Continent.

Those *Moors*, who were in that Part of the Strand, not only tore and cut off all his Cloaths, but likewise used him very cruelly. Others of them, in great Numbers, ran into the Sea, in Hopes of a rich Booty. The Steward, who had

the young Lady in his Arms, made Signs to those *Barbarians*; and two *Moors* making towards him, he flung her to them with all his Force when about four Paces Distance. Receiving, and holding her between them, by one Arm and one Leg, they got her to Land, where they took from her one Shoe and a Stocking, in Token of her Vassalage. The said Steward, from whom I learned all the Particulars of this tragic Event, told me that, while he still held her in his Arms, on seeing those *Barbarians* approach, she said, with a Tone and Air beyond her Years; 'I am not afraid that these People will kill me, but that they should attempt to make me change my Religion: I will however sooner suffer Death than once fail in what I have promised to my God.' He confirmed her in this generous Sentiment, assuring her, that he was in the same Resolution; wherein she very pressingly exhorted him to continue stedfast.

The Maid and Lacquey also leaped into the Sea, from different Places, and, being taken up by *Moors*, were carried ashore, and there left quite naked. The Steward, being the last who gave himself over to the Waves, using the Assistance of a Rope to climb from Rock to Rock, was met by a *Moor*, who left him in a very naked Condition, even before he landed him.

In this piteous and shameful Plight, they were hastily conducted towards certain Cottages on the nearest Mountain. They were with Stripes pressed on, thro' rugged, stony Paths, which miserably wounded their Feet; and particularly the Maid was to be lamented, who, in passing the Rocks, being sorely hurt in several Parts of her Body, was almost covered over with her own Blood. Moreover, each was loaded with a Bundle of wet Things, and alternately carried also the young Lady. Arriving half dead at those Cottages on the Mountain, they were received amidst loud Shoutings and Outcries of the *Moors* and their Children; and as there are abundance of Dogs in that Country, these Creatures, excited by this tumultuous Noise, joined their Barking in the Concert: One of them made several Holes in the Lacquey's Leg, and another bit out a Piece of the poor Maid's Thigh.

They were then divided. The Maid and Lacquey were given into the Hands of a *Barbarian*: And Providence permitted, that *M. De Bourk* should remain with her Uncle. *L'Abbé de Bourk* and the Steward, under Care of one and the same Patron. He presently gave each of them a wretched Garment swarming with Vermin; and, after so many Fatigues, all they brought them to eat was a scanty Portion of very coarse Bread kneaded into Cakes without Leaven, and baked on Embers; which, with some Water for Drink, and the bare Ground to repose on, was their best Entertainment. The Steward, observing how his young Lady suffered by being in her wet Clothes, with great Difficulty obtained a little Firing which being lighted, he there wrung and warmed all her Things, one after another, and then put them on again half dried, she not being able to sit naked any longer. It was in this Condition she passed the first Night, induring much and in great Terror.

In this Place were about fifty Inhabitants, all in five or six Cabanes or Huts, made of Canes and Branches, where Men, Women, Children and Cattle of

all Kinds, lodged promiscuously. These *Barbarians* congregated in that where were our three Captives, and held a Council touching their Destiny. Some, thro' a false Principle of their Religion, urged 'That they should die, in order to assure themselves of their Prophet's Paradise, by this Sacrifice of *Christians*.' Others, thro' a Principle of mundane Interest, and Hopes of a large Ransom, were of a contrary Sentiment: And so the whole Assembly dispersed without coming to any Conclusion. Next Day, those of some neighboring Habitations being sent for, they returned thither in far greater Numbers, vomiting many Menaces; shewing them the Fire, and saying, 'They were just going to burn them alive.' Others, unsheathing their Sabres, made Shew of striking off their Heads. One took the Child by the Hair, laying his Sabre to her Neck edgewise. Several charged Pieces¹⁰ with Bullets, they looking on, and then took Aim at them. The Steward, by Signs, made them understand, 'That they should take it as a great Happiness to die for their Holy Religion; and that the whole Damage would redound only to themselves, in losing the Ransom they might expect for their Prize.' Hereupon even the most violent became somewhat milder; but the Children and Women redoubled their Insults each Moment. They were guarded with such Exactness, that a *Moor*, Lance in Hand, attended them even to their necessary Occasions, lest they should run away, or that their Prey might not be taken from them forcibly. In Effect, some few Days after, they were menaced by the *Bey* of *Costantina*, who demanded the *Christians* should be sent him, or otherwise he would visit them with his Camp, and force them away. To which Summons those *Africans* replied; 'That they feared neither himself nor his Camp, even if joined by all the *Turks* in *Algiers*.' These *Moors* pay no Acknowledgment to *Algiers*, tho' they are surrounded by its Subjects, and are themselves naturally such. They enjoy a State of Independency, under the Denomination of *Cabeyls*, i.e. People of Cabal, or revolted, and the Mountains of *Cucco* serve them as inaccessible Ramparts against the *Algerines* whole Power.

Such was the Situation of those unhappy Victims, worn out with Fatigues, without Repose, pressed with Wants, destitute of Nourishment and all human Assistance, absolutely in the Power of *Barbarians*, a People so enraged against them, that they never spake to them but Fire seemed to dart from their Eyes; so that the White therein, so remarkably visible in *Negroes* and *Moors*, was no longer distinguishable. The Maid-Servant, and her Companion the other Domestic, who (in the same Village) had no fewer Trials to undergo, were withal debarred the Comfort of once seeing, or even learning any Tidings of their young Mistress.

All these accumulated Calamities, without any other Consolation than what they drew from their Religion, were still nothing in Comparison with the dreadful Objects presented to their View. The *Moors*, not satisfied with having in their Possession those five *Christians*, would farther make Advantage of their Effects the Sea had swallowed up, and which they believed were considerable. As these People are as expert at diving as they are active in running on

the Mountains, they had soon fished up the Bales and Chests; as likewise the drowned Bodies. They had taken with them the Steward and Lacquey to help bring away such Booty as fell to their Share. Having drawn ashore the dead Bodies, they failed not to strip them quite naked, for sake of their Garments, beating off with Stones *M. De Bourk's* Fingers, to have her Rings, fearing to profane their Knives if they used them on the Corpses of *Christians*.

What a Spectacle it must have been to them, to behold the Bodies of Persons they so dearly loved thus exposed to the Injuries of Weather, a Prey to wild Beasts, and (which touched them a thousand Times more sensibly) to the Insults of *Moors*, who emulated each other in throwing Stones at them, taking Delight to hear how every Blow caused those Bodies, swoln with Water, to resound.¹¹

The Steward, under the Consternation he was in, did his best to represent to them, 'That they violated all Bounds of Humanity; and that they ought at least to suffer them to be buried.' All the Answer they made was; 'We never bury Dogs.' A *Moor*, who had loaded the Lacquey with one of the Bales, would needs make him pass close by those Corpses, which was his nearest Way; but could not possibly prevail: That Domestic, struck with Horror, chose rather to ascend a craggy Rock, than to be near such melancholy Objects.

The Steward, being returned to the Village terribly agitated, durst not however impart his Concern to *M. De Bourk*, but concealed from her Knowledge the dismal Spectacle he had beheld.

Mean while, the *Moors* divided their Prize. The richest Stuffs were cut in small Pieces and distributed to adorn the Heads of their Children. All the Plate was put up to Auction, and the three Chalicees (one of which was worth at least four hundred *Livres*) were sold all of them for less than five *Livres*; because, being tarnished by the Sea-Water, their Color and unknown Figure made them thought to be only Copper Vessels, and of small Importance. As to what Books they found, looking on them as useless Utensils, they, without much Difficulty, let the Steward and Lacquey have some of them: The Steward secured likewise his Inkhorn, of which good Use was made, as we shall find in the Sequel.

During the three Weeks of our Captives Continuance in this Place, *M. De Bourk* (making Advantage of the Steward's Ink, Pens and a few Leaves of blank Paper she tore from the Beginings and Ends of some Books he brought) wrote three Letters to the *French* Consul at *Algiers*: But they came not to Hand. That Time expired, they were removed thence into the high Mountains of *Cucco*, where seemingly these Revolters chief *Sheikh*, or Commander, makes his Residence. Twelve of these *Barbarians*, armed with Sabres, Guns and Lances, were their Conductors, constraining *M. L'Abbé De Bourk* and the Steward, by Turns, to carry the young Lady, over Mountains extremely rugged: And as those *Moors* are accustomed to traverse such Places very swiftly, they with Blows pressed them on, Spite of their Weariness, to march faster than they were able. They travelled thus a whole Day, and at their Journey's End had

each a Piece of Bread, and withal (for the first Time) the additional Comfort of lying where the Place's Floor was boarded.

The *Sheikh*, with the Chiefs of these Mountaineers, held a grand Council on the Subject of our Captives; where not agreeing on the Division should be made of them, it was determined to return them to whence they came. Before their Departure, the Steward having brought away a little Straw from before some Cattle, feeding on it hard by, to spread under *M. De Bourk*, the Master of that Cottage took it so heinously that, snatching up a Hatched, he made him lay down his Head on a Log of Timber, and was going to chop it off, had not a *Moor*, who came in the very Instant, prevented him. Three or four Times every Day (answerably to these *Infidels* barbarous Humor) they came and took them by the Throat, having first fastened the Door of their Hut, for Fear of being hindered, and, Sabre in Hand, went about to butcher them; but some invisible Power always stayed those Murderers Arms and repressed their Fury. As the disconsolate Victims were still retained, notwithstanding the Resolution taken of returning them to their first Master, he himself, accompanied by a *Turk* from *Bujeya* arrived there to fetch them away: But sixteen armed Mountain-*Moors* forced him to abandon them. This *Barbarian*, unable to keep his Prey, seized on *M. De Bourk*, and drew his Sabre in order to strike off her Head; but the *Turk*, by his Remonstrances, made him desist. They who conducted them back, often transported by a false Zeal, or thro' their natural blood-thirsty Disposition, were more than once on the Point of being their Executioners: Once in particular, they hurried away *L'Abbé De Bourk* and the Steward behind a very thick Bush, there to offer up to their Prophet this Sacrifice; but those poor Victims escaped likewise from that Peril.

On their Arrival, they gave them raw Turnip-tops to eat, without a Morsel of Bread, to refresh them after their Fatigues; and this was their Case very frequently: However, by Degrees, the Children took such Affection to *M. De Bourk*, that it now and then procured her a little Milk with her scanty Portion of Bread: It is the *Moors* Genius to grant, in Consideration of their Children, whatever is asked in their Names, or themselves demand: So the usual Compliment, when one would obtain any Favors, is to say, 'Grant me this for thy Son's Face.'

At length, a fourth Letter, which *M. De Bourk* wrote to our Consul (the only one which came to Hand) arrived at *Algiers* on the 24th of *November*. The *Dey*, as I observed, sent it to *M. Dusault*, who read it over to us. She there in plain but pathetic Terms, described how 'That, after the Shipwreck of her Mother, she and her Retinue were reduced to the most frightful Bondage: That they perished with Hunger: That they there underwent all the ill Treatments could be expected from Enemies to the *Christian* Faith and to all Humanity: That they were devoured by Vermin.' She most pressingly intreated him, 'to have Compassion on their Misery and send them some Relief, till he should be able to procure their Liberty, of which the *Barbarians*

continual Menaces caused them to lose all Hope'. His reading this Letter touched us all most sensibly. We tendered Offers of our Money and Service to *M. Dusault*, who wanted not pressing on this Occasion, as being perfectly acquainted with the Family. He instantly gave Orders, that a *French Tartan*, then in the Port, should be got ready, Clothes and Provisions bought, and obtained from the *Dey* a Letter of Recommendation to the Great *Morabot* of *Bujeya*. He withal wrote to the young Lady, accompanying his Letter with some Presents. The Tartan sailed away that very Evening, and in a short Space of Time arrived at *Bujeya*.

There the *French Nation's* Interpreter, sent by *M. Dusault* in this Tartan, presented the *Dey* of *Algiers* and his said Excellency's Letters to the Great *Morabot*. He was somewhat indisposed; nevertheless, immediately rising, he mounted, together with the *Morabot* of *Jijel*, our Interpreter and six or seven *Moors*, and took the Road towards those Mountains which are five or six Days riding from *Bujeya*. On their Arrival, those *Moors* who retained our Captives, perceiving this Cavalry making towards their Village, shut themselves up in the Cottages where they were, to the Number of ten or a dozen, with Sabres in their Hands. The *Morabots* knocked very hard at the Door, asking aloud, 'What was become of the *Christians*?' The Answer was, 'They are at the farther end of our Village.' But a *Moor* on the Out-side made Signs, to let them know those they wanted were in that Cottage. The Troop, instantly alighting, caused it to be opened to them; whereupon those *Moors* within ran away and the *Morabots* entered. Our Captives then really thought the Hour of their Sacrifice was come; but they were presently calmed by the Great *Morabot*, who, approaching *M. De Bourk*, put into her Hand *M. Dusault's* and our Consul's Letters, giving her withal Part of his own Provision, Bread and Walnuts: For those who travel in *Africa* must always carry with them some Eatables. He passed the Night, with his whole Retinue, in that Cabane, or Cottage, and next Morning sent the *Moors* Children to seek their Fathers. Conformably to his Orders, they came, all kissing his Hand, according to their Custom: For the *Moors* have a profound Respect for their *Morabots*; fearing them beyond all other Powers; their Curses being to them much more formidable than all the Threats of *Algiers*: It is in the *Morabot's*, and not God's Name, that the Poor beg for Charity. He sent for the *Sheikh* of the Mountains, and Chiefs of those Cabanes. To them he declared, 'That the cause of his coming was to demand the Release of five *French Christians* escaped from Shipwreck: That, as *France* was at Peace with the whole Kingdom of *Algiers*, they ought not, contrary to the Treaty, to retain these *French* People, already sufficiently unhappy in the Loss of their Friends and Effects, without being also deprived of Life or Liberty: That notwithstanding they themselves did not submit to the Authority of *Algiers*, they yet enjoyed Advantages from Peace with *France*: And finally, that they would be guilty of a signal Injustice, if they did not release them, having been otherwise sufficient Gainers by their rich Spoils.'

The *Moors* defended themselves as best they could, with bad Reasonings. Our Prisoners, at these Contestations, by little and little began to be deprived of that Joy they had just conceived, seeing themselves in Danger of being sent back again. Disquiet succeeded the Moment of their Consolation: But their Fright was complete on our Interpreter's informing them, 'That the *Moors*, pressed by the *Morabot's* Authority and Arguments, consented to release four of them; but that the *Sheikh* was absolutely determined to retain *M. De Bourk*, designing her as a Wife for his Son, who was fourteen Years old, and not (he said) any way unworthy of her, even had she been the King of *France's* own Daughter; his Son being the Offspring of a King of Mountains and consequently not her inferior.' They looked on this new-started Incident as a greater Calamity than all the rest; Captivity it self appearing to them less cruel than the Necessity of leaving in such Hands this dear Child, so young, and so destitute of all Protection.

Such was their comfortless Situation, and such *M. De Bourk's* Alarms, while the *Sheikh* remained inflexible: But at length the *Morabot*, taking him aside, put into his Hand some Gold, with Assurance of a far larger Gratification, and by that means made him somewhat more tractable. In short, all their Reasons were agreed on, and settled at nine hundred Pieces of Eight; and the *Morabot*, leaving in Pledge a *Turk*, together with a Quantity of his own Wives Jewels, &c. departed thence with the five *Christians*.

They took the road to *Bujeya*, the whole Company lodging in the *Moors* Habitations, when they could find any. Once among others, a certain old Woman, Mistress of the Tent where they were, was extremely angry that those *Christians* should get off with their Lives from among the Mountaineers; saying, 'They were Fools for not having made this Sacrifice to their Prophet, since they might thereby have been assured of enjoying his Paradise.' Adding (all this while in a great Rage) 'That had such a Circumstance happened in the *Adouar*¹² she belonged to, and *Christians* been left in her Custody, they should never have escaped so; for if her Husband would not have killed them, she would, with her own Hands, have cut their Throats.' While the old Woman thus vented her Fury, she was making a Mess of *Cuscusou*,¹³ for the *Morabot's* Supper, but in so nasty and sluttish a Manner, that only the seeing her do it was sufficient to take off the keenest Appetite, and turn a no very nice Stomach.

Arriving at *Bujeya*, December 9, our People had Linnen given them to wear under their *Capotes*;¹⁴ by reason that the Clothes which were sent them had served towards making Presents, in order to facilitate their Release. The 10th, towards Evening, they embarked on the Tartan, which reached *Algiers*, on the 13th, at Daybreak. The Captain of *M. Dusault's* Ship, having ordered a Gun to be fired, which the Tartan answered by firing four *Pedreroes*,¹⁵ did by that Signal give us Notice of the Arrival of those whom we expected with Impatience and Anxiety. The Ship's Boat was dispatched away to bring them ashore. Our Consul, with the principal Persons of our Nation there, went

down to meet and conduct them from the Port up to *M. Dusault's* Palace, which was perfectly crouded with *Christians, Turks,* and even *Jews*. His said Excellency received the young Lady as she entered his Court-yard, and taking her Hand instantly led her to the Chapel, where she heard *Mass*; which ended we sang *Te Deum*,¹⁶ as a Thanksgiving for this felicitous Redemption.

The Spectators had much ado to refrain Tears, and, to Appearance, the very *Turks* and *Jews* were moved. In effect, this young Lady, not quite ten Years old, after having passed all the Alarms and Miseries we have related, had yet a certain Air of Grandure and of a generous Education. She shewed a Firmness of Mind, and had given therof many Proofs under her Misfortunes. Her Domesticss assured me, that she was the first to incourage them: That she frequently exhorted them rather to chuse Death than fail in their Duty towards God: That, like young *Tobit*,¹⁷ under his Captivity, she gave them salutary Lessons, and abhorred, like him, not only the Abominations of *Infidels*, but even the minutest Trifles which might any how savor of Superstition. The *Moors* Women, according to their Manner of doing to their Children, had often attempted to anoint her Head with Oil: But, whatever Violence they could use, she never once would suffer them, under Apprehension she had, that it might be some Practise of *Mahomet's* Law.

After our newly released Captives were somewhat refreshed, we thought only of satisfying the Engagements which had been made for their Liberty. With Pleasure we drew from our Chests the nine hundred Dollars, which were immediately sent away to the *Jews*, in order to be *whitened*, conformably to the Liking of those Mountaineers. To this Money *M. Desault* added Presents to the Great *Morabot*, and the others who had done us such a notable Service. He intrusted all to the Care of a *Moor* who came in the *Morabot's* Behalf, and who waited only some good Opportunity of returning to *Bujeya*.

2.2 *Notable History of a Spanish Girl, Slave to Ali Dey. In A Voyage to Barbary for the Redemption of Captives.* London: Charles Corbet, 1735, 106–10.

On 1 September 1715, 16-year-old Anna Maria Fernandez, native of Toledo in Spain, was captured by Barbary corsairs and carried as a gift to Bobba Ali, the powerful Dey of Algiers. Fearing rape, the young maiden besmeared her face with dirt and disfigured it with deep lacerations. This did not work. Being presented to the lustful Dey, he importuned her with promises of rich reward to yield to his passion. Fernandez indignantly spurned his advances, incurring his fury and cruelty against her. She endured her persecution with remarkable mettle. Being convinced he would never win her through violence, the Dey resorted to coaxing and blandishments. He lodged her in a magnificent apartment, offered her sumptuous Moorish clothes, jewels, and other expensive gifts, and employed a Christian slave-girl to alleviate her scruples and induce her to be condescending. The female captive again proved intransigent in her virtue, telling him that as his slave 'he might condemn her to hard Labor, which she was ready to undergo; but that she could not consent to any criminal Actions, because she was a *Christian*'.

The Dey was by no means discouraged. Hoping to make an impression on her, he carried her to a country-seat and promised freedom without ransom to her mother and sister should Fernandez be more compliant, yet again to no avail. Finally, after about two years of abortive coercion and coaxing, Bobba Ali's libidinousness was sublimated into admiration for his chaste slave. He set her free on 10 May 1717, and she sailed back home together with her mother and sister as well as 230 manumitted slaves.

Anna Maria Fernandez's story is recounted in the third person in La Philémon de La Motte's *Voyage pour la Redemption des Captifs aux Royaumes d'Alger et de Tunis* (1721). It is translated in English under the title 'Notable History of a Spanish Girl, Slave to Ali Dey', printed in *A Voyage to Barbary for the Redemption of Captives* (1735), reprinted in Thomas Salmon's *Modern History: or, The Present State of All Nations* (1735 and 1739) and in *Several Voyages to Barbary* (1736).

Fernandez's attempt to deflect her master's amorous advances by committing violence on her body echoes a Spanish girl in *Le Journal de Jean Doublet* (1698) who, when informed of the emperor's intention to add her to his harem, implored her parents to murder her. At her instigation, her mother harrowed her face with a knife until she was totally disfigured. In Penelope Aubin's *Noble Slaves* a Spanish captive plucks out her eyeballs to save herself from Muslim ravishment. Interestingly, there is no record, neither in factual nor fictional accounts, of similar acts of self-violence by slave girls of other European nationalities.

The trope of a white female captive's edification of a lewd Barbary potentate is a recurrent paradigm in Sabina's 'Louisa: A Novel' (1790), Rossin's *L'Italiana* (1813), and Maria Pinckney's *The Young Carolinians* (1818). However, even while Fernandez is credited for endurance, Christian virtue, and the edification of the Dey, the Fathers affirm that they have brought this story to public attention, also to recommend her master's magnanimity, displayed in 'the Generosity he showed a *Christian Girl*'. The humanization of a Muslim captor occurs also in Mozart's opera *The Abduction from the Seraglio* (1782) where Salim Basha, out of pure human kindness, ceases his solicitations to a Spanish woman and sets her free.

Notable History of a Spanish Girl, Slave to Ali Dey

Anna-Maria Fernandez, a Native of *Toledo*, aged 16, being taken Captive, with her Mother and a Sister named *Flora*, was brought by a *Chiaus*¹⁸ to the Palace, *September 1*, 1715, while *Ali Dey* was superintending the Pay of his Militia. This young Maiden, being in the Courtyard, prepossessed with Sentiments of her holy Religion, and foreseeing that her Youth and Beauty were on the Point of exposing to very great Perils both her Faith and her Innocency, took Advantage of the Confusion occasioned by those Multitudes of *Janizaries*,¹⁹ and daubed her Face all over with Dirt, beginning withal to lacerate her Cheeks and Arms, having first recommended herself to God, and with Showers of Tears invoked the powerful Aid of our *Blessed Lady*. The Pay being over for that Day, this poor Victim was presented to *Bobba Ali*, who made her go up into his Apartment. There he endeavored to bring her into Temper,²⁰ by great Promises, exaggerating the Happiness she might hope for in case she submitted to his Pleasure: And as, amidst these Protestations he attempted to caress her, this young Creature generously repelled all his Caresses and all his Violences: Telling him, 'That she would not purchase his Protection, nor the Advantages he offered her, at the Price of her Soul. That she was his Slave; he might condemn her to hard Labor, which she was ready to undergo; but that she could not consent to any criminal Actions, because she was a *Christian*.' She still persevered in resisting with a Constancy equal to the Violence *Ali Dey* continued offering her, till, ashamed to find himself thus baffled, after having given her several Kicks and Buffets,²¹ he retired much insensed. This was but the Prelude to what other Trials he made her undergo. That very Evening he returned to the Charge, and found her no less inflexible than before: Her Cries, which resounded even without the Palace, made such as heard them judge what Violence was offering her; and it evidently appeared that her Constancy was not vanquished when the *Dey* was seen, all in a Rage, drawing her by the Hair from the Top to the Bottom of his Stair-Case.

Finding himself unable to succeed in this first Assault, he changed his Battery. He lodged her in a handsome Chamber, with a *Negra Slave* to attend her, and went often to see her, making her abundance of fruitless

Protestations; to which he joined what is most capable of dazzling young Persons of that Sex, magnificent Apparel, costly Jewels, &c: But this virtuous Maiden, more curious²² to preserve her nuptial Garment without a Stain, refused them all, Spite of the Dey's Intreaties, earnest Remonstrances and Commands, daily repeated for more than a Month. To remove her Scruples, he caused a *Christian* Girl, of her own Country and Acquaintance to be brought her as a Companion and who, in her Presence, made no Difficulty of taking from the *Dey's* Hands such Things as he offered to our Virgin, and therewith adorning herself: But this generous Maid made her blush with Confusion, bitterly reproaching her base Compliance, and criminal Forgetfulness of her Baptismal Vows. *Ali Dey* could not but admire the one, and heartily contemned²³ the other who yielded so easily; but that Admiration did but add Fuel to his Passion. He imagined that the Country Air might work some Effect on her; and that amidst those rural Pleasures she might lose some of her Austerity and become more tractable. Spite of all her Resistance, he forced her to put on a suit of fine Clothes, and mount on a Mule, after that Country Fashion, in a *Racabia*, a Sort of Cage most sumptuously covered, after their Manner and therein she was conducted to his Uncle's Garden-Seat. As she was persuaded that the amorous *Dey* would not fail following her, and that abroad in the Country her Cries would not be heard, she made loud Lamentations as she passed the Streets of *Algiers*, that all People might be Witnesses of the Violences she underwent, and that such *Christians* as were within hearing might be excited to succor her; at least with their fervent Prayers to the Almighty, which she ceased not calling on them to do for her, imploring with great Outcries, for God's Assistance, and our *Blessed Lady's* Intercession.

The *Dey's* Uncle could not, with all his Efforts and Artifices, make any Impression on the Heart of this young Virgin; all this was much less dangerous to her than the Presence of her Persecutor; nor had Menaces and Promises much Force to stagger her, after the Attacks she had actually sustained: She there found herself as it were under Shelter; nor did she begin to tremble till the *Dey*, after a three Weeks Interval, sent for her home, where she had already got her Mother and Sister, in order to try if he could not, thro' their Means, bring her to a Compliance. He flattered them with Hopes of their Liberty, in case they could engage her to be more condescending: But all was in vain; and this bringing them together served only to make all three firmer in their Sentiments of Virtue and Religion. Our Apostolic Vicar, and the Father Administrator of the Hospital, touched at this Maiden's Situation, went to our Consul, *M. Clairam bault*,²⁴ to confer on the Means to put a Stop to so cruel and so dangerous a Persecution, and in what Terms to attack *Ali Dey* on the Affair. They knew what answer he had returned to the Complaint brought him against a certain Patron, who used the like Compulsion to a *Christian* Female Slave of his: He said, 'She was his own proper Goods, which he might use just as he pleased.' *M. Clairam bault*

however undertook speaking to him, and did it with his usual Discretion. The *Dey* replied, 'That he did not offer to force his Slave to change her Religion.' Our Consul returned very sorrowful; as judging from this Answer, that *Bobba Ali* designed not to quit his Pretensions: And, in Effect, he pursued her with more Artifices and greater Violence than ever. This continued till such Time as the Omnipotent vouchsafing to put a Period to the Combats of his Servant, suddenly changed the *Dey's* Fury into Admiration, and that, touched with the Constancy of his Slave, he frankly set her, together with her Mother and Sister, at Liberty. *May 10, 1717*, they were all three embarked on a Vessel, wherein our *Spanish* Fathers of the Redemption carried off 230 Captives, whom they had ransomed. Of such Estimation is persevering Vertue, since it casts a Luster which makes it admired and recompensed even by a passionate inamored *Barbarian!*

2.3 *Miraculous and Remarkable Events of Twelve Years Slavery, of a Woman, Called Maria ter Meetelen, Resident of Medemblik. Hoorn: Jacob Duyn's widow, 1748.*

Maria ter Meetelen was born in Amsterdam in 1704. At the age of 21, she traveled to France in male disguise, then crossed into Spain where she enlisted in a dragoon regiment. Her sex was eventually discovered and she was expelled from the army. In Madrid, ter Meetelen married a Dutch sea captain in 1728. Three years later, the couple embarked aboard a vessel bound for the Netherlands. Their vessel was attacked and captured by a Moroccan corsair of 20 cannons and 150 sailors. Unlike women who considered the prospect of captivity a fate worse than death, ter Meetelen tried to make the best of her captivity by cheerfully playing on her guitar and singing in Spanish while one of her Moroccan captors accompanied her in Arabic.

Upon arrival in Salé, the five crew and passengers were conducted to the Moorish capital, Meknès, where they were held prisoners. Shortly after, ter Meetelen's husband fell ill and died. The captives were presented to sultan Moulay Abdallah, who was attracted to the pretty young widow and urged her to apostatize and live in his harem. She steadfastly withheld herself from him, and the sultan enlisted the harem women to seduce her to his embrace. They dressed her in Moorish apparel and threatened death if she continued to desist. Ter Meetelen subtly contrived to elude her persecutors by pretending to be pregnant. The amorous sultan ceased his solicitations and consented to her marriage with her self-chosen Dutch groom.

Ter Meetelen was enslaved in Meknès during an appalling period of famine, plague, and prolonged political turmoil. Nevertheless, her industriousness, perspicacity, and entrepreneurial skills helped her not only to survive but achieve mercantile heroism in slavery. Ter Meetelen soon learnt Arabic and made frequent visits to the palace, where she spent a pleasant time in the company of the sultan's harem, strolling in the gardens and attending royal entertainments. Thanks to her tactfulness and insight into native decorum, she gained the royal ladies' friendship and the sultan's favour. He offered her protection and financial assistance and often requested her to divert him with her marvelous travels and adventures and entertaining information about Europe. Ter Meetelen boastfully claimed that the sultan esteemed her son as though he were his own child. To humour the sultan, she promised her daughter Anna as a bride to the royal prince.

Her success, however, exposed her to the jealousy and persecution of her fellow slaves. They schemed against her and reviled her as the sultan's whore in consequence of her repeated visits to the palace and the royal privileges accorded her.

Ter Meetelen's enslavement lasted for 12 years, the longest period spent in captivity by any of the women in this anthology. In 1743, the Netherlands redeemed its enslaved subjects and ter Meetelen sailed back home with her husband and two kids. Five years after her redemption she published an account of her adventures and enslavement as *Wonderbaarlyke en merkwaardige gevallen van een twaalf jarige slaverny, van een vrouspersoon, genaemt Maria ter Meetelen, woonagtig tot Medenblik* (Hoorn: Jacob Duyn's widow, 1748). Two centuries later her autobiography was edited and anthologized by H. Hardenberg in *Tussen zeerovers en Christenslaven* (1950). This edition has omitted a few sections from the original. A French translation by G. H. Bousquet and G. W. Bousquet-Mirandolle, based on this edition, appeared under the title *L'Annotation ponctuelle de la description de voyage étonnante et la captivité remarquable et triste* (1956). An imperfect Arabic rendition of the French translation was published by Idriss abu Idriss, *Min Taareekh al-Maghrib wa Hadaaratuhu al-Isma'iyya: Quissat al-Houlandiyya Maria ter Meetelen* in 1996. In 2006, Laura van den Broek coedited a complete version of ter Meetelen's autobiography in *Christenslaven: De slavernij-ervaringen van Cornelis Stout in Algiers (1678–1680) en Maria ter Meetelen in Marokko, 1731–1743*.

The *Miraculous and Remarkable Events* is an extremely important text in the history of women captivity narratives in that it is incontestably the first female Barbary captivity autobiography in a European language. Maria ter Meetelen features among the Dutch captives ransomed in 1743 (Robert Howell and Jolands Taylor, eds., *History in Dutch Studies* [Lanham, MD: University Press of America, 2003], 34). In addition to copious internal historical evidence, van den Broek vouches for the narrative's authenticity by noting the affinities in both style and content between the published manuscript and the letters available at the Dutch archive in the Hague written by ter Meetelen during her slavery in Meknès. However, despite the factuality of the *Miraculous and Remarkable Events*, sometimes the narrative is infiltrated with fictional elements, such as when the heroine reports with ocular authority that once a French slave received more than a hundred musket shots, which miraculously damaged merely his clothes. Incidents such as this one display the complex and ambiguous relationship between fact and fiction in captivity genre.

Ter Meetelen cherishes power and boasts of enjoying such an influence on the sultan that the Moors would come to her with presents, soliciting her intercession on their behalf at court. She also features as a mother figure who cares and caters for her family and fellow-captives. Ter Meetelen subtly uses her femininity and dexterity to survive and cope with the volatile and shifting power relations. She wields power and evinces gender agency not only in the extremely hostile environment of captivity but also in the act of narrating her autobiography. Like Elizabeth Marsh, Maria ter Meetelen refashions herself as a heroine who relishes dwelling in the narrative limelight.

Miraculous and Remarkable Events of Twelve Years Slavery, of a Woman, Called Maria ter Meetelen, Resident of Medemblik.

The course of things in life is confounding and I will relate to the reader a few things concerning my own personal destiny.

I have wandered abroad since the age of thirteen, and at 21, I finally decided to go on a trip across France attired as a man. It was in this fashion that I arrived in Spain, where by means of the press, I enlisted in a regiment of the Frisian dragoons, in a town called Sicktoria.²⁵ I did not stay there long, because it was soon discovered that I was not the person under whose name I had been recruited. I dressed again as a woman and departed for Madrit with the wife of the standard-bearer. After having sojourned there for a while, I at length got married on 22 October, 1728, with a Dutch captain by the name of Claas van der Meer, native of Alkmaar.

At the time I was twenty-four years old. My husband, who had been involved in a law suit concerning his ship which had been confiscated, had to postpone our departure, which finally took place on 15 January, 1731. We arrived on the 27th of that month to Carmoone, situated at a day's journey from Sevilla. Then we again rented a house in Entriana,²⁶ facing Siville, and resided there until June 27th, when we applied for a passport to return to the Netherlands, which we obtained through the intercession of the ambassador of the States General and the Prime Minister of his Royal Majesty. Seeing that the matter did not end, we went then to Sint Lucar,²⁷ two miles from Siville, where we embarked on 7 July, 1731, on aboard a small vessel and took to sea on the 8th. We came close to Caap Vincent,²⁸ where we spied a vessel which we believed to be a Turk. My husband urged the skipper to charge his artillery and guns, which consisted of three pieces of three pounds,²⁹ three muskets and two small naval cannons. In addition to that, some fortifications were equally made as though there was going to be an engagement. However, the wind changed and we were moving backward more than forward, in such a way that we were forced to leave the Portuguese coast and steered out to sea. The wind increased with the rain, and we had that night so wretched a weather that the sails had to be brailed up. Whereupon, my husband became so depressed that several times he wished the topmast would break down so that we should be obliged to enter Caap Vincent. In which case, we would set feet on shore and travel by land to the Netherlands, because the idea that the ship would be captured was fixed in his head. The wind changed again and we steered in the direction of the Netherlands. On Saturday 21 July, we arrived near the Barles, at the latitude of 22 miles. The weather was perfectly calm, and the custom had it that he who had never passed by Barles had to be baptized. Therefore, not having passed by it, I and my little dog were obliged to be baptized. Thus I offered an anchor of wine for myself and for my dog two *ryxdaalders* so that by that means the crew was made merry.

It was then about midday when the helmsman quit his post and, in accordance with the tradition, a man first climbed up the mast to check whether

there were any vessels in the horizon. Someone climbed up but saw no ship. Meanwhile the skipper and the helmsman had gone down to the cabin. I had been on the main hatch, and there was a man at the helm when another man arrived to take charge and tore his shirt off of his body, ripped it into pieces and threw it over board. I reflected on this and was deeply upset, and instantly thought of the Turks who would rob us of our clothes in the like manner. At the same time, the scullion came out from the galley. He had done the dishes and was standing by the roasting spit, looking at the sea and perceived two sails.

He then cried at me as if there was no one else: 'Miss! Miss! There is a ship!'

I stood up to see it, but instead of one, we saw two. We could hardly make out what sort of ships they were. My heart stood still because it was as though I had already seen a Turk. My husband hurried to alarm the skipper and helmsman, who instantly came with the telescope. We hardly advanced as the weather was perfectly still. They could then notice that it was not a good sail and that it had been involved in an engagement, which was confirmed when they drew closer to us. The Turk had received rough shots from a French boat which it believed to be conquerable, but the fox proved to be much more cunning for it, and once it perceived us he abandoned the French. It was about four o'clock when it perceived us. He hailed to us to come on board in our dinghy, with passports. Our skipper hailed him to know where he was from. He said from Algiers and as there were so many whites on board, we believed it was from Algiers, but not without a slight suspicion. Our men set out to put down the sloop, while the skipper took his papers, but they were already so distressed and dismayed that they knew not how to let it down quickly, so they took a knife and cut off the ropes.

However, the skipper was resolved to resist and therefore got the cannons and muskets ready and made considerable preparations for an engagement. The crew did not seem to be willing. They lowered the sloop and put in three muskets and some gun-powder, with the aim of escaping as the ship was in no condition to defend itself against a Turkish rover of 20 pieces and 150 men, while we were just eleven souls: six men, a ship boy, and four passengers. My husband, realising that they were bent on flight, urged me to go on board the sloop. I consented not, unless he would come with me; but he was already out of his senses and knew not what he should or should not do. He told me he did not have the right to leave the ship, and that I had to get into the sloop. I answered that I did not want to and should he be made captive, I would undergo the same and we would then remain together. He explained to me that in slavery it was impossible to remain together; one of us would be sold here and the other there. Notwithstanding, I was not persuaded to get into the sloop. And it is not in vain the proverb which says: 'When God decides to punish a country he deprives its leaders of all wisdom.' This was by all means our case.

So, the sloop left with the condition that we would give them a signal in case it [the rover] proved not a hostile sail. They were seven in the sloop: the

helmsman, the scullion, three mariners, and the coachman of His Excellency Van der Meer,³⁰ as passengers.

Seeing this, the Turk believed that the sloop was heading towards it.

But as soon as he perceived it was escaping, he produced his barque with about twenty men with guns. They could not board it quickly, which was advantageous to the sloop, which had advanced very fast before the boat managed to get clear of the Turkish vessel. The boat had hardly left, when the Turk forced us to brail up the sails and the flag under the threat of firing at us.

My husband and the skipper stood near to the main sail in order to haul it down, and I, behind, near the flag, which I brought down. I reflected: this was better than receiving bullets, since it was indeed impossible for us to defend ourselves. As soon as the sails and the flag were hauled down, the Turk came on board us. My husband sent me immediately to the cabin. I took my little dog in my arms and laid down in the lower bunk and fastened it. I took the sliding door in one hand, and with the other I closed the little dog's muzzle. Scarcely had I been there when the Turks were already aboard, tearing off the clothes of my husband, the skipper and the passengers. Then a negro came into the cabin and plundered it thoroughly. When they had looted everything, they gathered at the sliding door of the lower bunk to search for more, but I held it so firmly that it moved not.

I left a small aperture in the sliding door through which I could see and inspect all what the negro was doing. Nobody else came in except this negro. I heard nothing from the Christians and thought them already dead. I resolved to abandon myself to death in the lower bunk if only I could get rid of this dog, but knew not how to do it without being found out. I was not afraid of being killed by them but what terrified me most was being ravished by them. I would rather perish than fall into their hands. Hence I was resolved to remain in the lower bunk until my death.

After spending about an hour there, I heard my husband calling at me. Hearing his voice, I let go a shriek, leapt from the bunk and went upon deck. My husband was shocked at such a scream and enquired of me if I had been hurt. I answered no since none of the Moors had yet seen me, which astonished them much and they knew not from whence I came. They went down to the cabin to see where I was and found the place, and the little dog, and a few valuable objects, and money, and a box containing some jewels for the adornment of the neck and head and some ornaments of diamond which were entrusted to me by the Duchess of Ripperda³¹ for her stepdaughter, to be delivered to her personally, and she trusted no one but me alone to convey them to her since I and her stepdaughter were intimate friends.

The Moors took possession of everything. I went upon deck where I found my husband, the skipper and a passenger, who had been a cook to the king of Spain, all three with tears running down their cheeks. They stood there with their clothes, which the Moors had torn, such as criminals sentenced

to death. The Moors at once came near me to look at me. I beheld all this heap of different creatures with a glance, then returned back near the helm. A large box was there, which had contained the china which the skipper had transported to Spain and in which I had put my winter clothes, spare linen and some sweets which I could not put in the trunks. A Moor was sitting on it, having sealed it for himself. I bid him get up and I took out what I was in need of, then made the Moor sit down on it again. I charged him to take care of it, promising to give him something in reward. I had taken out a pastry with candied fruits, handed him a slice of it, and returned to my companions whom I consoled all I could.

I myself was not in the least chagrined and shed not a single tear. I engaged myself in a conversation with these people as though they were no enemies. I noticed that they were carrying out of the hold my trunks where my clothes were arranged and which they had damaged by their blows. I handed them the keys to open them easily, but they had no patience. They took out my damask clothes which they tied around their naked skin, and covered them by their own clothes, and did so with all my effects until they emptied the trunks. I observed all this with dry-eyes and I thought: 'The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; may the name of the Lord be praised.'³²

I possessed, among other things, two Spanish leather-wineskins with a wooden funnel at the apex, which we had just to put in the mouth to drink and in where was still some wine. I saw that the Moors got them and drank from them. Immediately, I walked up to them, took the bottles from them and carried them to my companions and encouraged them a little. I was hoping they would take this matter as lightly as I did, but it was in vain. I did not want to be afflicted because I considered myself very fortunate to have preserved my husband. My husband tried to make my heart a little heavy by saying to me that upon arrival to the land of the Turks we would be sold separately, and would consequently be separated, never seeing each other again, but I could not believe it. I did not want to feel miserable in advance, as I answered him.

In the evening, after sunset, the boat which gave chase to our pinnace came back; it had been so close to it that they knew how many people it contained. They immediately put the captain on board us, to whom I wished welcome in the best of compliments in Spanish, which he understood very well as did some of his men. I asked him to restore to me some of my clothes and he gently promised to do his best to recover some of them and give them to me, which he actually did, later. His men delivered him all the gold, silver, money and other valuables, except the clothes which they kept for themselves. Then, they carried us in their boat to their vessel. Having arrived there, they enquired of me about the ship's cargo, which they took note of, and promised me that we could return the following day on board of our ship and that they would check whether our passports were in order. He repeated incessantly: '*Flamingos*,³³ good passports, good passports, tomorrow

you can leave.' However, I perfectly understood that he was giving a sop to Cerberus. Then, he offered me a small leather-bag, containing some dates, raisins, figs, and some of his fine biscuits to eat, but none of us had any appetite except me.

Then, we were led away under deck, where lodged the officers. There, I was given a little bedding, and the men a mat and a carpet to lay down on. We had that night such a terrible weather, with thunder and heavy showers. We thought we were going to drown that night as we were swimming in water. The Moors did nothing but pumping and invoking their Magomet.³⁴ There was little sleep that night and it was nearly dawn before I had a little rest. I believe it was about ten o'clock when I awoke up. I looked a little around about me and went upon deck where I saw the Moors, dressed in all my best clothes, strutting about: my aprons of printed calico and cambric ones around the heads of these so dark negroes. They were dancing and singing with joy in a boisterous way. Others, having put on my crinolines, were dancing in them, and at length tore them to pieces and threw the corsets overboard. I contemplated this scene for a while then was seized with grief and wept bitterly. My husband was so moved that I feared he was going to give up the ghost.

He endeavoured all his best to comfort me, but he was much in need of comforting himself. I reflected on all this and often truly thought that nothing would be gained by this sadness, except doing harm to the body and soul. Therefore I stopped feeling sad and applied to God, to whom I prayed to protect me from all that's harmful for my body and soul. I pacified my heart and diverted myself as long as I was on the corsair vessel by playing on my cithara and singing. The captain took very good care of me, procured me all what I wished, and he came in person four or five times a day to check whether I was in need of anything. I declined nothing since my husband and the men received hardly anything; so by night, I carried them what I had received during the day and they consumed it. Every night, and sometimes during the day, the captain sent me a negro with his instrument to entertain me a little. We played, each on their instrument, and we sang, I in Spanish and he in Turkish, till our arrival in Salee, which was in the last day of July. He [the captain] summoned me to his cabin and showed me the clothes he had bought for me [from the crew] at 32 *ryksdaalders*. He did not want to give them to me yet for fear that they might be taken away from me again by the crew, but he would give them to me when we would go to the king.

It was then the last evening of July when we arrived in Salee, to the house of the governor, where the merchants came to visit us and asked me of which religion I was. 'Reformed', I replied. However my husband said I was not, which made me disgruntled, since we were in another country where we had nothing to fear from the [reformed] religion. But, he said so because all these merchants were Catholics and that we were in slavery. Because I was from Catholic parents, it was not possible to conceal my

being Catholic. So it would seem that he had persuaded me to change my religion. On the other hand, I still possessed the skirt from the religious habit that I had put on in the year 1727, which would therefore betray me, in a way that all this was impossible.

During our sojourn in Salee, we were treated tolerably well and without privation. We stayed there until the 10th of August, when in the morning I reported to the captain who gave me a big bag of clothes, a woollen mattress, a quilted blanket and a quarter cask of red wine, a couple of ear-rings and a cross of a fake stone and other trinkets. So, we were transported towards the capital city of Mequenis, where we arrived on the 12th ditto in the evening, and were visited by the chief of the Dutch nation, but I was totally indisposed. We were led to a Moorish house where we had to remain as long as we had not appeared before the king, which lasted for some four days.

I was then very ill, so the Fathers who resided there rendered me a visit with their physician, and procured me immediately all I was in need of. They showed me an overwhelming friendship because I was of their own faith. They arranged that I moved the next day, with the intercession of the Basha, into the house of a Spanish woman with her husband and children, where I was conducted by the chief of the Dutch nation, himself a Dutch slave. On the way, my husband said: 'O! Mie, now the dream you dreamed comes true.' I forgot about it now, but it was as if I was going to wed this chief, which indeed happened later. I was then ill and my husband in excellent health, and it was he who recommended me to this chief, saying: 'Compatriot, I am going to die, take care of my wife, she will prove a good wife to you.' But the chief answered him: 'O my compatriot, you should not speak thus. We will presently be set free and drive through the North Holland, you with your little wife, and me with some wench.' But, all was to no avail; he would not give up the idea of dying.

I arrived then to the Spanish house and was very well received. I instantly had at my disposal a room with a bed and the victuals I need. We still had to appear before the king, before whom we were conducted on the 17th ditto. I was already recovered a little while my husband fell ill, so that it was difficult for him to walk up to the king. Before going to the king, the captain had restored to me among other things some of my silver and gold jewellery as well as a ring with a ruby and two diamonds, together with some hair needles and pins with precious stones, because he believed that the king would retain me with him and that I would enjoy the king's favour and so would recommend him to him. I was young and not bad-looking and seemed much younger than my age, for the chief of the nation took me for a young girl of 14, when I was already 27. Because he said to my husband: 'Who is this girl?' and when my husband replied I was his wife, he found this very strange.

So, we arrived then before of the king who examined us and sent me and my husband to the Spaniard, and that they had to take care of us. Thus, my husband and I were exempted from the royal service, but my skipper and

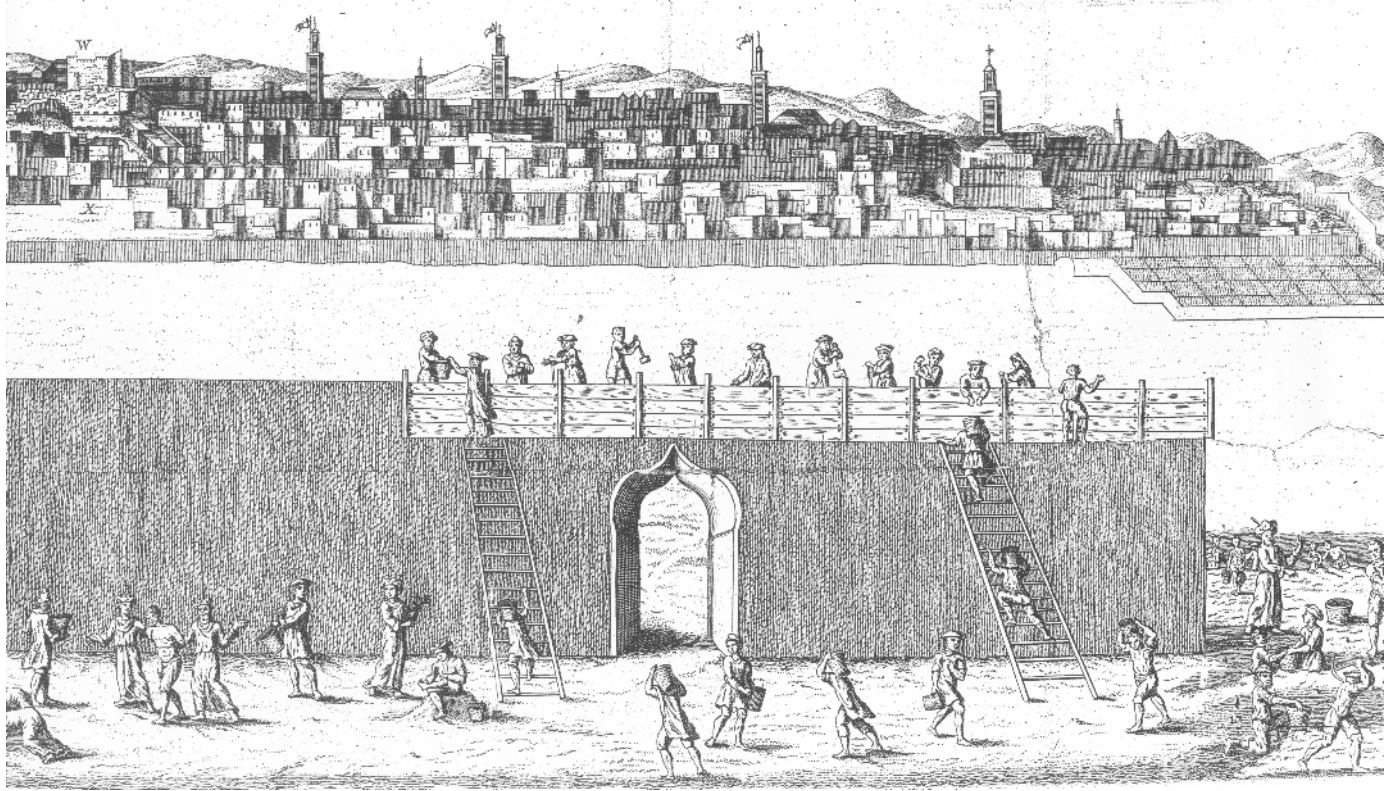


Illustration 2.1 Mekkès and Christian captives building. *Several voyages to Barbary* (London: 1736)

passengers were put to work immediately. However, I was conducted to the Basha, and I had to list down all the ship's cargo; and, to the great relief of the captain, I omitted mentioning certain items. After having completed my report, I asked the Basha to set the skipper free, which was granted me. This however lasted but a short time, 14 days only, for the Basha didn't keep his word at all.

The illness of my husband became worse each day in such a way that I expected nothing else but death. He wished strongly to be at the convent, believing he would be better over there, at which the Spaniard assisted him with some reluctance, because no other nations but Spaniards could enter, unless they were Catholics. And as my husband was reformed, which gave rise to some difficulties. At length, they consented, with the hope of winning his soul. They allowed him in the convent where he perished on the ninth day. Meanwhile, I remained in the house and visited my husband nearly every two days, when I was permitted. The Spanish woman's mother resided also with us in this house, with whom I conversed daily on all the adventures she went through during her enslavement and on all she had endured. She was enslaved with her father and mother when she was a child of eight years old, together with three of her sisters, two of whom had become wives to the king. One of her sons had turned Turk and another burned alive; that she had to marry against her will by order of the king, and more similar things. I listened very carefully to this story and indeed learnt much from it, because later on I would make use of it.

I came to the convent in the early morning of the 8th of September to attend mass, and as I entered the room where my husband was lying, I found him like dead. I covered him because in the dark I could not see what was wrong and he did not utter a word. Woeful, I went then to church because I could not do otherwise. In the meanwhile dawn broke when the service ended and I went back to my husband, whom I pampered a little with warm blankets and hot stones. The physician administered him a cordial, which resuscitated him a little, and he began to speak and entrusted the Fathers to write down his will, which he signed with the utmost difficulty and he named as witnesses our skipper and the chief, who both signed the same document which I can still produce today. Meanwhile these Fathers strongly advised to try and convert my husband to Roman Catholicism. Meanwhile, I comforted my husband as much as I could; I prayed for him and encouraged him by saying that he had to put his trust solely in the merits of Christ, our Saviour. And that we should attain beatitude thanks to His mercy, that Christ alone, by his mercy, could cleanse us of our sins. I read to him the Ten Commandments, the creed and Our Father, the Psalm 51, and some other prayers on the sufferings of Christ, which he repeated so long as he was able to speak.

My husband remained with his eyes shut for two hours, without speaking, then finally he opened them widely with such a terrible expression that I ran out of the room. Immediately, he was like death itself. I will never forget this

abrupt alteration of complexion. I re-entered as he was breathing his last. I was alone and had spent the whole day alone with him, but the grief which seized my soul was so powerful: I was in a country where I was a stranger and a slave and no longer mistress of myself, and I was in danger of being appropriated by the king. I then asked the Christians to bury the corpse. Thereupon, I went home and pondered on what was the best for me to do. I prayed God to grant me what would be salutary and redeeming to me.

I was much apprehensive of foreign nationals because of their wealth and that they might, by means of the power of their money prevail upon the king to deliver me to them as, indeed, there were three who demanded me [for wife]. But I took a quick resolution to make the choice myself, with the help of the Fathers who were there, and whom I implored to assist me in all particulars.

But, there was here a serious difficulty because there wasn't a single Catholic among the Dutch nation and therefore it was very hard to make a choice from within this nation, unless someone was willing to become Catholic, in which case the Fathers would demonstrate far more zeal. I reflected: 'Here, I must not wait, but make a speedy choice, before the king would give me away to a foreign nation.' In the afternoon the 9th of September, I took the resolution to choose the chief of the Dutch nation because he seemed to me the best of all Dutchmen, which, indeed, I was able to ascertain effectively afterward. So the case was that the Fathers came to render me a visit on that afternoon and to console me on the loss of my husband and they brought me some effects which the merchants of Salee had kept for me and conveyed to the Fathers, which accommodated me mightily and helped me go into mourning. I seized this opportunity to entreat the Fathers to allow me to come to their convent next day, and asked hem to council me on everything and to aid me, to which they consented very respectfully and promised to assist me as much as possible, which consoled me enormously.

Thus, I went on the 10th ditto, in the morning, to the monastery, and I broached my intention to the chief Father, which he strongly approved. However, the person whom I desired to wed was a good man, very well esteemed by all Christians, especially the Fathers, but he was of a different religion and that was the impediment, or else he had to change his creed; in which case they would help me as much as possible. There was another Father who stood up and said: 'O Pieter, the Flemish, is a brave fellow; he shall verily convert'. I reflected: This will jolly work out my business. This is going to work. The Fathers promised me then to summon the chief to come to them and try to prevail upon him to turn Catholic. I went afterward back home; I had never yet conversed with the chief, and was therefore ignorant how he would take this matter, in good or ill faith.

That same afternoon, he came to me and discussed the subject with me. He had already been at the Fathers', whereupon he came to me. He was very opposed to this affair, yet equally inclined to accept it, but not convert. After

having for a considerable time weighed the pros and cons, he finally decided to change his faith and thus to marry me, because there was no other means. I was thrilled. We then exchanged mutual promises of marriage and reported the next day to the Fathers, who were equally thrilled as though they had received a gift of a hundred thousand *rijksdaalders*. They immediately did their best with the Basha and the chiefs attached to the court to entreat the king to consent to this marriage and to have it concluded, because over there it was impossible for the Christians to get married without the king contracting them to each other since we were all, males and females, the king's slaves.

I then went back home much relieved, with the hope that the Fathers would settle everything, given the fact that they were regarded favourably by the king and his chiefs. During that time, being at the house of the woman, of whom I had already spoken, and partaking the matter with her, they were very displeased. The man of the house, called Jan Catallana, was daily at the royal court to distribute and collect back the muskets from the soldiers and guard the royal magazines with some other Christians. He came back that evening and brought me the message that there were three Christians who demanded me from the king and that these had much money. He believed he was doing me a great service, but I answered him promptly that I prefer a Dutchman with only his shirt to a Spaniard or French with a royal capital. He was terribly angry, but knew not yet where my business stood. But when he was acquainted with it from his wife and her mother, he insulted me in a way which was appalling to hear and spat furiously at my face. I kept silent and let them do whatever pleased them until they were tired, after which, they tried to persuade me with blandishments and proposed me his wife's brother, who was only a lad of 14 and a monster of fat. But I yielded not and all was to no avail.

Having realized my attachment to my own nation, they contrived yet another device. There was a Jew among the Dutch nation who resided with a Basha and who had a license to manage a tavern and had money. They wanted to couple me with this Jew and menaced me with the Basha. If the Jew would make him a present of just a silk girdle and some money, he would surely have me.

He brought me the Jew who told me the above and said he had sufficient money and that if it came to money he had friends who would provide him with an *allemoet*,³⁵ which is as much as a *tak*, and much more. I said I would rather suffer death than wed a man other than the one I had already chosen. They threatened me by all means, but I submitted not, and had to bear lots of humiliations and affronts daily. In the meantime, the chief was exposed to many upbraids, affronts, and ridicules. We were unable to meet every day and relate our adventures as we would have wished; we had to endure everything. Meanwhile, the Fathers had already succeeded to present my case before the king, who summoned me early in the morning of the 17th of September. So, the woman of the house divested me of my clothes to my

underwear and made me wear shabby rags of hers and an old tattered nappy on my head, whose rags fluttered about my ears and through whose holes my hair came out. She did so to make me look homely in front of the king, because, according to the taste of the people of this country, I was young and pretty. I took my zither and my little dog and repaired to the royal palace. I had Jan Cornelisz Dekker van Swaag to conduct me to the royal court. When I arrived, I found there Jan Catallana, who at first told me that the king had spoken to him and said that if I married another Christian instead of the Jew, who was his Christian,³⁶ the king would put me to death. I answered him that the king could do what he pleased, for I wanted no Christian but the chief of the Dutch nation. 'Well', said he, 'do you prefer to die than fulfil to the king's will?' I said yes, upon which a eunuch immediately came to fetch me and led me before the king.

I appeared then in front of the king in his room where he was lying down and where were as many as 50 ladies, some handsomer than the others, with make-up on their faces, and dressed as goddesses, extraordinarily beautiful, each of them with her instrument, on which they played and sang. It was such a wonderful melody I had never heard the like of it before. Facing the king, were seated four of his chief wives, glittering with gold, silver, and fine pearls, which hang down their necks and weighed quite a few pounds, and precious stones, and on their heads golden crowns with pearls and precious stones; their fingers filled with gold rings, their arms filled with bracelets of gold and silver, and their legs with rings of gold weighting each quite a few pounds. And the jewels around the neck hang down to the belly in such a way that I was amazed how they could hold their heads straight with all such gold and pearls and precious stones. Golden rings were woven into their hair, interwoven with some gold ducats.

The king's head was reposing on the lap of one of the ladies, his feet on the lap of another, while a woman behind him and another in front were fondling him. These too were magnificently apparelled, yet not as much as the other four. I appeared for him in this state as a beggar and deceiver. The king immediately halted the music and bid me come closer and sit down, and bid me play on the zither. I understood not a single word of the king, but only his gestures. I played for the king for a good hour, which pleased him. He spoke to me but I comprehended him not. However, I afterwards found out what he said. He wished to know from what nation I was: French or Spanish or Dutch or English, and that I should turn Turk, whereupon I would become his wife. I could not answer him since I was ignorant of what he was saying. After having been near him for a good hour, there came a woman and led me away from the king after she had conversed with him for a while and he had instructed her to turn me Turk and when this was accomplished, to dress me most sumptuously and conduct me to him. This woman had no other occupation than the adornment of young virgins for the king, for he had to have a young virgin every Friday.³⁷ In addition, he summoned all the

other ladies he had already enjoyed to come. He never approached those who were pregnant, deeming it sinful to have intercourse with those who were impregnated.³⁸

This woman took me by the hand and led me through several dark corridors of the palace until another place where I found four more women or young maidens to whom I was conjoined. Among them was a daughter of a renegade, who spoke a little bad Spanish and told me that the king had confided me to her to turn me Turk, whereupon I would be dressed as sumptuously as the four ladies who were sitting close by the king and that I would then become the king's bride. Otherwise, the king would have me burnt and my flesh torn out of my body with clamps and put me to death through all sorts of tortures. I understood nothing of all this, but they explained it to me by signs. I answered by saying and signing as much as possible that I would rather die than become Turk. When they comprehended this from me, they spat on me, beat me and abused me. Afterwards, they came with flatteries and blandishments, dressed me in their beautiful clothes, placed a crown on my head, and made me signs that I would be appalled even more sumptuously by the king, and stood already before me with their spread fingers and said: '*Schet*', i.e. 'Believe in Magomet'.³⁹ But when I refused, they tore off again these clothes from my body and spat and abused me once more. I was in an awkward predicament, but sought consolation in God, but I did not succeed to begin making a prayer to God, and I resigned myself to his divine protection. I had a deep conviction that God would help me indeed. In the meantime, there came food for them from the king. They then moved away from me and sat down in a spacious room to eat. They wanted me to join them but I refused to go to them and I therefore remained alone in that spot, which granted me the opportunity to address my prayer to God. I then fell on my knees, my face raised to Heaven and zealously prayed to God, with tears flowing down my cheeks. I implored him to grant me strength and sustain me by his Holy Ghost to confront the most dreadful of deaths rather than abjure my faith. I did not say a long prayer but a short one, during which I felt much relieved because the fear of death had left me. I then became dauntless and would fain die than renounce my faith, deeming all the treasures but a mere fume which flies away and which I shunned with aversion, and I had a strong urge to surrender to death as a martyr for the faith of Our Lord Jesus Christ. I was so elated in my soul, which was unspeakable. In any case, the joy was a thousand times more powerful than the anguish I had experienced before.

After having eaten, the women came back to me to persuade me to turn Moor, but, having become more impertinent, I pushed them away from me, making signs to them that they should only cut off my neck, preferring to die than become Turk. They were much confounded at my daring to push them away bravely, and they joyfully insulted me and spat on me. I began to feel faint because I had not had any food yet, and their foul smell as well

as the fact of being surrounded close by them made me feel like vomiting, but could not. It was already midday when they brought me a little milk and bread, but I refused to eat. I endeavoured to make them believe that I was pregnant but couldn't make it clear to them. I noticed that they took pity on me, and since then they ceased tormenting me. I then looked for the opportunity to present myself before the king, who was still asleep. I went again with these women through the long and dark corridors until the place where was the royal hall, and I continued to feign illness. So there was one of the royal eunuchs, these are black fellows who are there to guard the king's women in his house. This eunuch, who spoke a little Spanish, asked me what was wrong with me. I said I was pregnant and desired to return by my brothers because I was indisposed. He then spoke to the women who were by me before he made me an answer. Then he said that the king had entrusted me to them to make me Turk before I should be brought before him. I pretended to be in great pain as I noticed that the women began to pity me, more so when they learnt that I was pregnant, which in fact I was not. They ceased tormenting me and sat by me, comforting me by pointing heaven as though to tell me that God would look after me.

I had not been there very long when the king came out of his chamber, and the women carried me, one by one arm, another by the other arm, a third carried my little dog, and the fourth the zither and I was led in this fashion before the king. I was now really glad to bring the matter to an end, either dead or free. However, God, who rules over everything delivered me from his hands. I prostrated myself without fear before the king, expecting nothing else but a fatal blow from him. He pushed me away and I rose up and ran after him and kneeled at his feet for the second time, requesting him to let me go to my brothers. He pushed me away again and I got up the third time and hurried after him till the gate through which the king was going to leave and prostrated myself again and said: 'Cut off my neck, I prefer this than becoming a Turk'. The king seeing my determination and courage to be such as of a lion and that I was hindering him from leaving his palace, cast terrible looks at me. He stopped and finally spoke to the women who were to escort him, especially the four who had brought me before him, who then told him that I was pregnant and that I had eaten nothing all day and that at times I was so indisposed that I seemed dead and would later come back to life, and they entreated the king to let me go. I was unable to comprehend all this, but after having learnt the language and used to visit the palace, it was then that they related this to the king's sister in my presence. I could however perceive that they were in my favour. The king, after having heard the discourse of the women, turned to me and said that four men would come for me to carry me to my brothers. He said this in Spanish so that I could very well understand him and therefore I immediately stood up and let the king pass.

In effect, the women began to evince a great delight, uttering cries of joy and making me signs that I must come back and visit them. I pretended to

consent to everything and reflected: as long as I can get out of here, I won't return easily. I was quite happy to have hitherto managed to extricate myself, but the Christians were mortally worried and anguished, imagining nothing else than that I had become a Turk, especially the Christian with whom I lodged, as he feared that his wife would be obliged to report daily to the palace to teach me the language since she was born in this country and was as fluent in the language as the Turks. There was obviously no small agony among the Christians and the Fathers when they saw the king coming and not me. This lasted a good half hour after the departure of the king, before a eunuch came to fetch me and conduct me to the Christians.

As I quit the king's house, I saw at a distance a real army of the king's body guards in arm and no Christians. I then thought: 'What is awaiting me! Now, I will surely be killed'. For the king could not be trusted, because he was a notorious tyrant for whom dispatching a dozen people before breakfast was of no consequence. I got near the guards when there arrived Jan Catalana, who tore me away from the eunuch with hostile and abusive words. As soon as I perceived him, I was so elated as though I was set free. He took me by the hand and made me pass through the royal guard, until the room where lodged the Christians who were charged with guarding the royal magazines and he shut me up there. It was towards sunset when they had to fetch the weapons. Meanwhile there arrived the chief to enquire of me what had happened to me at the king's. I briefly told him that I had been delivered to be turned Turk but God had saved me, and that it was impossible to relate to him everything, but would do so later in details. He told me that all those who were at the royal magazine, Christians as well as Turks, imagined nothing else than that I had already become a Turk, and that Jan Catalana had been greatly affrighted lest his wife should have been exposed to the danger of having to report every day to the palace to instruct me in the language, for which they had been mightily afflicted, and not without reason. We could not say much as the chief had to assist in the gathering of the weapons.

In this room, I remained alone, as I supposed, and I turned to God whom I thanked for his mercy, which had sustained me and for having much preferred the cruellest of deaths than becoming a Turk. I had hardly finished my prayer when I was again summoned by the king, to whom I went at my ease. Without the least fear, I presented myself before him again and went to sit down in front of the door of his room to play [the zither], while the king, in the company of his brothers and Bashas, were inside refreshing themselves, eating water-melons. He was at present very cheerful and joyful, with his company, which gave me courage to come to my purpose. After I had played for a while, the king made me stop, and said to the Christian who had conducted me to him that he should ask me what I wished for, which he did. I replied that he should tell the king that my desire was to have Pieter, the chief of the Dutch nation. I pronounced the chief's name so that he couldn't trick me with the king, knowing that this was against his wish.

He therefore told the king on my behalf that I pleaded God and my master to be able to marry a compatriot. The king said: 'Go and fetch him'.

However, the king had very well distinguished in what I pronounced the name of Pieter. Once the chief stood up before him, he asked him if he was called Pieter. He answered yes, and he inquired of him if he was one of my compatriots. He said yes, and whether he wished to take me for wife. He answered: 'If this pleased God and His Majesty'. Upon which the king said: 'I give her away to you. Take good care of her, take good care of her, take good care of her', three times.

I noticed nothing of this interview because the chief was standing behind me. He thanked the king and was preparing himself to take his leave when he called me, but I heard him not. The king, perceiving this, shouted: 'Come here Pieter!' which he did immediately and the king said to him three times: 'Take her by the hand'. So, he took my hand, which I instantly withdrew. And he took me by the hand for a second time and told me that the king had given me to him. I turned back and saw who said this to me and that it was the man I desired.⁴⁰ Being overjoyed, I almost forgot the king and was walking away without thanking him.

Thus we walked together into the room where were the Bashas and other eminent people. We remained there until the king went back home.

The sun was already set when we quit this place and went immediately to the Fathers' convent, where we were married on the spot. However, before we got married, it was first necessary that my husband should be baptized in a Catholic way, because they did not believe that Calvinists or Lutherans were baptized. Yes, they even dare say that the Turks were better than these above, since the Turks say they believe in God, while the Calvinists and Lutherans don't.

They say on their account many foul and blasphemous lies, too horrible to repeat here.

We were therefore married according to the practices of this country, and afterward we left to the house of Jan Catalana, where we prepared an impressive wedding banquet with six eggs and a small roll of bread as big as a penny-roll here.⁴¹ Thereafter, my new spouse went to his house, and I remained where I was and suffered that night more affronts and indignations from the people of the house, more than I was able to endure, and that was because I didn't behave according to their inclinations, which worsened each day. They endeavoured to ignite a fire between me and my husband but it never worked because the fox was much more cunning for them. From all sides there was nothing but thorns and prickles which pricked us, in an unspeakable way. I will give just a few examples. They attempted to incense me against my husband, telling me that he married me only to be better off, so as not to be obliged to work and to have more occasions to go out and visit whores, and that he possessed money but made me believe that he had none. They produced to me witnesses who affirmed it to me under oath, but

I was still very incredulous before all their claims because I would not believe anything without having actually seen and felt it. Despite all these wiles and lies which they laid for me, it was to no avail, and Jan Catalan became angry, saying 'You are able with your wit to sell the whole world'. That was because having sowed all this foul grass he did not harvest the fruits he would have wished, viz, that I should feel disgusted with my husband and give him a kick and get rid of him. And to my husband they said that I committed things which were not honest or worthy of a respectable woman.

The beloved reader can imagine how sometimes was our state of mind. We were strangers to each other; we had never known each other before, never heard spoken of each other, nor of our families. We were like foreign birds, about whom we knew neither whence they came from, nor of their origin. It was as though we had fallen from the sky. I wished several times to get out of this house and live with my husband alone, but he found no means for that.

After three months, I paid with my husband a visit to the said Jew, who dwelt at the Basha's. I complained to him of all what I had to suffer at the house of this Spaniard and enquired of him if it was possible for me to find a house for rent for habitation. Unfortunately the opportunity did not offer itself. My husband ran a tavern in a stable, among the animals. It looked so dismal that the worst of their horse stables seemed a palace by comparison, to such a degree that my husband refused me to enter it. I pressed my husband so much on visiting this tavern that at length he decided to accompany me. We arrived then in this tavern, which was, indeed, miserable, and I was resolved on the spot to stay there. My husband was so opposed, but nothing was to be done. I would rather live in peace in this foul hole and eat dry bread, or whatever pleased God to provide us with, than in the Spanish house where I ate without having to worry, yet in the midst of quarrels. I remained intransigent, and my husband had to go immediately and fetch all the effects at the Spanish house. My husband and I did not have many things and had therefore to be contented to live very modestly. But God assisted us, so that even before Christmas of this same year of 1731, His Excellency Frans van der Meer, ambassador to the court of Spain, sent me 50 *ryxdaalders*. This sum was very welcome because I was pregnant with my first child and in need of everything, and everything was so expensive, and we didn't earn even enough to subsist.

We remained in this stable until the end of April of the year 1732, when the king's mother⁴² returned from her pilgrimage to Megcha, where according to what she related, Magomet was buried.⁴³ A French merchant had arrived in Salee as ambassador who offered to redeem French slaves, and it was I who was appointed to carry the present to the queen and the request of ransom as well as a compliment to this effect. I was to be accompanied by a mistress of languages to serve me. I had written a petition in which I congratulated the queen and also entreated her to procure me a dwelling. Once

I fulfilled my duty for the ambassador, I handed my letter to the queen, who immediately granted me this house and appointed some people to go to the rulers of the city with these orders to give me that house. But this incurred me the great resentment of the Fathers who had promised me the house of this Spanish woman. Yet, the bird proved much more cunning for her, because I knew in advance that no Frenchman would get his freedom, much less a Spaniard, which was confirmed afterward. And as the king dared not send the ambassador without any body, he freed six old Frenchmen because of the present and he [the ambassador] had still to pay 600 *ryxdaalders* for each of them.

I lodged at the house I had received from the queen, which was in such a condition that I could not live in it without first making some reparations. I spent 14 ducats on this house to make it habitable; it was hardly finished when I had to quit it again. Thus, we passed the beginning of the year, the month of February, which coincided with the month of Ramadan⁴⁴ or fasting for the Turks, in the house of the Basha with this Jew because during the fasting the Moors and Turks do not drink strong beverage. Meanwhile, when we left for our stable, this Jew accused me of having gone to the Basha in order to induce him to deprive him of his house, which was as impossible as touching heaven with the hand, because everything depended on the king and no Basha was able to evict a Christian and place someone else in his stead, and besides I had not yet ever seen this Basha. The said Jew would not budge from his idea, though we swore we were innocent in this matter, but it was in vain. Hence, we were determined never to rely on any Basha, as long as we were exempted from the royal service. But we looked forward to depending on the queen so as not to run the risk of having to perform the royal service.

However, on 29th of June of the same year 32, the king summoned before him all the Christian slaves. They also came to fetch my husband and myself at our house to appear before the king. Once we had arrived at the king's palace, we avoided the others and reported to the queen to plead with her to take my husband as her porter, which the queen granted me and dispatched my husband and myself with two messengers to town to the chiefs of the slaves. I had so much difficulty in going there because I was at the term of my pregnancy and risked to give birth on the road. I returned home in great pain while my husband went to the convent to look for something there and where he found a messenger from the king, who was charged to conduct my husband and myself to the Basha afore mentioned, because the king had removed this Jew from the Basha's and replaced him by me and my husband, which was completely against our will. Because, after the king had inspected all the Christians and placed them according to his pleasure, he asked whether all the Christians were present, and the chief of the Christians replied that all the Christians were there except the man and the woman whom the king had coupled. Upon which, the king said: 'I have

removed two Christians to the Basha, give the Basha that man and woman in the place of the others'. We and the queen's messengers looked for the king's messenger to talk to, but the royal word prevailed and it was with a strong displeasure that we went there. And hence, we had once more to leave our little house for which we had made a lot of expenses, and I later gave it to another Portuguese woman to live there as long as we were in need of it. We went then to live in the Basha's house, which pleased us much. The Basha was charitable towards the Christians and did good for them and said to the Jew that if he wished to stay, he could stay in the house and we would give him a room to sleep in, which we accordingly did.

There was a tavern adjoined to this house which the Basha had consented to bestow on his Christians to allow them earn their livelihood; it then fell to us and we did not have to share it with anyone since we had to pay for the expenses of a servant, a donkey and the brooms for the house of the Basha, as my husband was charged with sweeping the house and the street of the Basha everyday, and all the expenses incurred were to be paid by the tavern. We granted the Jew, in case he wished to stay, a third of the revenues of the tavern, besides his daily food and beverage, in such a way that he was fed for free and paid into the bargain with the money my husband and I had to toil for, while he, himself, was not able to do it since he was engaged in the king's service from dawn to dusk. He agreed, but this did not last long because we did not tolerate his bringing in at night Turkish women, for our life was at stake in case this was found out. He left us then, which did not in the least pain us because in this way we were safe from danger. We remained then at Basha's house for a year and a half and our tavern prospered gently in such a way that we were not miserable. We had quite a few vicissitudes at this time, which I would not relate, but remain for my biography, and continue to speak only of the things which would contribute to the purpose for which I started writing this little book in the year 1733, the 28th of October.

Very early in the morning, according to custom, all the Bashas and chiefs awaited the king at the palace's gate, and our Basha was part of this guard. When the king came out, he made the Basha sit in front of him and had his brain smashed by his men, in such a way that he perished, and he confiscated the house and furniture of the Basha, and even the slaves and Christians. The women were all thrown out in the street completely naked. We consequently fell again in the hands of the king and in effect lost our means of subsistence and I my spouse. Because on the last day of this year, my husband was put to labour under the king's service and it was such a toil that several Christians and Moors succumbed under it, in a way that my husband, too, was exposed to the great peril of losing his life. Moreover, I was obliged to leave this house; I did have another to live in, but I was unable to expel this Portuguese woman, so I went to lodge in the meanwhile at another Christian's, while waiting to receive another [house] from the queen. I did my best with the queen every day to free my husband from

the royal labour. Lots of promises were made to me, but I surely did not get back my husband. I was given again another house though, but spent all my money on the rent and could earn none out of it. And yet we were in need of provisions since we had nothing except what a good friend had lent us until God would provide for us.

I reflected: 'This should not continue like this; something else must be tried.' And at the risk of receiving a good volley of blows, I stole out of the house on the 9th of March of the year 1734. It was Friday, the day when the king went to church, because it was Sunday.⁴⁵ As I walked out of the gate of our bagnio, the warder asked me where I was going. 'To the market for meat', answered I.

He, believing me, let me go. Arriving at the market, I had in my arms my second little child of eight month. A butcher lad tore away his little cap and I seized him and wanted to drag him before the king, when a crowd of people gathered and begged and entreated me to let him go. Seeing this, I decided to examine the matter more closely and insisted vehemently on bringing him to the king, until I thought it was enough. When I let him go, I reflected: 'Well, that's a good beginning, I will be plucky, courageous and full of confidence', which I was. I went then to the king's palace, but could not enter because the king had already left his house to go to church, so that I was forced to go around the outer walls and castles to enter the palace through another gate. But there, I ran the risk of meeting with the superintendents of the works, under whom the Christians toiled, including my husband, whom I found there. I was not without much fright, yet took the risk of receiving a volley of blows, me as well as my husband, besides being put in irons. So, I carried this matter very deftly. When I approached these superintendents and the Christians, they asked me where I was going, I answered that the queen had summoned me on that day, and that she would demand my husband from the king. I blurted this out quite innocently. I left them no wiser than before, and they said to me that I was doing a good thing and consented, because they knew that the queen had little influence with the king and that I would not succeed to free my husband by her means, of which I was myself fully aware but did not show it, because I had already been running to the queen for four months, incurring considerable expenses, and without achieving anything, so I had to find out another subterfuge to attain my purpose. I entered then from the palace gate and went inside, close to the other gate through which the king had gone into the church. I waited there in the main palace square until the king would come out of the church, who, nevertheless, did not go through this place, but came out of the gate and went through the outer alley I had myself taken earlier. I was then again obliged to go through the inside in order to reach the other gate, which I did. I went out with much difficulty and arrived at the way from which the king should pass. Among others I noticed the superintendents of the Christians who immediately asked my husband if

I intended to go before the king. But he kept him ignorant. They sent my husband to me to tell me that I had to go into one of these old houses. However, before he had made ten steps, the king came around the corner of the castle, which compelled my husband to return back to his work. I then approached the king and stood in the middle of the way so that the king could perceive me even from afar, so that none of the guards preceding him could drive me off. The king was coming closer towards me, and even from a distance I prostrated myself, crying: '*Lyberk vameryk a sieđe*',⁴⁶ which means: 'May God protect the head of my Lord', and I kissed the ground until my face bore some traces, as was customary when appearing before the king. Seeing this, the king treated me gracefully and dispatched two men to enquire what I wanted. I answered them that I wanted to speak to the king in person, and would not tell it them. They then led me before the king. I had no patience to wait for him to address me, but I cried with all my strength: 'May God protect the head of my Lord. I have none but my Lord and I beg my Lord to get back my husband. I have nobody to win my food and that of my child.' The king laughed at my boldness and my loud screaming. Then, he said to me: 'Are you the woman whom I have married?' And I answered again very loudly: 'Yes, May God protect the head of my Lord. My Lord has given me a brave husband'. The king took a lively interest in me and conversed with his Bashes and said: 'Is he not the Christian whom I have given to this Basha? Go to fetch him and give her to the Christian who guards my magazine, and order him to arrange a house for her and provide her with food, and that her husband should work to feed his wife and child.' One of the Bashes advanced at once, grabbed me by the hand and led me away from the king and had my husband fetched by one of his footmen, and conducted us to this Christian who was charged with supporting us, as the king had said.

But we were far away from that. While my husband should have laboured to feed me and my child, he was obliged to work for him and give him money into the bargain. The Moors, having seen my effrontery and courage began to leave me alone and dared not trouble me that much, while they had until then very well oppressed me. And henceforward, I became a bit bolder towards them and constantly referred to the king. Ever since, they no longer molested me, which provoked a profound envy in this Spanish woman, who practiced all sorts of wiles and lies by means of the queen's messenger, trying by all means to put her foot on my neck in such a way that whenever I reported to the queen, there were so many complaints about me. To begin with, that I had in my care a casket belonging to my Basha, containing money and goods and that, I did not deliver it to the king. Moreover, my child had died, and she claimed that I had murdered my child. When she saw that that I was not punished according to her desire, she contrived something else, but I did not bother about any of them because an unmangy horse fears not the curry-comb, and I refrained not from reporting to the queen.

Meanwhile, she succeeded to associate with this servant of the queen, that she became the chief of all the Christian women, who were in the country. We were five: me and two Portuguese, she and her old mother, who under her leadership all had to suffer as winter-corn in the field.

But I was cunning, therefore she tried to bring me down to my knees with a trick, to pretend that she was afraid that I would run away, just as a man and a woman who fled away with their family, but it was useless. One morning she asked me to come to her, in the name of the queen, because I and they all had to appear there. But I refused to go, as in my sleep I had seen in a dream what would happen to me this day. Three different messengers came to me, but I refused, so that my husband forced me to go. I did not go without tears in my eyes, because I expected to get to know something evil. I tried to go to the queen. We found her and her husband there, because they were afraid that we would go to the king. I was in their company and they tried to soft-sawder me with flattering words, but the dog was too old and didn't bite in the stick. It went in at one ear and out at the other.

Instead of supporting us, the Christian to whom the king had given us oppressed us, but God supported us and therefore all her wiles and lies didn't work.

We then arrived at the queen's palace. I was used to go immediately to the queen when I was in the palace, but she did not like that, so for that reason we waited for a long time till the evening. Then I became disgruntled and went to the queen's salon. They soon followed me, and the queen said to me: 'I have appointed this woman to be your chief.' Upon which I answered rather boldly that I acknowledged only God, the king and her, and that one female slave cannot dominate over the other ones. I prayed God and her to be subservient to her and not a female slave, because she was not superior to me and I was not superior to her. Then the queen asked me who I obeyed in my country. I said: 'God and my parents.' And that I was willing to be subservient to the king and her. The queen then told her [female slave] to leave me unmolested and that she would take charge of me. But that didn't satisfy her, so she put forward other objections, saying that she was afraid that I would run away, as it had happened once before with another woman and her family, and arrived safely in the Christian country, so that she and her family would have to suffer. The queen was rather anxious, but I said: 'Her majesty has never heard of a Dutchman or Englishman who had run away, but did hear about Spaniards and Portuguese, who as soon as they had one foot in the country they would be free, but we would be slaves under worse conditions than now under her majesty.'⁴⁷

The queen was in favour of my freedom, but for the third time she brought a part up, when she realised she couldn't win with the former parts. She didn't speak with the queen herself, but her servant, whom she had bribed, spoke for her. She was a native of the country and a friend of the royal family, because the two sisters of her mother were married to the old

king,⁴⁸ so the king's children called them aunt. She spoke the language as well as a native of that country, and I didn't speak the language at all, so I pondered a lot on how I could reply to all this.

Nevertheless I am convinced that God controls people's tongues and what they should say. She then said to the queen that the king gave me and my husband to her possession. I said in a loud voice: 'She lies, because the king gave me and my husband to the Christian who is to be found in the king's magazine, of whom her husband was only a servant, just like my husband'. The queen became aware that she was trying to put her foot on my neck, and ordered her to leave me alone and stop making a fuss about me. Thus she dismissed us, and ordered her cashier to give some ducats. We went out of the queen's salon, where we waited for the cashier to bring the two ducats. He kept us waiting quite long, so I left. She wanted me to stay, but I didn't trust her, and let my part of the money go. I went directly to our chief to whom the king had given me and my husband, and told how she had tried to put me under her authority and how I had defended myself. They came there half an hour later and sat down next to me. She was very angry and didn't know how to make me angry too, but the fox was much more cunning. When she saw she couldn't achieve anything, she said they received ten ducats each and if I had been there I would have received the same amount. I couldn't bear this horrible lie and said that she was a liar as she got only two ducats. She then stood up while I was sitting on the ground, as it is the custom there, so no chairs or benches were used. She approached me treacherously, pretending she wanted to go in the room where I was sitting against the door post, and then kicked me without mercy in my neck so I couldn't stand up. I had never witnessed a similar situation before nor was I raised to fight.

I struggled myself up and went into another room where food was prepared for the Christians. There I found a member of our crew, who asked to go home with me. I waited there until they were all gone. Then I got to my chief again who was a Frenchman and very malicious. I asked him if he would bring justice in my situation. He just laughed because he tried to put his foot on our neck, but he wasn't able to do it, as grease floats above water, so does justice.

I went home with the passenger and as soon as I entered the house I said to my husband: 'Didn't I tell you that I would suffer adversity?' I fell on the ground and couldn't speak anymore. The passenger told the story, whereupon my husband directly went to the palace and asked for justice. He said what they did to me was improper, but he returned no wiser than he left. Thus we decided to go to the king the following day. We were forced to do so otherwise things would become even worse, though we preferred to settle the matter amicably rather than complain to the king, which would have cost them their lives. We couldn't sell the Christian blood to the Turks, even though they were worse than the Turks with their brothers. But unless they made a clean breast of it, we were forced to do it. We then prepared ourselves

to go to the king the following day. We delayed a bit because we hoped that they would change their minds. Suddenly we were summoned to come to the palace, to our chief, where we went together. We found her and her husband there, because they were afraid that we would go to the king. They were aware of the fact that I didn't hesitate to go to the king, and that the complainants were put in the right even though they were wrong. Before we got that far, they made a clean breast of it and wanted to make peace with us. We let persuade ourselves by the chief, but it was speciousness. She was malicious to us as long as she was in the country.

We did not keep the king Muly Abdela for a long time, because one month after this affair, the king returned from the army and the English ambassador came on 11 August, 1734, for his slaves.⁴⁹ And the 12th was Easter for the king for the slaughter of the lamb, which was done outside the city on a hill where the king himself cut the neck of the paschal lamb. The lamb must be still alive when it reaches at the palace, and if it dies, it is prophesied that the king will no longer remain king. So the lamb is put on a good trotting mule to be conveyed to the palace. The mule stumbled on the way, upon which the nobility lowered their heads and predicted that the king would be soon at the end of his reign, as it happened. On his return from the paschal feast, the king had to go behind the cloister of the Fathers, located opposite to the walls of the city, and the English ambassador, who had placed himself on the top of the house with his musicians, greeted the king hereby, who answered his salute by three musketry salvos. On the morrow, the ambassador presented himself before the king with his gifts and asked for his slaves and obtained all of them and still more into the bargain: Scots, Irish, and Hanoverians, who were residents in Holland and were captured under Dutch colours. So, he obtained a hundred and forty six slaves, with whom he left the city on the same day. And about that time, there was also a merchant, Joseph Rebexo by name, in negotiations with the king about eight Dutch slaves, namely: skippers, helmsmen and a passenger, including my skipper.

It was on the 16th of September when the agreement was concluded and since there was still a skipper who had to travel 100 miles from the country of Tavilet,⁵⁰ the others were unable to leave because during that time the king was deposed and he escaped by flight. And immediately it was Muly Elle⁵¹ who was proclaimed king, and proved to be an abominable tyrant for Christians and Moors. He brought back with him this captain yet did not break the agreement, and he granted freedom to these 8 slaves, as was agreed upon. It happened that I had to suffer vexations from the brother of this king and the bailiff, or the city governor. They obliged me to pay taxes on the house and caused me troubles everyday and demanded more than the rent I would have otherwise had to pay; and it was a house which I had received from the former king's mother. They dare not lift a hand against me; whereas my husband, he had to pay with blows. Thus, it happened that one morning the governor called for my husband at the door and pressed

him for money. And so my husband, having answered that he had already paid several months in advance, the governor insulted him, calling him *keffer*,⁵² and a boor and took a stick and hit him. As I was standing at the entrance, I ran to them and delivered my husband. As soon I had intervened, the governor went on his ride, without talking of the matter any further. I threatened him that I would complain to the king, but my husband ceased not deterring me because he was a notorious tyrant and might very well shoot me without even giving me a hearing. But I paid the least attention. As my husband was present at the king's magazine during the day, I had the opportunity to go to the king, without my husband knowing of it. Thus, the next day, I carried out my plan without anyone knowing about it and went to the king in the morning before he had left his palace and waited for him at the city gate. And while I was standing there, a slave from Dunkirk passed by with two Moors, to give these Moors in the king's presence the chain of the lions and bears of the king, so as not to have to pay for this twice. He had got farther away from me for about twenty steps when he approached the king. At about ten steps, the king said: 'What does this infidel want? Go and sniff him if he has drunk alcohol.' The Moors dared not say otherwise than that he had drunk alcohol, telling the king that he stunk of brandy. The king, without even enquiring why this Christian had come to him, shot him dead. Seeing this, I ran away towards the city before it was my turn. I escaped at the right time as I could not attain the city quickly enough, when the king had already been at the outer gate of the city. Hearing this, my husband was as much stunned as frightened at such great fearlessness. This king was also a great tyrant in his heart, because he had executed not a few Christians and buried them under olive-trees. Afterwards, he spread the rumour that they had fled to win the favour of the old king, his father, while he was a prince, and he then acquired other Christians. He had been king for 19 months, during which he killed 5 innocent Christians, and at one of them he had fired one hundred and twenty bullets, which I will mention in due course, as well as how he threatened my husband with death.

About a month later, married men and women were summoned before him. We were 4 couples, [and] a mother with her son, who were exempted from labour, save for the spouse of the woman of whom I have already spoken, therefore the hatred for me increased. But they feared me since I did not hesitate to go to the king, so that they left me alone. We were entering into a dreadfully expensive period, so that an *alemoet*, i.e. a measure of 10 to 11 pounds of wheat, cost 30 *dubbeltjes* while formerly we had paid only one and a half *dubbeltje* for that quantity. But people had money and there was trade in a way that we did not suffer like in the previous period of high price, which is going to happen in the sequel.

In the meantime, the king left us in peace until 4 February of the year 1735, when the king summoned the married people. And there was a Portuguese woman, whose husband had died the same morning, and I had given birth

about a month ago and I had swaddled my child in a Dutch fashion. So, the king said to the woman: 'Go then and fetch me the cushion which this Christian woman is carrying in the arms!' She took the child from me and carried it before the king, which astonished him mightily because he took it for a cushion, and I was mightily worried. After examining it for quite a while, he called for my husband, handed him the child and asked him about his nationality. He said he was Dutch. And the king told him that if he had money to buy his freedom, he must say it to the king, which was a word of consolation for the others, who all got the opposite,⁵³ except for the young widow who received the order to go back home until the king had given her another spouse. I was given together with a Portuguese woman, to the king's sister, named Silla Bentemuly,⁵⁴ and the Spanish woman with her mother to the king's youngest sister.

I had a generous time at my mistress, better than my comrade, but the worst of all was that I went to the palace with fear, because the king's youngest brother would always put a dagger against my breast and say to me: 'Become a Turk or it will penetrate inside'. And many times he spat on my face, hit me, and knocked and punched me, so I hardly dared to go to the palace. I dared not complain to my mistress and least to the king, because he was a favourite. None of us Christians dared complain to the king, and we were during that time esteemed inferior than Jews, while they gave more value to a dog than a Jew, so that we had to endure all the injustices inflicted upon us and reward them with gifts and donations. And when a Moor of the king's men indulged in alcohol, it was us, the slaves, who all had to pay and shut down our taverns, and give money into the bargain. Seeing this, the vulgar of the Moors had all the opportunities of plundering the Christians and abstracting from them whatever they wanted.

Among us, there was a French tavern-keeper from the French nation to whom some Moors came with a young lad and desired to have a room for them alone. This tavern-keeper, whose name was Jan Pusole, did not consent, so they threatened Jan Pusole with reprisals and executed their threats. At night, they came to our bagnio or *knoo* and wrested Jan Pusole from his bed, dragged him before the king early in the morning, and accused him of allowing in his house people who committed sins. The king, being hostile to this, took his musket and fired five bullets at him and missed him, and at the sixth it jammed, which enraged the king mightily. He flung his musket on the floor and ordered his men to fire at him. He was surrounded by one hundred and twenty men who all had their guns loaded with bullets and all of them fired at him, and not a single bullet did him any harm, except to his clothes which were riddled. When the king saw that not a single bullet had hit him, he sent him to the *knoo* to fleece him of everything. He had nothing since he was a servant of the French nation, but they did not want to comprehend that and commenced beating him dreadfully with wet twisted leather ropes and he was in effect compelled to deliver to them all

the money belonging to the French nation. And the chief of the nation who guarded the money was likewise horribly chastised. Discovering this matter, the Fathers tried to intervene, but to no purpose and thus they were obliged to prepare a present for the king as well as an old slave who was a master in the manufacture of the king's guns and who exerted a tremendous influence over all kings because of his dexterity in his work. He always had at hand barrels of muskets to give as presents to the king, when some slaves fell from royal grace, by which means he had saved many lives.

This old slave and the Fathers went with the Moors, who had the money of the Christians, to the king, and delivered to him the present and asked for permission to speak to the king, which was granted them. And they explained to him the matter, saying that Jan Pisolé [*sic*] was a servant of the French nation, that he was a poor man who owned nothing, and that the money found with him belonged to the nation, with which they made wine yearly; it was also used for clothing and food, and from time to time, the money was distributed among the members of the nation, and with it the sick and injured were treated, and still other things to which the money was effectively employed. They induced the king to restitute the money and the liberation of Jan Pisolé, but it did cost them half the money. This happened in October of the year 1735, while my husband was in Salee as an ambassador of the king at the Dutch ambassador, Mr. Hendrik Lynslager.⁵⁵

Well, on the 27th of June we received a letter about this, according to which the said gentleman came with a present to the king in order to redeem us, we slaves. And because Mr. Lynslager had left Holland while Muly Abdela was still king, and had received orders to disembark so as to treat verbally with the king on peace and the redemption of slaves, and that this gentleman was ignorant that there was a new king, of which he became aware only upon arrival. The gentleman mentioned above, could not come to a resolution to come ashore before the States General had been informed and had given orders. Once the king had been informed that the Dutch ambassador was in the bay of Salee, he entreated him to disembark and treat with him verbally, and granted him the slaves on the condition he should come in person to receive them. However, the ambassador excused himself saying that he did not have orders to come ashore, upon which the king sent my husband to prevail upon the ambassador, but to no avail. And a little after my husband, the king sent a Basha with 40 men to convoy him on the road so that he needed not be apprehensive. But it was in vain, because Mr. Lynslager wanted first to obtain the slaves, then convey ashore as much presents and money as agreed; but this could never have happened and it did not happen indeed. Mr. Lynslager sent us the list of presents for the king, and it was extremely beautiful and precious, which we translated into the Turkish language and this was presented to the king who was extremely pleased. And this was valued at twenty *cintaal* of silver, and each *cintaal* is worth a thousand silver ducats and each

ducat 3 florins and a half of the Dutch value, but nothing was achieved: the king submitted not.

Meanwhile, the ambassador went to Cadix in order to write on the subject to the States General and wait for orders for landing. The king summoned his Basha. Among others, there arrived from Tanser⁵⁶ the Portuguese Fathers with an appointed ambassador, with a present of three lacquered cabinets with some collections of Delfs porcelain, which, in this country, they put on cupboards, plus a certain parcel of tea, sugar and jam, which did not amount to a tenth of the present of the States General. It was actually a poor present. He arrived in Mequenis on 17 September. On the 18th, he was presented before the king with his present, and was received very courteously by him. He was mounted on a horse with a golden saddle, and went for a ride with the king through the entire palace to visit it and was immediately granted his slaves, who were handed him in the morning of the 19th, 73 altogether. On the 20th, he took his leave of the king and went to Salee where he embarked on October 24th. We were not a little grieved to see these Portuguese depart for so small a price, while we should stay. And a deep sorrow was to follow because my husband was still in Salee and could not come back without being summoned by the king, and he did fetch him extremely angry. The king, being a little indisposed by the end of November, summoned the physician, or the Christian Master, who prescribed him a purge. He ordered him to stay calm at home and keep warm, otherwise the purge would not be effective and would be painful, which actually happened because the king did just the opposite, and after noon he was seriously ill. So, he summoned the master as well as some Turkish Masters and asked the Master what kind of drug he had administered to him. The Master explained the drug to the king and to the other Masters, and that the king was himself the cause of his own ailment, and that it was his own fault. Whereupon the king became incensed and said: 'Did you seek my life?' He caused the Master to retreat for three or four steps, took his musket and killed him, then commanded all his men to fire at the head of this Master until it was rendered unrecognizable. He had him carried in that condition to the cemetery of the Christians.

Meanwhile he remembered my husband and enquired: 'Where is that infidel who had to fetch his brother, the ambassador?' When he learnt of it, he dispatched a body guard to fetch him in order to make him undergo the same fate as the Master, because the king blamed my husband of having advised the ambassador against disembarking. While the body guard was away to fetch my husband, who waited 6 days before he came back, the king became more and more sick to the extent that he was unable to converse with anyone save his brothers and Bashas, which proved to be a good fortune for us, otherwise my husband would have been dragged before the king as soon as he had arrived in the city without even being able to speak with his wife. So, on the 5th of December, towards evening, he arrived in town well prepared to die. He had prayed God ardently to be able to converse with

me and give me some tokens, which he had received from Mr. Lynslager and Messrs. the Captains and commander, or else it would be a booty to the Turks. He was fortunate to have been sent home by the Basha as night fell and he could not be presented before the king. Yet, he had to go before him the next day.

In the meantime, the Fathers had time to order the chief of the king's forge for a present to the king and also to arrange the matter with the Bashas for my husband's pardon. That being a slave, he was unable to force the ambassador to disembark, that he bitterly regretted that the ambassador could not go ashore, that several missives had already been dispatched to Holland to receive order for landing and so deal with the king verbally, which required a long time, no fewer than 3 to 4 months. The matter was approved by the Bashas. Nevertheless, we had to see how the king would take it. We had passed that night in the greatest sorrow, and in the morning it was no less when we were saying farewell forever, as if my husband was torn away from me to be led away to the slaughterhouse like a lamb. The honourable reader can imagine in what distress I was, being in the last term of my pregnancy.

The Fathers and the chiefs of the forge advanced, each carrying a present in front, and they bribed the king's brother, promising to reward him well if my husband's life was spared. But he was not to be content until his reward was agreed upon. They came to an agreement for 20 ducats, a pair of silk stockings, besides the present of the Fathers and the chiefs. When they had sealed the agreement, he consented to the Father's present, which consisted of tea, porcelain, sugar and jam. The present of the master was a magnificent barrel of a musket, with which he presented himself before the king. This present appeased a little the king's heart, because they are very greedy, and we invoke here this proverb: "The sea never says: "I have enough," nor the womb "I have too much."" The king then changed his mind and gave pardon to my husband, so it seemed to us as though we were born again. The joy was now no less greater than sorrow, because I saw my husband being resurrected from death before me. It was of a short duration, as we will see.

The king recovered his health and the country was in revolt, because some wanted this one and others another king. We, Christians, ardently desired another king, since none of us felt safe for his life, because during the last month of his reign, he asked one of our slaves, who guarded the magazine, whether there was among his brothers anyone who had been put in chains so that he would wash his musket in his blood. He was not content to seek our lives, he would also not permit us to gain our livelihood. Because our taverns were shut down, we sold only clandestinely, in fear, and we had to pay high fines, so that in a short time there would be penury among us. However, God was merciful in that there was a new change among the Negroes,⁵⁷ some of whom wanted to have this one and others another king. The countrymen refused to pay their tributes, so that the king was obliged

to go out on a campaign; as he did on 24 April, 1736. However, he returned expeditiously on the 27th of April, took leave of his wife and children and fled with his brother and son. When we learnt of this, and not knowing which king would be proclaimed, we were afraid of a riot, which would culminate in plunders and rapines. So we fled into the palace and buried all our possessions in the earth and remained there until the first of May. When, early in the morning, Muly Abdela was proclaimed king with great acclaim. His son, being present at the palace, was placed on a horse with a golden saddle and with a parasol⁵⁸ over his head and proclaimed regent, to our great chagrin, because he put the Christians to hard labour.



Illustration 2.2 Sultan Mohammed Ben Abdallah. Thomas Troughton, *Barbarian Cruelty* (London: 1751)

I immediately went to the king's mother, who had been in jail during all this time. I visited her in her prison, which was agreeable to her. I congratulated her then went to the city to my house, thinking that peace had been restored. But, this was absolutely not the case, because before noon, we had already had 4 kings. They were put on the throne one after the other, then deposed, which resulted in no small skirmishes in the palace. We were again for a few days without a king, until the 8th of May when Muly Abdela was again proclaimed and was brought back from Tetula,⁵⁹ where he had been with a considerable army, at about six days' journey from the city. At mid June, he approached the city and arrived in his palace, but he did not remain there for long, since he left it immediately and went outside the city where was a small palace, or a summer residence, at about three hours from the city, where he convened all Christian slaves to work in digging up a shaft around the palace. All the Christians went there, and there remained only the Spanish woman and her mother, me and my child, and the Fathers in their cloister.

I stayed there with my child without a penny in the world with which we could, my child and myself, be nourished. And remaining in the house alone with the Moors equally frightened me. This Christian who used sometimes to lend about ten ducats had also left in haste, and did not have time to bring out a little money from the *matamoras*. It is a hole underground where we hid diverse items because of the Turks, according to the usage of the country, where the inhabitants conceal everything underground because of the enemy. In this extreme distress, I took refuge in the cloister with all my effects, and was given a room and to eat and drink as much as I wished. I was well treated over there, yet I was dejected knowing that my husband as well as the other Christians had to suffer a great deal because they were obliged to labour very hard in the heat of the sun, digging up, exploding mines and rocks, and getting for nourishment barely a small ball of bread of the value of a penny and sometimes nothing at all, and at night to sleep under the stars and drink stinking water in a way that before the end of one month all the Christians fell sick so that there were only eight or nine at work.

And the king refused to allow the Christians to be taken to town for recovery until he realized that they were dying like mosquitoes. Only then did he permit it. On 17 June, 220 Christians went there and on the 20 September, there remained only 100, both sick and sound. By the 12th of August, we had already lost 24 of our Dutch nation. Likewise, my husband had already come back home twice sick, which cost me a good deal of money, to have him at home for recovery. I had been at the cloister for about six days, when the Bashas came back to town from the expedition. And I took my child in my arm and went immediately to the palace, without telling anybody anything, as I knew I would be prevented from going there. Therefore, I presented myself to the Basha and asked him to let me reopen my tavern to earn my livelihood as well as that of my husband and child, and also for my part of the king's ration, which the Bahsa granted me. There was however a spoke

in the wheel because, being jealous, the servant of our guard argued, and then, I was obliged to waive either the ration or the tavern. The ration was too much to perish and too little to survive on and I would have nothing to offer to my husband. So I chose the tavern and had nothing to start with. Therefore, I had to get my things on surety from some Christian, get one thing and pay for the other. In this situation God blessed me miraculously, for not only did I earn money for my husband and children but was also able to send food and beverage daily to 6 to 8 men, which encouraged our people. The business thrived so well that I had to engage in my service two servants and a maid, which cost me a lot. Between the 24th of June and September 21st, the day when my house collapsed and the king was deposed, I gained over 120 ducats in one day in wine and brandy in the barrels, and 50 ducats more, which I lost in the collapse of the house. The king's mother fled on the 22nd of September, at dawn. When the Christians perceived of it, they hid her with the guard in nooks and corners by the river. Because the king intended to carry her at night, while escaping, he searched for her but did not find her. And once again, we were without a king, and we had no news of the Christians, so that we were in the greatest consternation in the world in case the king had taken them. On the fourth day, we received the news they were safe, and the same day, they arrived at the bagnio. The following day, Sidi Magomet Ulda Lariba⁶⁰ was proclaimed king, who was a good king for the Christians, but a child for the country.

During the reign of this king, we went through a deplorable expensive period, and this lasted from 1737 until June 1738. 48 thousand people perished of starvation; the living devoured the dead, mothers their children. There remained neither dog nor cat; all were consumed. Animal bones were dug up from the earth, crushed between two rocks and swallowed with a draught of water. People ate the cement from the walls and straws, like beasts, because of the lack of grass. The king's captives received each day, instead of bread, some handfuls of olive pits with their husk, from which the oil had been extracted. Even in the royal house, food was scarce, but one did not starve to death there. Notwithstanding the arrival of ships in hundreds from Christian countries loaded with corn, this did not benefit much the royal city since the king's convoys and those of the city citizens were seized by countrymen who rebelled against the king, so that prices in the city of Mequenis were much higher than elsewhere. We had now to pay 2 ducats for ten pounds for wheat, and yet we often did not obtain any and the same for other foods. People had no money, but God did miraculous things for us Christians. For, to begin with, the king freed the Spaniards in the year 1736 in the month of November,⁶¹ and on the 10th of August, in the year 1737, at the commencement of the expensive period, he allowed the French to leave,⁶² so that there remained of us Dutch only 28, besides three Portuguese, who, by God's benevolence, survived despite our foes. We also flourished without governance, as the reader will hear afterwards. A little

after the departure of the French, there remained only a few Christians, so the Christians were forced to work more. My husband, who had always been exempted by the king, was put to labour with blows and violence, which was insufferable to me and I wanted to avail myself of the opportunity when the king was without his palace. I went to him, with my husband and child, but did not manage to reach him, because the king was already inside his palace and the gates fastened. I was resolved on not returning home before I had appeared before the king, which succeeded not. However, I arranged it to be summoned by the king the next day with my husband and child. We arrived then to the palace where one of his messengers conducted me inside with my child before the king and his wives, where I was received with extreme kindness and the king asked me what were my wishes. I replied to the king that I prayed him to exempt my husband from any labour so that he could win his bread for me and the child as was the case during the time of his father and brothers who had been kings. The king, having learnt that my husband was put to work without his order, was furious about it and asked me why I did not inform him of it earlier. I said to the king that after the departure of the Spaniards for their freedom, I would have come to him had I not been prevented, because I would have entreated him to give me the house of that Spanish woman, which his royal father had purchased for the sake of married Christians and had given it to her to set up a trade there, as it wasn't proper for married Christians to live in the *knoo* with the other Christians. That the house allotted to me by the queen had collapsed and I was now obliged to lodge among the other Christians. The king took this very favourably and answered me that he would give me a house in town, one which would please me most, and that my husband would not be molested and that anyone who spoke foul to me or to my husband and my child would surely fall from the king's grace. I wasn't a little amazed by this so kind and favourable reception, and the king gave me as a slave to one of his legitimate wives and bid me come daily to the palace, to which I said I would obey. Then the king, after having filled mine and my child's hands, dispatched me to the city with two female envoys, whom he charged to make sure that none should molest my husband and my child. The Governor of the city had to give me a house, the one which pleased me most, and a *torseman*, i.e. a mistress of language,⁶³ was to come with me every day before the king as an interpreter since I knew not yet enough of the language. So, I was given a Irish female renegade, who had turned Turk after many torments, and I chose a house of a Basha where I lodged with my furniture. The king's orders were so severe that none dared address a bad word to us. I had then to report daily to the royal house with my interpreter and sometimes I spent an hour or two with my mistress and my interpreter in front of the king and I entertained him with all sorts of rare plants and all sorts of products coming from foreign countries, and the landscapes, kingdoms and cities, about which I instructed the king very well as I knew all this thanks to my travels,

which gave me a great deal of experience, which pleased the king mightily and drew me everyday more into his favour.

Being now in the king's favour at a time of deplorable high cost of living, I thought of my Christian brethrens, who received no ration from the king, and I pleaded for them to be exempted from royal labour, which was granted me on the 14th of September, after the king had abundantly supplied me, my husband and my child with costly clothes and linen. Since my husband was now well provided for with clothes, I took some to other slaves in the king's palace. And I made the king come out of his palace, who reviewed the Christian slaves and exempted them all from work. The rumour that I had so much influence with the king spread so far in the country, that people from the countryside, who had a complaint to make to the king, came to me with gifts so that I would represent their complaint to the king. But God guided my heart and I recollected that I was a slave, and I addressed them to the Bashas so that they found no consolation in me.

I was then so committed to go to the palace daily that I was tired of it and then played scenes and pretended to be ill so that I could stay at home. But the king sent about three envoys daily to enquire after my health and they brought me a sheep, some fowls, and jam from the king.

I stayed for about three days in my house, when the female residents of the palace were in mourning, because of the right to chastise or strangle the women. So one night I was fetched by the king's bodyguard. When we arrived at the king's palace the king had killed two of his concubines. He was very angry and also had one of his concubines very miserably chastised, banished his main wife, and also would have killed a Negress, so my mistress was in mortal terror. The king had been hunting that day and had caught a wild boar alive, and for that reason the king fetched me to show it to me. It was late, so because of darkness I couldn't see it and the king ordered me to come the day after to see the boar fight with the dogs, which I did. Around midnight, I went to town with my interpreter and two bodyguards, and because it was well over an hour walk, we went around the back for that was the shortest route with the fewest gates. About halfway, my interpreter broke her leg, so she stayed in a village on the way and I went home safely. The other day I went to the king early to inform him about it and he gave me another interpreter, who was a Moor born in Spain. The Basha from Tanser had exchanged her for Christian slaves. Because of the accident that happened to my interpreter I requested the king for a mule to ride on. One day before my mistress had got a big expensive donkey with a saddle and silvered reins and stirrups covered with red cloth as a present to ride daily with the king to his court, so the king gave me that donkey to ride on, which from that moment I rode to and from the palace. I immediately mounted the donkey and rode to the city in this fashion.

In the afternoon, I returned to the king to see the boar's combat. I had been there for only one hour when the king went to the arena with his

wives and me and had the dogs and the boar brought up. It was a terrible beast with four tusks which could very well clasp a human leg. There was also a Negress, who deserved death, who was brought in to fight against the boar and be devoured by the dogs and the boar. But, I obtained her life, so she did not have to go into the arena. While the dogs and the boar were grappling with each other, the king asked me if the Christians would like to taste of this boar. I said yes, but it was necessary first to have its throat slit. Seeing some difficulties in having the boar's throat cut, the king said that it was not possible.

In the meantime, this boar, with a bite of the teeth had torn open the stomach of a dog, whose intestines all came out. Another dog had bitten one of the boar's legs to pieces, who limped and sometimes fell. So, I told the king that had there been a hunter who would quickly throw down that boar and sit on it, I could cut its throat. But, as it was the custom that no man should be present, since the king's wives should not be seen by other men, the said Negress received the order to seize the boar, which she did. She was pitch black, but once in the arena she became as white as snow, because of the fright which seized her. She had to struggle a good deal to hold him until I came in the arena. I had in my arms my child, who was then seven quarters of age,⁶⁴ and whom I tied at my back to be better able to escape. I went then to sit down beside the Negress on the boar and cut its throat but not without great danger, because had we not been fast enough, the boar would have thrown us down and charged at us. The boar walked still with its slit throat until it collapsed. I and the Negress went out of the arena to the king and his wives who were not a little affrighted; they had screamed a lot for me to get out. He said to me: '*Hola, entaa rosel bel rosel la goor*',⁶⁵ which means in Dutch 'you are a man of men'. I immediately sent the king's bodyguards to the Christians to get it. The king stipulated to have the teeth, which were extremely big and beautiful, which he got.

Meanwhile the period of high cost of living caught him unawares and there were no supplies, neither for the king nor for his subjects, and we went through a very oppressive period, because the winter approached and there were no fruits in the fields or on the trees, to the extent that there was no food at all, neither for men or for the livestock, so that the cattle devoured one another in the countryside and men ate men. The streets and paths which I went through everyday were strewn with corpses. They were dying in such numbers that there was no way of even burying them. In the cemeteries, the dead were piled up to the height of men and could not be buried. Houses remained vacant and shops were stripped of their doors and wood. The dead were stretched out, some half devoured, others completely, and so on, in a way that they were dreadful times. The Jews who resided without the city, between the walls and a gate consisted of about 1400 households, who were living there. They, too, died in such quantity that it was impossible for them to bury their dead according to their rites, i.e. to wash them and

sew them in white linen and put them in the earth with solemnity. They shove their dead under the ruins of the old collapsed houses. Out of these 14 hundred households, there remained not even two hundred, it was like the destruction of Jerusalem.⁶⁶ It is impossible to describe what I heard and saw everyday. We were unable to purchase anything from the market without being immediately surrounded by hungry souls who waylaid us such as a lion his prey. If they could, they would steal it and run away eating.

It is impossible to describe or relate in human languages what happened during these wretched times of high cost of living and famine. In the meadows, fields and mountains there were people who starved to death, who had gone there in search of grassroots and weeds to fill up their empty stomachs.

Seeing his people's distress, the king was overwhelmed with pity to such an extent that taxes in the country were reduced a little. And because there raged a civil war, supplies could not be brought in, so that the king decided to liberate all the Christians so long as someone would only come to fetch them. And it was impossible to write from the city for our States General, since all correspondences were pillaged. Thereupon the king wanted to send my husband with a convoy to the Basha of Tanser, to write to an ambassador from thence. For that purpose the king recommended a Jew, named Robi Benqueque, whose brother had been here in Holland in the year 1730 and 1731,⁶⁷ to negotiate with the States General on the redemption of slaves.

My husband was not very keen on going alone with the Basha and the Jew, without having other Christians with him and the king would not have authorised that had I not explained this to the king. There was also a man from Hamburg who had already concluded an agreement with the Jew, promising to give him ten ducats if he was willing to claim him from the king. However, the Jew's wings were too short: he obtained it not it.

The day for my husband's departure came. My husband received his passport from the king to depart the next day. Seeing that there was no chance to leave with my husband, this man from Hamburg incited him against me, saying that it was my fault, which threw me into such a fury that I instantly saddled my ass, and went to the palace to ask the king to provide my husband with another travel companion. He consented to this immediately and then sent me to his secretary to change the passport and include the name of whom I would choose. The clerk, having written down the passport, I went to present it to the king who put his seal on it. I took it then home and thus all the problems were settled. They left on the 5th of November in the year 1737. On the 20th of the same month, they arrived in Tanser, at the Basha's, who sent them to the bagnio. He put them in irons with a chain round the neck, by way of welcome, but they did not remain there for a long time, because they redeemed themselves with their money, twenty gold ducats, and they were set free. They went then to Tetuan where they remained until the Jew had departed with them at the end of March for Salee, where Mr. Captain Joost Sels

arrived with his vessel to negotiate about the redemption of slaves, of which we will deal in more details subsequently.

Hardly had my husband left, when I asked the king to grant me a ration, to which he consented, at the same rate as that of his own legitimate wives: four pounds of wheat flour everyday. I had a Jewess at my service as well as a Christian. I dismissed my maid and requested the king to provide me with about four Christians because I lodged in the city and it was a bit hazardous to live there at these times of high cost of living, thus my house would be safe from all criminals, when they were stealing and plundering. The king gave me permission to choose as many Christians from the group, which I did. I provided them with food and clothes. I continued to go everyday to the royal palace and attend with the king and his wives all the diversions and stroll everyday in the courtyards. Sometimes, I remained there whole nights with my child, dearly loved by the king, more than his own. It was very dangerous to go in town in the evening because of the brigands. The king, learning that there were there so many bandits in and around the palace who sometimes in broad daylight stole the king's food and in his own house, handed me a pistol with powder and bullets as well as a sword with the order to shoot anyone who tried to abstract something from me. And thus I set out everyday on the way to the palace with my loaded pistol on one side, and the sword on the other, and one of my Christians with a loaded musket behind me, and another with a sabre in front of me. Shortly after, it happened that one evening I received the order from the king to come to the palace. On the way, I met some bandits who were hiding behind hillocks. When we perceived them, we fired at them immediately and they dared not come closer to us. But I never noticed them since then, so that I could easily report at night to the royal palace without ever being molested, which those of the king could not. Nevertheless, these people are like little dogs because they bark but don't bite. A soldier of our country is capable of confronting three of them because they are terribly cowardly, yet they are bold when dealing with a defeated man.

The affection the king felt for me increased everyday, which was a miraculous administration of God to save us slaves, who would otherwise have been possibly slaughtered to fill their empty stomachs. Because when the king likes the Christians, his people won't do them any harm either. I had so much influence with the king that he would never utter an angry word to his wives in my presence. So it happened that one day I was in the palace without the king knowing of it. The king called my mistress and asked for some goods which hadn't arrived yet, whereupon the king became so furious that he gave a good beating to his wife, my mistress. I, hearing this in my room, rushed immediately and rescued my mistress, who left the king quickly without saying a word. He went away like a screwed up dog. After having carried my mistress to her room and bandaged her, I followed the king wherever he went and sent somebody to get the goods, which were delivered to me

shortly after. The king, seeing that I followed and tracked him and prevented him to do out of anger what I had prevented before, he went to an upstairs room of his palace with some of his wives. Shortly after I sent my interpreter with one of his concubines with the goods, and I instructed my interpreter not to go to the king, but stand behind the door to listen to what the king said. He stayed there for a couple of hours, when there arrived a female messenger from the king, who told me I was called for by the king. I asked her if I had to come alone without my interpreter, and she said yes, whereupon I was somewhat frightened, because I knew how they act and thought: now I will be punished for my fearlessness. But I took courage and reflected: I can only die once. I sent my mistress to her room and went thus to the king, who spoke to me kindly.

The king was curious to know about all arts and sciences, and because I had travelled in the world and knew something about everything, I satisfied the king on all subjects, as well as in astrology, for which he had arranged two globes for me: the celestial globe and the earth, about which we daily discussed. So, we were discussing about whales, and where and how they are caught, and how big they are, and about other marine animals in Groenland, which gave the king great pleasure. In the meantime I seized the occasion to reconcile him with my mistress, which happened before midnight, when the king went to his bathroom and asked me to come there with my mistress, upon which I tarried not. I let my interpreter, who appeared to be a false person, stay and said to the king that she was taking care of my child. I had mastered the Turkish language quite well, so I could manage it without her.

My interpreter, who was poor when she came to me and was now a respected woman, tried to seek my life with falsehood, or make me fall into disgrace with the king. I discovered this because she was friend with the main wife of the king and was so hostile to me that she would have poisoned me if she was able to. But the fox was much more cunning for them, therefore, she continued being my interpreter, because my mistress was always into the king's grace, and if she fell from grace I was the mediator. The king found out the case and had his wife incarcerated, where she remained for three months. My interpreter was banned from the palace and the king bestowed on me my former interpreter, the female renegade, whom I engaged immediately. But I never heard how the king found out about the case. Three months had passed when it was Easter of the king and then it is custom that the closest friends of the king come and wish the king much blessing in the Easter. Thus, the sisters of his main wife came to wish the king Easter as well as ask pardon for their sister, which they obtained. She was then taken out of jail and fetched for the king, who restored to her her royal clothes and jewellery, as it is custom that if a wife falls from the king's grace, she is stripped of all her belongings and sent naked to a room inside the house. She gets no more ration than a slave, but if she has rich friends they can give her something

extra. Soon after she had come out of jail she found a reason to take action against me because I was so faithful to my mistress and I didn't want to do anything for her, upon which I replied to her: 'Two hats don't fit on one head.' And that the king had given me to my mistress, that I would risk my life for her and that I couldn't do that for someone else. Whereupon she became furious and accused me to the king, but she was put in the wrong and I in the right. Because of that she almost burst out with rage and she couldn't achieve anything, because I acted honestly so I feared nobody but God.

In the meantime, among our nation something happened that caused quite a stir. Because there were some rogues who had tried to take control of the whole nation and its belongings. For that reason they had bribed the guard to help them when they were present at the king, where they apparently would go to ask for bread. Then the guard would request the king to give what was the nation's living to these rogues and depose our innkeepers, who were married. Some of our nation who got wind of it advised with me and consulted me. I told them to keep silent and that I would settle the case, which I did. Because I informed the king about it and said that they would come to the king to ask for bread, and I advised the king not to talk to them, which fortunately succeeded, because they didn't manage to speak with the king, so their attempt was in vain. But they still managed to reach the nation's money, because they broke through a foot thick wall and broke the chest that was quite thick and strong, and took the money with them, but they were caught and imprisoned. The nation was so bitter that they sought their lives and requested me to go to the king and ask him to judge these two prisoners in the way that was common in our country, which is execution by hanging. And they had a letter signed by all nations that if our ambassador arrived he [the king] would be paid as well as the rest.

The king would have granted this had they appeared before him, but I had foreseen this and they couldn't achieve anything with the king without me. I was then forced to propose this, but I didn't, because they already had half of the money back and also because I knew then what would follow. I considered the case and decided to say on my own authority that I had spoken with the king and that the king did allow their punishment, but they were not allowed to harm them, because if they were injured they would be repaid for it. This message did not please them, because they were like roaring lions and wanted to repay me for it. They said that I was a receiver of thieves, so I had to argue a lot with twenty-two men, and I was just alone. In the meantime the criminals were brought in front of the whole nation who were gathered there. I had to make my appearance there as well, though I would rather have stayed in my house. I was asked whether people who do such things deserve no punishment. I said yes, but that they had to be merciful because we were the slaves of the king and that they had to treat them with clemency, but it was oil on the flames. I went quickly to my house in the city and they started to chastise both [criminals] badly and confined them

severally. One of them managed to break the door and fled with the chains on his legs over the houses to the Turkish church and turned Turk.

The day had hardly broken when most of my nation arrived at my house, with the guard who gave me an account of it, and forced me to go the king, which was necessary since one man was in the hands of the Moors. And if the Moors went to the king with it,⁶⁸ they would accuse the Christians of many things and then we would all be unfortunate. I hastened to the king and they all followed me, with the criminals and the guard and some chiefs who also wanted to present objections, but I was on my guard. I then came before the king and related it to the king to my very best: that it happened because of hunger and that the king knew in what an appalling period we were living, and that God's punishment was enough, without chastising each other. And I requested the king that no harm should happen to them and that the criminals had to come to the king because my brothers were very bitter and they would only enrage the king with their complaints. My request pleased the king and he let me fetch the two criminals for him, whom I picked up from my brothers. They thought they could come along, but when they heard that the king wanted nobody in front of him they were even angrier. I then brought both criminals to the king and the Christian fell at the feet of the king and prayed for the preservation of his life. The king pardoned him and sent him to them with a Negro and told them to remove his shackles and not harm him. After the king had pardoned him the other one made profession of the Turkish religion and was sent to the governor of the city to be circumcised. I went back in with the king, who excused himself twenty times, saying that it wasn't his fault that this Christian had become a Turk, because the king asked him if it was out of fear, he could remain a Christian and no harm would be done him.

I then went to my house where I had to suffer for it, even from the people to whom I had given food during this whole expensive period, but they dared not do me any harm. Yet they left then and tried to strangle me with the help of the guard, for which purpose they had bribed one of the king's guards and a Negress, a messenger from the king. He would have strangled me in my house in the name of the king, but that failed as well. Then they were afraid that the guard would snitch them, so they solicited the help of a servant of the guard to kill the guard, and thereafter propose the servant as a guard for the king. The servant, being benefited by this, tried his best. Thus one day he succeeded to take a letter from his master's bedroom, which the guard had received from the king Muly Abdela on his fighting against the ruling king, so it would have cost his life had it come in the king's hands. They brought me the letter with about eight people and made me swear that I would deliver it to the king, which I promised them. I had it read by a renegade's son to know its contents, who soon leaked it to the guard, who immediately fled to the *sant* or church because he knew that this would cost his life. I then took it with me to the palace and had a hard struggle to deliver

it to the king. I decided that I would deliver something else to the king instead of the letter, to mislead my interpreter, because I didn't trust her. I did it so dexterously that my interpreter knew no better than that I had delivered it in the king's hands, which she confirmed to the Christians when we came back. Meanwhile I went to my office late at night, while they were all asleep, to apparently write a letter to my husband and burned the letter gradually in the candle, because I was afraid that they would search my papers.

The guard, noticing that the king didn't inquire about him and that it wasn't mentioned at all, came out of the church, whereof our nation was very displeased, but they had no power. In the meantime I tried my best with the king to get bread from the king for the fourteen [people] who in my opinion needed it most in this time of extremely high cost. This again provoked discord amongst them, because the ones that had their diet for free wanted to receive it too, while I obtained it from the king with great difficulty.

The king's slaves or prisoners had to be satisfied with a few hands filled with olive pits daily, and they couldn't get anything else, so they bought the bread from the Christians everyday, who were too spoiled to eat the bread made of barley flour. This shows how much in need they were. The pain that my nation caused me during the reign of Sidi Magomet Ulda Lariba is indescribable, and it became even worse after the deposition of the king, but who can suffer and endure, defeats his enemies. They left no stone unturned with guile and lies, but they couldn't make me fall in disgrace with the king, because the king had a great affection for me, as well as for my whole family. The greats of the city, up to the Bashas and governors, respected me until my last hour in the land of the Turks, because I dealt with them sincerely, and therefore they believed me as a gospel. And wherever I was able to perform something to promote tranquillity and well-being I did it, for both Turks and Christians. In the meantime I was philosophizing with the king about astrology every day. I gave him so many information about it that he proclaimed me the greatest scientist in his whole country. Thus he summoned some of his greatest and renowned [scientists] to come and discuss with me about astrology. A Jewish Rabbi, who was considered superior to the Turks on this theory, was also summoned by the king. It was on the 8th of April 1738 when 8 of the king's scientists and the Jewish Rabbi appeared before the king and I had to orate before them about the course of the sun and moon and stars, and the movement of the whole earth, which I put forward naked and exposed. The king was wittier than all of them and understood the case, which they couldn't refute. They excused themselves by saying that it was against their religion, but the king replied that it was no insult to their religion, but that they had to say: 'We don't understand it.' They left immediately blushing with shame.

Meanwhile, there arrived our so long awaited for ambassador, captain Joost Sels, with whom the king started negotiations, but they could not reach an agreement because the king wanted the money for himself, and on

the other hand, it was the Negroes who wanted also this expected money so that this did not work. And the king was willing to give us our freedom, but did not know how to obtain the money, so he continuously consulted with me, but I saw no expediency since the king relied on the Negroes and those received each year their *retep*,⁶⁹ or pay, from the king and the royal Treasury was empty, so that the king was hesitant on what course to take. At length, the king resolved to release me, my husband and children for free, and the king would give me some valuables as a present: hides of tigers and lions, precious carpets, silken clothes and handkerchiefs, the like of which are never seen in Europe. And this would have happened had there been no spies who reported everything to the Negroes, so that the most faithful friend of the king, the governor of Salee, was deposed and substituted by another by means of the Negroes. The latter arrived then in the city to negotiate with our nation about our freedom. They offered him 200 ducats if we obtained our freedom, which the Fathers would then pay him. This governor prevailed upon the king so well that the king was resolved to send us and give the money to the Negroes who were in the field with their army preparing for an expedition with the king. They were at two hours distance from the city. And they published the same day, the 22nd of June, an edict stating that anyone who wanted to have wheat should come to the army to buy it or take it, which cost then no more than two *dubbeltjes* for the amount of ten pounds, while it had cost the same day 60 *dubbeltjes*. I went the same evening to the king to inform him of this and have the passport sealed so as to get ready for departure the next day. The king, who was not in a good humour ordered me to come back in the morning, and I got ready again to go there the next morning. And my interpreter, while going out, was about to be pillaged, but managed to escape and the king was made prisoner by mid-night and put in chains, so that we found ourselves without a king. I had, then, to leave the house with all haste and return to my lodging which I had at the bagnio. I had hardly entered it when I was once more insulted by the Christians, and they wanted to accuse me before the Negroes of possessing many precious stones and gold from the king, and they wanted to render my life unbearable as a compensation for the pleasant days I had spent. But the one who gives chase to others, never stops himself. And that was what happened to them indeed. I was then molested so that I was obliged to leave my house and place myself under the Basha's protection, to whom I went with a present and my two children, requesting him to take me under his protection until the arrival of a king, and that my Christian brethren were such a burden to me. I related all this to the Basha who promised me his protection until the arrival of the king. I stayed there but two days and one night when the Basha arranged it for me to return to my lodging in tranquillity and without fear.

Yet, when the Jews learnt that our nation had promised two hundred ducats to obtain our freedom, they contacted some of the nation, the young ones, who were not acquainted yet with the reality of the country, and gave

them a fine discourse, promising them freedom if they could help them acquire a few hundreds of ducats to give as a present for the chief Basha of the Negroes. And that all this could be achieved before the arrival of the king, since he had to be fetched from far away, which might take yet a whole month, while by that time we would have been already redeemed. Yet, alas, we were far from this and a new abject slavery awaited us, of which the honourable reader will learn further on. I knew this perfectly but I did not have a word to say, and whatever these gentlemen said I had to approve of. So, it was decided that everyone must swear to give all what he possessed. And I reflected: a forced oath would harm me and I offered what my Lord inspired me, because I had to make sure that myself and my children could live and travel in peace. We left then Mequenis on the 2nd of July, and arrived on the 5th of the same month at Mamooen⁷⁰ which is also a seaport, near Salee, where I found my husband and his comrade, who bid me welcome as well as to our nation, who thanked them with a great joy. We received tents where to spend the night, but when the merchants learnt about all the troubles inflicted upon us daily by our nation, they accommodated me, my husband and kids, with the authorization of the governor. Yet, they tried to cause me more troubles and incited against me the Jew who had conducted them hither. He summoned me and I, being unaware that there was something wrong [went to see him]. He treated me very badly and urged me to give him money, and the more I told him I had none the more he overwhelmed me with nasty words and abuses and said that everyday I had received two ducats from the king as well as jewels in great numbers, which was a transparent lie. He threatened me saying that he would arrange to get it from me, which he shortly after put into execution. Mr. Captain Sels was anchored at the bay of Mamooore and negotiated our liberation with the merchants and the Jew, but could not reach any agreement.

Meanwhile, the Jew had from time to time to go to Romel,⁷¹ to the place of the Negroes, at a little day journey from Mamooore, to deliver a report to the chief Basha on the subject of negotiations with the ambassador or Captain Sels. In the Basha's house, there was a Jewess, who had become Turk, who was incited against us by the Jew so that she should entreat the Basha's wives to see this Christian woman, i.e. me, which the Basha granted her. The Jew was sent with one of the Basha's officers to fetch me, which worked awfully well for the Jew to torment me. They arrived then at Mamooore in a pompous way as though I was going to be burnt or dismembered immediately. I knew what the matter was about because they searched for the money I had with me and since there was none they looked for it by means of violence. If I had had any money I would have willingly given it to be relieved of all these pains, but if you give today a sheep, they will come the next day for a cow, and they would not leave you in peace before they had you broke. I offered them all what I possessed in this world, so that I would return utterly naked to my homeland, but to no avail. He said that if I did not give it willingly, the Basha would surely take it from me.

I was led early in the morning to the Basha with my husband and children, and we were shown out by some of our nation, who were jubilant: 'Now this king's whore will be burnt. If she refuses to give the money and jewels she will be forced. Have her burnt! Have her burnt!' and one of them spat behind me. I remained patient and thought: 'God shall avenge it.' And, indeed, they got what they deserved. This is why he who can suffer and endure, finds his enemies vanquished. We arrived then in the afternoon at the Basha's and my husband remained near our effects and the beasts and I and my children were carried before the Basha and his wives, who received me very kindly and wished that God would hasten my freedom. I thanked the Basha, and he sent me to his wife, to whom all chiefs had conveyed their wives to see me, and all of them were very friendly towards me, so they didn't speak about any difficulties and gave me to eat and drink. In the meantime, the converted Jewess came to me and said to me in Spanish: 'Tell me where you have left the money and the gems. Your husband had already confessed it and they severely punished him and they are busy pulling out his skin. And if you do not tell me they will come immediately to fetch you and do the same with you.' When I heard these words a terrible grief overwhelmed my heart, in a way that I could hardly utter a word, and tears filled my eyes. Then I replied in this manner: 'Ah! Leave my husband alone, who is as innocent as my child, and let me die in his stead. I possess nothing, though.' And I was unable to continue speaking.

I then remained for several hours seated thus with my children on the knees, who sobbed bitterly with me, and this Jewess came back with new charges causing me new vexations that it seemed that my husband was already dead. I recovered myself a little and prepared myself to die and committed my children into the hands of the Lord, and reflected on the way which God had already preserved me from many dangers and had been my father and my mother, since the age of thirteen, and had always taken care of me. And I said: 'O! God, You are still the same God and I know that nothing happens without You knowing of it and that You arrange everything for the best, and if You are to remove me from my children, Lord, You are their father and protector. I recommend them to Your protection.' And I found solace in God, took courage and was ready to die, and I sought for the opportunity to appear before the Basha and justify my husband, but I was prevented. Towards evening, this converted Jewess came back and said that now I was to be conducted before the Basha, but that I should cry bitterly when I was there, yet, I noticed the perfidy of that feminine creature and went before the Basha who received me with no less kindness than before and treated me with so much respect as though I was not a slave.

In the meantime, my husband, too, had arrived and was speaking to the Basha. I, turning round, noticed that no harm had been done to him. I was as though I was born again and my heart rejoiced. After having taken leave of the Basha, who wished me all sorts of blessings and freedom and told

me that he hoped to reach an agreement with our ambassador, we went on to the place where they brought us to spend the night. And I asked my husband if he had been molested by anybody, but none had spoken to him, neither good nor bad.

Still the Jew didn't keep quiet, and since the Moor's expenses had to be paid for, he resumed tormenting me. I had a bag where I kept my clothes and those of my husband and children, and I emptied it and said: 'Here is all I possess in the world.' But, finding nothing which would please him, he was disinterested, and so we had to give the little money sent us by the Consul of Cadix, and thus the nation lost it by his own fault.

After four days, we were brought back to Mamooren. Our people, being convinced of nothing else but our execution, were dumbfounded. We did not remain there for long because on the 14th of August, the king had made his entry into the palace as a king. He instantly recalled the Christians and sent enough mules to fetch us. We, who presumed ourselves free, returned stark naked to a new slavery, to which we arrived on the 21st of August, and we discovered that during our absence the three Portuguese who remained there had spoiled us of what we had left behind. They restored to us our beds, a table, some small settees, and that was all. We were conducted on the 22nd of the same month before the king, who gave us, each one of the Christians, a little modest spot inside the palace to watch over the magazine and he put us to work, but my husband was exempted from labour. We had nothing to eat from, nor did we have something whereby to undertake anything at all. I had then to set down to work if I did not want to starve to death with my husband and children, and there was that year a very good grape harvest, yet money was lacking. Now, the merchants of Salee had arrived with a present for the king to congratulate him on his accession to the throne, from whom I had so much pain to obtain a loan of 20 ducats so as to make my *vendimi*,⁷² or vintage. We obtained the grapes cheaply and paid only 12 to 14 *stuyvers* for 100 pounds. My husband made the vintage ready for sale and immediately supplied the tavern with must and brandy, obtained from the distillation of the grape, so that in about 8 to 10 days, we were again in a condition to earn our livelihood.

Our tavern was located outside our dwelling; at night it was occupied by a Christian who worked by day at the king's magazine, and during the day my husband stayed there. The tavern had hardly started, when my husband contracted a serious eye disease, which immobilized him for over two months so that the tavern had to shut down, but I couldn't ignore this period, because we could still earn something before the king went to the army. Besides, my two children were also very ill, and I could see just with one eye only and the king's fast would soon commence, and it is therefore prohibited to sell alcohol, and my husband did not want me to go to our tavern. I made other people persuade him to let me go there with all my family. I had to be content with very few things, because there was only a very small space.

I took care of everything: housekeeping and the tavern; and God granted me so much strength and blessed me mightily in my business. And I earned in one month enough to permit me produce as much wine and brandy as I had done before. Besides we had some cash to feed us during this fast, and finally I could once again estimate my capital at a hundred ducats.

The Christians had left me a little in peace, but not for long, because when they returned from the army with the king, they did everything to deprive me of the tavern or forbid me, in a way that there were daily serious problems again. I, not knowing yet whether the king was kind towards us Christians or not, took my chance and went before him to request him to grant me a house in town where to keep a tavern. I pleased the king with the way I made my entreaty to him and he manifested his contentment to me by granting me my request. However, the Moors and his Bashas advised him to the contrary; they reckoned it was somewhat dangerous for me and my family to manage in town alone, and that having my house at the bagnio I could keep the tavern there, but to this my brethrens were opposed and prevented me.

I was not to blame for it and said nothing of it to the king, because they would pay for it dearly. The king told me to go with my husband and children to the bagnio to keep there a tavern, and in case anyone attempted to hinder me, I should only come and complain to him of it and he would cut off his head. I, therefore, returned home and continued to run my tavern, but the others never ceased to do anything to harm me and my husband. I then sought for an opportunity to go to the palace to the king's mother, and I managed to go there daily without any difficulty as well as to his sister, whose affection for my sincerity became so great that I could obtain everything from her and never returned empty-handed, but I brought either a sack of flour, or meat, money, or fruits, so I was the favourite of all the royal family. It happened that the king had been king for already a year, yet we were unaware that he would be deposed. Early in the morning, I went to the palace, and at five p.m. there arrived a messenger announcing that another king had been proclaimed and that the Negroes were in front of the palace to capture this king, who, however, escaped. When I learnt this news, I took my leave of the queen-mother and the king's sister, which did not occur without the shedding of tears on both sides. I comforted them saying that it was God's will, and it had pleased God thus. They believed it firmly and gave me some money for the last time. I was hardly outside the house gate when I saw everybody in the street shouting loudly: 'Long live Muly Abdela!' And I, who was neither asleep nor drowsy, understood perfectly what hazard this meant for me and I shouted at the top of my head: 'Long live Muly Abdela!'

However, a Moor said to me: 'Why do you cry long live Muly Abdela while you have just come out from the house of the mother of the deposed king? You prefer him much more than Muly Abdela!' I answered briefly and shrewdly, demanding of him whether he knew that kings are proclaimed and deposed and that I acknowledged that this one who was proclaimed king

and that I wished to be his slave and that Muly Abdela had been kind to me, my husband and children. The Moor, perfectly satisfied, let me proceed in peace, and thus I went through the palace into town amidst the cheers of joy: 'Long live Muly Abdela!' During this time, my husband being in town, was mightily anxious, and the guard had already imagined, because it was getting late, that I might have been arrested and incarcerated, as it was quite dangerous, because when the king is deposed, the same happens also to his servants, who fled in every direction to escape being captured. Hence, the guard had left his post to go to the palace and inquire after me. We met at the outer gate of the palace and he said to me very anxiously: 'Maria, aren't you frightened? A new king has been proclaimed and you are still inside the palace, it is a miracle that you have not been arrested yet.' So, I related to him how I had walked through the palace shouting: 'Long live Muly Abdela!' which happened to me. Having learnt this, the guard was as much astonished as pleased. So, I went home through the town under the amazement of all the Moors on my way, who enquired of me if the deposed king was captured.

I then arrived at my lodging, which I found to be in profound grief and mourning, but, when they saw me and my child, joy was even greater. A few days afterwards, the king's mother arrived at the palace to take charge of the kingdom until the arrival of her son.⁷³ I went there immediately to offer my congratulations on the accession to the throne, and I found my former mistress, the mother of the deposed king, with her daughter. They were there like criminals, who had to deliver all what they had in the kingdom to the regent Queen. They were stripped of everything and sent to another palace of the old king, the father of the present king, where all the wives of the former king were also sent. They were allocated fixed rations, as we do here for the crew of our national ships, as concerns butter, cheese, and bacon, but it was far less for them. Their ration consists of just two pounds and a half of flour, and the ones who own a piece of land from which they can derive some profit can manage to survive. But only a few have that, so that it was too much to perish and too scanty to live on. I delivered my complement to the new queen, but it was not as agreeable as with the former, so that I failed to return there afterward, since I was not very welcome.

The king arrived a little later and summoned straightaway the Christians, whom he put to work without delay. To our great joy, my husband was again placed at the magazine, whereas all the others they were obliged to walk everyday for an hour out of the city to go to work, and had to return every night since the king was settled not at the palace but in a camp outside the city where he had pitched his tents with his people because he had no trust in the Negroes and did not dare to live in the palace. The Negroes compelled him to go and live in the palace, to which he finally yielded; nevertheless he kept his tents in the field so as to be ready to escape at any moment, as he understood very well what the Negroes wanted, thus the

fox was far more cunning for them. He called himself Muly Abbela Diep, which meant 'Muly the Fox'; and this name suited him perfectly because he was much more cunning than foxes. He was the best king of all for the country, however, the Christians were compelled to work harder and took care that they shouldn't get better bread than under the other monarchs. He was a notorious tyrant for his people because he boasted of having dispatched 14.000 people during his first two former reigns. For the third time now, he was king for just four months, and it was again by flight that he saved his life. He went to Fees where he had previously conveyed his mother.

So, once again a new king was proclaimed, called Muly Sinlebdî.⁷⁴ A rural peasant would have been more capable of reigning than this king. We did not keep him for long because he had to extricate himself by flight, which took place by the fourth month. He was a hairless jackal, who endeavoured to despoil the Christians, the Jews, and the Moors. Hence, we were not in the least sorry when he was deposed. Muly Abdela then became king for the fourth time in the month of December of the year 1741, and he established his residence in Feest.⁷⁵ He gave the order to all the Christians, grownups and young, without exception, to go there, which grieved us much since we had in Mequenis our houses and our furniture, plates, pots, winepresses, distilleries and other utensils. All this must remain as a prey for the Turks, since we could carry nothing and we were going to be in a condition much worse than, new slavery. This news reached us three days before the official confirmation.

My husband was so distressed that he could neither eat nor drink as were many others. I was there with two children, whom I managed to carry safely to the homeland. I, too, was sad, yet this did not seem to affect me as much as it did the others. I prepared for the journey and reflected: I must manage to take enough victuals with me. I went to the henhouse and took out half a dozen of chickens to which I cut off the head and cooked together with other foods and matters, while the others, the heads thrust in their pillows, were totally unable to utter a word and I hooted at them a little for being such fellows. I counted on that the Wheel of Fortune would turn. I was not out of humour because nothing worse could befall us than death, as for myself I was the wise woman and I alone possessed some wisdom. But the others saw things gloomily and were not without anxiety than me who let things move with the will of the wind. The third day came the king's formal order that I should remain here with my kids, while the other Christians had to go to Fees. Everybody was plunged in a great distress, especially my husband because I was going to be in charge of all the nation's effects. And the nation's trade was conducted by the Jews whom I had appointed and who gave me an account of it and I took care myself of my own business.

Meanwhile, the day for their departure was fixed and I did my best with the guard, promising him a handsome reward, to free my husband from the king, which he promised and fulfilled indeed. Soon after the arrival of

the Christians in Fees, the king paraded them in review for three times and on each time the guard spoke about my husband to the king, but he was answered that if he spoke about this Christian again he would give him a bullet, upon which the guard dared not insist any longer. A good month had passed when the rumour spread that the king would again be deposed, which caused me no little sorrow because I knew very well that my husband could not save his life by flight, being too corpulent, while the others were light and could come from there to Mequenis in one night, which was at a little day's journey. It is reckoned about twelve hours for this. Meanwhile, I did not remain idle. Whenever I sent there a convoy of victuals, I kept them informed on the king's condition, being in a better position than them to know it, so that they could find an opportunity to come back to Mequenis. Meanwhile, the king having had tidings that he would not remain king for long, summoned my husband, who appeared instantly before him in his tent, where he was laying, and he asked him if he was the Christian whom he had married and how many children he had, and whether they were boys or girls and what their names were. When my husband answered according to the truth, the king asked where his wife was. He answered that she was in Mequenis; he asked who took care of her. He said: 'The Lord.' And this answer pleased the king. And he said: 'It is a sin according to my faith, yours and that of the Jews that a husband is here while his wife is elsewhere. I will send you to your wife, and you will stay there until I send to you your freedom, and you shall keep your tavern there for your wife's and children's sake.' These were, indeed, very comforting and unexpected words from the king, who immediately issued his order to the Basha to send my husband to Mequenis, commending that the governor should take good care of him that no harm should befall him and no one should harass him to give him something, as was the custom in the country. I could not resist giving a present to the Basha, because similar cases might still occur and unless I had rewarded these men properly, they could harm me enormously afterwards. This occurred on the fourth day of my husband's departure, when in the early morning of Tuesday he unexpectedly returned home. Immediately, a crowd of Moors gathered in my house, conceiving it a miracle that the king had set my husband free, so that our guard cried very loudly: 'Maria, you surely are much beloved by the king, because I myself took such pains and the king was going to shoot me.'

Eight days later, the king was again deposed. The Christians sneaked away because with him they were in dire peril. And Muly Mestadie⁷⁶ was again proclaimed king for the second time. I didn't wait and went to the palace again to offer my congratulations to the king's mother on the occasion of her son's accession to the throne. I was received very kindly and did not return home empty-handed. The feelings of friendship of the king's mother, sister, and the king himself increased towards me every day to the extent that I had a great influence on them and endeavoured all I could to obtain our freedom and that of our brethren. The king did not seem to oppose it

and sought for a means to convey me, my husband and both my kids to his brother, who was viceroy at Marokken,⁷⁷ until the arrival of an ambassador to Santa Cruys,⁷⁸ so as to send me, my husband and the children, to freedom because he was not sure for how long he would remain king, and the Christians had to return again to the magazine, and if we were at his brother's, we would be safe.

The day for our departure had already been fixed and our luggage was done, however, my husband was against it because it was such a long journey, and which would indeed last for one month in an overwhelming heat, with two children, so that I was obliged to ask the king for permission to stay, to which he consented. The king's mother and sister often insisted that I should turn Turk, and that it was a great sin that I was an unbeliever, but I constantly answered them that this did not yet please Heaven and then I kissed the earth. And when they realized that they would not win me over, they asked me to bring up my little girl, who was not yet one year old, for the son of her son,⁷⁹ to which I replied that if this was to happen, I would not prevent it. This pleased them mightily, and henceforward they called my daughter but by the name *larossa ta Sidi Magomet*, i.e. the bride of Sidi Magomet, which was the name of the king's son. I was not in the least worried by such doings because I was convinced that God would deliver me from their hands, which I don't want to relate here, having my own reasons for not doing so. I did not tell my husband all what happened to me at the king's and his mother and sister because he would have surely prevented me from going to the palace because he did not like the Moors for having made him suffer enormously before my arrival in Barbary.

In the meantime, the plague was declared on the 13th of June of the year 1742. It killed everyday 100 people and more. The king went to the countryside with his people, under a tent which they had pitched there and forbade anyone from his people or the Christians who were with him to go to town. Notwithstanding, the latter went there surreptitiously. However, people were not free, which made the plague very severe. But the most remarkable thing was that we Christians though we were daily involved in commerce with the Moors and were everyday obliged to go through the town to purchase provisions and that we resided at the heart of the town, the Jews and Moors, who were our suppliers, all died of the plague, while none of us Christians fell ill. I then had time off to go into the palace with my maid, a Jewess, and when I walked through the town, the Moors asked me whether the plague existed also among us. I said: no. So they asked me what we had done to avoid it. I replied that we did nothing for it, but it was in God's hands to send it to us, on which they glorified Him. But there were some people among them who said that we were infidels and that Muly Magomet knew us not but he knew them, and that was the reason why Magomet sent to them this calamity here on earth.

Our Christians were very sad and afflicted, because they feared to perish from the plague. Me, on the contrary, I was full of courage and hopeful of

being set free before the end of the year, which made many of them laugh at me. I continued speaking of our freedom, and they fatigued me so much that one day I was about to stagger. Yet, during this sad mood, I took out my Bible in my hands, where I always found my salvation and my consolation. Opening my Bible, I instantly found there consolation because at the first glance I found these words: 'One thousand and ten thousand shall fall on your left hand, and on your right hand I shall protect you.'⁸⁰ I rose up from my place and said: 'Who do you have to fear but God? Does not everything emanate from God, life and death? Read it in His speech and you will find it says there: One thousand and ten thousand shall fall on your left hand, and God shall protect us with His right hand. You witness every day how hundreds of our enemies fall down, while among us there is still the blessing of God. None has yet been affected and we shall acquire our freedom under God's salvation'. But some have little faith, and these still remain now in this country.

Fourteen days after, arrived a messenger from Tanger with a letter from merchant Don Louis Buttelaar, bringing to us the agreeable news that captain Lambregts, captain of the States General, had redeemed from the Basha the slaves who were in Tanger, and that he had reached an agreement to deliver the slaves who were with the king within six weeks. I was alone in my tavern when the mail arrived. I took the letter but did not open it since it was addressed to all the nation and I began to scream and shriek incessantly: 'Liberty! Liberty!' Upon which several people of the nation gathered. They deemed me distraught and wild, before they had unsealed the letter. Being in Spanish, no one could read it except me. I read them the letter, but they still did not believe it, and I could not convince them, although the mail had brought them the news.

About five weeks later, on the 9th of November, I was summoned together with my husband and both kids before the king, who granted us freedom, the four of us, and trust us in the hands of the Basha of Tanser's envoy. The king willingly gave us our freedom yet would have liked to keep the others, had not the envoy insisted so much on obtaining the rest, too. The following day, the king summoned all Christian slaves before him and chose nine of them and set them free. On the insistence of the Basha's envoy, he again called for the others on the third day, from which group the thirteen of us had been chosen. And after much difficulties, the king made still another deal, i.e. if the Basha sent to him ten Christian slaves, he would relinquish the rest, who were ten in total, and thus, we had freedom, the fourteen of us. As soon as the king had granted us freedom, he summoned before him my husband and our little daughter whom he loved enormously and with whom he often played. Out of joy, my husband was not able to speak in the king's presence. As for me, I knew perfectly how to make compliments in the Turkish fashion; my compliment was extremely beautiful, so much that the king was so delighted that he burst out saying: 'As true as I am alive, this

Christian woman is worthy of being a princess.' With this honourable title, I took leave of the king.

The next day, I bid farewell to the mother and sister of the king. This farewell was so affectionate that it was with more tenderness than when parents take leave of their child. They both wept and gave me both two ducats for the journey, and wished that they could have kept me, but it was impossible as the king had obligations towards the Basha since he didn't have enough people. And Muly Abdela was in Fees which he had to leave for the convoy to continue in his empire. Hence the Basha arrived with a very considerable army to help the king beat his opponents.

So, we set out on our journey on the 16th of December, and we were obliged to make enormous detours, through unsafe roads to avoid falling into the hands of Muly Abdela, because otherwise we would have been in slavery until now, with the ones that remained there. It was the bad season with wind and rain so that the country was unfit to travel through. We were stuck daily up to our knees in swamps as well as our animals which sunk there up to the trunk. We spent the night as well as the day in the blue sky and most of the time we did not have a single dry thread on the body. I contrived a tent where to spend the night. Thus, we were not under the stars, yet, still without a shelter against the water since most of the country has a clayed soil and the earth can not absorb all the water, so at certain places, the water rose up to the height of a palm tree. And despite our search for dry places where to spend the night, it didn't really benefit us since the effects on which we laid were soaked in water and the same for our clothes on our bodies and the blankets so that from above as well as from below we were in the water, as though inside in a public bath. My children were sometimes half dead of cold and moisture. The hardships and perils we underwent during our journey are unspeakable.

On the 30th of December, we arrived at the Basha's who received us with a salvo of musketry. He provided us with a magnificent tent in which we were all able to spend the night, and I was entrusted with providing victuals, of which we were in a dire need, and if I was in want of anything, I had only to speak to the chiefs and receive whatever I wished for, but not the others. So, I took diligent care of the others because a woman had over there more privileges than a man. I was bold and polite in such a way that I was very well heard and nothing was wanting. The following day, we travelled with the Basha and the entire army: 100.000 men, as it was said. It is truly a considerable army, but I doubt that there were so many people. We had an agreeable weather that day and the journey proceeded pleasantly to the sound of the rolling drums and kettledrums, and the sound of trumpets and oboes and other instruments, and we saw there very poor peasants marching, their arms tied behind their backs, naked and despoiled, and chained up by ten to twelve. In the evening, before sunset, we reached a vast plain where tents were pitched and we rested there. The Basha had with him 14 pieces of

cannon which he fired in the camp in the evening, so that we joyously quit the old year and entered into the new one.

On New Year's Day, I wanted to go to the Basha to ask him for a sheep, but it had already been brought up to me before I had gone to the Basha. The Basha, having heard much spoken about me, was very curious to have a conversation with me, whereupon he called us all before him. He spoke to me in the presence of everybody, and when our conversation had ended, he said to all his people: 'Verily, this Christian woman is worthy of being a queen.' I was very polite and amiable in my conversation and was also capable as the best people of the country to make a compliment according to the rank of anybody. I was to the point and without apprehension when speaking, to the extent that I dared say what nobody else in the country would even dare to think of. I took leave of the Basha who wished me salvation and blessings, for which I thanked him. The Moors exclaimed before the Basha that they had never heard or beheld such a woman who was voluble like me, which was a blessing for all of us, because in this way we received many things which we were wanting before. We set off again, the second day of the new year, and pursued our journey, not without great hazards, over the mountains and while crossing wild regions, forests, valleys and rivers which overflowed their banks. And we were unable to watch over one another owing to the bad paths we passed through, so that sometimes we completely lost sight of one another. And sometimes we tumbled down together with the beasts we were mounting, from the top to the bottom of mountains and then we rolled down again into the rivers until the neck. This accident often happened to me because, having a child on the knees, I couldn't manage my beast very well. The Moor who accompanied me was so silly and only spurred on the animal, regardless of whether the road was good or foul, so that I often fell into the rivers and tumbled down the mountains, which was not without danger. My little son was hardly recognizable, having on his hands and face cuts and gashes, caused by wild bushes; and the others, too, had their good share. Those who were able to walk were unscathed, and could save themselves, while I and my little girl could not. And the last evening, I thought I would never come out safe.

We travelled until it was late in the evening and it was so dark that we couldn't see our hands before our faces and we had to proceed according to the cries of those who preceded us and that was in steep mountains, as high as the sky. My beast as well as some of the others could not move any further and there were some which tumbled down from the top of the mountain into the river and remained there stretched out. My Moor took the reins from my hands and drove my mule to climb up the steep slopes, which was my luck, otherwise I would have rolled down the mountain with my mule. Yet, because of the height of the slope, the movement of the beast, and the fact that I had only one hand to support myself, I slid behind my mule and tumbled three times with my child in my arms down the slope,

where I remained stretched out. This time I fell on the back which hampered me much. I could still make my voice heard a little, which was lucky for me, as they noticed that I was no longer on my beast and they came for me. Without this, I would have been compelled to remain lying there and would have been devoured by boars and other savage beasts, which abounded there. My husband, attracted by the noise, approached, too, and they had to find me by means of the sound and groping since it was pitch dark. Finally, they found me and took the child who was numb in my arms from my having embraced her so tightly against me, and then they drove me on my beast along the steep slope where I again tumbled twice, as an arrow darts out of an arch, because of the jumps made by the beast while crossing rivers, whose bank they were high on one side and low on the other, so that I was hurled forward about 8 feet because of the imprudence of my Moor. I thought: 'This is the last night of my life.' I no longer wanted to mount my beast and was completely incapable of walking because of the fall. My husband was furious against the Moor; he returned the child to me and chastised the Moor so vehemently that he almost gave up the ghost. We advanced then quietly until the village where we spent the night. Early in the morning of the next day, we set off on the road again and it was still a very dangerous path and another beast was lost with its load in a slope of 20 to 25 feet in height, and we had to advance through a small footpath not wider than a big foot, along precipices, and the path continuously ran down, and so the beasts were forced to strain their backs with the men who sat on them. Because these beasts were accustomed to advance regularly we had much pains to make them do otherwise, and so that day was among the greatest of dangers we encountered in our journey. Towards evening we finally arrived in Tetuan which is still at two hours distance from the sea. We were lodged in the house of the English Consul,⁸¹ where we remained for three months and five days, owing to the lack of ships which did not arrive in consequence of the considerable mortality. But, when we had arrived there, there was no mortality among people; and the day the king had set us free, there were in the city of Mequenis twenty four thousand deaths and still at present fifty to sixty a day. And during our journey we passed through several deserted villages and hamlets. And about fourteen days before the arrival of our saviour, death resurged in the city, which rendered us apprehensive lest no one of the Christians would come to deliver us.

On 5 April of the year 1743, there came here a ship at the anchorage, where immediately went the Consul and Mister Don Louis Buttelaar, under whose care we were. Once there, they noticed that it was an English vessel sent thither from Gibraltar to find out how was the situation in the country and conduct business because Gibraltar was supplied from Tanger and Tetuan. The war between Spain and England⁸² caused all supplies from here to Gibraltar to be intercepted, and the death rate in the land of the Turks was also the reason why life became terribly expensive over there⁸³ and nothing

was obtained in exchange for money. Hence, this ship had been sent, which brought us news that a Dutch man-of-war had left the anchorage to find out whether the slaves from Mequenis had already arrived. Having learnt that mortality still reigned, the English ship got immediately under sail to Gibraltar, and when it met the Dutch vessel, it hailed it and said that the slaves were waiting for him there and that they had been there for already three months, but that mortality still existed there. Notwithstanding, the Dutch captain answered that despite mortality he still wanted to obtain the slaves and continued sailing towards the harbour.

Meanwhile, we, perceiving that the ship got under sail to leave the anchorage, were in the greatest consternation in the world and in fear of returning to a new slavery, because we could not espy what ship it was, and we thought that it had left because of mortality in the country. However, we took consolation in the return of the Consul and the other gentleman who would acquaint us with the exact news. That day seemed to us as long as a year; the night seemed yet even longer as the Consul had brought us the good news that our saviour was about to arrive. Early in the morning of the next day, he was already arrived at the anchorage where immediately went the Consul with Don Louis Buttelaar and got on board. And they came to no agreement as to the rations of us slaves, nor on the payment of the expenses of the voyage, nor the present for the king and his envoys. And there was also the fact that not all the slaves were on the spot and the charges for board and lodging for three months into the bargain, so that the captain had so much pain in settling all this, and it was only on the 11th of April that the matter was finally resolved and we went on board with the utmost felicity.

During these days when negotiations were underway, we were under the greatest apprehension in the world; we could neither eat nor drink, and sat on the roofs of the houses to gaze at the ship, and all this was for fear of a new slavery. Finally, in the afternoon of the 11th of April, we went ashore. Once I perceived the gangplank, I climbed it so joyfully and hastily that I would have indeed forgotten my kids. The joy was so powerful that it made me burst into tears. It was as though we had been all resurrected from death. I, my husband and children were admitted to the cabin's table, and since the ship was small, with little space, we were put in the sail locker to sleep there, and during the day we stayed at the cabin. The captain was called Martinus Meitens; it was he who was in charge of the ship, and afterward became captain in the service of the States. And our vessel, *de Brak*, had eight pieces and eight naval cannons and 105 men, so that there was little space for people. My little son, who was at the time about seven years old, could read, write and speak the Spanish language as fluently as the Spaniards, but once he was on board, he was absolutely reluctant to speak this language, but he said: 'I am now a Christian', and never wanted to speak this language and never ever desired to speak it, neither with promises, nor threats. My little daughter, who was seventeen months then, knew nothing of this.

It was the night of the 12th to 13th, when we got under sail after the payment in money for our rations, and we cruised in the Spanish Sea, then in the Mediterranean. And after a month on board, we arrived again in Tanger's anchorage, where we fired a gun, but received no answer, which made us anxious about the other slaves, whom the king had promised to send once he had received the money for our rations, and which made us believe that the king had been deposed and replaced by someone else. We stayed at anchor to wait for an answer. Meanwhile, the Spaniards of Seeuta,⁸⁴ seeing this, took us for an Englishman. They arrived in deep silence in a moonless night during the evening watch, presuming in this way to gain possession of the ship. However, our watchmen, having perceived them quickly, sounded the alarm everywhere and threw them overboard, and so we were successful. I was with my kids in the sail locker and failed to make them sleep. Hearing all this noise, they believed that it was the Turks who attempted to recapture us. It was like I was ablaze, for being unable to call for someone to take care of my children because I was desirous of contributing my best for our rescue. At length, the boatswain came to the hatch to call me and enquire how we fared, and I begged him to send a countryman to stay with the children so that I was able to contribute in throwing the Turks overboard. Seeing me so excited, he told me that those people were already overboard and so I should stay with my children, which I regretted much, since I could not go up. So, they drove off the Spaniards, who were given quarter after they had bewailed horribly.

Our captain drew anchor and we set sail for the Spanish Sea, and the next day we returned again to port. The Consul came on board with Buttelaar. They told us that it had been a Spaniard, that the king was still on his throne and that he had sent just four slaves, and that he still kept six, who, being masters in the manufacture of guns for the king, he would not dispense with them but they would do all they could to obtain them. So, the next day, the four slaves came on board, and thus we were 18 in numbers, who had been set free. Among these last four, there was one who had endeavoured to impeach me, my husband and both my children to the king and we would surely have been burnt alive had the king been acquainted with it. It concerned a goblet of the king, Muly Abdela, which his mother had brought from the Holy Land of her Prophet Magomet, as a present for the king, her son, and he, in turn, had given it to his eldest son, who had pawned it to me for strong drink, because he drank quite a lot of it. On this goblet was engraved the Law of Magomet, which they venerated dearly. The aforementioned four Christians went every day to the king, and since one of them was in need of money and knew not how to procure it, he devised this trick to execute this plan through the intermediary of one of the king's brothers, and to accuse me of possessing such a goblet and that I used it to make water and dirt in it. Had the king learnt about this, we would have been punished without any investigation, yet the matter did not go that far.

This Christian had come to us in August of the year 1742 and told us in a pompous way that one of the king's brothers had accused us to the king and told him that we possessed such a goblet and that we put in it all these incongruous things and that he had seen it with his own eyes. Knowing the consequences, we were dismayed and confounded. My husband could hardly utter a word, and it was I who spoke and said that this goblet was already back with its owner and that the king could have my entire house searched and no such goblet would be found and that I wanted to report immediately with them to the king to acquit myself, though I would rather not have done it, yet I said that to better convince them that this goblet had disappeared. I feigned fury and that I absolutely wanted to see the king, but they withheld me, which I willingly did. He left the house and I took out the goblet from my cupboard and buried it underground. We were not without fear and neither were they, because had they accused us to the king without having found the goblet, it would have been their turn and would have fallen from the king's grace. Nonetheless, they devised again other wiles and lies to take possession of our belongings, so that I rightly sometimes sang: 'Here it is not the pagans or the Turk who torment us, but we are most tormented by rascals and rogues.' The Turks themselves were indignant about it, and our guard himself feared these rioters and had to flatter them and would console us afterward a lot, saying that a jug goes many times into the water until it breaks, and this would happen to them one day.

While we were on board the ship, we spoke of it to the commander and crew, cautioning them to keep them under surveillance because they were such rioters and everybody was likewise informed. They were on board for hardly a few days, when they tried again to play their part but were soon opposed. But then it was my turn to speak and I produced my goblet and showed it everybody and spoke to them: 'Go, seek the king now and tell him that it was I who has this goblet so as to have us burnt.' But captain Meitens slammed the door in their faces, threatening to fetter them if they did not keep quiet. So, they kept quiet until our arrival at Lissabon, where our national ships used to meet for victualling after cruising.

We arrived on the 20th of June to the anchorage of Lissabon to victual, but the cruise of our ship was not finished yet and I was big with child and I desired to go to Holland, but there was no other ship home bound, apart from merchantmen, incapable of transporting such a big crew. So, we disembarked in Lissabon and were placed at the Dutch hospital where we stayed for nine days, when another ship came to anchorage; its cruise was finished and had to set sail for Holland, and we boarded it. We had embarked for only three days when these rioters hit out again and tried to stab to death our inn-keeper, which harmed one of them and he was seriously injured in the hand. Since they could not attain their purpose, they turned against me and wanted to attack me and my husband. I was so distressed that I was obliged to be bled five times in less than one day. The Consul and the resident,

seeing this, had the two main brigands incarcerated by the Portuguese, while the most redoubtable one had escaped by his cunning. But since then, he kept very quiet.

So, they stayed in prison until we had all embarked on board the ship of captain Samuel Hoogstraten, who had difficulties to get them out of detention, which incurred additional expenses. So, they returned on board, and the captain reprimanded them vehemently so that they should keep quiet. We set sail then in an unfavourable weather as we had to navigate to windward, in a way that we were compelled to dock in Porstmout in England, where we were victualled. We had been put to ration for already several days since our provisions had been exhausted by our long voyage. On the 14th of September, we left Porstmout and arrived on the 18th to Texsel, safe and sound, and on the 21st to Amsterdam where I had not been for 20 years. I immediately searched for my parents and friends, but they were all dead, save a half-brother with whom I spent a fortnight, until when I accompanied my husband to Medenblik, his native place. It was here where I have established myself and I still reside. I complain not of having been so far away in the world, nor of my twelve years' enslavement, nor of the pains the Turk inflicted on me, all this I can endure, but I can not forget the insults and defamation to which me and my husband were subjected by our own brethren. It is impossible for me to relate here all what they made us endure.

I sincerely thank the Lord for His Mercy and praise Him for having delivered us together with our children from slavery, and that our children and grandchildren still know how to speak [about our adventures?] in the land of the Turks, and this is why I have decided to have it printed so anybody can see and read how miraculously God saves the one who relies on him and how they can overcome their enemies and keep safe, and all what might befall a human creature, which I have described here according to truth itself. I hope that the affectionate reader will find in this satisfaction and I remain for the affectionate reader,

The most humble servant,
Maria ter Meetelen

*Written in Medenblik,
This 14th of June of the year 1748.*

THE END.

2.4 Elizabeth Marsh, *The Female Captive: A Narrative of Facts which Happened in Barbary in the Year 1756, Written by Herself*. London: C. Bathurst, 1769.

Following the fall of Minorca to the French, Elizabeth Marsh, daughter of a shipwright, moved from the island to Gibraltar, where she took passage on 28 July 1756, aboard the *Ann* merchantman, to join her fiancé in England. There were 14 seamen and passengers on board, Marsh being the only female. Soon after, the *Ann*, being 'unhappily deserted' by the *Gospirt* man-of-war, which was supposed to convoy it safely to England, was easily intercepted on 8 August by a Moroccan corsair of 20 guns and 130 seamen and carried to Salé.

Later, the captives were conducted to Marrakech and Marsh, dreading sexual harassment, disguised herself as the wife of Mr. James Crisp, a London merchant in the narrative, but actually the ship's captain in the letters he dispatched from Salé. The captives were presented to crown Prince Sidi Mohammed who 'informed us, that the Reason of our being taken was on Account of Captain *Hyde Parker's* insolent *Behaviour* ... having treated him in a very disrespectful and rude Manner'. The Prince subsequently invited Marsh privately and importuned her to become his concubine. The shipwright's daughter was unwilling to cross the sexual and cultural boundary, and one of the queens, daughter of an English renegade, tricked her into renouncing Christianity by pronouncing the formula of conversion to Islam. To her utter horror, Marsh was declared 'No Christian, but a Moor.' Having found a fit opportunity to bully her into sexual bondage, the Prince offered her the choice of either submitting or suffering death at the stake, to which Marsh defiantly retorted that she preferred death than compliance. Despairing of cowing his hostage into submission, the Prince grudgingly granted her freedom and permission to leave the country, yet not before Britain formally agreed to resume peace talks with Morocco. So, after four months of suspenseful trials and tribulations, Marsh happily regained her coveted liberty and returned back home, where, following the termination of her engagement to Captain T., officially married Mr. Crisp.

Shortly after her return, Elizabeth Marsh penned her memoir under the title *The Following Narrative Was Written by Miss Elizabeth Marsh, During Her Captivity in Barbary in the Year 1756*, the manuscript of which has been recently discovered at the Young Research Library, UCLA. The details in the narrative indicate that Marsh must have kept a journal during her captivity, perhaps with the view of having it published, knowing the huge commercial interest in Barbary captivity stories in Britain. However, suspicion regarding her chastity seems to have dissuaded her from proceeding with the printing of her autobiography. She eventually published it as *The*

Female Captive: A Narrative of Facts which Happened in Barbary in the Year 1756, Written by Herself in 1769, more than a decade after homecoming.

In the narrative, Marsh repeatedly asserts that she returned to the fold unscathed in her faith and virtue, yet the heroine is painfully aware that being a captive in an alien land has seriously tarnished her chastity. Having learnt of the Moorish Prince's passion for his captive, of her ambivalent admiration for him and frequent visits to the palace, together with the necessity of her having to sleep with Mr. Crisp under the same roof as a consequence of masquerading for his wife, her compatriots entertained doubts about her virtue and the veracity of her tale, provoking her plaintive comment: 'the Misfortunes I met with in Barbary have been more than equalled by those I have since experienced, in this Land of civil and religious Liberty', a statement unfolding impediments to the female returnee's reintegration into her community. Their reaction was certainly disheartening and might have been the cause of her procrastination in the publication of her story.

Marsh was eventually induced to do so thirteen years later, following her husband's bankruptcy and emigration to India for better opportunities. Marsh was left behind with her parents at Chatham and, to divert herself during her husband's absence as well as procure herself some much needed cash, she undertook the 'bold attempt' of publishing her book, yet not before carefully erasing her name from the title page and obliterating any cues – names, places, and dates – liable to reveal her identity. Marsh was very eager to relate her story, but at the same time very anxious to dissociate herself from it.

In addition to these omissions, the published version differs considerably from the manuscript. It reproduces the manuscript in its entirety, with few minor stylistic alterations, but supplements it – perhaps with the advice or cooperation of the editor – with copious details, the aim of which is enhancing Moorish depravity and capitalizing on the heroine's vulnerability and victimization as well as on her trust in divine providence. More importantly, these additions are deployed to recast the autobiography into a novelistic form, heightening suspense and granting the narrative a more dramatic effect. Her betrothal subplot, for instance, is absent in the manuscript.

The Female Captive occupies a unique position in the history of captivity genre in that it is the only extant factual autobiography of a British woman's enslavement in North Africa – compared to a huge number of male accounts. Despite its historical importance, Marsh's narrative remained rare and anonymous until 2003 with my publication of an edition of *The Female Captive* (Casablanca: Moroccan Cultural Studies Centre) based on the 1769 published version at the British library and *The Blackwood Magazine's* reprint of the manuscript under the title 'Narrative by Miss Elizabeth Marsh of Her Captivity in Barbary in the Year 1756' (1934). Recently, *The Female Captive* has begun to attract increasing critical attention, and more knowledge about Marsh's life

and adventures has come to light with Linda Colley's sensational biography *The Ordeal of Elizabeth Marsh* (2007).

In the same year as the publication of the Moroccan edition of *The Female Captive* Elizabeth Marsh featured as a character in Debbie Taylor's historical novel *The Fourth Queen* (2003) under the fictional name of Julia Crisp who, to save herself from alien rape, disguises herself as the spouse of an English physician. The novel deals with the historical captivity of a Perthshire blacksmith's daughter, Helen Gloag, in 1769, the same year *The Female Captive* was published, and her marriage to Marsh's royal suitor, Sidi Mohammed. Helen Gloag's story is also the subject of Olga Stringfellow's *A Gift for the Sultan* (1962). In this novel, Helen is a reluctant girl who dreams of escaping with her English sweetheart; however, she gradually succumbs to the splendours of the Orient, weds her royal master, and crosses over into the alien culture, carving her name in the annals of history as 'The Scottish Sultana'.

Elizabeth Marsh, *The Female Captive**To the Public*

It is the Duty, I think, of every one, who endeavours to engage the Attention of the Public, to give some Account of the Method they propose to pursue, and the Reason of their undertaking what may be thought so bold an Attempt: I shall therefore mention, as briefly as possible, the Nature of my Design, that I may be the better intitled to their Candour and Indulgence.

I have no Intention, in the following Sheets, to add to the already too numerous Volumes of Novels with which our Presses swarm at present, whose only Tendency is to divert the Idle, and draw the Curious from that Reading, which might be beneficial to the Community, and, at least, instructive to themselves, by trite, dry Narratives, as far remote from Humour and Spirit, as they are from Truth and Probability.

The Subject of these Volumes is a Story of real Distress, unembellished by any Ornaments of Language, or Flights of Fancy; I rather chusing to present to the World with all its Imperfections on its Head, than to lose its Simplicity by trying to polish it; – Reflections, however unadorned, when made at the Time of Suffering, being observed to make always a deeper Impression on Minds endowed with Sensibility, than those which the Imagination forms in the Hours of Ease and Tranquillity: – Though I have unhappily seldom experienced those Hours, who, may say, with too much Truth, that the Misfortunes I met with in Barbary have been more than equalled by those I have since experienced, in this Land of Civil and Religious Liberty.

To those who only read with a View of finding Fault, and who are never pleased but when they exalt their Opinion of their own Perfections by discovering the Errors of others, neither this Dedication, nor the ensuing Facts, are addressed: But to the Generous, the Tender, and the Compassionate, who will have the Happiness of knowing, that they are procuring to themselves, at least, an innocent Amusement for a leisure Hour; and to such only; I subscribe myself, with great Respect,

*Their most Obedient,
and much Obliged,
Humble Servant,*

THE AUTHOR.

I was the Daughter of a Gentleman, whose Principles and Abilities procured him a very respectable Employment under the Government,⁸⁵ in the Island of *Minorca*;⁸⁶ in which Place we resided until a War commenced between *Great Britain* and *France*, which occasioned our Removal to the Garrison of *Gibraltar*: This change, as we were happily situated, would have been very disagreeable to me, if I had not been under an Engagement with a Gentleman, who was stationed there; and the pleasing Hopes of meeting him made this Departure less irksome to me, than it otherwise would have been. I was, however, greatly disappointed, on my Arrival, to find him gone; but his Servant (whom he had left behind) delivered me a Letter from him, wherein he informed me of his having been obliged to sail for *England*, and earnestly requested my Following him, as soon as I conveniently could.

Very fortunately, at that Time, an Opportunity offered of a Merchant-ship, which, with many others, was to be convoyed as far as *Lisbon*; and a Friend of my Family, going a Passenger, made me anxious to comply with Captain *T__y's* Request. – So I solicited my Family's Permission to return to *England*, which they, at first, were unwilling to grant; but, knowing Mr. *James Crisp* was to go in the same Ship, to whose Care they thought I could be intrusted, they consented: And my Father acquainted that Gentleman with his Intention, who, with great Pleasure, accepted of the Charge, and assured him nothing, which he could prevent, should happen to me, while under his Protection.

The Time for our Departure was fixed to the 28th of July,⁸⁷ when I parted with my Family, and embarked on board the *Ann Galley* under the Convoy of Captain *Richard Edwards*; but we were unhappily deserted by the Commander, soon after we lost Sight of the Garrison. When our Captain perceived his Intention of leaving us, he carried all the Sail he could, in order to keep up with the Man of War, even to Indangering our Lives; for there was six Feet Water in the Hold, before any one knew of it; which obliged the Sailors to be at the Pumps, who, with much Difficulty, saved the Ship from Sinking.

I was intirely ignorant of the Danger we had been in, until it was over; when my Friend told me of the Alarm they had met with; and that it proceeded from having crouded too much Sail. From this unfortunate Accident I date the Whole of my Misfortunes; for, on the 8th of August, our Ship was chased (as the Sailors term it) by a Vessel, which our Captain imagined to be a *French* Privateer, but, on a farther Inspection, found it to be a *Sallee* Rover, which soon came up with us; and it was thought more prudent to wait for them, than, by trying to escape, run a Risque of being put to Death, if they should get up with us; for they were armed and very numerous.

The *Moorish* Commander instantly came on board, and inquired into the Number of Passengers. Our Captain thought proper to introduce him into the Cabbin, where we were; and, after asking a Number of unnecessary Questions, he told the Gentlemen (there being two others besides my Friend)

he should be glad they would accompany him to his Ship, and promised only to detain them half an Hour: Upon which they attended him; and I made myself tolerably easy, until Night drew on, when Fear seized my Spirits, at their not Returning at the Time appointed. I continued in that State, until the Morning, which brought on new Afflictions; for, instead of seeing the Gentlemen, Boats, crowded with *Moors*, came to our Ship, in Exchange for whom our Sailors were sent on board theirs.

In this miserable Situation I remained three Days, when I had the Pleasure to see my Friend return, who told me he had, with much Difficulty, obtained Leave of the Admiral of the Cruiser to visit me (telling him I was his Sister) but his Permission was under certain Restrictions. He staid and dined with me, and then, unwillingly took his Leave, the Time being elapsed, which had been granted him. – I was in great Distress at this second Separation, through the Dread of being exposed to those merciless *Moors*, who certainly would have behaved very insolently, had it not been for the Steward, who was a good Man, and prevented their Tormenting me with their impertinent Discourses.

As soon as the next Day appeared, the Admiral and Officers of the Cruiser came on board, and brought an Interpreter with them, who, in bad *English*, told me I must go with them, which alarmed me exceedingly. I desired to know what they intended to do with us, as a Truce had been lately concluded between the Courts of *Great Britain* and *Morocco*: He replied, No Harm; but that they wanted our Assistance in navigating their Ship, having missed their Coast. This I flattered myself might be true, as my Friend had before informed me of the same.

The Sea greatly terrified me, the Waves looking like Mountains, which often hindered my seeing the Vessel we were going to. We were a considerable Distance from the wretched Abode of my unhappy Countrymen; but, when I came on board, my disconsolate Friend received me: His Countenance sufficiently denoted the Anguish of his Mind. I had summoned up all my Fortitude, on so shocking an Occasion; but the Sight of our Sailors tied together drew Tears from me, notwithstanding my Resolution to the Contrary; and my Appearance had the same Effect on them.

My Friend handed me into the Cabbin allotted for us, which was so small as not to admit our standing upright. In this miserable Place four People were to live: Their Provisions were likewise extremely bad, being a Kind of Paste resembling Sago, and dressed something like a *Pillaw*; the *Moors* called it *Cuscusu*. This was mixed with bad Butter, and served in a wooden Dish for our Dinners; and was again repeated for Supper; but my Appetite was not keen enough to partake of this Sort of Diet, being very ill, and fatigued with Sea-sickness and Want of Rest.

My Friend did all in his Power to render my Situation tolerable: I wish I could say as much in Praise of another of my Fellow-Captives; but he seemed to delight in terrifying me with Stories of the Cruelties of the *Moors*, and the

Dangers my Sex was exposed to in *Barbary*. I passed many Days in a very uncomfortable Manner, having vile Accommodations, and no Provision which I could eat: – Almonds and Raisins were my only Support. On the Fourteenth they saw Land, and soon after were off a Town called *Mamora*.⁸⁸ They fired two Guns, and hoisted the Colours;⁸⁹ at Nine o’Clock in the Evening, they came to an Anchor in *Sallee*⁹⁰ Road, when Boats immediately came off with Drums, and a Sort of Music, which pleased those Infidels, though it struck me with the greatest Terrors imaginable. I found, however, that this Rejoicing proceeded from our being brought in, as it is customary with them to make Acclamations of Joy upon such Occasions; but my Spirits were violently agitated, which the Admiral perceiving, told me, in his uncouth Way, to be of good Chear, for all would be well by and by.

We remained on Board that Night, but, the next Morning, were ordered to our own Ship to take what Necessaries we thought proper; which I was thankful for, as I wanted Change of Cloaths, &c. I staid in the Boat, while my Friend endeavoured to get them; but it was impossible: He therefore only procured a small Quantity for present Use and our Bedding, but was not suffered to take any Provisions or Liquor; we then left our Ship, and they ordered us on Shore; but the Tide would not permit our passing the Bar,⁹¹ and therefore we were obliged to anchor, and remain there three Hours exposed to the scorching Sun; – *no* fresh Water, and *my* Thirst intolerable. I implored Heaven for Relief or Assistance to support my Misfortunes, with that Patience which the Almighty requires from us, whenever he thinks proper to afflict. We were tossed about for a considerable Time, and then, with Difficulty, passed the Bar, it being very dangerous: They landed us at a sandy Beach, which, I believe, might extend half a Mile, and was covered with some Thousands of *Moors*, shouting and hallooing like so many Infernals.

My Friend said all he could to keep up my Spirits, and I shewed that Courage and Resignation, which proved him to be, what I ever found him, a Man of Honour and a *Christian*. – When we landed, I was almost smothered with Dust, and put upon a Mule without a Saddle; my Friend on another, who kept near me; and a Man on each Side to guard me from falling; in which Manner we went two Miles over a heavy Sand, and a Band of their Music before us, more dismal (in my Opinion) than a Funeral Drum; and the Insults of the Populace were intolerable. The other Passengers were on Foot, and our Sailors were dragged along, and used with Severity. We proceeded to the Bashaw’s, who received us with seeming Concern, and, after going through the customary Ceremonies, he ordered his Guards to conduct us to a Place about half a Mile farther; and, all the Way, we were entertained with a confused Noise of Women’s Voices from the Tops of the Houses, which surprised me much, until I was informed it was a Testimony of Joy on the Arrival of a Female Captive.

When we got to the Habitation destined for us, the Door was opened, and a long dark Passage presented itself to our View, at the End of which was

a square Ground-Floor with two Rooms opposite each other, and a Gallery at the Top (but no Words can express the Wretchedness of it.) The best Apartment was for me and the other Passengers; the rest for our Servants and the Ship's Crew; and a strong Guard at the Door, who examined every one that came in. Soon after a Slave brought some Grapes, Bread, and a Pitcher of Water, which he placed before us and retired. This severe Turn of Fortune I endeavoured to reconcile, as well as my Age and the Circumstances of my Case would admit; trying to submit to my unhappy Fate.

In the Evening, to our great Surprise, we received a very genteel Letter from Mr. *Mountney* at *New Sallee*,⁹² with a Present of Provisions and Wine; which Refreshments were very agreeable, as I had not tasted any thing solid since the Day we were taken.

At the same Time I had a Visit from the hated Monster who brought me into this Country, attended by most of the principal *Moors* of the Place. He assured me we should have our Liberty, as soon as the Prince's⁹³ Answer was returned to the Letter, which they had sent to *Morocco*,⁹⁴ concerning our being brought in. They then took Leave; and I had some little Time to myself, which I employed in preparing my Things in the most comfortable Manner the Place would afford. I endeavoured to rest; but the Fatigues of the preceding Day had made me ill, and deprived me of that Happiness.

On the next Day, we had the Pleasure to see Mr. *Mountney* and *Monsieur Ray*, Merchants of *New Sallee*; the former was an *English Gentleman*, and therefore much concerned at our Situation: The latter was of the *French Nation*, and behaved with the Politeness peculiar to it. The other unfortunate Captives, as well as myself, experienced many Proofs of their disinterested Friendship: They passed the Day with me and my Friend, and gave us Hopes that his Imperial Highness's Answer to the *Salletine*'s⁹⁵ Admiral's Letter would be favourable, and that he would undoubtedly order us our Liberty; which News induced me to be a little chearful. But this Interval of Tranquillity was not lasting; for, when these Gentlemen left us, my Apartment was crowded with Men, Women, and Children; nor could I prevail (even by Bribery) on those Villains, our Guards, to prevent it.

Among the Number of my Tormentors was a Nephew of the *Moorish Admiral*, a Man void of every Sentiment of Honour or Honesty; and he brought others of his own Disposition to assist him in separating us from our Baggage, in order, no Doubt, to plunder; but my Friend insisted, that they should not take Possession of it, unless they had the Admiral's, or Governor's Orders in Writing; which baffled his Expectation, and he left us, much offended.

Our Friends, the Merchants, had advised our Writing to the Garrison of *Gibraltar*, and said that they would provide a Courier, who should safely convey our Letters to – ; but they cautioned us to be very silent, lest the Guards should suspect what we were upon. We, accordingly, passed the Night in writing to my Family, – to my Lord *Tyrawley*, Governor of *Gibraltar*;

and to Admiral *Hawke*, Commander in Chief of his *Britannic Majesty's* Fleet in the *Mediterranean*; and finished our *Paquets* ready to deliver.

Monsieur Ray was with us early next Morning, attended by three *Danish* Gentlemen; and brought Provisions, Wine, and Fruit. They favoured us with their Company to Dinner, and added to the Repast by their agreeable Conversation. We passed the Day tolerably easy, and I flattered myself, when they left us, I should get some Rest; but that Satisfaction was prevented by the lower Sort of People, being very intruding and extremely troublesome. – My Friend often attempted to prevent their Admittance, but was always ill-treated, and never able to succeed.

We had an Invitation from the Captain of the Port: He desired to see us; we therefore waited on him the next Day, and found him sitting on a Carpet; but he immediately rose on our Entrance, and handed me to a Cushion. He conversed a little Time with my Friend in *Spanish*, and then, conducting me to the Apartment of his Ladies, introduced me to them, and retired.

One of these Ladies drew my Attention, as much as I seemed to do her's. She was surprisngly tall and stout, with a broad, flat Face, very dark Complexion, and long black Hair. She wore a Dress resembling a Clergyman's Gown, made of Muslin, and buttoned at the Neck, like the Collar of a Shirt, which reached her Feet. She had Bracelets on her Arms and Legs; and was extremely inquisitive, curious in examining my Dress and Person, and was highly entertained at the Appearance I made.

When she had finished her Remarks, I was permitted to leave them, and was again shewed to the Room, where the *Moor* and my Friend were sitting. I found Preparations made for Supper, which was a Collation after the *Moorish* Taste, and consisted of a Dish of *Cuscusu* and Fowls, mixed with Butter and Sugar: The other Dishes were of different Sorts of Fruit and some Sweetmeats. – I eat a little, in Compliment to him, having heard that they esteem it a Favour for the *Christians* to partake of their Repasts, when invited.

This honest *Moor*, for such I thought him, often expressed infinite Concern at my Misfortunes, and would readily have rendered us his Service; but, though he was a Man in a high Station, he did not dare openly to pity our Distresses, on Account of the Dread these People live in, with Regard to each other: And this is the Reason the good Men in that Country, (which I believe are but few) must not shew the least Signs of Humanity for *Christians*, fearing to suffer ill Treatment from those, who are very numerous, that set less Value on them than they do on Dogs.

When we parted from the *Moor*, I underwent a second mortifying Examination, at other Houses, from their indelicate Women: – My Friend, on our coming on Shore, had taken on himself the Character of my Brother, (in order to be some little Protection to me; he was therefore always permitted to wait without, until they thought proper to relieve me; and I, accordingly, found him ready to attend me, and that he had been waiting, with the utmost Impatience, for my Dismission.

We hastened to our Place of Confinement, where I passed the Night with many afflicting Thoughts and confused Ideas of what another Day might produce; and, indeed, my Prepossessions were not groundless, for, before I had breakfasted, the *Moorish* Admiral's Nephew, with a great Number of others, made us a Visit, when the former insisted on placing us in another Apartment, and leaving our Baggage under a Guard in the Room we were then in. This Behaviour raised various Conjectures of what they intended by acting in such a Manner. My Friend endeavoured, by many just Arguments, to prevent their Designs; but it only served to heighten their Malice, and they redoubled their Insults, which obliged us to acquiesce; and as every other Means, but Patience, was wrested from us, we had Recourse to that sovereign Remedy in all Calamities of Life.

The Room appointed for us, as I have already observed, was much the best in the Prison; that, which they chose to fix us in, had one End of the Ceiling open, occasioned by an Earthquake; where I found great Inconveniencies from the Dews, and caught a violent Cold; and, besides this Piece of Inhumanity, he gave positive Orders, that none of our Friends should be admitted: Which they strictly observed, for, when some Gentlemen came to visit us, they were treated with great Indignity, and obliged to return, without being permitted to leave a Message. They carried their Cruelty to such Lengths, as to hinder our Servants from going out to procure us the Necessaries of Life; but, at the same Time, did not prevent the Rabble from entering my Apartment, at any Hour.

My Friend had Recourse to Bribery, and fee'd⁹⁶ our Guards very handsomely; but, notwithstanding, they were base enough to admit a great Number of People, and continued to deny us the Pleasure of seeing our Friends; which was a distressing Circumstance, and threw me into a dejected State: My Cold daily increased, and I could get no Assistance for it.

The being deprived of the Satisfaction of the Gentlemen's Company, who had shewed us so many Civilities, grieved me much; and I tried what a farther Gratuity might do, which very fortunately had the desired Effect; and we were so happy as to see Mr. *Mountney* and *Monsieur Ray* the same Evening. They gave their Opinion, that the Admiral of the Cruiser had no Authority for taking us, and greatly advised our being as chearful as possible, for they were certain our Detention would be of short Duration; we therefore flattered ourselves it would prove so, and I tried to keep up my Spirits.

On the next Morning, a *Spanish* Renegado⁹⁷ came in great Haste to tell my Friend, that he heard there was hourly expected a Person of Consequence from *Morocco*, to conduct us safe on Board our Ship, and protect us from the Mob; but this Intelligence no Way elevated me, as I was prepossessed with a Notion that the News wanted farther Confirmation. Soon after, my Friend received a Letter from *Monsieur Ray* which informed him a Messenger was arrived from *Morocco* to attend us thither.

We had but just got the Information, when his Approach was announced to us; and, accordingly, he entered with the Governor of the Place, and many others, when he told us we must prepare, in five Days, for a Journey to *Morocco*, and that he was one of the Number to escort us; that his Orders, from his Imperial Highness, *were* to travel gently on my Account, resting in the Day, and proceeding on in the Night, that I might not be too much fatigued with the Heat; which was some little Comfort to my afflicted Heart: But I was terrified beyond Expression, which the Messenger perceiving, flattered me with Hopes, that, as soon as the *Moorish* Sovereign had seen me (which I was made to believe was only what he wanted) I should be sent back immediately to *Sallee*, with Liberty to leave *Barbary*. They then left us, and the Almighty ordained that I should receive Consolation from the Fallacy of this *Barbarian*: – But such is the human Mind, that, where there is the least Glimmering of Hope, we love to cherish it; and it is happy we do so, for otherwise Souls, endued with a superior Share of Sensibility, instead of surmounting Difficulties, and bearing Distresses with Fortitude, would plunge into Despair in the Hours of Affliction; – a Calamity, which those of less elevated Sentiments would be exempted from.

We were favoured with the Company of Don *Pedro*, a *Minorquin* Slave, who was at *Sallee* trading for his Imperial Highness. This Man was uncommonly affected at my unhappy Situation, and was of infinite Service to us both as an Interpreter and a Friend. He prevented our Baggage from being plundered, and our receiving many Insults, which, undoubtedly, would have been offered, but for his Protection.

This may appear strange to those who are unacquainted with *Christian* Slaves in that Country; but the *Mahometans*⁹⁸ hold them as sacred as the Tombs of their Saints, from the ill Usage of any but their Master, the Prince.

He told my Friend I should be in less Danger of an Injury, at *Morocco*, by his passing for my Husband than my Brother. My Friend replied, He imagined I should be intirely safe, by his appearing in the Character he then did; and, as he had been examined by the principal People of *Sallee*, concerning the Truth of it, it was then too late to alter that Scheme.

The Conversation then dropped, and he left us; but his Advice, and the Manner in which he had given it, greatly alarmed me; and I earnestly wished to be removed from a World, wherein I had no Reason to expect any Felicity.

Tears gave me some Relief, but I remained in a very melancholy Condition, until the Dawning of the Day, when a severe Shock of the Earth gave a Turn to my Thoughts, roused me from that State of Despondence I had indulged the preceding Night, and occasioned some religious Reflections, which, in a great Measure, resigned me to my Fate.

We received a very kind Invitation from Mr. *Mountney* and *Monsieur Ray*, of *New Sallee*, to visit them, before our Departure; and we sollicited the *Moorish* Admiral for a Permission, which he readily agreed to; and we then asked, if

he would indulge us with our Baggage; to which he likewise consented: But, on our applying to his Nephew, and offering him a handsome Present, he refused to deliver them.

Monsieur Ray came to wait on me and my Friend to their House; but I was first to attend the *Moorish* Admiral's Ladies; the General accompanied me thither, and I made this mortifying Visit as short as possible.

We had then a burning Sand to walk over, and I was almost scorched to Death with the Sun, before we reached the Beach. Unfortunately the Boat was a-ground when we arrived; which Accident obliged us to sit there near an Hour, till the Tide served; but then we were soon landed on the opposite Shore, where I was received by a Number of Merchants of all Nations with the greatest Respect, and thought myself happy, not only at being delivered from my detested Prison, but also at the Satisfaction of being with *Christians*.

Many Gentlemen of the Factory were invited to Supper with Mr. *Mountney* and *Monsieur Ray*, and we were entertained with as much Elegance as such a Place could admit; after which, I retired. – *Monsieur Ray* passed much Time in contriving to have a Man's Saddle altered into a Woman's, after the *Spanish* Fashion, for me to ride on. The Governor of *Sallee*, a good old Gentleman,⁹⁹ waited on us, with a Letter, he had received from *Morocco*, ordering the greatest Care to be taken of the Captives, and especially of me: He appeared a very facetious Companion, staid, drank Coffee, and assured us he would do every thing in his Power to contribute to our Peace.

We had many Invitations from the Gentlemen of the Place to dine with them, before we left that Town; and I was sorry I could not have that Pleasure, my Time being very short, and having a great deal of Preparation to make for so long a Journey: – We were told that the Ship we were taken in was brought over the Bar; that she had struck several Times, and was plundered of every valuable Thing on board: A large Quantity of excellent Wines, of different Sorts, the *Moors* had sold, by the Dozen, to the *Dutch*, who lay in the Harbour; but we could not prevail on them to let us have any Part of it. We found great Difficulty in getting our Baggage from the Admiral's Nephew, and, as no Arguments had the least Weight with him, my Friend made him a considerable Gratuity, Money being the only Thing which biassed him in all his Actions.

On the 30th of August, we left the Town of *New Sallee*, deeply affected at parting with our hospitable Friends, who had not forgot to provide plentifully for the Journey, and also made us a Present of a Tent, with the Necessaries belonging thereto.

The Gentlemen, attended by the Governor, walked out of Town with us, to keep the Croud, which was prodigiously great, in Order; – and, when we were a Quarter of a Mile from the Place, we parted, and mounted our Mules; my Friend, the other Passengers, the Captain and Ship's Company, on Pack-saddles; myself on that *Monsieur Ray* had contrived for me; but we

had not proceeded many Miles, before I found it immensely uneasy, though I thought it useless to complain, as there appeared no Remedy. We stopped, at Seven o'Clock in the Evening, on a large Plain. The Road had been tolerably good, but we travelled at the tedious Rate of four Miles an Hour, when we were desired to fix the Tent.

Our trusty Friend, Don *Pedro* the Slave, accompanied us thus far, and, I believe, would gladly have remained with us, well knowing the many Inconveniencies we should be exposed to, without his Assistance. – He seemed remarkably pensive, and very observant of me; which I was displeas'd with, and thought his Behaviour ungenteel, till I overheard what he said in Conversation with my Friend, which was much to the following Effect:

'Sir, I must beg your Excuse for Liberty I am going to take, and to be attentive to some Advice I must offer you concerning this young Lady; as a *Christian*, I cannot but be deeply affected at your Misfortunes, but the Danger your fair Companion is exposed to gives me inexpressible Concern; I therefore hope you will be persuaded to comply with my Instructions.'

'The Anxiety I am under, on her Account, induced me to accompany you, as far as this Day's Journey; and I wish, from my Soul, it was in my Power to continue it with you; but, as that cannot be done, I have determin'd, once more, to represent to you, how very necessary it is for her Safety, that you should pass for her Husband.'

'I have been a Slave to *Sidy Mohamet*, since the Year 1750; and you must conclude I cannot be unacquainted with his Temper and Inclinations; and such, I can assure you, is his despotic Power, that, if she is at all preserved from being detained in the *Seraglio*, it must be by the Means above propos'd.'

My Friend argued the Impossibility of his acting this Part, as he had hitherto assumed the Character of my Brother; but that Difficulty was obviated by the Slave's assuring him, that he would undertake to settle the Matter, namely, by writing a Letter to *John Arvona*, a Fellow-Slave at *Morocco*, and giving it to a *Moor* of Confidence, that was in the Caravan, advising his being as expeditious as possible, in order that he might be there a Day or two before us.

In his Letter to the said Slave, he would desire him to acquaint the Prince, that we had been misrepresented; for we were married and going to settle in *England*; and he would give him, at the same Time, Instructions to spread that Report in the Palace and City of *Morocco*.

My Friend, seeing me affected by their Conversation, addressed himself to me in a very pathetic Manner, begging me to be assured of his Honour, and that no Conduct of his should ever give me the least Cause of Offence: That he only wished to preserve and deliver me safe to the Arms of my afflicted Parents, and, if I approved of what the Slave advised, the other Passengers,

the Master and Seamen, should be made acquainted with it, that, in Case of an Examination, every one might be in the same Story.

This sudden Change shocked me beyond Expression, and I could only answer with my Tears; my Heart was too deeply oppressed to give my Opinion for or against it, and, indeed, I was unable to determine. But, as the Arguments the Slave had used were very reasonable, I thought it most prudent to submit to their Judgment, in fixing on what they thought most expedient in the present Extremity.

We sat up, the Remainder of the Night, settling this Affair with the Slave; and, very early in the Morning, he took a friendly Leave, recommending me to the Protection of the Divine Providence and the Care of my Friend. We mounted our Mules, and took the Road to *Morocco*; about Noon, we stopped at an old Castle, called *Seria*, where we were refreshed with Eggs and Milk, which were very acceptable, the Provisions we brought from *Sallee* being spoiled with the excessive hot Weather.

The Governor of the Place was very civil, and the only decent Person I had seen since the Commencement of our Journey; and the first Appearance of a House, we had met with, was the Castle aforesaid. Soon after we left it, I had the Misfortune to be thrown from my Mule, by which Accident I was on the Point of being killed; my Friend instantly jumped off to assist me, and intreated our Conductors to stop a little Time for me to recover myself; which they would not agree to, but told us we should pitch the Tent early in the Evening, it being more convenient for that Purpose. (My Fall was occasioned by the Fellow who led my Mule, he owing me a Grudge for complaining of him at *Sallee*, while he was one of our Guards.) I therefore was again re-seated, but in great Pain; my Friend continued his Importunities for a short Respite, telling the Messengers I should certainly die, if they did not stop sooner than usual: I was incapable of speaking, and my Tears never ceased for some Hours, on Account of the ill Treatment I had received; but they continued amusing us with Promises, that we should soon stop.

At Night our Conductors, who were the principal People of near 300, left my Friend, myself, and a few Sailors, to the Care of two Men, called *Muleteers*; what their Intentions were by so doing, we could never learn; but it exposed us to great Dangers, as the wild *Arabs* often surrounded us, and asked a Number of Questions, which used to fright me prodigiously.

Some of them, perceiving that I was afraid, desired me not to be alarmed, for they intended us no Harm; but I was under the most dreadful Apprehensions of meeting with others who might not treat us in so civil a Manner.

I earnestly invoked Heaven to put an End to my Days, which gave me a dismal Prospect of nothing but Misery; and, tho' I was preserved, yet it was for still greater Sorrows, and in *my own Country*, than any I ever experienced, even in *Barbary*.

We travelled many Hours over dangerous Deserts, and the Roarings of the different Kinds of Beasts, in the Mountains, filled us with Terror; though, at length, we reached the Caravan, who were reposing themselves at the Foot of a Hill.

They here permitted us to dismount, and I, being extremely ill, desired my Friend to intreat them to consent that my Tent might be pitched; but they told him it could not be done, as they should only rest an Hour at that Place, and set off again. Our Conductors, however, assured us, that they would stop for the Night at a Castle five Miles farther; by which ill-natured Artifice, they persuaded us to proceed, though no Castle was seen, or so much as a House, or a Track, where any human Foot had ever been.

When we lost our Way, as was often the Case, our Muleteers fired a Musquet, which the others answered; by this Means we were inabled to follow them; but the Howlings in the Mountains, and Dread of the *Arabs*, greatly afflicted us, and I often melted into Tears at my Sufferings; which, whenever my Friend observed, he endeavoured to relieve me by many comfortable Expressions, solliciting me to be as composed as possible, and to rely on Providence to extricate us out of our Afflictions.

We travelled all that Night, and, at Ten o'Clock the next Day, reached the Caravan; they lifted me off my Mule, but I could not stand, on Account of the Violence of the Pain in the Side on which I fell.

The *Moorish* Admiral, observing that I was very ill, ordered a Tent to be pitched, and allowed me two Hours for my Repose; but I could not rest, the Uncertainty of my Fate continually employing my Thoughts, and keeping me awake; and, when the Time was expired, which I had been indulged with, the Messenger came to tell me I must proceed.

I told him they acted contrary to the Prince's Orders, and probably would kill me before they reached *Morocco*; at which he seemed to be shocked, and was rather inclined to be compassionate; though the great Number, who were for Proceeding, overpowered him, and he hurried from me.

My Friend asked the Interpreter, what was their Reason for going at the Rate they did? – He answered, that the Feast of the *Ramadam* was to begin in a few Days, which occasioned their Haste; and, it being a high Festival at *Morocco*, every one was desirous of being present at the same.

The Admiral, who brought me into that detested Country, was then applied to by my Friend, who intreated him to use his Interest with the other Guards for Leave to remain there that Day, because it would be impossible for me to continue the Journey, as I had done, on my Saddle, which was very dangerous and uneasy.

He assured my Friend he would do every thing to oblige us, and retired; but we soon received a Message, that our Request of resting that Day could not be complied with, though I might depend upon their stopping at a *Duary*,¹⁰⁰ or *Town of Tents*, before Night; where they would procure me

such a Machine as the *Moorish* Women make Use of, instead of a Saddle, on the Road.

We, accordingly set off, and passed over very high Mountains and heavy Roads, until we got to the *Town of Tents*, whereof we had been informed; and my Saddle was changed for the Machine above-mentioned: It was placed across my Mule over a Pack, and held a small Mattrass; the *Moorish* Women lie in it, as it may be covered close; but I sat with my Feet on one Side the Mule's Neck, and found it very proper to screen me from the *Arabs*, who would not now offer to come near me, imagining I was one of their own Countrywomen, going to *Morocco*.

Had it not been for such a Conveniency, I could not have continued a Journey of 300 Miles in that Part of the World.

At Twelve o'Clock that Night we stopped, on Account of my being fatigued, and, indeed, unable to proceed farther; and I had suffered more than can be expressed for the Want of good Water, that they had with them being extremely nauseous, from its being put into the Hides of Hogs, tarred in the Inside, and slung across a Mule; but, bad as it was, I often accepted of it, to moisten my Mouth.

My Friend had the Tent pitched, and I should have been so happy as to have had some Rest; – but the tiresome Noise which the Camels made (by Reason of the heavy Burdens those poor creatures are constrained to carry, who often lie down, with the Baggage on their Backs for the Night) prevented the same.

At Break of Day, the Caravan began to stir, and, consequently, my Tent was to be removed; and, as Breakfast was a Meal we were intirely unaccustomed to, we had little to do, before we set out.

The Heat of the Sun, as the Day advanced, was extremely great, which obliged our Guards to stop at a large *Town of Tents*, where I purchased some Water-Melons, and distributed Part of them among the Sailors, which was a great Refreshment to them; but the Croud which surrounded us shortened our Stay, every one striving to get a Sight of me.

I, every Moment, expected they would force me from the Caravan; though our People kept near me, and removed the Tent as quick as possible, they found it very troublesome to pass through the other Tents.

Though the Day had been disagreeably hot and fatiguing we were not permitted to stop until Eleven o'Clock at Night; – however, that was an early Hour for us, and gave me an Opportunity for having some Rest, after a slight Repast of Eggs and Milk, which was our chief Diet; but the Sailors eat of the *Moors* Provisions, for Want of better.

At Three o'Clock next Morning, we received Orders to get ready; and, set out at Four. The Roads were good until Noon, when we came to a large River, which was about two hundred Yards over; and the Water so deep and rapid, that the Mules often swam, having lost the Causway: I was in very great Danger, and must, undoubtedly, have been drowned, had not some Sailors jumped in to my assistance.

When we reached the opposite Side, our Guards had a Tent pitched, in order to recover me from my Fright and Fatigue, at the Foot of a prodigious Mountain, which we were obliged to ascend; but the Heat was too violent for us to remain there the whole Time our Conductors intended.

All the unfortunate Captives (except myself) were constrained to climb up the Mountain, leaving their Mules with the *Moors* who took Care of the Camels; and I had a Man to lead my Mule, one on each Side, and another behind, who assisted the Creature, otherwise it would have been impossible for it to have kept its Legs.

I, every Moment, expected to be suffocated for Want of Air; and it grieved me to be an Eye-Witness to the Sufferings of my Friend, whose Hands were blistered and swelled, by Means of the Difficulties attending his Crawling up, together with the scorching Heat of the Sun: – His Anxiety for my Distress was, moreover, an additional Pain no one, but himself, had to encounter with.

Three Hours were spent in getting up to the Top of the Mountain, and, as I was very faint, the Guards permitted the Tents to be pitched, being under a Necessity of indulging me with an Hour's Rest, for Fear of any bad Consequences from their unjustifiable Proceedings: They, no Doubt, trusted to my Youth and Constitution, or they never would have ran the Risques they did, in travelling Night and Day.

However, when they thought me sufficiently recovered, I was again seated on my Mule; but, my Feet being extremely sore, upon Examination, I found the Sun had blistered their Tops; and, though my Shoes were only slipped on, the Pain I felt was extremely great.

We set off immediately, and never stopped until Twelve that Night, when, notwithstanding the Fatigues I had suffered, and the Dew which fell very heavily, our Tent was not allowed to be pitched.

My Friend, who was greatly affected with the Brutality of the *Moors*, wrapped me in his Cloke, and continued walking himself the Time we staid, which was only till Two o'Clock: His uncommon Concern and Assiduity might have induced me to entertain a Suspicion that he had a stronger Attachment to me than mere Friendship – *but* that he knew of my Engagement with another Gentleman; and, besides, his Words and Actions were always so extremely circumspect and even delicate, that they dispelled any Apprehensions to his Disadvantage.

When our Company awaked, they were resolved to travel as fast as possible; and, accordingly, we proceeded to a *Town of Tents*, where we stopped, and had our Tent pitched in the Midst of some Hundreds of others inhabited by *Arabs*, who instantly came, tormenting us by their outrageous Behaviour.

My Friend judged it would be most prudent for me to screen myself from them by getting into the Vehicle I had made Use of before, it being closely covered; which I gladly complied with. And our Guard, finding them

inclined to be rude, had the Precaution to tell them I was going as a Present to *Sidy Mahomet*; and this in some Measure protected me, from those dangerous People.

Our Sailors surrounded me, during our Stay, which was not long, on Account of the *Arabs*, who seemed to be resolutely determined to be very mischievous; which extremely affrighting me, I intreated the Admiral to leave that Place, as he accordingly did with all possible Expedition; but we had great Difficulties to obstruct us in passing their Tents: – My Friend was almost distracted, for Fear of me; who declared he would lose his Life, before they should take me from them.

A large Party followed our Caravan for some Miles, but, as the Roads were very heavy, they thought it proper to return, and so we were left at Liberty to pursue our Journey.

The Heat was almost intolerable, and steep Rocks, which we were obliged to pass over, continually presented themselves to our View; there was no Appearance of a House, or a Tree; but a large Tract of Country, abounding with high Mountains, affording little worthy of Notice; though I made as many Observations as I could, in my confined Situation, without any Books, the Want of which I greatly regretted.

At Twelve o'Clock that Night, our Guards informed us, that they should make no long Stay, and therefore would not pitch the Tents, as they intended to be at *Morocco*, the following Day; we, however, prevailed on them to indulge us with two Hours Respite, after which we proceeded over very rugged, narrow Roads, and between Mountains which reached above the Clouds; and sometimes we went down steep Precipices, and then up again; in which Manner we travelled till Eight in the Morning.

When we arrived at the River of *Morocco*, we stopped there for an Hour, and then advanced nearer the Capital;¹⁰¹ but we had a severe Trial of our Fortitude, before we reached it; for, when we were within eight Miles of the City, my Tent was ordered to be pitched, and I received a Message from the *Moorish* Admiral to change my Dress.

The Meaning of this, according to the Interpreter's Explanation, was, *that I should make fine Cloaths*, which I did not readily understand; but my Friend, with Concern, explained it thus, *that they would have me dressed*, in order to make some Figure at going into *Morocco*.

I intreated to be excused from so disagreeable a Task, acquainting them, how very inconvenient it would be to unpack my Baggage, and dress in such a Place; but no Intreaties had any Effect, and I found it was their Ambition to carry in, adorned in this Manner, Captives who, by Appearance, seemed above the Vulgar.

As I found it in vain to contend, I had a Chest opened, and they fixed upon the Cloaths I was to put on, which were rich and new; – but I wrapped up my Head in a Night-Cap, which almost covered my Face, as I was told they did not intend to let me wear my Hat.

When I was ornamented, as they imagined, instead of being placed, as before, on my own Mule, I was seated before my Friend on his; and, at the same Time, one of the Guards pulled off his Hat, and carried it away with him; which Treatment amazed us extremely: But our Astonishment increased, when our Fellow-Sufferers were made to dismount, and walk, two and two, bare-headed, the Sun being much hotter than I had ever felt it, and the Road so heavy, that the Mules were Knee-deep in the same.

We had not proceeded far, before we were met by *John Arvona*, a *Minorquin* Slave, who was the Prince's Treasurer and great Confidant: He intended to have accompanied us into *Morocco*, and had brought with him a Horse for my Friend to ride on; but the Admiral and Cruisers Company would not permit him to leave the Mule he was on, upon which, the Slave returned: – His Departure was of bad Consequence to us, as his Presence might have been a Check to their arbitrary Proceedings.

The Multitude was computed at about twenty Thousand, Horse and Foot, most of whom were well armed, and attended us with Shouts and Halloings; Parties of them continually ran backwards and forwards, loading and firing their Musquets in our Faces.

I was almost dead with Grief and Fatigue, and my Friend, every Moment, expected, that we should be thrown from the Mule; his Legs were scratched, in a terrible Manner, with the Horsemen's Riding by us with great Fury; – but he did not seem to regard this, as his Attention was intensely fixed on my Preservation from those Accidents that fell in my Way: – The Almighty, however, whose watchful Providence had defended me from innumerable Dangers, continued his Goodness, and supported me through the Distresses of that dismal Day.

About Noon, we arrived at *Morocco*, when my Friend and I were taken to an old Castle dropping to Pieces with Age, led up a Number of Stairs, and there left to our own Reflections: We were seated on the Floor, lamenting our miserable Fate, when a *French* Slave entered with some Water, a Loaf of Bread, and Melons; the latter was very agreeable, and all the Refreshment we had for many Hours.

We remained in that Place till Four o'Clock in the Afternoon, when the rest of the Captives and their Guards assembled to take us from that horrible Abode: I was so ill with Fatigue that they were obliged to carry me down the Stairs, – but placed me on the Mule, as before; and we passed through the City, amidst a great Concourse of People, to the Palace, which was three Miles beyond the Castle we had left.

When we came to the Gates, they stopped; and, after Waiting near two Hours, his Imperial Highness came out, and received us in a public Manner: He was mounted on a beautiful Horse, with Slaves on each Side fanning off the Flies, and guarded by a Party of the *Black Regiment*.¹⁰²

The *Moorish* Admiral and his Crew first presented themselves to him, – falling on their Knees, and kissing the Ground; and, as they arose, did



Illustration 2.3 Marrakech. Olfert Dapper, *Description de l'Afrique* (Amsterdam: 1686)

the same to his Feet, and retired. The Prince, then, addressing himself to us, by Means of his Interpreter, informed us, that the Reason of our being taken was on Account of Captain *Hyde Parker's insolent Behaviour*,¹⁰³ as he was pleased to term it, having treated him in a very disrespectful and rude Manner, when Ambassador from the Court of *Great Britain*: – He assured us, however, that we were not Slaves, but that he should detain us until the Arrival of a Consul, and then dismiss'd us; upon which, we returned through the Gates.

We were, thereupon, conducted by a *Jew* to a House which had been provided for us in the *Jewdery*,¹⁰⁴ which afforded us a dismal Prospect; it was a square Ground-floor, much like our Place of confinement at *Sallee*, only with this Addition, that the Walls were covered with Bugs, and as black as Soot.

As soon as I perceived this, I desired that my Tent might be pitched in the Court-yard, thinking I should there escape being tormented by those Vermin; it was, accordingly, done, and I intended to go early to Rest, but an Order came from the Court for me to attend on his Imperial Highness there.

I would gladly have been excused, but, as a Slave was sent to wait on me, I was constrained to comply.

My Friend, being extremely uneasy, was unwilling I should go with the Man, and intended to see me there himself; but the Slave told him his Orders were, that none of the Captives should accompany me.

We then set out, and I was conveyed in at the Garden-door, which my Companion locked, and put the Key in his Pocket. We walked through a Part of the Garden, which contained a great Number of fine Statues; but, as the Slave seemed to be in Haste, I could not make any Remarks on the Persons represented by them, or for whom they were designed.

The next Place we came to was a noble Gate of curious Workmanship, where stood two Soldiers, who stopped me, as I was going in; they directed the Slave to tell me I could not pass, without pulling off my Shoes.

I, a long Time refused to comply; but, finding there could, otherwise, be no Admittance, I threw my Shoes from me. – Upon which the Slave informed me, that the Prince was esteemed a *Saint*, and therefore no *Christian*, unless he was *barefoot*, could be admitted into his Palace.

Many more Guards were to be passed, before I could reach the Apartment wherein his Imperial Highness was; but, when I came there, I was received by him with great Respect. Four Ladies were with him, who seemed as well pleased, as he was himself, at seeing me: Not that my Appearance could prejudice them much in my Favour, for I had put on my Riding-Dress, and my Face had extremely suffered by the scorching Violence of the Morning Sun; which the Prince took Notice of to the Slave who attended me, saying, that I had not been taken the Care of which he had commanded; and he seemed highly offended.

I should have been happy, could I have spoken *Morisco*,¹⁰⁵ in acquainting him with the ill Treatment I had experienced on the Road. – I intreated the

Slave to represent it to the Prince, but he begged I would not desire him to do me this Service; for, if he should do it, the *Moors* would never be satisfied until they had his Life: – Those Wretches thus escaped the Punishment they deserved, and I was prevented from receiving any Satisfaction for what I had endured.

The Ladies made many Remarks on my Dress, greatly recommended their own, and importuned me to put it on; but, as I would, by no Means, oblige them in their Request, they desisted from any farther Sollicitations.

One of the most agreeable of them, and who shewed me the greatest Civilities, was the Daughter of an *Englishman*, who became a *Renegado*,¹⁰⁶ and had married a *Moorish* Woman; she took her Bracelets off her Arms; and put them on mine, desiring I would wear them for her Sake.

The Slave told me, that I might now take my Leave, whenever I pleased; which I did immediately, being very glad to retire: But my Conductor, instead of taking me to our Lodgings, introduced me into another Apartment, where I was soon followed by the Prince, who, having seated himself on a Cushion, inquired concerning the *Reality* of my Marriage with my Friend. This Inquiry was intirely unexpected; but, though I positively affirmed, that I was *really* married, I could perceive he much doubted it, from his frequent Interrogations, as to the *Reality* thereof.

He likewise observed, that it was customary for the *English* Wives to wear a Wedding Ring; which the Slave informed me of, and I answered, that it was packed up, as I did not chuse to travel with it.

Truth was always my first Principle, but *Self-Preservation*, I hope, will plead my Excuse, *and*, especially, at such a Juncture.

The Prince, finding that I persisted in my Story, questioned me no farther, but gave me Assurances of his Esteem and Protection; he said, that he should take a Pleasure in obliging me; and, ordering the Slave to take particular Care of me, he gave me Leave to depart.

We went, with all possible Expedition, to the Garden-gate, where I found my faithful Friend, who had waited impatiently for my Dismission; he received me from the Slave, and we soon arrived at our dismal Habitation.

Amends, however, was speedily made for the Inconveniencies of the Place by the agreeable Company of two Gentlemen, Merchants, who resided in that Country, and had been so kind as to leave their Places of Abode, in order to meet us at *Morocco*; they invited us to sup at their Lodgings, but I was too much fatigued to accept of their friendly Invitation, and went to my Tent, in Hopes of Rest; but I had not lain an Hour, before I was constrained to get up again, the Bugs having found me out, and seeming to have joined with my other Tormentors in preventing my Repose.

End of the First Volume.

The Female Captive

Second volume

I instantly took off my Night-dress, and put on that I had travelled in; which was not a little distressing after the Toils of the Day, and the Want of Sleep for many Nights before; but, as it was in vain to repine, I tried to content myself with the Hopes of changing my Situation, the following Day, – when I had the Pleasure of Mr. *Court's* Company to Breakfast, who, perceiving me ill for Want of Rest, went in Quest of another Lodging, though he was not so fortunate as to succeed.

John Arvona, the Slave, soon after waited on me with a small Basket of Fruit from his Imperial Highness, who had ordered him to inquire particularly concerning my Health: I desired the Slave to return my Thanks to the Prince for the Regard he was pleased to shew me; and he was leaving me, when my Friend stopped him, and asked, as a Favour, that he would endeavour to procure me a more comfortable Apartment; which he readily complied with, and agreed for Part of a new House, which belonged to some *Jews*.

My Friend and I accompanied Mr. *Court* to their House, where we dined, and were treated with the greatest Kindness imaginable; but I was under a Necessity of leaving them sooner than I wished, as I had Things to settle in my new Lodgings; not that I was incumbered with Furniture; for a Chest served me as a Table, another for Chairs, and a third to lay my Mattrass thereon.

The Musketa's¹⁰⁷ were extremely troublesome, notwithstanding a Net which *Monsieur Ray* had made me a Present of, whilst I was at *Sallee*.

Mr. *Court* was constantly with us, and proved not only a valuable Acquaintance, but an agreeable, sensible Companion: Whenever he perceived, that I was distressed by the Recollection of my unhappy Change of Fortune, he endeavoured by a thousand ingenious Contrivances, to substitute a Train of cheerful Thoughts, instead of those I had entertained.

Mr. *Andrews* also visited me, and would gladly have had my Company to dine with them; but he did not wish me to be exposed to the View of the Populace, assuring me the Prince had many Spies to observe my Actions, and, if he should, by any unguarded Event, discover the *Deceit* I had made Use of, I must, undoubtedly be confined to the *Seraglio*, and so lost to my Family.

I therefore flatter myself that great Allowances will be made for my present Character, which, though *fictitious*, gave me the greatest Uneasiness, as it rendered me apprehensive, that the ill-disposed Part of the World would unmercifully, though unjustly censure my Conduct; but I had no Reason to be under any Apprehensions from the Man whom Providence had allotted to be my Protector; for his Behaviour would always bear the most accurate Inspection, and the Attention he paid me was as to a Sister and Friend, as he ever studied to reconcile me to my Fate by his Tenderness and Care.

We seldom had the Pleasure to see our Fellow-Captives, as they found much more Amusement in the Company of the Ship's Crew, than with my Friend and myself, whose Conversation could not be entertaining to them, it being generally on our Misfortunes.

Another substantial Reason was, that the Sailors lived well, by Reason of my Friend's Generosity, who allowed each Man Sixpence *per* Day, while in that Country, in order to prevent their turning *Moors*; which they must otherwise have done, or else starved: For, as they were not Slaves, the Prince would have nothing to do with their Subsistence; and therefore the Indulgence was considerable, especially in a Part of the World where Food of all Kinds could be purchased at a low Rate.

A very agreeable Day was passed by us with Mr. *Court*, and, after his Departure, I desired the Steward (who had been so careful of me on Board our Ship, and attended me as my Servant while in *Barbary*) not to admit any *Moors* into my Apartment; he was a faithful Man, one on whom I could always depend, and whose Behaviour merited my everlasting Gratitude. I was disturbed early the next Morning by *Arvona*, the Slave, who brought me a Basket of Fruit, dressed with a Variety of Flowers, from his Imperial Highness, who requested to see me, and had ordered him to wait on me to the Palace. Accordingly I dressed myself in a Suit of Cloaths, and my Hair was done up in the *Spanish* Fashion.

Just as I had made myself ready, Mr. *Court* visited me as usual; but he seemed to be surprised at my Appearance, and walked very pensively about the Room, without speaking a Word; which I could not then account for.

I parted with him and my Friend, and attended the Slave to the Palace, when, at the first Gate, I was obliged to leave my Shoes under the Care of the Soldiers, and then hastened through the different Apartments, until we came to that where his Imperial Highness was. The Slave then left me, and a French Lad, who could be admitted into the Women's Apartments, was sent for, to interpret between us; the same Ladies whom I had seen before, were at the other End of the Room: – He commanded a Cushion to be placed near him, and I was ordered to be seated thereon.

The Prince was tall, finely shaped, of a good Complexion, and appeared to be about Five-and-twenty. He was dressed in a loose Robe of fine Muslin, with a Train of at least two Yards on the Floor; and under that was a Pink Sattin Vest, buttoned with Diamonds: He had a small Cap of the same Sattin as his Vest, with a Diamond Button: He wore Bracelets on his Legs, and Slippers wrought with Gold: His Figure, all together, was rather agreeable, and his Address polite and easy.

A low Table, covered with a Piece of Muslin edged with Silver, was placed before him, and on that was an elegant Waiter, containing a small Tea-kettle and Lamp, and two Cups and Saucers which were as light as Tin, and curiously japanned with Green and Gold; these I was told were Presents from the *Dutch*.

The Tea was made in the Kettle, and he presented me a Cup of it, – *which*, as it came from his Hand, I ventured to drink, though I should have



Illustration 2.4 Sultan Sidi Mohammed Ben Abdallah

refused it from the Ladies, for very substantial Reasons. When the Table was removed, I was introduced to a young Prince and Princess, and had the Honour to kiss their tawny Hands; after which they retired, and a Slave brought a great Collection of Rarities, which were the Produce of different Nations, and shewed them to me.

I greatly admired every thing I saw, which pleased the Prince exceedingly; and he told me, by Means of the Interpreter, that he did not doubt of my preferring, in Time, the Palace to the confined Way of Life I was then in; that I might always depend on his Favour and Protection; and that the Curiosities I had seen should be my own Property.

I thanked him for the Honour he did me; but that, as I was very happy in a Husband, who was my Equal in Rank and Fortune, I did not wish to change my Situation in that Respect, and, whenever it was agreeable to him, I would take my Leave. He looked very stern at my Answer, and made me no Reply, but conversed a little While in *Morisco*; after which one of the Ladies handed me to the other End of the Room, and seated me before them.

One of them, in particular, observed me very much, and seemed to be out of Temper; she was a large Woman, but low in Stature, of a sallow Complexion, thick-lipped, and had a broad flat Face, with black Eyes, the Lashes whereof were painted of a deep Red; her Hair was black, combed back to her Head, and hung down a great Length in various Ringlets; she had a large Piece of Muslin, edged with Silver, round her Head, and raised high at the Top; her Ear-rings were extremely large, and the Part which went

through the Ears was made hollow, for Lightness; she wore a loose Dress much like the Captain of the Port's Wife at *Sallee*, only with the Difference of a Diamond Button to the Collar, and its being made of the finest Muslin; her Slippers were made of blue Sattin worked with Silver, and she had Bracelets on her Arms and Legs.

The Lady, whose Father, as I have already remarked, was an *Englishman*, talked to me in *Morisco*, and was seemingly fond of me; and, by her Gestures, I imagined she wanted me to learn their Language.

I, however, asked the *French Boy* what she was saying, who answered, *Rien de Consequence*;¹⁰⁸ and therefore, concluding that what she said related only to common Conversation, and being desirous of obliging her in Trifles, I imprudently repeated some Words after her, but found, when too late, that I had renounced (though innocently) the *Christian Religion*, by saying, *There is but one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet*.

The Palace was immediately in the utmost Confusion, and there was every Sign of Joy in all Faces; I was surprised and affrighted (though I knew not the Cause thereof;) which the Prince perceiving, ordered the Noise to cease, and, at the same Time, spoke to the Ladies, – who instantly left the Room, taking me with them to an Apartment remote from that wherein we had been, and joining to the Garden; it was a large Room, much longer than broad, and crowded with Women, but mostly *Blacks*.

One of them spoke *French*, and inquired very civilly after my Health: I asked her, if the Place we were in was the *Seraglio*? She said it was a small Part of it, and offered to shew me farther, but I would not venture myself out of Sight of the Door I had entered.

The Ladies, who had conducted me thither, left me, as soon as the *black Women* were in Conversation with me; and I saw them no more.

An old Slave brought me Chocolate, but its Appearance did not please me, and I declined taking it; for, indeed, I had been cautioned, by my Friends, against drinking any thing they might offer to me. After some Time, I began to be impatient, and extremely uneasy at my being detained in that Place, and intreated them to permit my Departure; but, instead of granting my Request, they endeavoured to remove my Anxiety, by assuring me, that I should not remain much longer therein.

I, nevertheless, continued my Intreaties, though to no Purpose, till a young Lad came in, who was one that attended on the Women; I immediately addressed him in *French*, which, fortunately for me, he understood; desiring him to go with my Respects to his Imperial Highness, and acquaint him that I besought him, as I was very ill, to give me Leave to depart.

The Boy cheerfully complied, and, in less than a Quarter of an Hour, I had the following Answer from an *English Renegado*, namely, that I must attend the Prince, in a private Apartment.

I was shocked at the Oddity of the Message, but, as it was my Fate to be reduced to passive Obedience, and Non-resistance, without any Hesitation,

I followed the Man through many noble Squares, some of which were of white Marble, and the Pillars of Mosaic Work; with Variety of delightful Fountains that fell into large Basons, and Lattices at the Top to keep out the Sun; but such was my distressed Situation, that it was out of my Power to make any materiel Remarks on the magnificent Objects presented to my View.

When we entered the Saloon, where the Prince was waiting to receive me, I was amazed at the elegant Figure he made, being seated under a Canopy of Crimson Velvet, richly embellished with Gold: The Room was large, finely decorated, and supported by Pillars of Mosaic Work; and there was, at the other End, a Range of Cushions, with Gold Tassels, and a *Persian* Carpet on the Floor.

He commanded me and the *English* Interpreter to draw near his Person, when he conversed some Time with the latter in *Morisco*; after which, the Man informed me, that his Imperial Highness wished to know if I would become a *Moor*,¹⁰⁹ and remain in his Palace; desiring me to be convinced of his Esteem, hoping that I would properly *consider* the Advantages resulting from doing as he desired, and promising me every Indulgence that he could possibly favour me with.

Though I was alarmed, and even greatly terrified by these Interrogations, I had the Resolution to reply, that it was impossible for me to change my Sentiments in religious Matters; and that *Consideration* was intirely unnecessary to me, who was peremptorily determined to remain a *Christian*; but that I should ever retain the highest Sense of the Honour he had done me, and hoped for the Continuance of his Highness's Protection.

I could easily perceive that he was disgusted with my Answer, from his remaining silent for some Minutes, throwing off the Mask he had hitherto worn, he cruelly informed me, that I had, that very Morning, renounced the *Christian* Faith, and turned *Mahometan*; and that a capital Punishment, namely, *Burning*, was, by their Laws, inflicted on all who recanted from, or disclaimed *their* Religion.

This Shock was so severe, that it was with Difficulty I supported myself from falling; and I invoked Heaven for Assistance in my Distresses, they being excessively great, and nobody near me that I knew.

As soon as I was capable of making a Reply, I assured the Prince, that, if I was an Apostate, it intirely proceeded from the Fallacy of the *French* Boy, and not from my own Inclination; but that, however, if my Death would give him any Satisfaction, I no longer desired to avoid the last Remedy to all my Misfortunes; for Living, on the Terms he had proposed, would only add an Accent to my Misery, and I, therefore thought that the Preservation of my Life did not deserve my Care and Attention.

He seemed to be greatly perplexed by my resolute Declaration; and, though he continued his Importunity, yet it was more with the Air of a Suppliant than that of a Sovereign, – though he was still inflexible to every thing I urged against what he proposed.

I, therefore, on my Knees, implored his Compassion, and besought him, as a Proof of that Esteem he had given me Reason to expect, to permit me to leave him for ever. My Tears, which flowed incessantly, extremely affected him; and, raising me up, and putting his Hands before his Face, he ordered, that I should be instantly taken away.

The Man took me by the Hand, and, having hurried, as fast as possible to the Gates, found it no easy Matter to pass a great Croud which had assembled there.

My worthy Friend was on the other Side, with his Hair all loose, and a distracted Countenance, demanding me as his Wife; but the inhuman Guards beat him down for striving to get in, and the *black* Women, holding me and hallooing out, – *No Christian, but a Moor*, – tore all the Plaits out of my Cloaths, and my Hair hung down about my Ears.

After a Number of Arguments, my Friend prevailed; and, having forced me from the Women, took me in his Arms, and, with all possible Expedition, got out of their Sight.

When we arrived at our Lodgings, I was kindly received by Mr. *Court*, who discovered a silent Satisfaction at my Deliverance; for, as there were Spies about us, it was dangerous for my Friends, at that Time, to say any thing concerning what had passed relating to me.

My Friend immediately sent for a *French* Surgeon, a Slave to his Imperial Highness, to bleed me; which News being carried to the Palace, the Prince, as we afterwards heard, was extremely concerned, Bleeding in that Country, being looked on as very extraordinary, and never practised but in Cases of Extremity.

This was, therefore, a fortunate Circumstance, as his Highness imagined it was occasioned by his Behaviour.

Three People, that Day, ran the greatest Risques of their Lives, on my Account; one of them by acquainting my Friend what they were doing with me at the Palace; another, we were informed, was sent for by the Prince, just after he had dismissed me; who ordered him, if I was not out of the Gates, to bring me back to him; to which that good Man answered, that he had met me, with my Husband, near our Lodgings.

I am under the greatest Obligations to this worthy Slave, who had substantial Reasons for deceiving his Imperial Highness, as he too well knew the fatal Consequences of my Returning to the Prince.

My Friend, also, had been in imminent Danger, who had attempted to force his Way thro' the Guards, in order to rescue me.

I was advised to keep myself very retired, the Remainder of the Day; and I soon went to my Bed; but it was impossible for me to sleep, who had such a Dread on my Spirits.

On the next Morning, I got up very early to see our Friends, the Merchants, who heartily congratulated me on my safe Return; though they advised me to keep myself still, in Appearance, ill, and to admit none to visit me but themselves. A Visitor, however presented himself, to whom it would have

been very ungenteeled to have denied Admittance: His Name was *Muly Dris*, and he was a Prince of the Blood.

He was tall, of a sallow Complexion, and had fine black Eyes; he was also very polite, and a great Friend to the *English*: He conversed with my Friend in *Spanish*, and, when he went away, wished us happy, and desired, that I would keep up my Spirits, for he did not doubt that all would end well; but I was in continual Dread, and could get no Rest, Night or Day, for the Musketa's; so that my Life was wretched beyond Imagination.

Mr. *Court* was extremely obliging, and devoted most of his Time to our Service; I was much entertained with his agreeable Company, his Conversation being always new and improving; and Providence was particularly kind in indulging me, in that Country, with the Acquaintance of so amiable a Man.

This Gentleman and my Friend were breakfasting with me, when the latter received a Message from the Palace, commanding him and the other two Passengers, with the Master and Ship's Crew, to attend; and the two Merchants were likewise to be made acquainted with it, that they might in like Manner give their Attendance.

They all, accordingly, waited upon his Imperial Highness, when he told them, that the Reason of his sending for them *was* to grant them Liberty to proceed on their Voyage; and that he would issue out proper Orders for their Journey to *Sallee*: That, notwithstanding the great Indignities he had received from Captain *Hyde Parker*, when Ambassador from the Court of *Great Britain*; and the farther ill Treatment he had met with from the *English*, who had furnished his rebellious Subjects with Arms, Ammunition, &c.¹¹⁰ he would set them an Example of Moderation, as well as Justice, by permitting us to quit his Dominions.

The Gentlemen no sooner returned than they told me what had passed; and I thought I was very happy, and flattered myself with Hopes that I might, once more, see my dear and disconsolate Parents.

We supped with Mr. *Conneler*¹¹¹ and Mr. *Andrews* at their Lodgings; and it was the general Opinion, that we could not set out on our Journey, without proper Guards to protect us, and Letters to the Governor of *Sallee* to receive us as free People; – but, the next Morning, a Slave brought us Information, that the Prince had altered his Intentions, who now determined we should go to *Safee*, and from thence to *Sallee*.

This greatly surprised us, and we feared he had not been sincere in his first Proposal; which was a double Mortification, he having obliged the Gentlemen and Ship's Crew to sign a Letter to Lord *Tyrawley*, Governor of *Gibraltar*, wherein he promised to release us; and this was immediately sent by Express: But we imagined he had only done this to deceive our Friends, and prevent their demanding our Liberty.

I made Preparations for the Journey, though we received no Dispatches from the Palace.

Mr. *Court* passed the Day with me, and, in the Evening, we had a very disagreeable Visitor, the Messenger who travelled to *Morocco* with us; he behaved in a very insolent Manner, telling me I was a *Moor*, and that he hoped his Imperial Highness would oblige me to remain in his Dominions.

He demanded Fifty Pounds for the Care he had taken of us on the Road, and my Friend would have treated him as he deserved; but he was a dangerous Man to have any Dispute with, and therefore, on my Account, he gave him twelve Ducats.¹¹² Though he seemed to be tolerably satisfied, when he left us, I was in great Distress at what he had said, fearing he might use every Artifice with his Imperial Highness, in Relation to me; which prevented my getting any Rest that Night; but the long-wished-for Dispatches were brought us the next Day, with proper Guards to attend us to *Safee*.

We immediately acquainted the Merchants who were to accompany us, and were at the Place of Abode of Mr. *Andrews*, who very kindly invited us to make Use of his House, during our Stay in that Part of the Country; and we were intirely indebted to those Gentlemen for providing Necessaries for the Journey, it being out of our Power to make such a Provision.

Our Baggage was ready to set out at Eight o'Clock in the Evening; we walked out of Town, and met with no Interruption, as the *Moors* were obliged to retire into the City at Sun-set, and the *Jews* were easily kept at a Distance from us by our Guards; we mounted our Mules, and soon after crossed the River of *Morocco*, and there rested for the Night.

Mr. *Court* had dispatched some of our Attendants before, to prepare the Tents, and have our Supper ready; which was a most comfortable Change from that we had experienced on the Road from *Sallee*: We set out early next Morning, after Breakfasting on Milk; the Roads were very good, and the Prospect of the Country extremely delightful.

Mount *Atlas*, at the Back of *Morocco*, with a Chain of Mountains about thirty Miles before us, presented to our View the most agreeable Objects: We rode close to the *Inchanted* Mountain, so called from its appearing to Travellers very near, when, at the same Time, many Miles distant; it was really *deceiving*, and drew my Attention more than any thing I had seen before.

We stopped, about Noon; for the Sun, being very hot, made Travelling very fatiguing: We dined, and, setting off again in the Evening, passed over a high Mountain, the Top of which commanded a most heavenly view of the *Atlas*, City of *Morocco*, and its extensive Plains.

Here we Rested for the Night, and, at Day-break, set out again, and pitched the Tents, though not until late, near a salt Lake, three Miles long and two broad, which, from *November* to *April*, is a River, and, the other Months, quite hard: It was esteemed a great Curiosity, being fifty Miles from the Sea.

I rode over Part of it, and we only proceeded a few Miles farther, when the Tents were again fixed, for the Night, on a large Plain (called *Roseline*) which was very fine, but intirely uncultivated; we passed a few Hours on that charming Spot, and then prepared for continuing our Journey; but, it being the

Jewish Sabbath, our Servants (who were of that Religion) refused to attend us on that Day, until our Guards, by very severe Usage, forced them to comply.

It was shocking to see the Subjection these poor Creatures are under to the *Moors*; for the greatest Miscreant amongst them, or ever a Boy, may buffet and abuse them, without their having the least Redress; but, if a *Jew* should lift his Hand against a *Moor*, he would be instantly put to Death.

We were happy in the Company of Mr. *Court*, who was always chearful and entertaining; Mr. *Andrews* was likewise very kind to us; which contributed to render short and pleasing an otherwise troublesome Journey.

A Number of wild *Arabs* alarmed us, who had been watering their Sheep at a Well near the Road; they offered us Milk, but we refused it, being so advised by those who knew it was a mere Compliment, with a View to get Money, and it was therefore judged to be necessary for us to plead Poverty, whilst we remained in *Barbary*.

We were, soon after, met by a Governor, who, with a Party of Soldiers, was going to command at some Castle a few Miles distant; he accosted us in *English*, which he spoke well, having learned that Language, whilst Ambassador at the Court of *Great Britain*.¹¹³

He made a very good Figure, and was so extremely civil, that he ordered his People to fire, by Way of Salute: But my Friend desired he would forbid it, as I had not been well, and he feared it might be too much for my Spirits; which he very obligingly complied with, wishing us a good Night; and he hoped we would be chearful, as he did not doubt but we should soon leave that Country. – As he rode off, one of his People (out of a Compliment) fired his Musquet on a full Gallop.

We stopped about three Miles before we reached *Safee*, where all the *Christian* Merchants had assembled to meet us, and brought some Refreshments with them: – A little Time was here spent in Ceremony, and then we proceeded to the Gates of *Safee*, where we dismounted, on Account of a great Croud, by mere Curiosity there assembled, who obstructed our Passage, and gave us much Uneasiness and Interruption.

Having, at length, entered the House of Mr. *Andrews*, we were kindly received by his Partner, M. *Conneler*, and welcomed, in a particular hospitable Manner, to their Habitation: We were entertained with a genteel Supper, and I was afterwards conducted to the Room allotted for me.

My first Thoughts were to return Thanks to Providence for the Happiness I then enjoyed, in being under the Roof of those who professed the same Faith as myself. I slept tolerably well, considering the Fatigues of so long a Journey; and, in the Morning, I waited on the Gentlemen to Breakfast.

In the mean While, the Governor of the Place made our Friends a Visit, and told them he had received Advices that our Stay was to be only for fifteen Days, during which, we were to be treated as free People; and, in the Interim, he was to receive farther Orders, in Relation to us.

Part of this Information was no Way agreeable to me, who feared the Prince was undetermined, with Regard to our Liberty.

Whilst we were at Dinner, a Number of *Moors* surrounded the Table; but I found it was customary for them to enter the Houses of *Christians*, whenever they thought proper; and the Owners could not prevent it, – though they were sensible how disagreeable it was to me.

When I retired to my Chamber, I employed myself in putting up all such Letters as would have discovered my being a single Woman, and delivered them to the Care of Mr. *Andrews*.

My Friend also procured me a plain Gold Ring from a *Swedish* Captain, which I locked in a Chest, expecting a Search to be made, in order to know whether I was *really* married to him, or only made a *Pretence* thereof. – Such Precautions were necessary, in order to guard against the Dangers to which I was exposed.

I desired my Friend to write to *Arvona*, at *Morocco*, to learn what had passed at the Palace, after my Departure; for I was ever in Dread, that his Imperial Highness would again send for me, having heard, from undoubted Authority, that I was not indifferent to him; and, though he had discovered great Condescension in permitting me to leave him, when it was in his Power to detain me, yet I knew him to be an absolute Prince, and, therefore, had Reason to be extremely uneasy.

I was, at Times, favoured with the Company of all the *Christian* Factory; one, in particular, a *Swedish* Merchant, performed excellently well on the Violin, and used frequently to accompany Mr. *Court*, who sung in a most agreeable Manner.

Such Amusements would have been delightful to me, had my Mind been at Ease; but alas! the Situation I was in abated its Charms, and Solitude being the principal Object I desired, made any Recreation irksome to me.

Dress was a Pain to me, any farther than what Decency required; but my Friends were always contriving something new to lessen my Anxiety, and, the next *Day* being that of my *Birth*, intreated me to walk on the Leads, whereon was their Garden, which was greatly frequented.

Here I received many Compliments on the Occasion; but, instead of the Joy that such a Season naturally produces, my Spirits were oppressed, and my Sorrows heightened by the Reflection that I had formerly enjoyed many happier Days.

I had entertained great Hopes of Letters from my Friends, the Disappointment of which made me very unhappy, who very well knew how much they would be afflicted on my Account, should they have heard the melancholy News of my being a Prisoner, in such a Country.

These, and many other Reflections, kept me in perpetual Misery, and I often wished to be taken from this World, as it afforded me no Consolation.

I was in one of my desponding *Reveries*, when Mr. *Court* entered the Room, and, seeing me extremely dejected, attempted to dispel my Fears by

his good Advice and obliging Expressions. But, though his Company was as advantageous as it was agreeable, the Satisfaction I derived from it was but of a short Duration; for he had just received an Express from his Partner in Business, desiring his Return, as he stood in Need of his Assistance.

This unwelcome News so greatly afflicted me, that I bade Adieu to Cheerfulness; and my Friend was no less concerned than myself at the Thought of parting with a Man who had, on all Occasions, given us substantial Proofs of his Friendship: – He left us, early in the Evening, to prepare for his Journey, and I was intirely miserable, when I reflected on the Loss of our best Adviser.

I was alone, the next Morning, and extremely melancholy, when the Sound of *Moorish* Music drew me to the Window; I saw a great Croud, and, inquiring into the Meaning thereof, I was informed, that it was the Procession of a *Moorish* Wedding.

The Bride was *invisible*, it being the Fashion of the Country to conceal such Persons from public View; the Vehicle wherein she was inclosed resembled a Garland, not unlike that our Milk-maids carry on a *May-day*, decorated with Flowers and other Ornaments.

In a little Time after this, the Bridegroom followed, on a Mule richly caparisoned, with a *Moor* on each Side, fanning him, to keep off the Flies; they went a slow Pace, with a Band of Music before them; and the Lady, as I heard, was not above twelve Years of Age, and, in all Probability, had *never seen* the Man she was married to, until that very Day.

These People having passed, Mr. *Court* came to take his Leave of us; but he first assured me, that he had been some Time with Mr. *Andrews*, and recommended me, in a particular Manner, to his Care and Protection; offering, moreover, if Necessity so required, to accompany him to *Morocco*, to prevent, if possible, by their united Endeavours, my Return to that City.

Upon this, he embraced my Friend and me, sending up to Heaven a pathetic Wish for our speedy Deliverance out of Captivity; and then he departed from us, with all Expedition: But, though I was exceedingly distressed by such a cruel Separation, I still relied on Divine Providence for Support in all my Afflictions.

We, now, received an unexpected Visit from *John Arvona*, the *Minorquin* Slave, who had been dispatched from *Morocco*, to guard some *Spanish* Bulldogs, which the Friars, residing in *Safee*, had ordered to be sent from *Cadiz*, as a Present to his Imperial Highness.

Arvona, in my Hearing, told my Friend, in *Minorquin*, that the Prince was very anxious, on Account of my Health; that he had often given Orders for his being called up in the Night, in order to talk with him concerning me; and that he frequently said he would have me again to *Morocco*, because *Safee* did not agree with my Constitution.

The Slave added, that he much feared his Highness's Resolution, as to permitting me to leave *Barbary*, would be of no long Continuance, notwithstanding his Determination on the Day I left *Morocco*; and the Reason for

his Apprehensions was, that the Prince, being asked if he would not see the fair *Christian* before her Departure, after a Pause, replied; *No, lest I should be obliged to detain her.*

This honest Man promised to supply us constantly with Advices of what passed at the Palace, and then set out for *Morocco*.

Arvona was no sooner gone, than I acquainted my Friend that I overheard their Conversation, which gave me the greatest Uneasiness; but he, being equally concerned, intreated me to be as easy as possible; assuring me, that he would spare no Pains to lighten my Afflictions, and undergo any torments, rather than I should return to the Prince.

Another Post came in, that brought no Letters from any of my Family; which greatly increased my Sorrow, who dreaded their being intercepted, as they would have discovered my real Name.

Mr. *Andrews* introduced a *Swedish* Merchant of *Safee*; the Design of whose Visit was to inform me, that he could, with Certainty, affirm, that an *English* Admiral, *Sir Edward Hawke*, was arrived at the Garrison of *Gibraltar*, who had ordered that the *Portland* Man of War, Captain *Maplesden*, should be dispatched to demand us.

This agreeable Information, however, gained little Credit with me, who had been accustomed to this Sort of Deception, and even inured to Disappointments.

The Gentleman, nevertheless left me, to Appearance, well satisfied with his having been the Messenger of glad Tidings; and an Express arrived, late in the Evening, with the following Letter from Mr. *Court*

‘Madam,

It is with great Impatience I have waited, till now, in Expectation that a Courier might have offered for *Safee*, and have given me an Opportunity of executing your Commands, and, at the same Time, gratifying my own Inclination, in writing to one I have so great a Friendship for.

I must confess I am conscious of my own Weakness in this Point, nor do I venture to flatter myself that an Epistle from a *Barbarian* can prove any Way entertaining, or afford you the least Amusement; but I am so far convinced of your Goodness, that I persuade myself you will make Allowances for one who has been banished, for some Years, from every thing that is polite, and resided in the southern Parts of *Africa*, where there is nothing to be met with but Brutality and Insolence.

I shall not trouble you with a Detail of the trifling Occurrences in my Journey hither, having wrote them fully to your Friend.

When I reflect on the Variety of Events in the last Month, they appear, at first, as a Dream, though I am soon afterwards fully convinced of the Reality of them: The fatal Day at *Morocco* never occurs to my Mind but with Horror, and, when I think how near you were being lost for ever,

when the Tyrant, to use *Phocyas's* Expression in the *Siege of Damascus*, would have sunk you down to Infamy and Perdition here and hereafter, it fixes a Melancholy on me, that I am not capable of shaking off, for some Time.

Let me intreat you never at any Rate, to repeat a Word in the Language of the Country, not even the most trifling; and always avoid the Room, when the Governors, or principal *Moors*, enter.

Excuse this little Advice: did I esteem you less, I should not give it you, but you engross much of my Thoughts, and I can, with great Truth, affirm I shall not enjoy a Moment's Peace of Mind, until I hear you are gone from this Country, and happily restored to your Family and Friends.

In the mean Time, while you are obliged to remain in *Barbary*, endeavour to reconcile yourself to it; reflect, that it is a Misfortune you have no Way brought upon yourself, nor have it in your Power to remedy; have a firm Trust in Providence, and be assured Virtue and Innocence will ever be the peculiar Care of that supreme Disposer of all Events, who is capable of extricating you from your present Distresses, at a Time when you may least expect it.

You are, thank God, in the House of a worthy, honest Man, who, I am satisfied, will spare no Pains to serve you; let this in some Measure, alleviate your Grief, by considering how much more dreadful your Situation had been, – had you remained at *Morocco*.

I flatter myself I need not make you a Number of Protestations and Compliments, to convince you, that you have in me a real Friend: Your good Sense will do me the Justice to believe me, when I assure you those you were most intimate with in *Europe* cannot be under greater Anxiety for your Deliverance than I am.

I long for the Arrival of the General Post, that I may hear if you had any Letters from the Garrison of *Gibraltar*. I dispatch this Courier expressly to send you the Music you desired; and let me once more recommend to you to keep up your Spirits, and shed no useless Tears: Give me Leave to quote you six Lines from the *Distressed Mother*:

Though plung'd in Ills, and exercis'd in Care,
Yet never let the noble Mind despair:
When press'd by Dangers, and beset with Foes,
The Gods their timely Succour interpose;
And, when our Virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
By unforeseen Expedients bring Relief.¹¹⁴

I am just going to drink your Health, which is my constant Practice every Day; it may be often done by Persons more worthy of that Honour, but never with greater Sincerity, than by, Madam,

Your's, &c'.

The Friars, who had been some Time in *Safee*, for the Benefit of the Slaves, desired to be admitted to see me, as they were going to return to the Garrison of *Gibraltar*. The old *Paduan* staid some Time longer than the others, as he had a great Deal to say; and he took great Pains to encourage us to chearfully submit to the Divine Will: – He likewise assured me, that he would see my Family as soon as possible after his Arrival, and parted from us in Tears.

I had observed, that one of his Companions delivered a Letter to my Friend, whose Countenance was extremely altered by the Reading thereof; and, therefore, when they were gone, I desired to know its Contents, as I was very certain it came from *Morocco*.

I found it, however, a difficult Matter to persuade him to grant my Request; and he did not, at last, comply, until I promised not to afflict myself, on that Account.

The Letter came from *Arvona*, which intimated, that a *Moor* of some Consequence (an Enemy to the *English*) would shortly be sent by his Imperial Highness to *Safee*; – it appeared from his Manner of Writing, that he was anxious for my Preservation, as he intreated my Friend to be particularly attentive to the most effectual Measures to secure my Safety; but this Advice was unnecessary, because the most affectionate Parent could not have been more tenderly careful of me than he had ever been on all Occasions.

I endeavoured to conceal my Apprehensions; but *Arvona's* Letter was never out of my Mind, and produced many melancholy Reflections, which almost deprived me of Hope, our greatest Blessing, as they had already extremely interrupted my Tranquillity.

A Ship, a few Days after, arrived from *Holland*, which brought two Gentlemen, Passengers, who, as soon as they heard of my Distress, paid a Visit to me. One of them was a Merchant, who had formerly resided in *Santa Cruz*, and was going, with his Companion, to *Morocco*, to solicit the Favour and Protection of the Prince, in order to re-establish a House in the said City.

The Gentleman, had, as it was reported, formerly traded with great Success in this Place, and, to the Surprise of all, the Prospect of adding yet more to his Fortune had so strange an Effect upon him, that the Difficulties a *Christian* is exposed to in that Country, were overlooked by him, as Matters of no Importance or Consideration.

These Gentlemen informed me, that they had heard a Messenger was come from *Morocco*, whose Aversion to the *English* was implacable; and they therefore advised me to keep my Chamber, it being believed his Imperial Highness had sent him to inspect into the Conduct of me and my Friend, – I was greatly obliged to them for their Information, and they set out for *Morocco*.

My Room-door was thrown open with great Violence, as I pensively sat reflecting on the News I had heard; and a most forbidding Object presented itself to my View. He, for several Minutes, fixed his Eyes upon me, without speaking a Word; and his Aspect was as furious as can possibly be imagined:

He afterwards narrowly inspected the Room, muttering to himself in his own Language; and then, giving me another testifying Look, he retired, pulling the door after him, as he had opened it before. I was struck with great Horror at his wild Appearance, and seemed rivetted to my Chair.

My Friend was ignorant of this Visit, who was walking, with the Gentlemen of the Factory, on the Top the House; and, when he returned, I was for some Time, incapable of acquainting him with what had happened to me.

He immediately concluded, that this Person was the Messenger who had been expected; and it was soon after confirmed by Mr *Andrew*, who came to enquire after my Health, and to introduce the *Danish* Consul, who was on the Point of departing for *Sallee*, and had desired to see me.

This Gentleman expressed a tender Concern for my Illness, and, recommending a Person, who, in his Opinion, had some Knowledge of Physic, he obligingly sent him to me.

My Doctor advised my being bled; but, as I was diffident of his Skill, I chose to defer Bleeding to another Opportunity.

He soon visited me again, when he found my Complaint was a Dejection of Spirits, and therefore the intended Operation was totally laid aside.

The pleasing News we afterwards heard from *Monsieur Ray*, was the most successful Physician, whose Letter from *Sallee* speedily restored me to Health, it being sent to congratulate us on the Arrival of a Man of War; but, the Weather being bad, they had not reached the Shore.

I now began to entertain favourable Hopes of once more seeing my dear Parents; and, with these pleasing Imaginations, I retired to Rest; but my Repose was interrupted, in the Night, by two Shocks of the Earth, which continued a Minute and a Half.

The Fright I was in cannot be expressed, and, before I was removed out of my Room, a Part of the Ceiling was thrown down; the Walls, though of a prodigious Thickness, were cracked in many Places; and the subsequent Noise may be compared to a Carriage going speedily over a rough Pavement, which ended with a tremendous Explosion; the Sky was serene, but the Sea made a great Roaring, and we afterwards heard the Shipping had greatly suffered thereby.

When I was taken back to my Room, and a little recovered from my Surprise, I returned Thanks to the Almighty for his Protection from the Dangers of the Night.

Mr. *Andrews* and my Friend breakfasted with me, when the latter read a Letter, which he had just received from *John Arvona*, at *Morocco*, inclosing a Copy of that which had been sent from Captain *Maplesden* to the Prince, and was to this Purpose: – That he was come there, in the Name of Admiral *Sir Edward Hawke*, to know the Reason for taking and detaining our Ship, Passengers, &c. in a Time of Peace; and it represented, with the greatest Respect and Humility, how much the King, his Master, would esteem his Justice in setting us at Liberty, and that he might depend upon the Treaty,

which had been concluded, being inviolably maintained on the Part of his *Britannic Majesty*.

To this Letter his Imperial Highness answered, that, at that Juncture, his Cruiser was at Sea; and, consequently, his Admiral was unacquainted with any Peace being made; and, on his Return to *Sallee*, a Report prevailed that his Ambassador – had failed in his Negotiation, which was the Reason of his sending us to *Morocco*: That, on our Arrival, *He* (who always kept his Word) had declared us free, as well as the Ship and Cargo; and likewise had ordered the Crew back to *Sallee*, in order to refit the Ship: That, in the Interim, myself and other Passengers were sent to *Safee*, to wait there until it was ready to proceed on her Voyage. His Imperial Highness farther declared, that he would, on his Part, duly adhere to the Truce concluded with Captain –, which would end in the – following; but, if in that Time Peace was not ratified by the Court of *England*, he should esteem it as a Declaration of War, and order his Cruisers to make Reprisals, and stop the Communication between the Garrison of *Gibraltar* and his Dominions; ending his Letter with Complaints against the *English*, for furnishing his rebellious Subjects with Arms and Ammunition.

John Arvona, moreover, informed my Friend, that a *Jew* was to set out in a few Days, for *Safee*, with the Answer to the Captain of the Man of War, and to negotiate Affairs with him.

The Prince, in his Letter, said, that we might either embark on Board *our King's Ship*, or return to *Sallee*, and continue our Voyage in the Merchant-man; though he knew the latter was impossible, as she was almost pulled to Pieces, and his People were fitting out their Cruisers with the Materials; but, had the Case been otherwise, my Strength was too much exhausted, by Illness and Sorrow, to be in a Condition to take so fatiguing a Journey.

The *Jew* soon arrived from *Morocco*, and, the very same Day, the *Portland* Man of War anchored in *Safee* Road. A Boat was immediately sent on Shore with our Letters, and among the rest was one from my dear Father, who encouraged me to keep up my Spirits, and assured me that nothing should be wanting to procure my Release.

My Friend received also a very obliging Letter from Captain *Maplesden*, who advised our being in Readiness, though we could not embark, until the *Jew* went and returned from *Morocco*. He intreated us to make ourselves easy, for he would do every thing in his Power to facilitate our Enlargement.

The *Jew*, who was a principal Person at the Palace, asked my Friend, What Kind of Present he intended to make him for the Trouble he should have on our Account?

He answered, that the other Passengers and Ship's Crew could not spare him any thing, and therefore the Whole of his Demand must fall on myself and him, who had but little Cash; but he might depend on having as much as we could possibly spare, which pacified him for the present, and immediately set out for *Morocco*.

Our Negotiator, five Days after this, returned to *Safee*, with the joyful Tidings, that we were to embark the following Day; but the Badness of the Weather prevented any Boats from going off, neither would any Gratuity tempt the *Moors* to venture with us, while the Sea ran so high as it then did.

Indeed, I cannot say, that I much flattered myself, that I should be permitted to quit the Country; but Providence was pleased to change the Situation of Affairs in my Favour; for, early the next Morning, I was desired to get myself ready, as the Weather would admit of our Going, and the People were waiting to take my Baggage; – the sudden Joy for this agreeable News oppressed my Spirits, and it was with Difficulty my Friends recovered me to a State of Tranquillity.

The Gentlemen of the House attended me to the Strand, where I returned them my most grateful Acknowledgements for the Friendship they had shewed me, assuring them no Opportunity should ever be neglected, wherein I might be capable of making the least Return; – the Sea, in the Interim, making a most dismal Appearance, and its Waves rising to a prodigious Height. After we had taken our Leave of the Gentlemen, my Friend was put into the Boat, in order to receive me; and, as soon as the other People had got into it, we set off for the Ship.

A *Moor* of Consequence accompanied the *Jew* who was with us on Board; and took great Pains to persuade me, that I was no *Christian*; and he really seemed to be mortified at my Leaving *Barbary*: – I was in extreme Dread, until we reached the Man of War, fearing a Signal from the Shore to order our Return.

A Chair having put me on Board the Ship, I was received by Captain *Maplesden*, and all the Gentlemen, with the greatest Politeness imaginable, and general Expressions of Joy at seeing me safe from the Power of those who wished to detain me.

Our Conductors, after they had received a handsome Present, were discharged, in order to return to their own detested Shore; and, on my Going on board, Captain *Maplesden* led me to his State-room, which he very obligingly resigned.

I cannot express the Comfort I felt in having an Apartment allotted to myself, after the cruel Restraint I had been under in *Barbary*, and the Uneasiness I had suffered on Account of passing for what I *really* was not.

All these agreeable Things, together with the Hopes of my being soon restored to my afflicted Family, made me intirely happy: – I had, besides, an additional Satisfaction, *viz.*¹¹⁵ that of having it in my Power to acquaint my Relations to whom they were indebted (next to Providence) for my Preservation, as my Friend had, in every Respect, fulfilled the Promise he had made to my Father.

We cruised several Days, and then arrived at the Garrison of *Gibraltar*, to the unspeakable Joy of my Distressed Parents; – it is easy to be imagined how happy I was on this Occasion, and the following congratulatory Letter from Mr. *Court* not a little increased my Felicity.

'Madam,

If I ever experienced such a Satisfaction and Pleasure as Words cannot express, it was when I first received the News of Miss *Marsh's* Deliverance from this barbarous Country; an Event I had so impatiently expected, and which, on Account of the Uncertainty of Things in these Parts, had given me the greatest Anxiety.

The Trial, thank God, is now over, and I flatter myself the present will find you safely restored to your Parents, and enjoying such Happiness as can only be felt by those who have been in your Circumstances.

It gave me great Concern to hear you had been indisposed, before you left *Safee*; which I attribute to the critical Situation you was in, with Regard to your Departure, and the Fear lest it should not take Place; indeed, I am a particular Sufferer by it, as it deprived me of the Pleasure of a Line from you.

I hope by this Time you are perfectly recovered, and have regained those Spirits you had lost so great a Share of, during your Captivity.

I could not omit the first Opportunity that offered of most sincerely congratulating you on your Escape; the memorable Day at *Morocco* often occurs to my Mind, and the whole Train of Events, during the few Weeks I had the Honour of being in your Company, have made a lasting Impression on my Memory.

It is said there is no Pleasure but what is mixed with a Degree of Pain. This I am now convinced of, for I can not help repining at the Loss of your Correspondence, which I fear I am totally deprived of: I must confess, I am compelled to ask the Favour of a Line from you at the Garrison of *Gibraltar*, and another when you arrive in *England*.

The particular Circumstances that first introduced me to your Acquaintance, together with the remarkable Oddity of the Place it happened in, might plead in my Favour, especially as the Request is no Way contrary to the severest Rules: But, when I reflect how much better your Time will be employed, and how few Moments you will have to spare, – I despair of Success, and can only beg of you sometimes to bestow a Thought on one who (to use the Words of Mr. *Pope*)

Though Seas come 'tween us, and whole Oceans roll,¹¹⁶

has the highest Concern for your Welfare, most sincerely wishes Health, and every other Blessing of Life, may constantly attend you; and I beg Leave to subscribe, very respectfully,

Your, &c'.

It was not long after my Return, before my Friend convinced me, that his Assiduity had proceeded from a stronger Attachment than that of Friendship, by a Declaration he made, to myself and Family, of his Love for me, and the

Unhappiness he was under at the Thought of parting with me; but he flattered himself, that the Confidence they had already reposed in him by trusting me to his Care, with the Esteem I had always professed for him, would be a Means of removing every Obstacle which might prevent his future Happiness.

I was not much surprised at this Declaration, but had many Difficulties to surmount on Account of my Engagement with Captain T__, whose Behaviour, during my Absence, had occasioned my Father's taking the Resolution of never consenting to this Alliance; and, indeed, it was such as I had no Reason to expect: Which Determination, at first, caused me many Tears, but my Friend's general good Character, the Gratitude I owed him, and my Father's Desire over-balanced every other Consideration; and, after adjusting some Family Affairs, not necessary to this Narrative, we were married, and embarked for *England* on Board a Merchant-Ship bound for *Bristol*. We sailed on –, and arrived safe at that Port, after a Passage of seventeen Days.

Before my Departure, I received the following Letter from Mr. Court:

Sallee.

'Madam,

It was with extreme Pleasure that I received your very obliging Favours of the 7th of *December*, and the 7th of *January*; the first signed with the Name wherein I had been used to address you, and the last with that you had so long *feigned* in *Barbary*, and which is now become *real*.

Permit me to congratulate you, most unfeignedly, on so important an Event, as the entering into a State, in which I am persuaded you will find the utmost Height of Felicity.

I heartily applaud your Choice, which gives me an additional Proof of your good Sense and Judgment, in bestowing your Hand and Heart on a Man every Way so deserving of you, and whose Conduct, during your Captivity, whenever it is related, must gain him the Esteem of the honest and virtuous Part of Mankind.

The obliging Expressions you make Use of, on Account of the Services you say I rendered you in *Barbary*, are by no Means due to me; I shall not attribute them to Flattery, knowing your Aversion to it; but must look upon it as a Goodness of Heart peculiar to Mrs. *Crisp* which magnifies little Civilities into real Services; however, since you are determined to rank them under this last Denomination, do not think me too presuming, when I ask the Friendship of Mr. and Mrs. *Crisp* for my Reward. I beg my Compliments to your Family, and I most sincerely wish you all Health and Felicity, and am, with the most profound Respect, Madam,

Yours, &c'.

FINIS

2.5 *An Affecting History of the Captivity and Sufferings of Mrs. Mary Velnet an Italian Lady, Who Was Seven Years a Slave in Tripoli, Three of which She Was Confined in a Dungeon, Loaded with Irons; and Four Times Put to the Most Cruel Tortures Ever Invented by Man. Written by Herself.* Boston: William Crane, 1806.

The Italian Mary Velnet left her daughter in the care of a relative and took passage together with her brother on board the *Susi* vessel on 20 June 1797 to join her husband, Henri Velnet, a wealthy French merchant of the East India trade, in Canton. A few weeks later, the *Susi* struck against a rock but the sailors managed to save the ship by casting off the guns. On 14 August, the *Susi* was given chase by a Tripolitan corsair; a fierce fighting ensued as the Italians refused to surrender. However, the unarmed *Susi* soon capitulated and the survivors were carried off to Tripoli as slaves. Upon landing, the captives were paraded at the public slave market and Velnet was separated from her brother and sold to the Basha. Her first task in slavery was to treat an ailing female slave who was moribund following brutal torture. Then Velnet was transferred to work at the Basha's kitchen together with other female captives. A few weeks later the Swedish navy shelled the Libyan capital, causing a terrible havoc and enormous fatalities among the natives. During the bombardment, the Christian slaves were employed in supplying the Tripolitans with ammunition and burying the dead.

After Velnet had spent 18 months in slavery, the Italian government dispatched Mr Cini to negotiate the release of its subjects. The negotiations failed and Mr Cini was able to purchase only a week's freedom for the captives. Velnet took this opportunity to visit the city and acquire ethnographic knowledge on its culture and customs. Despite the terrible punishment meted out to escapees, the female captive sneaked into an Italian vessel, camouflaged as a seaman. Her escape was soon detected and the Tripolitans stormed the vessel to discover her hiding in a water casket. The runaway was cruelly tortured until deemed dead. Being in despair of ever regaining freedom, Velnet contemplated suicide. Fortunately, the Italian Consul had arranged for her ransom and she sailed back home, after seven years in captivity.

An Affecting History of the Captivity and Sufferings of Mrs. Mary Velnet was first published in 1800, with four reprints between 1804 and 1828. In the 1810 edition, the heroine's name is altered to Mrs Mary Gerard. *The Captivity and Sufferings of Mrs. Mary Velnet* was the first female Barbary captivity narrative to be printed in America. American readers were already familiar with accounts of white women in Indian captivity, where female heroism and escape is a recurrent trope. In Barbary captivity, however, as in the case

in Velnet, escape is doomed to fail and the frail captive, lacking Hannah Duston's audacity and agility with the tomahawk, has to wait patiently for a male redeemer.

Velnet's account differs radically from the European captivity narratives in that though treated cruelly the heroine is neither coerced to apostatise nor subjected to sexual advances. Despite its absence in the narrative, however, sexual violation is graphically implied in a frontispiece, showing a covertly titillating topless white captive clubbed in chains in a foul dungeon. This illustration is repeatedly reproduced in the various editions of Maria Martin's captivity narrative.

Visual and discursive sexual sadism boosted the marketability and popularity of the American female Barbary captivity genre. It is also one of its peculiar idiosyncratic features that distinguishes it from the European Barbary captivity tradition.

*An Affecting History of the Captivity and Sufferings
of Mrs. Mary Velnet*

I AM a native of Italy, and was born in Modena, in the year 1774, and of respectable and wealthy parents. In the year 1785, I was married to Mons. Henri Velnet, a native of France. My husband was the possessor of considerable property, and was deeply engaged in the East-India trade. In the year 1794 he having fitted out a ship for Canton, in order to dispose of the cargo in a manner the most satisfactory to himself, took passage for that country, expecting at the time of sailing to tarry no longer there than time sufficient to dispose of his property. But, on his arrival in Canton, he was so pleased with the situation of the country, as to form the determination of spending several months there. Of this he informed me by letter, at the same time desiring me in the most urgent manner to take passage myself, together with a little daughter (our only child) for that place.

Accordingly in June following, I took passage on board the ship Susi, captain Izino, bound directly for Canton, but, thank Heaven, through her kind interposition, did not take my little daughter with me. – Fearing that she would not be enabled to withstand so long a voyage rendered unpleasant by sea-sickness, I was prevailed upon by my sister to leave her behind. On the 20th of June, 1797, the ship put to sea, with 197 souls on board, 51 of whom were passengers. We enjoyed for several weeks a pleasant wind and nothing occurred to obstruct our passage until the night of 27th of July, when, at the very moment that the soft breeze fanned every soul to sleep, when every fear of danger was banished, all care forgotten, and the weary lulled, in the arms of Morpheus,¹¹⁷ to sweet repose – then, in an instant we were all roused by the striking of our ship upon a rock! Our amazement and horror cannot be described – in order to do it, the reader must realize my feelings at that moment. We were soon overwhelmed by the tempest of the sea. – The crew were in the utmost confusion; some swearing, and others

praying: The agonies then expressed by every voice cannot be painted in any other than a moment like that. There appeared nothing but immediate death to us all. –

*– In that moment 'with sincere intent,
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Mine ear could not be slow, mine eye not shut,
And I did place within them as a guide
Mine umpire conscience – whom, if I will hear,
That long suffering hour was my day of grace'.¹¹⁸*

At day light next morning, we found ourselves in a deplorable situation, the ship on her beam ends with four feet of water in her hold, and a heavy sea continually breaking over us. In order to lighten the vessel, the fore-mast was cut away, and the guns thrown overboard, this plan had its desired effect, for in a few moments we found ourselves afloat in deep water, and saw the rock astern of us which had occasioned the sad accident. All hands being immediately set to work in repairing and clearing the ship of water, we had the pleasure of seeing ourselves the succeeding day, in a situation to proceed on the voyage. Nothing from this time transpired worthy of record until the 14th of August, when sailing under a moderate breeze, a sail was discovered to the leeward, which we at first took to be a Spanish privateer; when they came nigh,¹¹⁹ they hoisted Spanish colors, fired a gun to leeward, and brought us to. No sooner did they discover what we were, than they hoisted out the launch immediately. The ship having lost her guns, in the manner before mentioned, the officers conceived it unwise to offer any resistance, and came to the immediate conclusion to deliver themselves up to the mercy of their barbarous foes. This however was a step which the major part of the passengers did not approve of, they had already got possession of all the small arms, in the mean time, declaring it their determination to defend themselves till the last moment. – A dreadful scene of carnage now commenced, the Italians determined on victory or death, and the Tripolitans equally determined to conquer or die in the attempt. The former being well provided with small arms and ammunition, kept up such a well-directed fire on the enemy in the launch, as it approached, that but two out of 15 or 20, were enabled to reach alive their own vessel; and these two, as extraordinary as it may appear, were no sooner on board, than they were both barbarously butchered by their own ship's crew, for their cowardice!

The privateer having the advantage of the wind, made such use of it as in a short time to disable the ship in her rigging, and render her totally unmanageable. In this situation, lying on the quarter of the *Susi*, the privateer kept up a constant discharge of musketry, horns from the tops and deck, and of grape and langrage¹²⁰ from the bow guns. Several unsuccessful attempts were made by the enemy to board the ship, till at last after the death of

every officer on board excepting the captain, and the loss of 18 men killed and wounded, they succeeded in boarding from the bowsprit, with 100 men. They jumped on board with sword in hand, and drove us all into the boat along side, without permitting one of us to go below for a single article of cloathing, and carried us on board the cruizer, where they stripped us to the skin, and gave us some old dirty rags, not sufficient to cover ourselves. In this situation we were obliged to remain on deck continually, half naked, and exposed to the damp air at night. All that we had to subsist on was hard mouldy bread and slimy water, inferior if possible to bilge water. In this situation we continued fourteen days.

On the 2nd of September we arrived in sight of Tripoli, the castle from this moment kept up an incessant fire, until the ship came to anchor. We thought ourselves inhumanly treated when on board the cruizer; but alas! our sorrows were but commencing; for we had no sooner reached the shore, than they began to exercise towards us the most savage barbarity, those in an especial manner who had lost friends on board the cuizer, in the engagement. We were led or rather drove up like so many cattle which are to be exposed for sale, to the public market, where the news of our arrival had brought a great number of spectators together; among them I recognized many of my own sex, which gave me fresh hopes of protection: but alas! this fond¹²¹ hope was for short duration, for so far from exhibiting any symptoms of pity for me, they seemed rather to exult in my miseries! The captain taking me by the shoulder led me up to the Bashaw,¹²² a little ugly-looking old man, besmeared with dirt, barefoot and bare-legged – to him I was recommended as an excellent in-door slave, the Bashaw answering, '*alkar moi ralojah*' (she is worth but little),¹²³ he was very critical in the examination of my person, my teeth, my eyes, &c. were very closely inspected. After examining me in this manner for nearly an hour, he ordered my irons to be knocked off, and gave orders to one of his attendants to take charge of me. I was led out of the market and desired to seat myself on some Bamboo logs lying a few rods therefrom, where were the other slaves selected by the Bashaw. Here for the first time I had a melancholy prospect of my unhappy fellow slaves, whose countenances as they stole a pitying glance toward me, bespoke more than the tongue could express. They were employed in their daily occupation, which was to load large ox waggons with huge stones blown from the ledges near the shore, and to convey them to a valley about one mile distant; those employed to load the waggons, had large collars about their necks made much after the form of those worn by the West-India negroes; those allotted to draw the load were hand-cuffed and chained to the waggons. To witness the distress, and to hear the despairing groans of those miserable people could not fail to draw a tear from the eye of any one but a savage barbarian! Under the heavy weight of the lash, they were compelled to perform tasks which we should judge impossible for human nature to support; naked, and apparently half starved, their scorched and

lacerated bodies afforded a frightful proof of the brutality exercised toward them by their unprincipled masters.

At half past 11 the castle guns were again fired as a signal of the readiness of the Bashaw to depart, upon which we were ordered to rise and prepare for our departure; the Bashaw's guard by whom he was surrounded, at this instant began brandishing their spears as a signal for the crowd to break way, and be in readiness to pay the accustomed honors to his majesty as he passed: which was to fall on the knees, placing the right hand on the breast; the left on the head, at the same time uttering these words: '*Deli moi Ali*', (God preserve the Bashawa.) About 3 o'clock we arrived at the Meede Castle, the residence of the Bashaw and his family and from thence were conducted immediately to the slave-house, about half a mile distant, a house where the outdoor slaves were confined at night; and the most gloomy looking cell that my eyes ever beheld. It was without windows and apartments; at one end lay some branches of the callabash tree, which was all allowed the prisoners on which to rest their wearied limbs. At the other end of the room stood an earthen vessel containing about seven gallons of stinking slimy water. In this miserable hovel were confined every night between two and three hundred persons; on our arrival at this place the Bashaw's head guard ordered the prisoners (there being seven of us in number) to be led in one by one for the purpose of shifting our cloathes, exchanging our European dress for that ever worn by the Tripolitan captives, which (for the men) is a large coarse pair of trousers made so short as to extend but a little way below the knees, a frock, and a thick coarse cloth cap, made something in imitation of those worn by the female natives of North-America; one suit only is allowed the prisoners for a whole year, and should they wear them out sooner than this, they are not allowed any more, but compelled to go naked until the expiration of the year! the suit allotted me was nothing more than a coarse piece of negro cloth, wound round my body and fastened at the shoulders with leather straps, and a cap like those above described; in this dress I think that I must have made really a novel appearance, and no doubt should have been taken in my own country for a scotch highlandress. The men had no sooner shifted their dress than they were scarified upon the forehead (which is a most savage operation) and hurried off to the labor allotted them. – The Bashaw who had been absent since our arrival, at this moment made his appearance, accompanied by a genteel looking young man who I afterward found was his nephew, and who was called *Adam Ben Ali*; this young man (whose countenance bespoke a more compassionate heart than that of his uncle) no sooner saw me than pointing to me, said, '*clas gleri oyi netre*' (she is too delicate to labor) the Bashaw, scouling, answered '*The movi tarshe Tambore*', on which I could plainly perceive that the countenance of the young man changed. The callous hearted Bashaw now calling on one of his slave attendants, bade him take charge of me and conduct me, I know not where; the fellow (a frightful looking Turk) led me to a remote and dismal

looking cavern, on entering of which I witnessed a scene too horrible for a female tongue to describe.

On the doors being unlocked and opened, a steep pair of stone steps presented themselves to my view, which I was commanded to descend, which I did, to the number of forty-four! my conductor following close behind with a lighted torch in his hand, the dim rays of which, glimmering on the coarse rocky walls as we descended, tended only to augment my fears. When I had reached the ground floor of this dismal habitation, a second door was unlocked, which my conductor entered, making motions for me to follow; I terribly affrighted, believing it was his intention to murder me, declined, on which the unfeeling monster very deliberately taking me by the hair, drew me after him. We now passed several winding entries, too narrow for two to pass abreast, when a third door presented itself to view, it was opened, and I commanded to enter, which with great reluctance I did; I now found myself in a large square room, sufficiently large to have contained three hundred people, and in which were three lamps burning, suspended from the upper wall by means of iron hooks; in the centre of this room was erected a small stage, at the four corners of which were four posts erected, entwined with ropes, and which turned by means of bandspikes much after the manner of a windlass; about mid-way of the platform were drove a great number of spears or spikes; with their points projecting up. This (I need not inform the reader) was a machine of torture, a more minute description of which I shall hereafter have a sad occasion to give. By the appearance of fresh blood which I discovered underneath the machine, I was led to conclude that some unhappy person had recently suffered here, an opinion which I found to my sorrow was too well founded; for, on entering an adjoining room, the first object which presented itself to my view, was a miserable person of my own sex, stretched out upon a matross, mangled and bruised in an unmerciful manner; as we approached her, she made some feeble efforts to raise herself, but alas! her strength had fled. By the side of her stood only a small vessel of vinegar and water, a solution ever made use of by the Barbarians, in washing the wounds of such of their unfortunate captives as are put to the torture.

The Turk who attended me, gave me now to understand by his motions, that the business allotted me, was to take care of this unhappy woman until her decease or recovery; on which he immediately retired, locking the doors after him. – From this gloomy and sorrowful moment, ought I to date my unequalled sufferings! confined in a dark and dismal dungeon, thirty feet under ground, the very air of which was poison, hid from the cheering rays of the sun, and attended with no other light than that afforded by a dim burning lamp, and without any other company than that of a person whose pale visage and mangled form could not fail to make more distressing my situation; it was at this moment, that I should, were it my choice, rather have chosen death than life. Yet, putting my trust in that Almighty Being, whose power is unbounded, and to whose will I was subservient, I surmounted my

afflictions with fortitude becoming a female; many hours did I pass in this subterranean cavern, before I could muster courage sufficient to examine more critically the situation of my apparently dying companion, the heart-piercing groans of whom at length aroused me to a sense of my duty. I took the lamp and trembling with fear, approached toward the place where this unhappy victim of savage brutality lay – Gracious God! to attempt a description of her situation, would be a task by far too distressing for me; every limb of her body wrested out of joint, her eyes started from their sockets, pieces of flesh torn from various parts of her body of the bigness of a person's finger, and her body otherwise bruised and mangled in a most shocking manner; the scene was by far too much for me, the lamp fell from my hand, and I, fainting, caught and supported myself by the wall. – After recovering a little I once more attempted to yield relief to the unfortunate companion, I took hold of her hand, and asked her if she was sensible of her situation, she attempted to speak, but could not; she then attempted to signify something by a motion of the hand, but in this she likewise failed. I imagined she was attempting to ask for some water – I took the lamp and after searching about for some time for something that might serve to allay the thirst of the unhappy woman, I discovered at the east corner of the room, a small earthen jar, containing a liquid resembling in appearance the Italian marr wine, some of which I offered her to drink, but she could not or would not swallow any of it.

It was now as I judged (although its light was hidden from me) near the sitting of the sun, and nearly fourteen hours had elapsed since I had seen either victuals or drink; my appetite for victuals, however, although great, was nothing in comparison to my thirst, which had now become insufferable; it was at this moment, that a small draught of even the slimy water that I had the preceding day noticed in the slave house, would have been more acceptable than all the wealth of Peru.¹²⁴ It was on account of this extreme hunger, thirst and fatigue, that nature was unable longer to hold out, I threw myself upon those thorned branches, or rather brambles, before mentioned, and sought repose. I had not lain long before I was aroused from my slumber by the jarring of the doors leading to my apartment; with mingled emotions of joy and fear, I instantly arose, and put myself in a situation as if paying all my attention to my miserable companion; the door to the room in which I was confined was now opened, and the brutal Turk (who had been my late attendant) entered, bringing with him a small vessel of water, together with about a quart of boiled rice; this small pittance¹²⁵ he represented to me by his frightful gestures, would be all allowed me for the succeeding twenty-four hours! at the thoughts of which I was shocked, I attempted to represent to him as well as I could, the insufficiency of water of both of us for so long a period, he however took but little or no notice of what I said, or attempted to communicate to him, but casting a look of unconcern toward the unfortunate victim of his savage barbarity, left the room, locking the doors after him as before.

Altho' my throat and mouth was nearly parched with thirst, I was conscious that that of my partner in misery must be still greater; my first object therefore was if possible, to administer her relief. I raised her head as far from the bed as my strength would enable me to do, and applied the vessel of water to her lips, she however loathed it and would not drink a drop. In this situation, unable to satisfy the cravings of nature, it was consistent to suppose that this poor woman could no long survive, but that the king of terrors must shortly part the chain of her sufferings.

After partaking of the scanty allowance which my unwelcomed visitant had left with me, I made another attempt to procure a little rest (as I had now given over all hopes of the recovery of the person before mentioned.) Notwithstanding my bed was but a trifle better than the bare ground on which it lay, I fell immediately into a sound sleep, nor did I awake until late in the succeeding day – I arose, all was silent! nothing was heard but the chirping of the busy cricket, whose habitation was the rough and damp walls which enclosed me, and the buzzing of the affrighted insects, attracted by the dim rays of the lamp. At this moment did I feel all the symptoms of fear awaken within me, and feel departing all that courage which had before so strikingly marked my proceedings! The first object of my attention was the unhappy female, after remaining for some minutes in silent meditation, reflecting on those miseries which were likely long to attend me, I mustered sufficient courage to examine once more this unhappy person – But alas! there was nothing to view but a lifeless corpse! her Maker in mercy to her, had called her home, and put her out of the reach of barbarian cruelty! With sincerity can I say, that I would have gladly taken the place of the deceased, had the power of choice been mine; but alas! the day of my departure had not yet come – the bitter cup of my sufferings was not yet full.

About noon the opening of the doors gave me once more notice of the approach of some one to my apartment; it was the same monster that had before visited me; as soon as he entered the room I pointed to where the corpse lay, he viewing it for a moment, exclaimed, '*arro ne Christia, Mahomet niz lori benjah ik foi*' (she was a Christian, and Mahomet will doom her to eternal punishment,) saying this he departed, but in a few moments returned, bringing with him a large iron spade which he handed me, at the same time making motions for me to remove the earth in the centre of the room; I not being accustomed to use such like instruments, was longer in performing the task allotted me, than what he wished or expected I should be, which induced the monster to force the spade passionately from my hands, and with which he gave me several severe blows. When I had got the vault I had been digging (which I then little thought was to be the grave of the unhappy person I had been attending) of a sufficient depth, he pointed to the corpse, commanding me by his motions to convey it to the pit and therein deposit it! Orders like these I could never think of obeying, I represented to him my inability to bear alone the body; but as it is directly

in opposition to the religion of a Mahometan, to touch the dead body of a christian, my solicitations for assistance, were productive of nothing but frowns and ill-usage, and I could not expect to find any compassion in a person who made use of no other argument but the free exercise of the cudgel. As a compliance was therefore the only alternative by which I could avoid the inhumanity of a savage ruffian, I performed this, the most disagreeable task of my life, with more fortitude than one could naturally expect. As soon as the business was accomplished to the satisfaction of my keeper, he left the room, making signs for me to follow him, which I gladly did, and was once more conducted out of this subterraneous cavern, and permitted once more to witness the cheering light of day, and to breathe fresh air. At the outdoor of this slaughter-house (for it deserves no better name) I was received by three of the Bashaw's armed attendants, and by them conducted to a little outhouse, within a few rods of the castle; this was the cookery house, where all the victuals was cooked for the Bashaw's prisoners – here I was not a little pleased to discover a considerable number of my own sex employed, and who I judged by their dress was held like myself in captivity. I was pleased, because it is well known that 'misery loves company',¹²⁶ and I could not but hope that I should find some one among those women, who, if not of my own country, might know enough of the Italian language to converse with me. As soon as I entered this house (which although not the most superb building in the world, was a palace to the place where I had been for the last twenty-four hours confined) I was ordered to proceed immediately to business, and orders given me, on pain of death, not to utter a syllable to any one of my fellow-prisoners; this you may rest assured was, to the extreme, unpleasant to one who had been flattering herself with the fond hope, that by enjoying this privilege her situation might be rendered less distressing. – It was however the commands of the Bashaw himself, whose orders it was nothing short of death to disobey.

There were confined with me in this house between twenty and thirty women, the complexion and genteel appearance of some of whom, bespoke better days, and better usage. We had placed over us, as an overseer, a woman of the Algerine nation, and who like them seemed to glory in the opportunity of having it in her power to torture and punish us by every means her inventive faculties could give birth to. She would not unfrequently compel us, for the least offence, to strip ourselves naked and then stand within a few feet of a large fire, until our bodies were nearly covered with blisters! at other times she would compel us to stand with our bare feet on live coals of fire! and she once destroyed the life of a poor French captive, by divesting her of her cloathes and then strewing her naked body with hot rice. Through the means of this unfeeling wretch, many innocent females have been put to the torture! Under the control of such a governess, my readers cannot but believe my situation truly wretched. But we were slaves, and to a barbarous and unprincipled nation! deprived of our liberties, we were compelled like

beasts of burden to toil under the heavy yoke of bondage! our sighs and tears were unavailing, they gained us nothing but threats and abuse! Torn from our friends and country, there were but few of us but would rather have chosen death than life.

Confined and employed with the other prisoners in cooking, &c. as before mentioned, nothing worthy of record took place until about two months after my arrival at this place, when the thundering of the large cannon of the Bashaw's castle announced the approach of an event of no little magnitude. About three o'clock, P.M. orders were received from the Bashaw for our immediate removal with all possible dispatch, to a fortification near the harbor's mouth, on arriving at which we discovered the cause of the alarm – the Swedes, with a large and well-manned fleet, were about to commence an attack on the town,¹²⁷ and we were ordered here for the purpose of conveying ammunition to the Tripolitans, from the Magazine, a business always allotted females in time of action. By the manoeuvrings of the fleet we could easily discern that they were making preparations to bombard the town, and every plan was adopted by the Tripolitans to oppose them. At day light an action commenced, on the part of the Swedes, three hundred bombs were thrown into the town by the bomb ships, which did terrible execution, while the besieged in the mean time made some hundred discharges of cannon against their assailants, but without doing apparent injury. The night following, bombs, together with some hundreds of shells were again thrown into the town, and with so good effect that the castle and other great edifices were nearly destroyed, and several of the Bashaw's most valuable vessels taken or sunk. The Bashaw now called a meeting of the Chief Officers, to consult upon what measures it would be most expedient to adopt to preserve the town from entire destruction – it was the decided opinion of all, that peace ought to be immediately sued for, and terms immediately sent off to the Swedish Admiral;¹²⁸ what those terms were, offered by the Bashaw, I never could learn, they were such however as the Admiral would not accede to – in consequence, a second attack commenced, and the fleet managed to such advantage, and kept pouring in such showers of red hot balls, bombs, &c. that in less than twenty-four hours, the greatest part of the city was reduced to ashes, and the slain and wounded of the Tripolitans were immense – I was at this moment employed as I had been during the whole siege, in furnishing the Tripolitans with ammunition, yet I could have a fair view of what was going on, and was not a little pleased to see many of my barbarous masters made to bite the dust!

The Tripolitans began now to think that they were not invincible, and therefore the second time dispatched a flag of truce to the Admiral, begging in the most abject terms for peace, which the Admiral granted upon his own terms; orders were immediately thereupon issued, for the prisoners (who had been employed in the defence of the town) to assemble and assist in removing the rubbish and in interring the dead. Heavens! what a scene

presented to view! the shores covered with two thousand lifeless bodies, and as many wounded beings wallowing in their gore! On whatever side I turned my eyes, my attention was attracted by mangled limbs, legs, arms heads, &c. bleeding afresh! while the groans of the wounded, although they proceeded from cruel barbarians, could not fail to operate most forcibly upon the feeling powers of a female heart.

The business allotted the female captives, was to strip the dead, at which business I was constantly employed for three days, during which time I took the clothes off of no less than 169 dead bodies, some of which were most shockingly mangled, and their very putrified state on the third day, created an intolerable stench. As soon as the bodies were prepared for interment, the male captives were employed with their waggons, in removing them to a high rock overhanging the sea, into which they were thrown, the wounded (who had been suffered to lay since the termination of the action) were now carried on the shoulders of the captives to the hospital, where they were visited by the Bashaw and presented with eight dollars each. We were ordered again to our late place of confinement and labor, from which we had been taken, we had not however been but a few moments here before we were again alarmed by the discharge of cannon, and the beating of the *raritoo*, a never failing signal for the slaves to assemble – it was at this moment that I could perceive a sudden change of countenance in my fellow captives, those in an especial manner who had been long in captivity. Our Governess hurried us off as quick as possible to the castle, at the door of which assembled (as I should judge) between eight and ten thousand men, and the captives were then continually flocking in – about three o'clock, P.M. orders were given for the forming a procession, and it was at this moment that I learned the cause of our assembling. It appeared that during the late action with the fleet, a French captive had made an attempt to escape, by swimming to one of the enemy's boats lying a few rods off the shore, but was discovered and compelled to return. The affair reaching the ears of the Bashaw, he ordered the immediate execution of his most cruel and oppressive laws relative to such cases. Directions were given for his death by cruel torture, on the plains of Karra, situated about three miles from the town. For the information of the reader, it may be well to mention, that on all such like occasions, it is ever customary for the prisoners of every description, to attend and be eye witnesses to those scenes of savage torture, practiced by the barbarians on their fellow beings.

About 4 P.M. a procession was formed, which moved to the place of execution in the following order, viz¹²⁹ – the Bashaw in front, mounted on a buffalo, on his right and left his Marabouts and preceded by his Mamalukes,¹³⁰ the latter attend him on such like occasions to guard his person; while the former ever accompany him to protect him from the power of infernal spirits, for so credulous is he, that he doubts not but those impostors are vested with supernatural power. Next in succession followed a body of Turks, about

300 in number, armed with spears and scymeters, and in the centre was the unhappy captive, pinioned and mounted on a jackass, with his back placed toward the animal's head, the spectators and prisoners brought up the rear. At half past five we arrived in view of the fatal plain; the croud were now ordered to wheel to the right and left, that the prisoners might be marched in and stationed in a circle around the machine of torture, within two rods of it, which was made in imitation of a Genoese shaving-mill¹³¹ and when set in motion was so calculated as to cut the unhappy person into as small pieces as one's little finger.

The Bashaw dismounted and ascended a lofty stage, a station ever occupied by him on such occasions, and from which he gave directions to his executioners (three barbarous looking Turks) to bring forward the unfortunate Frenchman, at the same time commanding silence. – The poor fellow, who now bore a countenance pale and terrific, was dismounted and led up to the accursed machine – he was next ordered to strip off his frock, after which his skin was rubbed by the Marabouts with a liquid as black as ink; this they do to prevent christians gaining admission among the saints of Mahomet, as they persuade the Bashaw, that with the body the soul is also colored! The executioners were now ordered to perform their duty; one of them approached the prisoner, and taking him by hair, threw him upon his back, a cord about the bigness of a person's thumb was made fast to his left leg, a little above the ancle bone, with which he was drawn to the fatal shears, which at the very moment were set in motion, slicing his left foot and leg in pieces of less than half an ounce weight! Good God! a scene like this was too shocking for human eyes to witness! a view of which I was enabled to prevent, thank heaven, by closing my eyes; but alas! I could not close my ears against the shrieks and groans of the unhappy sufferer! the pangs of death were however of but short duration, for in less than six minutes there was not a piece of the poor fellow to be found of the bigness of a man's hand; there appeared nothing of him but a mass of goared flesh, cut into a thousand pieces.

When those savage monsters had sufficiently glutted themselves with the blood of this innocent but unfortunate captive, orders were given for the re-forming of the procession, and we again returned after the same manner we came, the Bashaw riding in front flourishing his scymeter in the air, the blade of which, the callous hearted villain had taken pains to stain with the blood of the victim of his savage cruelty, as a token of triumph! I was on my return again committed to the charge of my unprincipled Governess, and immediately re-conducted to the house of imprisonment and labour. – In this dreary abode did I much expect to spend the remainder of my days, yet *hope*, the soothing balm of life, was not wholly destroyed, it was this alone that now and then revived in a small degree my drooping spirits, and added new life to my person – the pleasing anticipation of gaining my freedom, and once more visiting my native home, afforded me moments of imaginary

pleasure, and seemed at intervals to lighten in some measure the weight of my afflictions.

Nearly eighteen months had now elapsed since my captivity, during which time I had not exchanged a word with any one but my keepers, nor was I permitted so to do, although I began to know a little of the Tripolitan language. One day being busily employed with the other slaves as usual, in cooking for the prisoners confined in the castle, I was not a little surprized to see an elderly gentleman enter the room clad in a christian habit and accompanied by Ben Ali, of whom I have heretofore spoken; and much greater was my surprize when I heard the latter utter these words – ‘*Merza kem quo siz faltari*’, (there is the slave you are in pursuit of) at the same time pointing to me. – The gentleman at this instant approached me, and clasping my hand in his, said, ‘madam, would to God I could be the messenger of more agreeable tidings, than what I am about to communicate to you, yet believe me, poor woman, it is out of power to render you any farther assistance, than to purchase for you a week’s freedom. I am a countryman of yours, and am happy that I have it in my power to liberate you and your countrymen from slavery and oppression, for so long a time’. Gracious Heaven! had these words proceeded from an angel from on high, they could not have surprized me more. With what joy did I hear them uttered! What relief did they afford to a miserable captive, who expected never more to behold a christian friend in a situation to aid relief! It was for some moments before I could credit my own ears! I could not but believe it nothing more than an imaginary dream. Recovering however, a little from my surprize, I immediately returned thanks to my benefactor for the kindness and relief he had rendered me. It was my next object to enquire of him, whether the Italian government would not soon make some provision for the redemption of such of her unhappy subjects as were then held in bitter captivity; the gentleman in reply to my interrogations, said that he had been for the three last days constantly employed in negociating for our freedom, as he had been authorized and sent by government for that purpose, but that he was unable to succeed, the price of our liberties being set much higher than he was authorized to give – that he had visited most of the ship’s crew since his arrival, and from them got information of my capture, but could not for some time learn where I was, it being their opinion that I was long since dead, supposing that I should not be enabled to endure so long the hardships inflicted on them – that he found all but three of ship’s crew alive, the 2nd mate and two others having soon after their arrival paid the debt of nature – that for the remainder, as well as for myself, he had obtained a week’s freedom, for 300 sacks (equal to 150 dollars) and that it was his wish that we should all assemble together on that day.

Ben Ali, whose pleasing countenance is still fresh in my mind, and which nothing can obliterate there from, now signified to me by his motions, that *I* was at liberty to accompany my deliverer, and might consider myself

no longer a slave until the expiration of the week. *I* accordingly took my departure with my friend, for the Bashaw's Square, a small and silly fortification in the centre of the city, it was to this place he had desired such of the ship's crew as he had liberated, to repair. It was here I met them! – O, joyful meeting! still pleasing to the recollection. – Capt. Izino seeing me at a distance, could not wait for my arrival, but ran to meet me, and taking me by the hand, burst into a flood of tears at the same time exclaiming 'O my dear Mary, my dear Mary, is it possible that you have been enabled to endure the galling chains of slavery?' – When we had arrived at the place where were seated the remainder of our ship's company, the pitying looks, that were cast toward me by my poor unfortunate countrymen, bespoke their feelings for me in terms stronger than the tongue could express. Each one would take me by the hand, even poor Yorico, our ship's cook, could not avoid this signal of gladness to see me. This poor African had been put twice to the torture for some trifling offence, he had been deprived of one eye, and all the fingers of his left hand.

After congratulating each other on our happy and unexpected deliverance from slavery, even for a single week, and relating the most remarkable incidents of our captivity, we were informed by two armed Turks, who were to attend us during our liberation, that we were at liberty to walk to any part of the city, to visit the other slaves, but must not on pain of death hold any discourse with them, nor must we, on pain of like punishment, examine too critically the fortifications defending the city.

It was proposed by Mr. Cini (the gentleman who had procured our liberation) that we should walk about and view the city, its curiosities, inhabitants, &c. Agreeable to the proposal and wish of this gentleman, we proceeded first to take a view of the city at large; a description of which, together with the customs and manners of the inhabitants, I believe nearly agrees with the following:

Tripoli is built fronting the sea – it is built on level ground, and the streets very well correspond with the nature of its inhabitants – they are narrow, rough, and nearly clogged with filth and dirt. The houses are small and have flat roofs, which enable people to visit each other at a considerable distance in the town, without going into the streets. The fortifications are numerous, and some of them very ingeniously built. The christian slaves are generally employed in dragging large stones to repair them. Tripoli is supposed to contain 1300 houses, and 10.000 inhabitants. The palace of the Bashaw stands on an eminence, three miles from the shore; the building is large, but not elegant. There is a law here the same as in Algiers, by which any woman convicted of amorous correspondence with a christian, is thrown into the sea, with her head tied up in a sack, unless her lover chooses to turn Mahometan, and abandons his country until the death of the woman.

The inhabitants of the territory of Tripoli,¹³² are composed of Tripolitans, Turks, Jews, Arabs, Moors, &c. The Moors, Arabs and Turks, are the most

numerous. The dress of the men is a long piece of coarse cloth wrapped round the shoulders; and falling down to the ankles, with a cap of the same stuff – the women dress much the same. The children are suffered to go stark naked until they are seven or eight years old. When a young man would marry, he drives a number of cattle to the hut where the parents of his mistress reside. The bride is set on horse-back and led home, amid the shouts of a croud of young people. When she arrives at the hut of her lover, a mixture of milk and honey is given her to drink, she then dismounts and is presented with a stick, which she thrusts into the ground, and repeats the following: ‘As this stick is fastened in the earth, so I am in duty bound to my husband; as nothing but violence can remove it, so death alone shall force me from his love.’ She then drives his flock to water and back again, to show her willingness to perform any duty that he may assign her.¹³³ In Tripoli both men and women spend a great part of their time in indolence. The Tripolitans have generally five wives –¹³⁴ the husband seldom sees his wife before the day of marriage.

The common punishment at Tripoli for offences not capital, is the bastinado, this is done by tying up the feet with a rope, and beating upon the soles of them with a large stick. They often perish under the operation. For murder, treason, &c. they are beheaded; for theft or house-breaking, the left hand and the right foot are taken off at the joint, and the stumps are dipt in boiling tar: – captives who attempt an escape are sometimes burned or rather roasted alive, at other times impaled, this is done by placing the offender on the end of a sharp stake, which is thrust through him until it appears above the shoulders. – Women convicted of adultery, have arms cut off at their shoulders and fastened about their necks, others are held under water until they are suffocated.

When a Tripolitan vessel takes a prize the crew are disposed of in the same manner as in Algiers and the other barbary states. The commander examines into the quality and circumstances of the prisoners, after having obtained what information he is able, he brings them on shore to the market house, after having stripped them almost naked. The Bashaw is then informed of the arrival of a crew of fresh prisoners, and invited to come and select out such as he shall prefer to the number allowed by government – he generally chooses the masters, mates, surgeons, carpenters, &c. the rest fall to the corsair and his owners, and are disposed of to the highest bidders.

Nothing can be more calculated to draw a tear from a christian eye, than a view of their unhappy fellow-beings who are held in bondage performing their daily tasks – some of them nearly divested of cloathing, chained and yoked like our beasts of burden, and compelled to toil in the scorching sun from morning till night, affords a scene truly distressing. As we passed numerous bodies of these poor fellows, employed in digging large stones out of the earth, they would look upon us apparently with mingled emotions of joy and pity; by our dress they were led to conclude that we were like

themselves held in captivity, yet they could not but be pleased with the idea of our having gained our freedom even for so short a space of time. It was really heart-piercing to see the poor creatures extend their hands toward Mr. Cini, as he passed them imploring relief.

By our attendants it was proposed that we should go and view a remarkable cave, about seven miles distant from the capital, which had been long celebrated as having once been the habitation of a Female Captive, who had effected an escape from the Tripolitans, respecting whom, one of our attendants gave us the following account:

Mira Civer, a French Female Captive whom hunger and savage treatment had inspired with resolution to brave the fear of death, eluded the vigilance of the guards who were posted around the city and wandered about for some time in unknown and unfrequented roads entered a cave to repose herself. A lioness whom she met with there filled her with extreme terror, which was soon changed into surprise, when she perceived this formidable animal approaching her with signs of fear, and then caressing and licking her hands with mournful cries rather calculated to excite compassion than dread. – Madam Civer soon perceived that the lioness was with whelp, and that her groans were the complaints of a dam who calls for help to get rid of her burden. The unfortunate woman was inspired with courage, and assisted the efforts of nature in that painful moment, when she seems reluctantly to give life to all beings, which they are to enjoy for so short a time. The lioness being safely delivered soon went out in quest of provision, which she brought and laid at the feet of her benefactress. She daily shared it with the little whelps, who, brought into life by her assistance, and bred up with her, seemed by their playful and harmless bites to acknowledge an obligation, which their dam repaid with tender marks, of attention. But when they grew bigger and found themselves compelled by natural instinct to seek their own prey, and sufficiently strong to seize and devour it, the family dispersed in the woods; and the lioness, who was no longer called to the cave by maternal tenderness, disappeared likewise to roam about the forest, which her hunger daily depopulated.

Madam Civer alone and without assistance, was forced to quit a cavern which was an object of terror to so many living creatures, but which her pity had made a place of safety to her. She now felt with sorrow the want of society, that had been of such signal service to her; she did not wonder far before she fell into the hands of the Tripolitans. She had been fed by a lioness, and was made a slave by men! She was soon brought back to Tripoli, and the Bashaw did not think her sufficiently punished for her flight by all the dangers and miseries she had endured: he had the cruelty to order her to be tied to a tree in the middle of a wood, and there left to starve, or be devoured by wild beasts.

Two days after, some soldiers went to see what had become of the unhappy victim. They found her alive, surrounded by hungry tygers, who were eager

to devour her, but were kept at a distance by a lioness who lay at her feet with her whelps. This sight struck the soldiers motionless with pity and terror. When the lioness saw them, she withdrew from the tree, as if to make room for them to unbind her benefactress: but when they took her away, the animal followed slowly at some distance, endeavoring to confirm by her caresses and tender complaints the wonders of gratitude which the woman was relating to her deliverers.¹³⁵ The lioness with her whelps for sometime followed her footsteps, shewing all the same marks of regret and affliction, that a disconsolate family express when they attend a beloved father or son, when he is going to embark for Europe from whence he may never return.

Having sufficiently gratified our curiosity in viewing this cave, and the country about, we thought it expedient to return to the city, as it had now got to be the last day of our liberation, and we began all of us to feel too down-hearted to be diverted by any curiosity which this savage country contained. While on my return with my fellow captives, silently meditating on my unhappy situation, as I approached the dismal habitation of my former abode, Mr. Cini (whose kindness already exhibited toward me was enough to convince me of the tenderness of his heart) in a low voice, and when our attendants were at a considerable distance from us, asked me, if I had ever any notion of attempting an escape – the question at first startled me, for I had never dreamed of a thing which appeared to me so imprudent and unwise, and which seemed productive of so little success. Mr. Cini perceived by my countenance that I was a good deal surprised at the question, and endeavored to reconcile me by declaring that he had been laying a plan which could not fail meeting with success, and which would inevitably restore me to my country and friends! The pleasing idea of gaining my liberty, outweighed in my mind every objectional point. To obtain it, I felt perfectly willing to hazard life itself. I thanked my generous countryman for his humane offer, expressed my willingness to approve of any plan that he should think prudent to adopt, to regain for me my freedom, and begged of him to relate to me by what means he thought an escape might be effected. ‘Dear madam’, says he, ‘this day the term expires for which I purchased your liberation, and at the rising of the sun to-morrow morning, you become again a friendless and unhappy slave! aware of this, I have made every preparation for my departure early in the morning, determined not to witness you and my unfortunate countrymen toiling in chains, since it is out of my power to aid you any further relief! The thoughts of leaving you, dear madam, in a barbarous country like this, a slave to masters whose cruelty exceeds that of untutored savages, and who impose upon you tasks which must ‘ere¹³⁶ long deprive you of life itself, has borne heavily upon my mind, insomuch that I have resolved at all events to aid your escape if possible. To-morrow morning one of the Turks which now accompany us, will in all probability be ordered to conduct you to your house of confinement and labor; and as I have still left about twenty-seven Johannas¹³⁷ in

cash, a gold watch, and some other articles of value, I will beg the liberty to accompany you, and on our way, I will use my best endeavors to bribe the fellow who attends us; should I succeed, we must immediately repair to some retired part of the city, until you can have time sufficient to change your cloaths for a suit of mine, I will then convey you as privately as possible on board the ship and there secret you until we sail, which will be early in the morning’.

I did not hesitate to approve of the plan of my benefactor, and was as impatient for the arrival of the important moment, when it was to be put in execution, nay, more than I had dreaded its approach the day preceding. The interesting hour at length arrived – every thing bore a promising prospect – Mr. Cini had been on board his vessel and prepared a place for my concealment. – A gun at the rising of the sun, was fired from the castle, announcing the expiration of the time for which we had been liberated. – One of the Turks pointing to the house in which I was to be confined, signified to me that I must return. Mr. Cini (who understood tolerably well the Arabic language) approached him, and slipping a half johanna into his hand, begged of him the liberty to accompany me to the place of my abode – the Turk consented – we set out – and on our way as was proposed, Mr. Cini broached upon the important subject; he first made a proffer of his cash, the Turk shook his head, he then presented his watch, but met with no better success; he then drew from his pocket a snuff-box, most beautifully ornamented with diamonds – this was to the Turk too valuable a prize to lose – he consented conditionally to surrender me to Mr. Cini, on his giving his word that he would sooner suffer death than betray him should a discovery be made of my escape before the sailing of the vessel. The Turk left us, and we repaired with all haste to a neighboring thicket, where I immediately garbed myself in a suit of sea cloaths, belonging to Mr. Cini; my hands were then tied behind me, the better to effect my escape without creating suspicion, and we then proceeded for the ship. On our way thither we were twice hailed by the Mamluke guard, but by the stratagem of Mr. Cini, I escaped, as he told them when they hailed that I was one of his ship’s crew who had run away from the vessel, and that he was then conducting me back, and was determined to hang me at the yard arm, according to the Tripolitan custom; the guard were satisfied with this answer and suffered us to pass on, and we succeeded in getting on board the ship without further molestation. The captain, by Mr. Cini’s request, ordered springs to be set upon his cables and every thing to be put in readiness to depart at a moments notice. I was conducted between decks, and headed up in water cask.

It was at this moment that I thought my troubles at an end; already did I fancy myself approaching my peaceful mansion, and view my little daughter approaching to embrace her long lost mother. But alas, O heaven! these pleasing anticipations of approaching happiness and desirable scenes, were

of but short duration! At the moment the ship was getting under way, I heard the roaring of the castle guns, and in a few moments after, the confusion on deck gave me to understand what I was shortly to expect. – The ship was soon under way, and by her rapid motion, I doubted not but the crew were making every exertion possible to escape. Upon my bended knees I offered up a prayer for their success; but alas! good God! what was my feelings when I heard the cry of ‘*oyi, oyi*’ (board, board) and at the same time the motion of oars alongside. In a fit of desperation I now cried out and at the same time seizing myself by the throat, ‘God forgive me, I can no longer possibly endure the pangs of cruel slavery!’ and was about to put an end to my existence, when the report of a pistol on deck, succeeded by a deep and apparently dying groan, stayed for a moment my hand, when about to give the fatal gripe! In a few moments the vessel came to anchor, and by the cracking over my head, I conjectured they were tearing up the deck; and believing it in search of me, I was resolved at all events to remain silent until they should discover the place of my concealment. – In a short time the deck was ripped up, and the Tripolitans descended in hundreds in search of me; fifty times or more I believe I was rolled over and tossed to and fro, in the hogshead in which I was concealed, but kept myself as still as possible. The Tripolitans finding their search fruitless, began now to stave the water casks! alas! my discovery was now certain. In a few moments the cask in which I was concealed, met the fate of others, and the place of my concealment was discovered: three cheers given by those in search of me, announced my discovery to those waiting in anxious expectation on shore. On my arrival on the quarter deck I saw the mate lying near the wheel wallowing in his blood; the captain of the zebeck along side, here first met me, and gave me a severe cut with his sabre on my left shoulder, the blade of which penetrated to the bone, on which I was precipitately hurried into the boat and rowed on shore. The Bashaw’s guard now took charge of me, and conducted me to the castle. At this moment two or three of the castle guns were discharged and the raritoo beat! a dismal sound indeed to me! The slaves were now marched in from all quarters, as before mentioned, and a procession formed; the bribed Turk and myself I soon found were to be victims of torture! we were marched into the centre of the croud, and the procession moved in the same manner as before described, toward the blood-stained plains of Karra. The poor Turk, conscious of his fate, raved like a madman, and exhibited every symptom of distraction. At half past six we arrived at the place for which we were destined; nothing here presented to our view but a hole newly dug in the earth, of about six feet in depth, and four feet in circumference. My unhappy companion was now undressed by two of his countrymen, his head shaved, and a cup of *she she*, a pleasant liquor, given him to drink. He was next pinioned hand and foot, and placed in a standing posture in the hole above mentioned; four large iron kettles of boiling tar, or pitch, was then brought and placed near him, upon which

one of the Turks taking from under his cloak an iron ladle, commenced the tragical work by pouring a certain quantity of the fiery liquid into the hole, after an interval of a few moments, the same quantity was added, and continued until the unhappy man was completely inundated. From the time of pouring in the first quantity, and until the fatal tar had reached his bowels, his shrieks and groans completely drowned the hissings and exulting voices of the Tripolitans; from this moment he became speechless until he happily sunk into the arms of death.

My readers may easily guess how great was my surprize on hearing the word of command given by the Bashaw for our immediate return, at the very moment that I was myself expecting to fall a like sacrifice to his unmerciful barbarity! My surprize however was soon turned into horror and despair, when I found that the procession were shaping their course toward the accursed dwelling in which I had been formerly confined, and in which was the machine of torture of which I have heretofore given a description. – That I was to suffer here! no longer doubted, and offered up a silent prayer for my speedy exit, should this be the case. At half past three, P.M. we arrived at the doors of the dismal mansion; they were unlocked and opened. The Bashaw and his mounted guards dismounted, and I then conducted to the gloomy and subterraneous apartment where I was to experience the most cruel siege of torture ever inflicted on man.

On my arrival, orders were given to the four Turks selected to execute the Bashaw's barbarous laws, to strip me; after being divested of my cloathing, one of the monsters seizing me by the hair, at the same time another taking me by the feet, stretched me on the platform of the horrid machine! the spears or spikes which it contained, soon pierced my flesh to the bone; four ropes were then made fast to my wrists and ankles, and drawn taught by means of the four posts turning like a windless as before mentioned, and which were turned at intervals until every bone in my arms and legs were wrenched out of joint, the spikes on which I lay at the same time tearing and hackling my flesh in a manner not to be described.

The Bashaw thinking my punishment not sufficient, ordered me to be conveyed to an adjoining room, which contained, if possible, a machine of torture far more horrible than the one by which I had just suffered! The reader will naturally suppose that I must be seized with horror, when, at my entering this infernal place I saw myself on a sudden surrounded by six wretches, who after preparing their tortures, began to lay hold of every part of my body. First they put round my neck an iron collar, which was fastened to the scaffold; they then fixed a ring to each foot; and this being done, they stretched my limbs with all their might. They next wound two ropes round each arm, and two round each thigh, which ropes passed under the scaffold, through holes made for that purpose, and were all drawn taught at the same time, by the four Turks, upon a signal made for this purpose.

The reader will believe that my pains must be intolerable, when I solemnly declare, that these ropes were of the size of one's little finger, and pierced through my flesh quite to the bone; making the blood gush out at the eight different places that were thus bound. At my side stood a surgeon; who often felt my temples to judge of the danger I might be in; by which means my tortures were suspended at intervals, that I might have an opportunity of recovering myself a little.

Whilst I was thus suffering they were so barbarous as to mimic my groans! in fine, the last time the ropes were drawn tight, I grew so exceeding weak, occasioned by the blood's circulation being stopped, and the pains I endured, that I fainted quite away; insomuch that I was conveyed to an adjoining dungeon without once perceiving it. These barbarous monsters not yet fully gratified with what they had done, were so inhuman six weeks after, as to expose me to another kind of torture still more grievous if possible than the two former. They made me stretch my arms in such a manner, that the palms of my hands were turned outward; when, by the help of a rope that fastened them together at the wrist, and which they turned by an engine, they drew them gently nearer to one another behind, in such a manner that the back of each hand touched, and stood exactly parallel one to the other; whereby both my shoulders were dislocated, and a considerable quantity of blood issued from my mouth. This torture was repeated thrice; after which I was again taken to my dungeon, and put into the hands of a surgeon, who, in setting my bones, put me to exquisite pain.

Two months after, being a little recovered, I was again conveyed to the torture-room, and there made to undergo another kind of punishment twice. The reader may judge of its horror, from the following description thereof:

The torturers turned twice round my body a thick iron chain, which crossing upon my stomach, terminated afterwards at my wrists. They next set my back against a thick board, at each extremity whereof was a pulley, thro' which there run a rope, that caught the ends of the chains at my wrists. The tormentors then stretching these ropes, by means of a roller, pressed or bruised my stomach, in proportion as the ropes were drawn tighter. They tortured me on this occasion, to such a degree, that my wrists and shoulders were put out of joint the second time. The surgeons, however, set them presently after; but the barbarians not having yet satisfied their cruelty, made me undergo this torture a second time, which I did with fresh pains, though with equal constancy and resolution; for the more I suffered, the more fervently I addressed my supplications, for patience, to heaven.

The reader may judge, from the faint description, of the dreadful anguish I must have labored under, the four different times they put me to the torture. Most of my limbs were put out of joint, and bruised in such a manner, that I was unable, during some weeks, to lift my hand to my mouth; my body being vastly swelled by the inflammations caused by the frequent dislocations,

I have too much reason to fear, that I shall feel the sad effects of this cruelty so long as I live; I being seized from time to time with thrilling pains, with which I never was afflicted, till I had the misfortune to fall into the merciless and bloody hands of these savage monsters.

The Bashaw thinking me sufficiently tormented, ordered me to be conveyed to a dungeon expressly prepared for me, of which the following is a description: It was built of rough stone, and the walls were about eight feet in breadth. It contained but one small window, with large iron gratings, and which afforded so little light that I could hardly discern an object four feet from me. My furniture consisted of a three-legged stool and a gallon jug, which was filled once a fortnight with water.

God of heaven! what were my feelings when I observed, on the 11th day of my confinement in this dismal cell, two smiths enter with their hammers! bringing along with them chains abundance! They no sooner entered than they began the barbarous work of chaining me. An enormous collar was fixed round my neck, and another still larger round my waist, to both of these was attached a large iron chain, the end of which was fixed to a ring in the wall. This ring was five feet from the ground, and only allowed me to sit down on the stool above mentioned. They next rivited two iron rings around each of my wrists, to each of which a chain was fixed.

In this situation they left me, helpless and wretched, preyed on by all the torture of thought that continually suggested the most gloomy and dreadful images. My fortitude after some time, began to revive; I glowed with the desire of convincing the world I was capable of suffering what man had never suffered before. Often did I reflect how much happier I was in innocence, than the malefactor doomed to suffer the pangs of death, the ignominy of men, and the horrors of internal guilt.

The enormous iron round my neck pained me, and prevented motion. The chains that descended from the neck collar were obliged to be supported first with one hand, and then with the other, for if thrown behind, they would have strangled me, and if hanging forwards, occasioned most excessive head-aches. The little sleep I could have in such a situation may easily be supposed, and at length body and mind sunk under this accumulation of miserable suffering, and I fell ill of a burning fever. Reason, fortitude, heroism, all the noble qualities of the mind, decay when the corporal faculties are diseased, and the remembrance of my sufferings, at this dreadful moment, still agitates, still inflames my blood, so as almost to prevent an attempt to describe what they were. Yet hope had not totally forsaken me. – Deliverance seemed possible, especially should peace ensue.

I continued ill about two months, and was so reduced at last that I had scarcely strength to lift the water jug to my mouth. What must the sufferings of a female be, who is confined in a dungeon so damp, so dark, so horrible, without bed or straw, her limbs loaded as mine were, with no refreshment but dry mouldy bread, without so much as a drop of broth;



Illustration 2.5 Mary Velnet. *The Captivity and sufferings of Mrs. Mary Velnet* (Boston: 1828)

without a consoling friend, and who under all these afflictions, trusts for her recovery to the efforts of nature alone!

Sickness itself is sufficient to humble the mightiest mind; what then is sickness with such addition of torment? The burning fever, the violent headaches, my neck swelled and inflamed with the irons, enraged me almost to madness. The fever and the fetters together flead my body so that it appeared like one continued wound. Yet can it be supposed? there came a day, a day of horror, when these mortal pangs were, beyond imagination, increased! *I* sat scorched with this intolerable fever, in which nature and death were contending, and when attempting to quench my burning entrails with cold

water, the jug dropped from my enfeebled hands, and broke! *I* had four and twenty hours to remain without water!

On my attendants visiting me the next day, they supposed me dead, as I lay motionless with my tongue out of my mouth. They poured water down my throat, and found life. Gracious God! How pure, how delicious, how exquisite, was this water! My insatiable thirst soon emptied the jug: they filled it anew, bade me farewell, hoped death would soon relieve my mortal sufferings, and departed.

Three days had passed before I could again eat a morsel of bread. The irons every where round my body, and their weight was insupportable; nor could I imagine it was possible I should habituate myself to them, or endure them long enough to expect deliverance. A thousand reasons convinced me it was necessary to end my sufferings. I shall not enter into theological disputes: let those who blame me imagine themselves in my situation; or rather let them first actually endure my miseries, and let them reason.

What a strange thing is that called happiness! How shall I express my extreme joy, when after eleven months intolerable hunger, I was indulged with a sweet loaf of bread free from mould? The fond lover never rushed more eagerly to the arms of his bride; the famished tiger more ravenously on his prey than I upon this loaf; I eat, rested, surveyed the precious morsel, eat again, and absolutely shed tears of pleasure.

O Nature! what delight hast thou combined with the gratification of my wants! remember this, ye who rack invention to excite appetite, and which yet you cannot procure; remember how simple are the means that will give a crust of mouldy bread a flavor more exquisite than all the spices of the east, or on all the profusion of land or sea: remember this, grow hungry, and indulge your sensuality.

Alas! my enjoyment was of short duration. I soon found that excess is followed by pain and repentance. My fasting had weakened digestion, and rendered it inactive. My body swelled; my water jug was emptied, cramps, cholics, and, at length, inordinate thirst racked me all the night. I began to pour curses on those who seemed to refine on torture, and, after starving me so long to invite me to gluttony. Could I not have seated myself on my bench, and inclined my back against the wall of my dungeon, I should indeed have been driven to desperation: yet even this was but a partial relief. – When my attendants opened my dungeon, they found me in a truly pitiful situation, wondered at my appetite, brought me another loaf; I refused to accept it, believing I never more should have occasion for bread; they however left it with me, gave me water, shrugged up their shoulders, and left me.

God of omnipotence! what was I at this moment! Was there, God of mercies! – was there ever creature of thine more justified than I in despair! – The moon shone clear; I cast a wild distracted look up to heaven, fell on my knees, and, in the agony of my soul, sought comfort but no comfort could be found,

nor religion nor philosophy had any to give. – I cursed not Providence, I feared not annihilation, I dared not Almighty vengeance: God the Creator was the disposer of my fate; and if he heaped afflictions upon me he had not given me strength to support, his justice would not therefore punish me. – To him, the Judge of the quick and dead, I committed my soul, seized a spike which was loose in the wall, and gashed through the veins of my left arm and foot, sat myself tranquil down, and saw the blood flow. Nature, overpowered, fainted, and I know not how long I remained slumbering in this state. – Suddenly I heard the doors of my dungeon unbarring – the doors of my dungeon for the last time resounded! Several of the Turkish guard entered and gave me to understand that my liberty had been just purchased by my country. Heaven! what joy did I feel on this occasion, it was a long time before I could be convinced of the truth of what was told me, nor would I believe it until they began to knock off my irons.

I was now conducted of a dark and dismal dungeon, in which I had been closely confined for nearly three years, and informed by the Bashaw that I had liberty to return to my own country as soon as I pleased!

The Italian consul informing me that a vessel was to be sent on by government to convey the captives home, I concluded to tarry in Tripoli until such time as she should arrive.

For some weeks after I first obtained my freedom, I was generally absent in mind, and deep in thought. This was a habit I acquired in prison, and the objects of sight appeared but as the visions of sleep. *I* often stopped in the streets, stared around me, doubted my own existence, and bit my finger, in order to convince myself that *I* was really awake and alive.

Seven weeks after my liberation from the bitterest captivity ever experienced by man, *I* embarked once more for my native country, from which I had been absent more than seven years. There were forty-three persons beside myself on board the ship, and who had been like myself slaves in Tripoli. After a long and tedious passage of fifty-four days, my eyes were once more regaled with a view of my native country. We anchored in the harbor of Milan from which *I* immediately dispatched a messenger to Modena, to inform my husband (if alive) of my arrival. Three days after, the messenger returned, accompanied by my husband and daughter. But, alas! we were strangers to each other; many hours passed before they could be prevailed on to believe that *I* was the person to whom they were so nearly connected, and whose absence had caused them so many unhappy moments.

Being now about to close the woful account of my sufferings, I most sincerely offer up my most earnest prayers to that Almighty GOD, by whose power my life has been miraculously preserved, and by whose means *I* have finally been delivered out of the hands of unmerciful barbarians.

FINIS

2.6 *History of the Captivity and Sufferings of Mrs. Maria Martin, Who Was Six Years a Slave in Algiers; two of which She Was Confined in a Dark and Dismal Dungeon, Loaded with Irons for Refusing to Comply with the Brutal Request of a Turkish Officer, Written by Herself.* Boston: W. Crary, 1807.

Twenty-year-old Maria Martin, a native of England of genteel parentage, set sail on 20 June 1800 with her husband for Minorca aboard the *Unicorn*, with 88 mariners and 12 passengers. A few days later the vessel foundered on the coast of Africa. Maria and her husband were among the survivors. They were captured by Algerian tribesmen and auctioned off at the slave market. Maria Martin was separated from her husband and sold to the grand-vizier. He began to make sexual advances to her, which she firmly repelled, saying that gratifying his wishes 'would be in direct violation of the laws of my God and my country.' She was consequently fettered and confined in a foul dungeon. She bore her plight with incomparable mettle and 'glowed with the desire of convincing the world I was capable of suffering what man had never suffered before.' Having spent six years in Algerine captivity, the British Consul procured her release. Her husband, who had been a slave under a different master, was likewise ransomed and joined her in England a few months later.

The *History of the Captivity and Sufferings of Mrs. Maria Martin, Who Was Six Years a Slave in Algiers*, first printed in Boston in 1806 by C. Crary, went into at least twelve editions by nine different publishers in the United States in the first two decades of the nineteenth century. The narrative subscribes to the notion of verisimilitude, purporting to be a historical account, and was received as such by its contemporary audience. The narrative's authenticity is, however, undermined by plagiarism. Martin's text does not only echo Velnet's title and plot, but has also cribbed its frontispiece as well as many passages. Moreover, the book's ethnographic observations on Moorish manners and customs are plagiarized from W. R. Chetwood's *The Voyages and Adventures of Captain Robert Boyle* (1726). This Barbary captivity novel appeared in numerous reprints in America in the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Its popularity is largely due to the incorporation in the plot of the sensational story of an English maiden's abduction and escape from a Barbary harem. Her story was extracted and printed in America in a chapbook entitled *The Remarkable History of Miss Villars* (three printings in 1790s), which reveals American fascination with tales of female beleaguered virtue and might have inspired the inclusion of alien sex threat in Martin's 1807 edition.

Compared to the original edition of 1806, plot, setting, and characters in the 1807 version have undergone radical changes to the extent that the two editions might as well be read as two unrelated narratives. For

instance, while the single Maria in 1806 is kidnapped by corsairs during a sea voyage from Madeira to Cadiz aboard the sloop *Triumph* to visit a relative there, Maria of the 1807 version falls captive when she is sailing with her husband to see the world aboard the *Unicorn* and her ship runs aground on the Algerian coast. Her confinement and torture are here the result of spurning her master's sexuality, while in the 1806 edition it is a punishment for attempting to escape. Significantly, the insertion of Muslim sex threat in the plot – absent in the other female Barbary accounts published in America – promoted the book's marketability, instantly turning it into a bestseller. With the exception of the 1815 Fay and Davison edition, all the other ten versions – including the 1810, which changed the heroine's name to Lucinda – have reproduced the 1807 edition, the one anthologized in this collection on account of its popularity.

The numerous publications through which female Barbary captivity narratives went demonstrate the immense fascination with female entrapment in Barbary and the extent to which such stories, however fudged they might be, continued to inform the imagination of American readers on North Africa and reshape their attitudes towards Islam and Muslims. The images conjured up in these narratives were considered real and topical in the eyes of these readers and figured prominently in Western consciousness.

Captivity and Sufferings of Maria Martin

I AM a native of England, and was born in the year 1779 of respectable and wealthy parents. In the year 1797, I was married to capt. HENRY MARTIN, who was commander of one of the East India Company's ships. Being ever desirous of visiting some distant part of the world, I solicited and obtained the consent of my husband to accompany him a voyage to Minorca. Accordingly, on the 20th of June 1800, we set sail in the ship *Unicorn*, on board of which there were 100 souls, 12 of whom were passengers. We enjoyed for several weeks a pleasant wind and nothing occurred to obstruct our passage until the 27th July, when, at the very moment that the soft breeze fanned every soul to sleep, when every fear of danger was banished, all care forgotten, and the wearied lulled in the arms of Morpheus,¹³⁸ to sweet repose, then, in an instant, we were all roused, by the striking of the ship upon a rock! Our amazement and horror cannot be described – in order to do it, the reader must realize my feelings at that moment. We were soon overwhelmed by the tempest of the sea. The crew were in the utmost confusion – some swearing, and others praying.¹³⁹

At day light next morning, we found ourselves in a deplorable situation, the ship on her beam ends with four feet water in her hold, and a heavy sea continually breaking over us. In order to lighten the vessel, the foremast was cut away, and the guns thrown overboard, this plan had its desired effect, for in a few minutes we found ourselves afloat in deep water, and saw astern of us, the rock that had caused us so much trouble and anxiety

of mind. All hands being immediately set to work in repairing and clearing the ship of water, we had the pleasure of seeing ourselves the proceeding day in a situation to proceed on our voyage.

Nothing from this moment transpired, worthy of record, until the 14th of August, when we met with a far more fatal disaster – about sun-set, we were alarmed at the sight of a vessel we discovered, which capt. Martin imagined to be a French frigate, and to avoid her, he altered the ship's course – the wind at this moment began to blow unusually strong, and with the night increased to a hurricane. The night was extremely dark, and the sea running high and breaking over us, rendered it impossible to keep a light in the binnacle – we were therefore obliged to lash the helm and trust to the mercy of the waves. At day light the storm began in some measure to abate – at 9 A.M. it entirely subsided.

At 2 P.M. as we were taking some refreshment in the cabin, the boatswain came and told my husband that the colour of the water had changed; upon which he reprimanded him, and told him that he had lost his senses, for it was impossible to be near any shore. When the sea changes its colour, it is an evident token that land is not far off, we continued our course under a foresail; but our terror and surprize was not to be exprest, when in the morning watch, my husband being upon deck, discovered land right a-head, he came down immediately into the cabin, and with tears in his eyes, desired I would arise. By his countenance I judged that something extraordinary was the matter – I instantly arose and went upon deck, and plainly saw the land but a short distance a head! The land had the appearance of sand banks, and the ship's crew did all they could to weather¹⁴⁰ them, but the ship having a round head, she would not obey the helm, therefore it was agreed to make in for the land, hoping, as it had the appearance of a bold shore, that we might, through Providence, land safe. It however proving ebb tide, the ship struck upon one of the banks, but by lightening the ship, and cutting away her masts by the board, got clear of that; but keeping still in for the shore, we soon after struck upon another sand bank, but not very violently, so we threw out our ship's anchors in hopes we might ride out the tide; but the wind increasing, we dragged them, and were violently thrown upon another sand bank, where the ship struck, and the waves dashed over us. There were several children on board, the dismal cries of whom at this awful moment, could not fail to pierce the hardest heart. Capt. Martin ordered the boat out to see if we could gain the shore that way, a number jumped into her, but ere they could leave the ship, she was staved to pieces.

There were on board two blacks, that were excellent divers (for the surge was so violent no one could stem the billows but by diving) who offered to get with a rope on shore, and fasten it from the ship to the rocks. The negroes accordingly plunged into the sea, and in a few moments we had the satisfaction to see them land and make fast the rope, by the assistance of which they again returned to the ship. My husband, the mate and myself

ventured into the water first upon the awning of the ship, and got safe on shore. The captain's clerk, the boatswain, and two sailors next came on shore, but no sooner were they landed, than the rope broke, and as the two negroes had left us, all hopes of saving any more from the ship was at an end; alas! my ears are even pierced at this moment with their cries, which was more terrible to me than the storm.

Soon after our arrival on shore my husband, the mate and boatswain, went in search of inhabitants, but in a few hours returned, and informed me that they could not discover any; our grief was now renewed, for we were apparently in as much danger of starving now, as we had been of drowning a few hours before.

While we were lamenting our condition we heard somebody hollow, up in the woods, which revived our drooping senses: but running to see who it was, we, much to our grief, found it to be one of the sailors that escaped, who was hallowing to his companion.

When we were together, my husband proposed that we should walk to the southward, to see if it were possible to find any inhabitants; but in less than an hour, our journey was obstructed by an impenetrable wood, and we were compelled to return. We then steered our course northward, but were interrupted by large swamps. Thus marooned as we were, we went back again and could perceive the poor wretches in the vessel lifting up their hands to us for succour, Capt. Martin made signs to them to let them know that our condition was as bad as theirs. It growing near night, some of the poor creatures ventured into the water, but were soon drowned. In short, every object we beheld increased our horror. None of us had eat or drank for two days. My poor husband though quite cast down himself, endeavoured to cheer his fellow-sufferers; and that we might be sheltered from inclemency of the night (which to add to our wretched condition, proved a rainy one) the men by joint consent and labour while the day lasted, collected a great number of Palmetoe leaves, and with the fragments of trees built a hut, and sheltered it from the weather as well as they could. It was indeed a melancholly reflection to think of our condition, nothing to lie upon but the bare wet ground, and our cloaths that covered us with those upon our backs, dropping with rain and salt-water; no food nor hopes of getting any, and almost expiring with thirst. In the miserable hut we spent a wretched night; in the morning, by my request, we addressed ourselves to the all seeing power for succour. After our extempore orisons¹⁴¹ were over, we rose up and resolved to go into the woods, to gather if possible something to kill our hunger. We did not travel far before the mate, who was a little way a head, came running toward us, and told us that he had discovered a few rods distant, a number of men of a very tawny complexion, armed with long spears; we did not hesitate a moment to meet them whether friends or foes, for we felt ourselves unable any longer to live without food. As soon as they discovered us they advanced towards us in full speed; when within hail,

they accosted us in a language which we did not understand; my husband addressed them in English and then in French, but they did not appear to understand what he said, the mate then addressed them in Spanish, but with no better success – one of the sailors who had been a prisoner among the Moors, next addressed them in the Moresco¹⁴² language, and by one or two of them appeared to be understood, who, in reply, declared us ‘their prisoners’. – By the request of my husband, the sailor, who had now become our interpreter, enquired the name of the country in which we were – the reply was, ‘you are in Barbary, 30 miles from Tenis,¹⁴³ and 90 from the city of Algiers’.

We were at this instant surrounded by the Barbarians, who brandishing their spears, commanded us to follow them. The sailor told them that we were British subjects, with whom the Bey of Algiers was at peace; to this, however, they paid but little or no attention, but compelled us to accompany them. About sun-set, we arrived at Mostaga,¹⁴⁴ a village 27 miles from Tenis, where we tarried that night, and the next morning proceeded for Oran. The news of our arrival was soon made known, and the inhabitants collected in great numbers to view us. – By our interpreter we discovered that those by whom we were captured, were representing us as natives of Portugal, that we were part of the crew of a privateer of that nation, which had been ship wrecked on their coast. As the Portuguese were then at war with no nation but the Algerines, the wicked lie of these unprincipled barbarians had its desired effect, and so enraged the multitude that they could hardly be restrained from laying violent hands on us.

It appeared to be the policy of our captors to represent us as an enemy, as they well knew that we should be disposed of as such, and that they, agreeable to a law of their country, would be entitled to one half of the purchase money – but, to the contrary, had it been known that we were British subjects the English consul at Algiers would have demanded us as such.

My husband’s greatest concern, was, that we should be disposed of to different persons, and separated, never perhaps to see each other again, – and too soon were his expectations verified, for the day after our arrival, we were drove up like so many cattle which are to be exposed for sale, to the public market, where were gathered a great number of bidders; among them I recognized many of my own sex, which gave me fresh hopes of protection, but, alas! this fond¹⁴⁵ hope was of but short duration, for so far from exhibiting any pity for me, they seemed rather to exult in my miseries!¹⁴⁶ One of the ruffians who claimed me as their property, conducted me to the Cadi, or principle governor of the place, who was a little, ugly, old looking man, besmeared with dirt, barefoot and barelegged, to him I was recommended as a valuable in-door slave – he was very critical in the examination of my person, my limbs, teeth, eyes, &c. were very closely inspected. After undergoing a thorough examination by more than one hundred different persons, I was struck off to a Turk, I was then led out of the market-place, and committed

to the care of his son, who was seated on a log a few rods therefrom awaiting the departure of his father.

Here for the first time I had a melancholly view of my unhappy fellow slaves, whose countenances, as they stole a pitying glance toward me, bespoke more than the tongue could express! they were employed in their daily occupation, which was to load large carts with rocks and huge stones blown from the ledges near the shore, and to convey them to a valley about one mile distant; those employed to load the carts, had large collars about their necks, made much after the form of those worn by the West-India slaves; those allotted to draw the carts, were chained thereto. To witness the distress, and to hear the despairing groans of those poor creatures, could not fail to draw a tear from the eye of any one but a merciless barbarian! Under the heavy weight of the lash, they were compelled to perform the severest tasks; half naked, their scorched and lacerated bodies exhibited a frightful proof of the brutality exercised toward them by the Barbarians.

A very great portion of the inhabitants of Tenis are Moors, a description of the manners and customs of which, may be entertaining to my readers. – They are of a tawny complexion, of a lazy, idle disposition, and cursed with all the vices of mankind; mistrustful to the last degree, false, jealous, and the very picture of ignorance. They style themselves musselmen, or true believers, yet their word is not to be relied on. They abominate the christians, for the very word in their language signifies *dog*,¹⁴⁷ and are continually seeking means to destroy them. Mahomet has taught them in his Alcoran, that all who die fighting against christians, immediately enter into paradise, in triumph; nay, even their houses, if they die in battle, are immediately translated into heaven.¹⁴⁸

Though Poligamy is allowed, yet they must marry but four wives, and must settle a dowry upon them; they are strictly forbidden marrying or having any intercourse with a christian woman, those who break this law are immediately punished with death.¹⁴⁹

At their burials they hire professed mourners to grieve and cry at the graves of relations, and howl over them, asking them why they would die when they were provided with every thing that is necessary in this world. Their time is spent in eating, drinking, sleeping, dallying with their horses, &c.

They have usually a string of beads in their hands, like the roman catholics, and to every bead they have a short prayer which as they repeat, they drop through their fingers. The prayer consists only in the different attributes of God, as – God is great, God is good, God is infinite, God is merciful.

The Cadi (or Governor) of Tenis only differs from his subjects in a larger propensity to their ill qualities, with the addition of a degree of cruelty and avarice.

I was one day a spectator to his wanton cruelty, having been sent on some errand by my Turkish master, I perceived him giving directions to some of his workmen; there were several carts drove by his slaves, with materials

for his house, and as they passed him he bastinadoed some for going too fast, while others, thinking to mend that fault, were drubbed¹⁵⁰ by him for going too slow; one poor creature, trembling for fear of what would follow, went bowing before his cart, but the Cadi, wounding his horse in the flank, he gave a spring, tumbled the wretch down and drove over him. Another following him, ran to assist his fellow creature, but the Cadi threw his dart and struck him in the shoulder; the slave drew it out, and upon his knees presented it to him again, which the Cadi (when the man had got a little distance from him) darted the second time into his body! the poor creature drew it out once more, and, covered with blood, gave it to him back again, but as he was stooping, he fell down with loss of blood at the barbarian's feet, who did him the favor to pin him to the earth through his back.¹⁵¹

The Cadi is said to possess a great deal of wit and courage, is very active and expert in riding and hurling the dart. He drinks no wine because his religion forbids it, but when he takes opium, or drinks a certain mixture that he makes himself, compound with brandy, cinnamon, anniseed, cloves and nutmegs, woe be to him that comes in his way. He's much addicted to women, having no less than four hundred concubines.

The Moors shave their heads close except one lock upon the crown of their heads, which they never cut off, they being taught that by that lock Mahomet is to draw them up to their imaginary paradise.¹⁵²

I could not forbear smiling to see the policy practiced by the Moors in one instance – walking one day about a mile from Tenis, after my release from captivity, it began to rain violently, I got under a tree to shelter myself from the tempest, but I observed several of the Moors undress themselves with a great deal of precipitancy, make up their cloathes in a bundle, and sit on them stark naked; this was to prevent their being wet, while their naked bodies were exposed to the fury of the storm. When it ceased to rain, they walked a little way till their bodies were dry, and then dressed themselves.

The dress of the Moors chiefly consists of a robe or caftan¹⁵³ of serge, woolen stuff, or blue and white cotton, and sometimes, but very seldom, of silk. They are also cloathed in a shirt, which is tied round the neck, and is so wide as to fold two or three times about the body; this is bound round the waist by a sash, in which is stuck a long knife like a bayonet, and sometimes two. The dress of both the men and women consists of such a large shirt, generally of black linen, and a cloth with which the women cover their head and shoulders; the men sometimes rolling it about their heads, in imitation of a turban, and sometimes round the middle. Some of the women wear their hair tied up in a knot, and others let it hang down; but the men are in general very negligent of it. They wear sandals, or rather socks, of Morocco leather, which raise to the small of the leg; and their heads are covered with a red bonnet, or cap, bordered with cotton. The long loose robe of white or striped cotton, or woolen stuff, above described, which they frequently wear

over their capacious shirt, they call haik,¹⁵⁴ and is extremely becoming. This robe has a long pointed hood that falls down behind, to the extremity of which hangs a tassel by a long string. However, the poor are clothed after the manner of the negroes.¹⁵⁵

The women, as I before mentioned, wear a long cotton shift; this has long and wide sleeves; they have likewise large drawers, and a piece of calicoe, or linen, that covers them from head to foot, and flows in an easy manner behind. They are all adorned with ear-rings and pendants, which are valuable in proportion to the wearer's station and quality.

When a considerable number of tents or cabbins are placed together, and form a kind of town or village, they call it Adouar.¹⁵⁶ These villages are usually of a circular form, the tents standing very thick, and in the centre is an empty space in which they keep their cattle. They have centinels on every side of this encampment to guard against surprises from robbers, and from wild beasts. On the least appearance of danger, the alarm is given by the centinels, and soon spread over the camp; upon which every man able to bear arms stands on his defence. As these people never encumber themselves with much household furniture, these villages are easily transported from place to place. Indeed all the domestic implements belonging to a family are contained in a bag, or sack, which is easily conveyed tent and all, on the back of a camel to any distance. Their usual drink is milk or whey, and their bread, cakes made of millet. No inducements can engage them to continue a whole season in one place; for however useless and unnecessary their excursions may be, they would consider such an instance of inactivity as highly culpable.

When they happen to have a stock of wheat or barley, they deposit it in deep pits hewn out of the rock; these they contrive with abundance of art, in order to cause a constant draught of fresh air through the whole cavern, which is narrow at the entrance, and gradually enlarges itself in proportion to its length, which is sometimes above thirty feet.

In some parts of the country the people it is said have portable mills, with which they grind their corn as they want it. Their manner of eating resembles that of the Asiatics. At their meals they sit cross-legged round a covering of leather, or a mat of palm leaves, spread upon the ground, upon which their dishes or plates of copper or ivory are laid; and they never drink till they rise in order to wash, a ceremony that cannot be omitted without the greatest indecency. They never allow themselves more than two meals a day, one in the morning and the other at night, and the women are never allowed to eat with the men: Their repasts are short and silent, not a syllable being uttered till they have washed and returned to their pipe and coffee, and then conversation begins.

From this temperance in their meals arises that strong health which renders them strangers to medicine, the study of which was so much cultivated by their predecessors. The only distempers to which they are subject

are dysenteries and pleurisies, both which they are said to cure by the internal and external application of simples. The inhabitants are said to live to a great age, without experiencing what sickness is, seldom dying before the animal powers are wasted by years. With them a man at sixty is said to be in the prime of life.

They believe that the less they are connected with foreigners, and the more strictly they adhere to their primitive manners, the fewer are their maladies and diseases, and the greater their happiness.

The mothers have a passionate fondness for their children, and take the utmost care to prevent their being injured by any accident. The boys are permitted to marry as soon as they can purchase a wife, which is done by presents to the parents, of camels, horses, and horned cattle. They estimate the affection of the husband from his liberality, and the young lady is never delivered to him till by his presents he has made her parents sensible of his merits. If upon her being brought home he is disappointed in his expectations of her beauty or chastity, he may send her back; but in this case he forfeits the presents he had made.

A man has no sooner breathed his last, than one of his women, or some relation, puts her head in at the door of the tent, and bursts into a terrible cry; upon which all the women within the village set up a lamentable shriek and dismal screams, which alarm the whole camp or village.

With respect to the learning of the Moors it is so extremely limited, that few of them are able to read or write; yet some of them have a tolerable notion of astronomy, and talk with precision upon the stars, their number, situation, and division into constellations. The clear and serene sky in which they live has greatly assisted their observations, which advantage they have improved by a warm imagination and a happy memory: their system of astronomy is, however, so replete with fable and absurdity, that it is in general difficult to comprehend their meaning: yet with all their ignorance, they seem formed by nature for liberal sentiments, and with a taste for the polite arts, as their essays in poetry and music, which are far from being contemptible, seem to indicate.

From the softness and effeminacy of their music, it might be inferred, that these people are not very warlike; but if we may judge from some of their maxims, they are far from being pusillanimous.¹⁵⁷ 'Can any thing', they say, 'be more dastardly, than to kill a man before you approach him near enough to be distinguished?' Hence they never attack an enemy till they come within the length of their lances, and then, retiring to a proper distance, throw them or shoot their arrows with surprising dexterity. They fight chiefly on horseback with short stirrups, and by raising themselves high in the saddle, strike with great force. They never draw up their cavalry in long lines and extended wings, but in small detached squadrons, by which means they are less liable to be broke or thrown into confusion; and when such an accident happens, are more easily formed.

The cruel oppressions which the Moors of Tenis suffer under the tyrannical government of Algiers, have greatly contributed to their degeneracy; and a more abject condition than theirs can scarcely be conceived.

Can we imagine a situation more adapted to depress the human mind, or render man completely miserable? But it is far from producing these effects: from their unparalleled patience under these various kinds of what others would esteem the greatest wretchedness, they enjoy a tolerable share of happiness.

On seeing a number of these Moors sitting at the doors of their wretched cots, half naked, some smoking and telling merry tales, others singing or dancing, one would conclude them to be a happy, though a lazy people.

There are but few Turks in Tenis, they are a wretched crew of indigent, ragged, thevish fellows. These wretches being furnished with a gun, a sword, and other arms, are incorporated into some regiment, and soon obtain a vote and share in the government; and from that situation are raised from one post to another, till they obtain those of admiral, vizier, and even bey. The Turks treat their slaves very barbarously, at night they confine them in dungeons and in the day time compel them to toil in chains, and frequently allowing them only a little bread and water.

Having in the preceding pages minutely described the manners and customs of the Moors, who are the principal inhabitants of Tenis, I shall now proceed to give a more particular account of my own sufferings while among them.

My Turkish master having completed his business, after a few moments conversation with his son, by whom I had been guarded, commanded me to arise and follow him. I was conducted through several filthy lanes and alleys, which led to the habitation of my new master – the house was large and commodious but not elegant – he was the possessor of between 40 and 50 christian slaves, all of whom, except ten, were Portuguese, nine of the latter were Napoleans, and one a native of England. I was indeed extremely sorry to find one of my own countrymen in as deplorable condition as myself, yet in him I found a real and valuable friend, and without the aid and assistance of whom, I should in all probability at this moment have been still held in bitter captivity.

My unfortunate friend (whose name was Malcome, and who had been five years in captivity) informed me that our master was grand Vizier of the city, and a great favorite of the then reigning Bey of Algiers – that he was a blood-thirsty, cruel and inhuman monster, who, to his knowledge had put several of his slaves to death for no greater fault than that of complaining of indisposition, and an inability to perform their daily tasks.

He mentioned several instances wherein he had been most unmercifully tortured for attempting to communicate information of his captivity, to the English Consul at Algiers – his nails had been torn from his fingers and toes, and his whole body lacerated in a manner not to be described. I could

not discover one among the whole number of slaves claimed by the tyrant, but what wore some indelible mark of his severity. Some had lost a limb, some an eye, and others the nails of their fingers and toes! – To me, this was indeed a shocking spectacle! – it gave me to understand what kind of treatment I should myself receive if so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of the wretch.

Soon after my arrival I was divested of my cloathing and presented with a suit like those worn by the other captives; I was then conducted into an adjoining out house, which proved to be the cookery house, where the victuals for the slaves was daily prepared. On my first entrance I was much pleased to witness a number of my own sex employed, and who I judged by their dress and appearance were captives; I could not but flatter myself with the fond hope that I should find some one among them with whom I should be enabled to converse, but this fond hope was of but short duration, for I soon found that, although slaves, they were all natives of Portugal, and wholly unacquainted with the English language.

As soon as I entered I was ordered to proceed immediately to business – we had placed over us as overseer, a woman, who if possible, surpassed her employer in acts of barbarity! she was a native of Morocco, and seemed to glory in having it in her power to torture and torment us by every means and in every way that her inventive faculties could give birth to. – The wretch would not unfrequently compel us for the least offence to strip ourselves naked, and then stand for a given number of minutes within a few feet of a blazing fire! – at other times she would throw hot embers and coals of fire into our bosoms, and shocking as it may appear she, in my presence deprived of life a poor unfortunate girl by strewing her naked body with hot rice! – Under the controul of such a governess, my readers will acknowledge that my situation must have been truly wretched – but, alas! we were slaves! and to a barbarous and unprincipled monster, deprived of our liberties, and compelled like beasts of burden to toil from morn to night! – our sighs and tears availed nothing, they were only productive of stripes! – there were but few among our number but would rather have chosen death than life.¹⁵⁸

Confined and employed with the other slaves, in cooking, &c. as before mentioned, nothing worthy of record took place until about 13 months from the time of my capture, when the thundering of cannon announced the approach of an event of no little magnitude. About 3 o'clock, P. M. orders were received from the grand Vizier (our master) for us to repair as soon as possible to a fortification at the harbour's mouth, on arriving at which, we discovered the cause of the alarm – the Napoleons with a well manned fleet of gun-boats, &c. had commenced a tremendous cannonade¹⁵⁹ on the city, and we were ordered here for the purpose of conveying ammunition to the besieged, from the magazine, a business always allotted female captives in time of action. At half past 7 A. M. the cannonade became terrible, while

all was bustle and confusion among the besieged; they discharged some few cannon against their assailants, but without doing apparent injury. – At 2 P.M. the firing ceased but at 4 it again commenced, when red hot balls were thrown into the city, and with so good effect, that in a few moments the castle together with most of the public buildings were set on fire, and the greatest part of the city reduced to ashes; the slain and wounded were immense. I was at this moment employed as I had been during the whole siege in furnishing the Algerines with powder, yet I could have a fair view of what was going on, and was not a little pleased to see many of that barbarous nation made to bite the dust!¹⁶⁰

The Napoleons having expended all their powder, and probably feeling satisfied with the injury they had done their enemies, sailed out of the harbour in triumph at sun-rise the succeeding morning; orders were immediately thereupon issued for the prisoners (who had been employed in defence of the city) to assemble and assist in removing the rubbish and in burying the dead. – Heavens! what a scene presented to view! the streets strewed with the dead and dying! On whatever side I turned my eyes, my attention was attracted by mangled bodies and detached limbs, bleeding afresh. – Among a number of captives employed in burying the dead, I thought I recognized my unfortunate husband, but dare not approach him, as my master kept a watchful eye on me.

The business allotted the female captives, was to strip the dead, after which they were thrown into waggons and drawn off by the male captives, to what place I could never learn. The wounded were carried on the shoulders of captives to the hospitals, where they were visited by the Cadi, and presented with six dollars each.

After the bustle and confusion had a little subsided, we were again ordered to our place of confinement and labour, from whence we had been taken, we had not however been long here before we were again aroused by the discharge of cannon, and beating of the raritoo, a customary signal for the slaves to assemble. It was at this moment that I could plainly perceive a sudden change of countenance in my fellow captives, those in an especial manner who had been long in captivity. Our governess hurried us off as quick as possible to the castle, at the door of which were assembled (as I judged) nearly 1000 people, and the captives were then continually flocking in – about 3 P.M. orders were given by the grand Vizier (my master) for the forming a procession, and it was at this moment that I learned the cause of our assembling – it appeared that during the late action a captive belonging to the Cadi, had made an attempt to escape, by swimming to one of the enemy's boats, but was observed, pursued and retaken. The affair so exasperating the Cadi, that he gave orders for his immediate execution. For the information of the reader, it may be well to mention, that on all such like occasions, it is ever customary for the captives to attend, generally, that they may be eye witnesses to those scenes of savage torture, inflicted by the

barbarians on such as attempt an escape, in order to deter them from making a like attempt – this is customary throughout all Barbary.¹⁶¹

About 4 P.M. a procession was formed, which moved to the place of execution in the following order, viz¹⁶² – the grand Vizier in front, mounted on a Buffaloe, on his right and left six Marabouts preceded by his Mamalukes,¹⁶³ the latter attend him on such like occasions to guard his person, while the former ever accompany him to protect him from the powers of infernal spirits, for so credulous is he, that he doubts not but they are vested with power to do any thing – next in succession followed a body of Turks, about 150 in number, armed with spears, scymeters and darts, and next followed the unhappy captive, pinioned and mounted on a Jack Ass, with his back toward the animal's head; the spectators and prisoners brought up the rear. At half past 5 we arrived at the fatal spot where the poor unfortunate captive was to suffer; we were ordered to form a semi-circle around the machine of torture, which bore the resemblance of a slitting mill, and when in motion, was so constructed as to cut the wretched victim into as small pieces as one's little finger.

The grand Vizier dismounted and ascended a lofty stage, a station always prepared for him on such occasions, and from which he gave orders for his executioners (three barbarous looking Turks) to bring forward the unhappy victim, at the same time commanding silence. The poor fellow was instantly dismounted and led up to the accursed machine; he was next stripped and his body washed by the Marabouts with a liquid as black as ink, this they do to prevent christians gaining admission among the saints of Mahomet, as they persuade their master that with the body, the soul is also coloured! The executioners were now ordered to perform their duty! one of them approaching the prisoner, threw him upon his back, and then pinioned him hand and foot; a cord about the bigness of a person's thumb was next made fast to his left leg, a little above the ancle bone, with which by means of a windlass, he was drawn to the fatal shears, which at the very moment were set in motion, slicing his left foot and leg in pieces of less than half an ounce weight! – Gracious God! a scene like this, was too much for human eyes to witness! a view of which, I was enabled thank heaven to prevent, by closing my eyes; but, alas! I could not close my ears against the shrieks and heart piercing cries of the unhappy sufferer! – thank heaven, the pains of death, of torment, were of but short indurance, for shocking to relate, in less than six minutes, there was not a piece of the unhappy sufferer to be found of the bigness of a dollar, there appeared nothing of him but a mass of goared flesh cut into a thousand pieces.

When these savage monsters had sufficiently glutted themselves with the blood of their victim, orders were given for the reforming of the procession, which was immediately done, we returning in the same manner as we came, my master riding in front brandishing his scymeter, the point of which, the callous hearted wretch had taken the pains to stain with the blood of the murdered captive, as a token of triumph!

I was on my return again committed to the charge of my unprincipled governess, and by whom I was immediately reconducted to the house of confinement and labour from which I had been taken. In this dreary abode I much expected to spend the remainder of my days, yet *hope*, the soothing balm of life, would sometimes revive my drooping spirits – the pleasing anticipation of once more gaining my liberty, would sometimes afford moments of imaginary pleasure.

After a close confinement of nearly three years, I was one evening visited by my master, who was accompanied by my friend Malcome; the latter had been nearly eight years in captivity, and had learned to speak the language of the country extremely well, and many times proved serviceable to his master as an interpreter. Happily for me, this man was my friend – he could converse with me in presence of his master upon any subject with safety, as the Vizier understood not a word of English. – He informed me that his master pretended to harbour an unusual degree of love for me, and through fear of being betrayed and punished agreeable to the laws of the country, should he attempt by forcible means to gratify a lustful passion, he had commanded him to solicit my compliance, and to inform me that if I would willingly consent to indulge him in what he should request, he would extend to me the same liberty which his wives (or concubines) enjoyed! – but, continued my friend Malcome, fear not, do not be terrified at his threats; he will no doubt do every thing in his power to compel you to comply with his request, but should he attempt any such thing against your will, he will lose his head. This conversation was held in the presence of my ruffian master, to whom my friend was to interpret my answer, which he informed me he did in the following words – viz: – that I would never consent to gratify him in his unlawful request, as it would be in direct violation of the laws of my God and my country.

The villain, after brow-beating me for this unexpected reply, desired Malcome to inform me that he would give me a day to consider on it, but if I should then refuse, he would adopt such a plan as should soon make me repent of my folly – saying this, he left me, thank heaven indued with that fortitude, that I resolved sooner to die, than to submit to his cursed proposals.

Early the succeeding morning I was again called upon by my master, accompanied by my friend Malcome, through whom enquiry was made whether I had concluded to comply with his Proposal; my answer, as interpreted by my friend, was – ‘no! I will sooner suffer death!’ This was an answer as displeasing as it was unexpected to the tyrant – he became now like a mad-man, drawing his dirk, he threatened me with instant death, unless I would immediately comply with his request; but finding that I still persisted in my determination, he left me, swearing that my obstinacy should yet cost me my life! all this was interpreted to me by my friend, who, as he retired, told me that he would do all within his power to protect me from the violence of the wretch.

The plan next pursued by my master to accomplish his wishes, was, to represent me to his friend, the Bey, as a person sent into the country to conspire against the government! This plan, in part, had its desired effect, for no sooner was the Bey informed of this, than he ordered me to be conveyed immediately to Sersel (situated within a few miles of the city of Algiers) there to be confined (in irons) in an apartment of an old castle.

The room in which I was confined was built of rough stone, and the walls were about 8 feet in depth, it contained but one small window, with large iron gratings, and which afforded so little light that I could hardly discern an object six feet from me. My furniture consisted of a three legged stool and a gallon stone jug, which was occasionally filled with stinking water.

On the second day of my confinement, a smith entered my apartment with a hammer and chains in abundance, which, alas, I too soon found were to be attached to my body! – an enormous collar was put round my neck, and another still larger round my waist, to both of which was attached a large iron chain, the end of which was secured by a ring in the wall. This ring was five feet from the ground, and only allowed me to sit down on the stool before mentioned.¹⁶⁴

In this situation they left me, helpless and wretched, preyed on by all the torture of thought, that continually suggested the most gloomy, the most dreadful images. My fortitude after some time, began to revive; I glowed with the desire of convincing the world I was capable of suffering what man had never suffered before. Often did I reflect how much happier I was in innocence, than the malefactor doomed to suffer the pangs of death, the ignominy of men, and the horrors of internal guilt.

The enormous iron round my neck pained me, and prevented motion. The chains that descended from the neck-collar were obliged to be supported first with one hand, and then with the other, for, if thrown behind, they would have strangled me, and, if hanging forwards, occasioned most excessive headaches. The little sleep I could have in such a situation may easily be supposed, and at length body and mind sunk under this accumulation of miserable suffering, and I fell ill of a burning fever. Reason, fortitude, heroism, all the noble qualities of the mind, decay when the corporal faculties are diseased, and the remembrance of my sufferings, at this dreadful moment, still agitates, still inflames my blood, so as almost to prevent an attempt to describe what they were. Yet hope had not totally forsaken me. Deliverance seemed possible, especially should the Consul learn my situation.

I continued ill about two months, and was so reduced at last, that I had scarcely strength to lift the water jug to my mouth. What must the sufferings of a female be who is confined in a dungeon so damp, so dark, so horrible, without bed or straw, her limbs loaded as mine were, with no refreshment but dry mouldy bread, without so much as a drop of broth,



Illustration 2.6 Maria Martin chained in a dungeon. *History of the Captivity and Sufferings of Mrs. Maria Martin* (Philadelphia: 1809)

without a consoling friend, and who under all these afflictions, trust for her recovery to the efforts of nature alone!

Sickness itself is sufficient to humble the mightiest mind; what then is sickness with such addition of torment? The burning fever, the violent headaches, my neck, swelled and enflamed with the irons, enraged me almost to madness. The fever and the fetters together flead my body so that it appeared like one continued wound. – Yet can it be supposed? there came a day! a day of horror, when these mortal pangs were increased! – I sat scorched with this intolerable fever, in which nature and death were contending, and when attempting to quench my burning entrails with cold water, the jug dropped

from my enfeebled hands and broke! I had four and twenty hours to remain without water.

On my attendants visiting me the next day, they supposed me dead, as I lay motionless with my tongue out of my mouth. They poured water down my throat, and found life.

Gracious God! How pure, how delicious, how exquisite, was this water! My insatiable thirst soon emptied the jug: they filled it anew, bade me farewell, hoped death would soon relieve my mortal sufferings, and departed.

Three days had passed before I could again eat a morsel of bread. The irons every where round my body, and their weight was insupportable; nor could I imagine it was possible I should habituate myself to them, or endure them long enough to expect deliverance. A thousand reasons convinced me it was necessary to end my sufferings. I shall not enter into theological disputes: let those who blame me imagine themselves in my situation; or rather first let them actually endure my miseries, and then let them reason.

What strange thing is that called happiness! How shall I express my extreme joy, when after eleven months intolerable hunger, I was indulged with a sweet loaf of bread free from mould? The fond lover never rushed more eagerly to the arms of his bride; the famished tiger more ravenously on his prey than I upon this loaf; I eat, rested, surveyed the precious morsel, eat again, and absolutely shed tears of pleasure.

Oh Nature! what delight has thou combined with the gratification of thy wants! remember this ye who rack invention to excite appetite, and which yet you cannot procure; remember how simple are the means that will give a crust of mouldy bread a flavour more exquisite than all the spices of the east, or all the profusion of land or sea; remember this, grow hungry, and indulge your sensuality.

Alas! my enjoyment was of short duration. I soon found that excess is followed by pain and repentance. My fasting had weakened digestion, and rendered it inactive. My body swelled, my water jug was emptied, cramps, cholics, and, at length, inordinate thirst racked me all the night. I began to pour curses on those who seemed to refine on torture, and, after starving me so long to invite me to gluttony. Could I not have seated myself on my bench, and inclined my back against the wall of my dungeon, I should indeed have been driven to desperation: yet even this was but a partial relief. When my attendants opened my dungeon, they found me in a truly pitiful situation, wondered at my appetite, brought me another loaf; I refused to accept it, believing I should never more have occasion for bread; they however left it with me, gave me water, shrugged up their shoulders, and left me.

God of omnipotence! what was I at this moment! Was there, God of mercies! – was there ever creature of thine more justified than I in despair! – The moon shone clear; I cast a wild distracted look up to heaven, fell on my knees, and, in the agony of my soul, sought comfort but no comfort could be found, nor religion nor philosophy had any to give. – I cursed

not Providence, I feared not annihilation, I dared not Almighty vengeance: God the Creator was the disposer of my fate; and if he heaped afflictions upon me, he had not given me strength to support, his justice would not therefore punish me.

Early one morning I heard the doors of my dungeon unbarring – the doors of my dungeon for the last time resounded! – a gentleman clad in christian habit accompanied by the keeper, entered – joy beamed upon his countenance – it was the English Consul.¹⁶⁵ – ‘I have come madam, (said he) to liberate you from unjust and cruel bondage!’ – Heaven, what joy did I feel on the occasion – it was a long time before I could be convinced of the truth of what he told me, nor could I believe it until a smith was sent for to knock off my irons.

I was now reconducted out of the dark and dismal dungeon, in which I had been closely confined for three years. It appeared that my friend Malcome, in the absence of his master, had been favoured with an opportunity to escape, which he improved and arrived in safety at Algiers; here he found the English Consul, and to him related the particulars of his captivity, and informed him of my wretched situation, and the principal cause of my unjust imprisonment. The Consul, accompanied by the informant, immediately waited upon the Bey, and made a demand of me as one of his Britannic Majesty’s subjects, unjustly and unlawfully held in captivity. The Bey at first discredited the story of Malcome, and seemed confirmed in the belief that I had been sent into the country for some treasonable purpose, but on being assured by the Consul that he would leave the country within twenty-four hours if I was not immediately released, the Bey consented to deliver me up.

The Consul conducted himself with a great deal of humanity towards me, he procured for me a suit of cloathes of which I was very much in want, and promised to procure me a passage to England as soon as possible – I acquainted him with the misfortunes of my husband and those who were saved from the ship, but was unable to inform him what had become of them since I parted with them at the market house – he informed me that he would do all in his power to learn their fate, and if still living, he would procure their release immediately, but, added he, as it is not at the present moment convenient for me to go in search of them, and your health being much impaired by long confinement, you had I think better embrace the first opportunity to return to your friends – I thanked him for his friendly advice as well as for the many services he had rendered me and told him that I would do whatever he should think for the best. Accordingly, on the sixth day after my liberation, I once more embarked to visit my native country, with a view of which, after a tedious passage of 45 days, my eyes were once more regaled.

As soon as I landed a carriage was procured for me at the expense of the captain, to convey me to the dwelling of my parents. – About sun-set I arrived,

my aged father met me at the door – my sudden and unexpected arrival was too much for him, he fainted! Here it may be necessary to inform the reader, that as my friends had never received any news of the vessel or crew, they had concluded that we had all long since been buried in the deep.

Although providentially restored to my friends, misfortune and disappointment seemed yet to mark me as their own! – I had been flattering myself with the fond hope that on my arrival, I should be so fortunate as to meet with my husband, whom I flattered myself might have possibly escaped, but no news of him had been received since his departure. But, with what pleasure do I close this melancholly relation of my sufferings, by adding, that six months after my arrival, my husband arrived, and apparently, in a good state of health, having obtained his liberty through the influence of the British Consul.

2.7 *An Authentic Narrative of the Shipwreck and Sufferings of Mrs. Eliza Bradley, the Wife of Captain James Bradley of Liverpool, Commander of the Ship Sally, which Was Wrecked on the Coast of Barbary, in June 1818 ... Written by Herself.* Boston: James Walden, 1820.

On 12 May 1818, 30-year old Eliza Bradley and her husband, Captain James Bradley, set sail from Liverpool on a voyage to Tenerife on board the *Sally*, on which Mrs Bradley was the only female. Six weeks later, the *Sally* foundered off the southern Moroccan coast in tempestuous weather. Mrs Bradley, her husband and all the sailors reached the shore safely, only to be taken as slaves by nomadic natives. Mr and Mrs Bradley were owned by different masters and separated from each other. Mrs Bradley fell to the lot of a Moor who seemed to her 'a monster, in human shape'. She was stripped to her waist, placed on a camel and carried in a long and arduous journey to her master's village, deep in the remote Sahara.

Having reached the encampment, Mrs Bradley was allotted a private tent, allowed to peruse her Bible, and granted freedom to walk about the village. Her daily chores consisted of tending and milking camels and collecting snails. Though some native women treated her contemptuously, others regarded her with sympathy and compassion. A few months later, the British Consul at Essaouira (formerly Mogador), William Willshire, having learnt about Bradley's misfortunes, offered to ransom her. Her master transported her to Essaouira, where she happily regained her freedom and was reunited with her husband, who had been redeemed earlier.

Unlike the other captives who lament their enslavement, captivity for Bradley was a blessing in disguise. Despite loss of freedom, the Britons considered themselves fortunate to have been captured because they were on the brink of death from exhaustion and dehydration. Their captors provided them with food and water, so that enslavement was for them a 'wonderful deliverance'. Moreover, it allowed the heroine to engage in spiritual contemplation and even inspired her somewhat secularized compatriots to return to the faith, hence Bradley's statement that it is 'good for us that we were thus afflicted'.

Eliza Bradley's story is narrated in *An Authentic Narrative of the Shipwreck and Sufferings of Mrs. Eliza Bradley, the Wife of Capt. James Bradley, of Liverpool, Commander of the Ship Sally, which Was Wrecked on the Coast of Barbary, in June 1818 ... Written by Herself*, first published in 1820. The book was immensely popular and went into at least twelve editions by seven different publishers in America by 1848. The fact that Bradley's narrative 'was used in many Sunday schools as a teaching text' (Baepler, *White Slaves*, 17), must have enhanced further its popularity. More recently Bradley's autobiography

was edited by Keith Huntress (Fairfield Wash: Ye Galleon Press, 1985) and anthologized in Paul Baepler's *White Slaves* (1999).

Like the other female Barbary captivity narratives published in America *An Authentic Narrative* adheres to the conventions of verisimilitude, often providing striking historical, geographical and ethnographic details. Authenticity is also vouched for in the preface, which recommends the book as a reprint of a British original that 'has passed through a number of editions in London', assuring the reader that the British publishers are 'acquainted with the family of the writer of this narrative, and of the circumstances of the unfortunate voyage upon which it was founded'. However, no such British edition seems to exist. Keith Huntress, who has researched the narrative, found at the National Archive no record of the shipwreck of the *Sally* or any reference to the Eliza Bradley's ransom payment by Consul William Willshire. For these reasons, as well as Bradley's liberal plagiarism from Captain Riley's *An Authentic Narrative of the Loss of the American Brig Commerce* (1817), Huntress categorizes Bradley's account as 'a very early piece of American fiction'.¹⁶⁶ This view is shared by subsequent Bradley critics such as Paul Baepler. Given the paucity of authentic texts, the increasing demand for female Barbary captivity accounts can only be catered for by fabricated stories that subscribe to the conventions of female autobiography.

*An Authentic Narrative of the Shipwreck and Sufferings of
Mrs. Eliza Bradley*

PREFACE

To the American Edition

As the present age is an era of adventure, and the field extensive on which enterprise may take her range, in consequence of the vast modern improvements in the arts and sciences, it is not surprizing that the press should bring to light numerous works of all descriptions. The facility of intercourse between the various parts of the world, and the far and wide extensive state of commerce, have given origin to many narratives of voyages and travels as well as accounts of shipwrecks, and the various disasters attendant on them. In works of this nature we read of numerous hair-breadth escapes, and astonishing interpositions of Divine Providence, on behalf of the concerned – together with incidents of so extraordinary a nature, that the mind is wrapt in astonishment – and as we peruse we are lost in wonder and amazement.

The following circumstantial account of sufferings almost beyond human endurance, is a little work of real merit. The simplicity of the language – the spirit of piety it breathes – and the morals it inculcates, cannot fail to cause it to be read with delight and edification by all those whose thoughts tend to serious reflection. If patience under affliction constitutes one of the cardinal virtues, we there find it exemplified in our christian heroine, throughout the whole of her thorny peregrination. The occurrence of her shipwreck, captivity and deliverance, afford convincing proof of the omnipresence of the Allseeing Eye. We recommend its perusal to the attention of our young females in a particular manner, as Mrs. Bradley sets a shining example to her sex in her struggles against the calamities of life, under circumstances the most uncomfortable.

This publication has passed through a number of editions in London. It was altered but very little from the original manuscript of Mrs. B. as the English publisher declares. – We therefore think it a work highly worthy of being patronized in this country, from the conciseness and simplicity of the style, and the religious fervor which it breathes. – The publishers of the European edition, from which this is copied being acquainted with the family of the writer of this narrative, and the circumstances of the unfortunate voyage upon which it was founded, clearly demonstrates the truth of the facts contained in the following pages.

Without any further remarks, we now submit the following interesting memoirs to the attention of the American public.

I WAS born in Liverpool (Eng.) of creditable parents in the year 1783, – in the year 1802, at the age of 19, I was married to Capt. JAMES BRADLEY, my present husband. Who, having been bred to the seas, was possessed of no other means of support, and knew of no other way to obtain a livelihood; hence, my endeavors, after our marriage, to induce him to pursue some other occupation, attended with less dangers, proved unfortunately ineffectual. In May, 1818, my husband was appointed to the command of the ship *Sally*, bound from Liverpool to Teneriffe: and I having expressed a wish to accompany him on a former voyage, to Madeira, he insisted on my accompanying him on this. The ship was freighted with all possible dispatch, and on the morning of the 12th of May, we embarked, thirty-two in number, comprising the ship's crew and passengers, of which I was the only female. – Nothing worthy of record transpired on our voyage, until nearly five weeks from the day of our departure, when we experienced a tremendous storm, which continued to rage with unabated fury for six days, and to add to our distress, it was discovered that the ship, from the violent working of the sea, had sprung a leak in several places; both pumps were kept continually going, and were found almost insufficient to free the ship of water. The whole crew began now to turn their eyes upon my husband, who advised the immediate lightening of the ship, as the only measure that could be adopted to preserve our lives – the hatches were torn up, and the ship discharged of the most weighty part of her cargo, but the storm continued to rage, and the leaks increasing, it was soon concluded by the officers utterly impossible to save either the ship or their effects; the preservation of even their lives becoming every moment more difficult to them, they now began to apply every thought and deed to that consideration. Since the commencement of the furious storm, they had not been enabled to keep any reckoning, and had been driven many leagues out of their course.

Such was our perilous situation from the 19th to the 24th June, in the evening of which the storm began to abate – the morning ensuing, although the sea had become much more calm, there was so thick a fog, that the ship's crew found it impossible to discern an object three rods a-head of them, and to add to our consternation, by the colour of the water it was discovered that we were on soundings, while the breakers were distinctly heard at the leeward – the storm had rendered the ship unmanageable, and she was considered so completely a wreck, that the officers thought it their wisest plan to put her before the wind, until they could discover the land, (which they imagined not far off) and then attempt the gaining the shore with the boats – but, the day closed without any discovery of land being made, although the roar of the surf indicated that it could not be far distant. The ship's crew, nearly worn down with fatigue, as many of them as could be spared off deck now sought a little necessary repose below: but, about midnight, they were suddenly aroused from their slumbers by the violent striking of the ship against a chain of rocks, and with so much violence as

to open her stern! Even the little hope that the ship's crew had till then preserved, seemed to fail them at once – on the instant, the ship resounded with their lamentable exclamations, imploring the mercy of their Creator! indeed to form an adequate idea of our distress, one must have been a witness of it. The reader cannot suppose but that I too in a moment like this, must have shared the terrors of the crew; but my fortitude, by the blessings of Heaven, was much more probable than what would have been exhibited by many females in my situation – the extremity of the misfortune, with the certainty of its being inevitable, served to supply me with a sort of seeming firmness. My poor husband, in his endeavors to reconcile me to my fate, seemed to forget his own perilous situation; indeed his visible steadiness and resolution happily imposed so far upon the whole crew, that it inspired them, even in the instant of destruction, with such confidence in him that rendered them attentive and obedient to his directions.

Never could a night be passed in more wretchedness! the storm again gathered, and while the rain fell in torrents, the waves rising every instant, covered our bark, and rolled their mountains over our heads – in such a situation, stretched along on the outside of the hulk, fastening ourselves to every thing we could lay hold of, drenched through with rain, spent with the constant efforts we were obliged to exert against the fury of the waves, which endeavored to wash us off from our hold, we at length perceived the morning's dawn, only to afford us a clearer view of the dangers we had passed, and those we had yet to encounter.

This prospect of our situation appeared still more tremendous; we perceived indeed, that we were not far from land, but we saw that it was impossible for us to reach it. The raging of the sea would have daunted the stoutest and most expert swimmer: for the waves rolled with such fury, that whoever attempted to gain the shore, must have run the risk of being launched back into the main ocean, or dashed to pieces against the ship or shore. At this sight and reflection the whole crew was seized with the extremity of despair: their groans and exclamations redoubled, and were repeated with such strength and fervency, that they were to be heard amidst the raging of the winds, the roaring of the thunder, and the dashing of the waves, which, all joined together, augmented the horror of the sound.

The day was once more near closing, we reflected with terror on the last night, and trembled beforehand at that which was to come – there was indeed a small boat attached to the ship, but in no condition to weather even the short passage that appeared to be between us and the land. We passed the night with feelings more horrible, if possible, than on the former; the exhausted state we had been reduced to, by our past labor, left us hardly power to sustain the present.

The succeeding morning our spirits were a little revived by beholding the sun arise, a sight all absolutely despaired of, when we saw it setting, and when death, by putting an end to our calamities, would certainly be a

blessing; but the care of life, is the strongest passion in the human breast; it continues with us to the last moment of existence; the miseries one feels may weaken, perhaps, but rarely extinguish it. Our first emotion, on finding ourselves still clinging fast to the vessel, was to offer up our thanksgivings to Heaven, for having still preserved us alive, even in such a deplorable situation, to raise up our suppliant hands in petition to Providence, to complete its miracle, by affording us some unforeseen means of escaping to the shore – there never was sure a more fervent prayer. Heaven at length, seemed to look down with compassion on our miseries and danger – the wind began to abate, and the various agitation of the sea to subside to that degree, that the officers conceived it possible for us to reach the shore in the ship's boat.

The boat was but small, it could not contain above a third part of our number; we could not attempt to embark all at once without sinking it: every one was sensible of the difficulty, but no one would consent to wait for a second passage; the fear of some accident happening to prevent a return, and the terror of lying another night exposed on the hulk, made every one obstinate for being taken in the first – it was however unanimously agreed by all, that my husband and myself should be among the number who should go first into the boat. The sea having now almost become a calm, the boat containing as many as it was thought prudent to take on board, left the wreck, and in less than half an hour we reached the shore, and were all safely landed; and were soon after joined by the remainder of the ship's crew, who were as fortunate as ourselves in reaching the shore, and with as little difficulty.

Being now placed on dry land, we soon perceived that we had new difficulties to encounter; high craggy rocks nearly perpendicular, and of more than two hundred feet in height, lined the shore as far as the sight could extend. The first care of the crew was to seek among the articles floated ashore from the wreck, for planks and pieces of wood, to erect a covering for the night; and they succeeded beyond their hopes – the night was extremely boisterous, and nothing beneath us, but sharp rocks on which to extend our wearied limbs, we obtained but little repose. Early the ensuing morning it was to our sorrow discovered that but very little of the wreck was remaining, and those of the crew who were best able to walk, went to reconnoitre the shore, and to see whether the sea had brought any fragments of the wreck; they were so fortunate as to find a barrel of flour, and a keg of salt pork – soon after they had secured these, the tide arose and put an end to their labor.

Captain Bradley now called together the ship's crew, and having divided the provision among them, enquired of them if they consented to his continuing in the command; to which they unanimously agreed – he then informed them, that from the best calculations he could make, he had reason to believe that we were on the Barbary coast, and as we had no weapons of defence, much was to be apprehended from the ferocity of the natives, if we should be so unfortunate as to be discovered by them. The coast appeared

to be formed of perpendicular rocks to a great height, and no way could be discovered by which we might mount to the top of the precipices, so steep was the ascent. Having agreed to keep together, we proceeded along the sea side, in hopes to find some place of more easy ascent, by which we might gain the surface of land above us, where we were in hopes of discovering a spring of water with which to allay our thirst – after travelling many miles, we at length found the sought for passage, up a precipice, which resembled a flight of stairs, and seemed more the production of art than of nature. We soon gained the summit of the cliffs; but instead of springs of water, or groves to shelter us from the rays of the scorching sun, what was our surprise, to see nothing before us, but a barren sandy plain, extending as far as the eye could reach.

The day was now drawing to a close, and despairing of meeting with relief, I threw myself upon the sand, and after wishing for death a thousand times, I resolved to await it on the spot where I lay. Why should I go further to seek it, amidst new miseries? I was indeed so determined to die, that I awaited the moment with impatience as the termination of my misery. Amid these melancholly reflections, sleep at length overpowered me. My poor husband did every thing in his power to alleviate my sufferings; he represented to me the probability of our meeting with friendly aid, by the means of which we might be conducted to some commercial port, at which we might probably obtain a passage for Europe. We passed the night at this place, half buried in the sand. At the dawn of day we again put forward, travelling in a southeast direction. The cravings of hunger and thirst, became now more pressing than ever, and we found nothing to appease them – before the close of the day we were, however, cheered by the account of one of the sailors who had been dispatched a-head on the look out, who informed us that he had traversed the rocky borders of the shore, until he had discovered an extensive flat almost covered with mussels. We hastened to the spot, where we passed the night, and the next morning found ourselves so much strengthened, that we resolved to remain there the whole day, and the following night.

At the dawn of day, we took our departure, and before the setting of the sun, it was conjectured that we had travelled nearly thirty miles; but, without any prospect of relief – indeed every hour now seemed to throw a deeper gloom over our fate. Having in vain sought for a resting place, we were this night obliged to repose on the sands. This was indeed a crisis of calamity – the misery we underwent was too shocking to relate. Having existed for three days without water, our thirst was too great to be any longer endured. Early the ensuing morning we resumed our journey, and as the sandy desert was found to produce nothing but a little wild sorril, it was thought adviseable again to direct our course along the sea shore, in hopes of finding some small shell-fish that might afford us some refreshment, although but poorly calculated to allay our thirsts.

Believing from our present feelings that we could not possibly survive a day longer without drink, and no signs of finding any appearing, the last ray of hope was on the eve of fading away, when, about mid-day, the second mate, (who had been sent forward to make discoveries) returned to us with the joyful tidings that he had found a pool of brackish water! a revelation from heaven could not have cheered us more! conducted by the mate, we hastened to the pool, which contained about half a barrel of stagnated water; but impure as it was, it served as a very seasonable relief to us, for without something to allay my thirst, I am sure I should not have survived the night. Having at length succeeded in reaching the sea shore, we were miserably disappointed by the state of the tides, which prevented our obtaining any kind of shell fish.

The next day brought no alleviation of our miseries – necessity impelled us to proceed, though hope scarcely darted a ray through the gloom of our prospects. My dear husband seeming to forget his own miseries, did every thing in his power to alleviate mine – from the time of our shipwreck, he was never heard once to murmur: but by precept and example, endeavored to keep up the spirits of those who had as little cause to murmur as himself – for my own part, the miseries that I had endured since that melancholly event, had afforded me but little leisure to reflect upon the situation of any one but myself. At the fall of the tide, we were so fortunate as to find a few mussels, and then following the windings of the coast, we pursued our journey for three or four days, over sharp craggy rocks, where perhaps no human being ever trod before, uncertain which way to proceed, incommoded by the heat, and exhausted by the fatigues of our march. In this our most deplorable situation, however, and at the very instant that we were all nearly famished with hunger, Heaven was pleased to send us some relief when we least expected it – some of the crew who led the way, had the good fortune to discover a dead seal on the beach – a knife being in possession of one of them, they cut up their prey, dressed part of the flesh on the spot, and carried the rest with them.

As we were now in possession of provision, and could not expect to find water by traversing the sea shore, it was thought most advisable once more to bend our course backward, in search of it among the barren sands; for from our feelings we judged that we could not possibly survive a day longer without drink; our tongues were nearly as dry as parched leather. Fear of meeting with the natives (from whom they expected no mercy) appeared to be the prevailing principle of the actions of most of the crew which must have been very powerful in them, when it was superior to the prevailing calls of hunger and thirst. As we traversed the sandy desert, we searched in vain for some sorts of nourishment; there were neither roots nor vegetables fit for eating to be found. Our thirst increased every moment, but the hope of being able to assuage it, sustained us every step, and enabled us to travel on till the afternoon. We cast our eyes around, but could see nothing to

rest our wearied sight upon, but a boundless and barren waste, extending on all sides. Such an horrid prospect threw us into the most shocking state of despair; our exhausted spirits died within us; we no longer thought of continuing our hopeless and uncertain route, in which we could not possibly foresee any end to our wants and miseries, except what we might have received upon the spot where we then laid ourselves down, from death alone – not until this moment did my fortitude forsake me – the weight of my misfortunes had now become too heavy for my strength, or rather weakness, to support – I felt as if the earth I pressed had been heaped upon me! I exhorted my husband to leave me here, and to avail himself of the powers that he had yet remaining, to hasten forward to some inhabited part of the country, from whence he might have an opportunity of once more returning to his native land. My dear husband could only answer with tears and moans, while I continued to persuade him to our separation, urging the absolute necessity of it, in vain. ‘No, my dear wife (said he) I will never consent to abandon you while life remains – with the Almighty nothing is impossible – if we put our trust in Him, he may prove compassionate towards us and give us strength to pursue our journey, and support us in our trials – if it is His will that we should perish in a foreign land, far distant from kindred and friends, the will of God must be done, and we ought not to murmur. – He certainly orders every thing in the best possible manner, and he who takes care of the ravens, will not forsake his own children in the hour of affliction.’ My husband now kneeled down by my side, and offered up a petition for our speedy relief: in which he was joined by the whole crew. After our pious devotions were over, it was agreed by the company that a part of their number should remain with me, and the remainder (who were least fatigued) should go in search of water.

The sun was now near setting, and I fell into a state of torpid insensibility, without motion, and almost deprived of all reflection, like a person between sleeping and waking; I felt no pain, but a certain listlessness and uncomfortable sensation affected my whole body.

About two hours after the party had departed in search of water, they returned nearly out of breath, and apparently much affrighted, and informed us that they had been pursued by a party of the natives (some of whom were mounted on camels) and that they were then but a short distance from us! they had scarcely finished their story, when a dreadful yell announced the arrival of their pursuers! Their appearance indeed was frightful, being nearly naked, and armed with muskets, spears and scimeters.

Our company having no weapons with which to defend themselves, they approached and prostrated themselves at the feet of the Arabs (for such they proved to be) as a token of submission. This they did not however seem to regard, but seizing us with all the ferocity of cannibals, they in an instant stripped us almost naked. For my own part, such had been my sufferings, that I no longer felt any fear of death – such was my thirst at this moment,

that I think I should have been willing to have exchanged my life for a draught of fresh water.

As soon as the Arabs finished stripping us, a warm contest arose among themselves, each claiming us individually as his property. This contest lasted for more than an hour, nor could I compare the combatants to any thing but hungry wolves contending for their prey! – sometimes we were laid hold of by a dozen of them at once, attempting to drag us off in different directions – they aimed deadly blows at each other with their scimeters, within two feet of my head, and inflicted wounds which laid the flesh of their bodies open to the bone! Becoming weary of the bloody contest, an old Arab (who probably was a chief) at length commanded them to desist, and promising them, as I have since learned, that we should be possessed by those only who had the best claim to us – this point being at length amicably settled among them, and each Arab having taken possession of what had been apportioned to him as his rightful property, my husband by signs (exhibiting his mouth as parched and dry as the sand under foot) gave them to understand that our thirst was too great to be any longer endured, and that if we were not provided with something immediately to allay it, they must expect soon to be in possession of nothing but our dead carcasses!

As the Arabs appeared now to esteem us (poor miserable objects) of too much value to suffer us to perish for any thing within their power to afford us, they drove up their camels and took from the back of one of them a goat skin, sewed up like a wallet, and containing about four gallons of brackish slimy water, which they poured into a callabash and gave us to drink. Bad as this water was, and nauseous to the smell, I think we could have drank half a gallon each; but having finished the contents of the skin, they refused us any more; but pointing to the east, gave us to understand that although water was with them a precious article, they in a few days should arrive at a place where they should obtain a plentiful supply, and we might drink our fill.

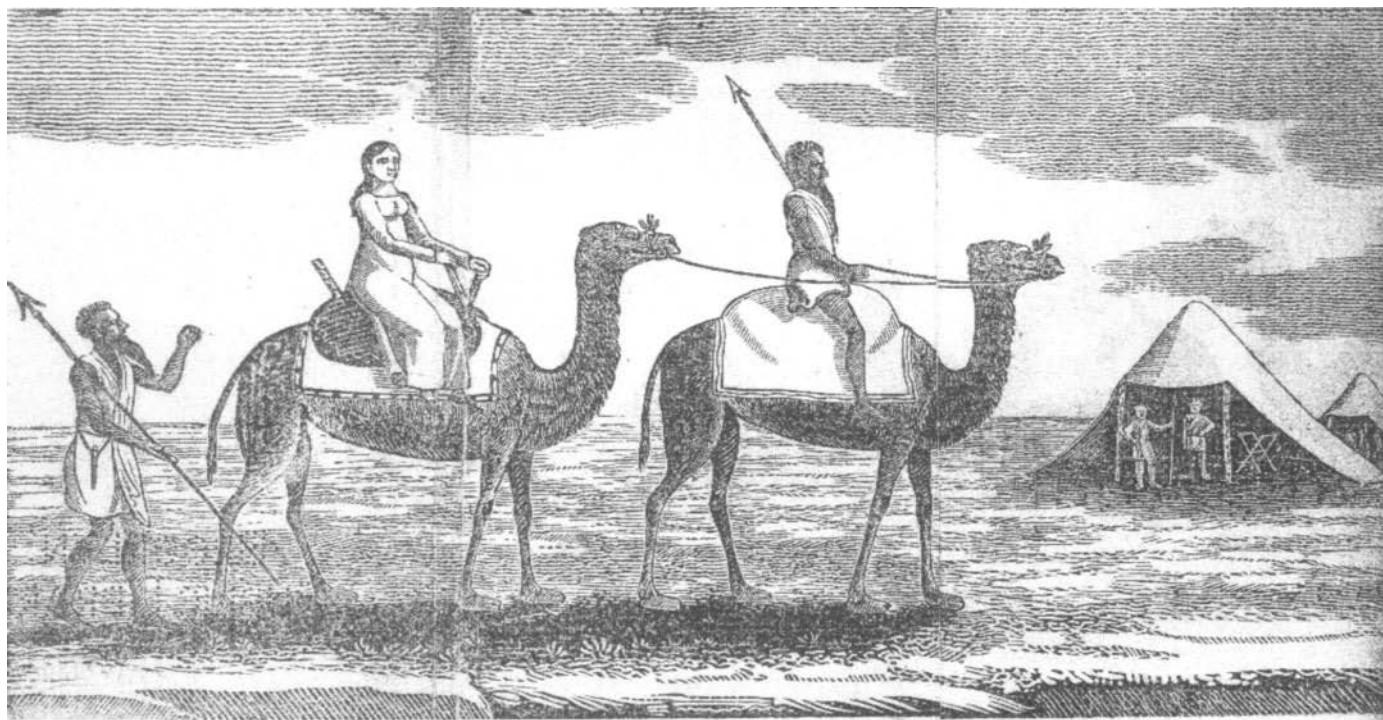
The Arabs now began to make preparation to depart – the one by whom I was claimed, and who I shall hereafter distinguish by the title of MASTER, was in my view more savage and frightful in his appearance, than any one of the rest. He was about six feet in height, of a tawny complexion, and had no other clothing than a piece of woolen cloth wrapped round his body, and which extended from below his breast to his knees: his hair was stout and bushy, and stuck up in every direction like bristles upon the back of a hog; his eyes were small but were red and fiery, resembling those of a serpent when irritated; and to add to his horrid appearance, his beard (which was of a jet black and curly) was of more than a foot in length! – such I assure the reader is a true description of the monster, in human shape, by whom I was doomed to be held in servitude, and for what length of time, Heaven then only knew!

The draught of water with which I had been supplied, having revived me beyond all expectation, my master compelling his camel to kneel, placed me

on his back. My situation was not so uncomfortable as might be imagined, as they have saddles constructed to suit the backs of these animals, and on which a person may ride with tolerable ease – the saddle is placed on the camel's back before the hump, and secured by a rope under his belly. Thus prepared, we set out, none of the captives being allowed to ride but myself. The unmerciful Arabs had deprived me of my gown, bonnet, shoes and stockings, and left me no other articles of clothing but my petticoat and shimmy, which exposed my head and almost naked body to the blazing heat of the sun's darting rays. The fate of my poor husband, and his companions, was however still worse; the Arabs had divested them of every article of clothing but their trousers; and while their naked bodies were scorched by the sun, the burning sand raised blisters upon their feet which rendered their travelling intolerably painful. If any through inability slackened his pace, or fell in the rear of the main body, he was forced upon a trot by the application of a sharp stick which his master carried in his hand for that purpose.

About noon, we having signified to the Arabs our inability to proceed any further without some refreshment, they came to a halt, and gave us about half a pint of slimy water each; and for food some roasted insects, which I then knew not the name of, but afterward found were locusts, which abounded very much in some parts of the desert. In my then half starved state I am certain that I never in my life partook of the most palatable dish with half so good an appetite. Having refreshed, we were again hurried forward, and were not permitted to stop again until about sunset, when the Arabs came to a halt for the night, and pitched their tents – my master ordered me to dismount, and after he had turned his camel loose to feed upon the juiceless shrubs that were thinly scattered about the tent, he presented me with about half a pint of water, and a handful more of the insects! after which I was permitted to lie down in the tent, to repose for the night; this was an indulgence that was not allowed the other captives, and would not probably have been allowed me, had it not been for my very weak state, which caused my master to fear, that without proper attention, he might lose his property; for it appears (by what I have since learned) that they considered us of about as much value as their camels, and to preserve our lives were willing to use us with about as much care and attention. My poor husband and his companions were compelled to take up their lodging on the dry sand, with nothing but the canopy of heaven to cover them. I this night, as I did every succeeding night before I closed my eyes, returned thanks to Almighty God for preserving me and enabling me to bear up under my heavy afflictions during the day past; to Him I looked, and on Him alone depended, for a deliverance from bitter captivity – nor did I each morning fail to return Him thanks for his goodness in preserving me through the night.

At day light we were called on to proceed. The Arabs struck their tents, and I was placed as before on my master's camel; while the other captives were compelled to hobble along on foot as well as they could. A few moments



The Arabs conveying Mrs. Bradley into Captivity.

Illustration 2.7 Eliza Bradley conducted to her master's encampment. *Authentic Narrative of the Shipwreck and Sufferings of Mrs. Eliza Bradley* (Boston: 1820)

before we commenced our journey, I was permitted to exchange a few words with my husband – he informed me with tears in his eyes, that his bodily strength began to fail him, and that if he did not meet with better treatment, he was fearful that he should not survive many days; in the mean time expressing a hope that God would preserve my life, and again restore me to my friends. I comforted him all I could, assured him that if we put our trust in God, He certainly would remember mercy in the midst of judgment, and would so far restrain the wrath of our enemies, as to prevent their murdering us. And the more to encourage him, I then repeated the two following texts of scripture – ‘I shall not die, but live: And declare the works of the Lord’. Psalms cxviii. 17. – ‘Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted with me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.’ Psalms xiii. 11.

By sunrise we were again on our march, and travelled until night, over a sandy desert, without sight of any living creature but ourselves – sands and skies were all that presented to view, except now and then small spots of sun burnt moss – indeed before us, as far as eye-sight could extend, presented a dreary prospect of sun burnt plains without grass, stick or shrub. Some of my poor unfortunate fellow captives being unable to proceed any further, the Arabs came to a halt a little before sunset; and pitched their tents, and having unloaded their camels, they dispatched two of their companions with a camel to the west. We were now presented with a like quantity of water and food, as on the day proceeding, and permitted to lie down under a corner of a tent to rest our wearied limbs. Here I had another opportunity to converse with my husband, and to witness more minutely the wretched condition of my other companions in distress; some of whom appeared to be on the eve of exchanging a world of trouble and sorrow for a better. The sustenance allowed them was hardly sufficient to keep the breath of life in them – having been deprived of nearly all their clothing, and their bodies exposed to the sun, they were rendered so weak, emaciated and sore that they could scarcely stand – they all thought that they could not live another day! I exhorted them not to fail to call on the Supreme Being in a proper manner for help, as He alone had power to deliver them from the hands of their unmerciful masters; and if ever so fortunate as to meet with a deliverance, and to be once more restored to their families and friends, never to let it be said of them as of Israel – ‘They forgot his works, and the wonders he shewed them: they remembered not his hand, nor the day that he delivered them from the enemy.’¹⁶⁷

A little after sunset, the two Arabs who had been dispatched with the camel to the west, returned, driving the beast before them – as soon as they reached the tent we discovered that they had brought a skin of fresh water (which they probably had been in quest of) and a quantity of a small ground root, which in appearance resembled European ground-nuts, and were equally as agreeable to the taste. Of the water they allowed us nearly

a pint each, which was a seasonable relief, for without it, I am certain that some of my companions would not have survived the night. It was pleasing to me to witness the apparent gratitude, which every one of the crew now manifested toward Him, who had wrought their deliverance from immediate starvation – after we had partaken of our scanty meal, it was proposed by me that we should all kneel, and individually return thanks to God, for this wonderful proof of his infinite goodness – a proposition that was cheerfully agreed to by all, the Arabs in the mean time standing over us, apparently much diverted with a view of the attitude in which we placed our bodies during our pious devotions.

The ensuing morning we started very early, travelling west, and about noon arrived at the well from which the water brought us had been obtained the day previous – the well had the appearance of having been dug many years, and contained five or six feet of water, of a quality too inferior to be drank by our meanest brutes, if any better could be obtained – Preparations were now made to water the camels, they having never drank a drop to our knowledge since the day we fell into the hands of the Arabs. – Troughs sufficiently large to contain half a barrel was filled twice, and the whole drank by a single camel – nature seems to have formed these animals for the express purpose of crossing the sandy deserts, and when watered, to drink a sufficient quantity to last them from four to six weeks; was this not the case, they certainly must perish in travelling from well to well, which are situated many miles from each other. For my own part, so great was the quantity of water given to the camels, that I was under very serious apprehension that none would be left for us; for so great now was our thirst, that had we been permitted, we would have gladly thrust in our heads, and drank out of the same trough with the camels; but this we were not allowed to do, nor would they allow us to approach the well until the camels had been supplied with as much water as they could drink; this being done, the troughs were next filled for us, when we were permitted (in imitation of the camels) to kneel down, thrust in our heads and drink until we were satisfied. I am confident, that I drank three pints, and without producing the serious effects that one would apprehend after suffering so much from thirst. I now by signs begged of my master for something to eat; but he gave me only a very small quantity of the roots heretofore described, at the same time by signs, giving me to understand that in two or three days, we should reach the place of their destination, where his family dwelt, and who would supply me with as much food as I should want.

The Arabs next proceeded to fill their goat-skins with water, which having done, they slung them on each side of their camels – the camel belonging to my master was next ordered to kneel, and I again placed on his back – thus prepared we again resumed our journey, travelling east. The face of the desert in every direction had still the same barren appearance, and at noon day the rays of the sun had a most powerful effect upon our almost naked bodies – having

been deprived of my bonnet, and having nothing to defend my head from the sun's scorching rays, the pain that I endured was extremely excruciating; yet, I praised God that I was not doomed to walk on foot, and at night to lie in the scorching sands, as my fellow-sufferers were compelled to do. During the day we continued our dreary route without the discovery of any thing that could serve to relieve the cravings of nature – we continued however to travel until eight o'clock in the evening, when the Arabs came to a halt, and pitched their tents for the night. To attempt to describe the situation of my poor husband, as well as the rest of his unfortunate fellow captives, at this time, would be a thing impossible for any one to do but those who witnessed it. The sun had scorched and blistered our bodies from head to foot; I will not pretend to describe their feelings; the compassionate reader will paint our distress in his imagination in stronger colours than can be described by words. We had nothing now left to eat; our masters, however, had the humanity to give us as much water as we could drink, and after returning thanks to heaven as usual, for our preservation through the day, we retired to seek repose for the night.

The next morning we were ordered early to arise and prepare for our journey; but three of my unfortunate fellow captives (one of whom was a lad of but 13 years of age) signified to their masters, by signs, their inability to proceed one step further unless they were provided with some sustenance, of which they had been deprived for the last thirty-six hours. The unmerciful Arabs thereupon became greatly enraged, and beat those who had complained of their weakness most unmercifully; but the blows inflicted upon the poor wretches, only increased their inability to travel. The Arabs finding that blows had no effect, and unwilling to part with any of us, they next consulted together what was best to be done to preserve our lives, it being evident to them that none of us could survive another day without some kind of nourishment, of which they were themselves now destitute; they at length agreed to kill one of their camels; and the one on which I rode, being the oldest of the drove, they obtained the consent of my master to butcher that; the business being thus settled, they began to make preparation for the slaughter. They compelled the poor animal to kneel down in the usual manner, as when about to be relieved from or to receive a load and then with a rope hauling his head back nearly to his rump, they with one of their scymeters, cut his throat; the blood they caught in a bucket as it flowed from the wound, and were extremely careful not to lose a drop – such was our hunger at this time, that we would have gladly drunk it as it streamed warm from the beast. Indeed such was the state of our stomachs, that I am confident that we should not have loathed animal food even in a state of putrefaction!

The camel was now dressed by the Arabs in much the same manner as the Europeans dress a butchered ox; but there was not a particle of any thing belonging to the carcase, but was esteemed of too much value to be wasted: even the hide and entrails were carefully preserved. The Arabs, assisted by the captives, next busied themselves in gathering small twigs and dry grass,

with which to cook a part of the animal. The blood was first poured into a copper kettle, and set on the fire to boil, the Arabs stirring it with sticks until it became a thick cake; this being done, the entrails (with very little cleansing) was next deposited in the kettle and set on the fire to bake or stew, after which the whole was distributed among the captives to eat; this was a relief that none of us anticipated when we arose in the morning; nor did I fail on this occasion to pour out my soul in rapturous effusions of thankfulness to the Supreme Being; nor did I find it very difficult to persuade my fellow captives to follow my example; this, our wonderful deliverance, while on the very brink of starvation, was to me another proof of the mercy and goodness of God, and that with us in the present instance he had eminently fulfilled the word contained in Psalms cvi. 46: 'He made them also to be pitied, of all those that carried them captives.'

While we were devouring the food allotted us, the Arabs were employed in cutting up and roasting the carcase, which done, they, like ravenous wolves, devoured more than half of it, and the remainder deposited in their bags slung upon their camels. Preparations were now made for our departure. I begged of my master to indulge me with the privilege of conversing a few moments with my husband, before we reassumed our journey, as he had informed me, in a few words the evening previous, that he had something important to communicate; after a good deal of persuasion the indulgence was granted me, and my husband having begged the same indulgence and obtained the same liberty of his master, we were permitted to seat ourselves in one corner of the tent to converse. My husband now informed me that by what he could learn from the Arabs, (as they were of different clans,) we were soon to be separated and conveyed to different parts of the country, and retained as captives, until they could have an opportunity to dispose of us to some of their brethren bound to the capital of Morocco, where an English consul resided,¹⁶⁸ and of whom they expected a good price, as they knew it was his duty to redeem all the European captives that should fall into their hands. That he had done all in his power to persuade his master to purchase me, to prevent our separation, but without any success; his master informing him that my master could not be persuaded to part with me, as he well knew that the English Consul would pay double price for the redemption of a female captive; that he then by signs gave him to understand that the female captive was his wife, and that the Consul would give him four times the sum for the redemption of both together, (that they might be each other's company to their own country) than he would to be obliged to redeem them separately at different periods: but his master could not be persuaded either to purchase me or to part with him. Here my poor husband concluded by observing, that as I was used with less severity by the natives than any of the other captives, he hoped that I should be so fortunate as once more to gain my liberty, by the intercession of some friend who might hear of my captivity; but, as for himself, he had become so

extremely feeble, in consequence of the treatment which he met with from the natives, that he despaired of living to regain his liberty. I begged of him not to despair, while life remained – that if he put his trust in God, he would be his friend, and not forsake him, but in his own good time restore us all to our liberty and to our friends; that it might prove good for us that we were thus afflicted, and as God certainly knew best what was for our good, we ought to pray that God’s will be done; that the Almighty had enabled us thus far to surmount difficulties, and to perform tedious journeys each day of many miles, when we conceived it almost impossible for us in the morning to travel half the distance. My husband now told me that he had been informed by one of the sailors that his master had taken a bible from him which he found in his knapsack, and which the Arab had still in his possession; which being of no use to him, as he could not read it, he thought he might be persuaded by my master to part with it if seasonable application was made. – This was indeed pleasing news to me, as in case of a separation from my poor husband I could find in this sacred volume that consolation which no human power on earth could afford me.

The hoarse voices of our masters were now heard, commanding us to separate and prepare to continue our journey. Since the camel on which I rode had been slain, not a thought until this moment entered my mind whether I should any longer be thus indulged or be compelled like the other captives to travel on foot; if the latter was their intention I was certain that my situation would be infinitely worse than that of my husband; for as the Arabs had robbed me of my shoes and stockings, were they to compel me thus to travel, they would very soon find the necessity of either leaving me behind to perish with hunger, or of dispatching me at once with their scymeters; but, my anxious doubts were very soon removed by the appearance of my master, leading a camel, which being compelled to kneel, I was ordered to mount.

We set forward in an easterly direction, and in consequence of the food with which we had been supplied, travelled with much better spirits than we had done for many days before – a little before sunset, we came to a well of tolerable good water, where were a large company of Arabs watering their camels; the strangers were all armed with muskets, and were double our number. Our masters were all mounted, but instantly leaped off their camels, and unsheathing their guns, prepared for action, should the strangers prove enemies. They approached us hastily with a horrible shout – I expected now to see a battle: but when they had arrived within half gun-shot of us, they stopped short and demanded who we were? what country we (the slaves) were? and where our masters had found us? To which questions my master briefly replied, assuring them that the place where we had been shipwrecked was but a very short distance, not more than two days travel; and that they had left the beach strewed with many articles of inestimable value, which they were unable to bring away with them – this was a stratagem made use

of by my master, to prevent the strangers molesting us; for as they live by stealing, they conceive that property belongs to no one, unless he has power to defend it. The strangers, elated with the prospect of obtaining their share of booty, hastily mounted their camels and departed for the place, where our masters assured them they would find the wreck, and the valuable property they had described to them. – They were, to the very great satisfaction of our masters, soon out of sight, and left us in peaceable possession of the well. Here we had once more an opportunity to quench our thirst, but not however until the camels and their masters had drank their fill.

As the sun had now set, a dispute commenced between the Arabs whether we should pitch our tents here for the night, or proceed a few miles further. It was argued by those who were against stopping here, that the Arabs who had gone in quest of the wreck, might alter their minds and return in the course of the night, and possess themselves of their prisoners. As an Arab had rather part with his life than his property, it did not require much argument to satisfy those who were at first of a different opinion, that to proceed to a place of more safety, would be the wisest step. Having filled their skins with water, and permitting us to take a second draught, they quit the well near an hour after sunset, and after ascending and descending prodigious drifts of dry sand until our strength had become nearly exhausted, our masters at length found a snug retreat surrounded on all sides by high sand drifts. As it was nearly midnight, they thought it not worth while to pitch their tents, but compelled us to lie down in the deep sand, and charged us not to exchange a word with each other, or make the least noise. Here, in our most exhausted state, were we compelled to lie on the bare ground, without the smallest shelter from the heavy dews of the night, and enduring beside the cravings of hunger, excruciating pains in all our limbs. Our masters accustomed to such hardships, did not even complain of fatigue.

As soon as day light appeared, they allowed us a small portion of what remained of the camel, after which we were called upon again to pursue our journey. The Arabs were exceeding careful in their preparations to depart, not to make the least noise, and forbid our uttering a word, lest they should be discovered by an enemy more powerful than themselves. By sun rise we were on our march – they compelled my husband and his poor fellow-captives to keep up with the camels, although their feet were extremely sore and swollen – for my own part (next to hunger and thirst) the most that I had endured was from the scorching rays of the sun beating upon my bare head; but having now gone so long bare-headed, my head had become accustomed to the heat, and though it remained uncovered, it did not pain me. Since my captivity, I had many times begged of my master that he would return me my bonnet, as the only means by which he could expect me to preserve my life; but he always, by signs, gave me to understand that it was the property of another, who would not be prevailed upon to part with it.

The desert now before us had the same sandy appearance we had before observed – all was a dreary, solitary waste, without a tree or shrub to arrest the view within the horizon. We continued on our route, however, as well as our situation would admit, until an hour after sunset, when the Arabs pitched their tents as usual, and we were permitted to retire to rest, although our extreme hunger (having eaten nothing but a morsel of camel's flesh for the last 24 hours) deprived us of sleep. In the morning, so reduced were many of the captives, by fatigue and hunger, that they were scarcely enabled to stand on their feet. It was in vain that the cruel Arabs beat them unmercifully, to force them to renew their journey – their legs were too weak to support even their emaciated bodies. The Arabs became at length satisfied that food must very soon be obtained, or they should lose some of their prisoners. While they were debating on what was to be done, the fresh tracks of camels were discovered by some of the company, a short distance to the west of where we were encamped. The Arabs seemed overjoyed at the discovery, and eight or ten of them mounted on the best camels, set out in pursuit of the travellers, to beg a supply of provisions, if friends, and to take it by force, if enemies.

As we were likely to remain here some time (at least till the return of those who had been dispatched in quest of provision) I solicited and was so fortunate as to be allowed the privilege of another interview with my poor unfortunate husband. I found him laboring under a still greater depression of spirits, than when I last had the privilege of conversing with him – he said that every hour now seemed to throw a deeper gloom over his fate, and that nature could not possibly hold out but a short time longer! and, indeed, that such was the state of wretchedness to which he was reduced, that (as regarded himself) death was stripped of all its terrors! I once more reminded him of the power of the Almighty to relieve us, and of the necessity of relying on his mercy – that through his divine goodness, we ought to be thankful that our lives had been so long miraculously preserved – that although our afflictions had been very great, and might still be even greater, yet the Lord was able to support us, and might in due season be pleased to effect our due deliverance; as he had declared to us in Psalms 6, 15. 'And call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'

My husband now informed me, that his suspicions that we were to be separated and conveyed to different parts of the desert, without a prospect of seeing each other again, had been confirmed by the declaration of the chief of the clan, with whom he had had much conversation respecting our future destiny – the chief giving him to understand, that it was the intention of our masters to retain us as slaves until an opportunity should present to dispose of us to some of their countrymen bound to the Moorish dominions, where a high price would be paid for us by the Sultan's¹⁶⁹ friend (British Consul)¹⁷⁰ that he had tried to prevail upon him to purchase me,

and to convey us both to Morocco (or Marockish¹⁷¹ as the Arabs term it) where he assured him we had friends, who would pay a handsome price for us; but without any success – his master assuring him, that my master could not be prevailed upon to part with me, for all the property he was worth, and that he would not engage to convey him (my husband) to Morockish for the price of his life; as he should have to pass through many tribes with whom they were at war – ‘thus my dear wife (concluded my husband) you see that the prospect of our speedy redemption is very small, and I am confident that if our captivity continues a month longer, and we are not treated with more lenity, not one of us will be found alive, for every one of my unfortunate fellow captives are if possible, in a more deplorable situation than myself’.

Such indeed as had been represented by my husband, was the situation of these victims of misfortune; overwhelmed with fatigue, unable to obtain repose, tormented with hunger, and consigned, without any human assistance, into the hands of merciless barbarians. These ferocious monsters, whenever they uttered a murmur, appeared so enraged against them, that when they spoke to them, the fire flashed from their eyes, and the white, so perceptible in the Moors and Arabs, could not be distinguished – and even in their most debilitated state, they were guarded with such vigilance, that an Arab with a spear or a musket in his hand, attended them upon every occasion; the barbarians being apprehensive that they might escape, or that their prey might be taken from them by force.

The Arabs sent in pursuit of the travellers returned about noon, and brought with them the bones and entrails of a kid, a small portion of which they gave to us. It was sweet to our taste, though but a morsel, and we pounded, chewed and swallowed all the bones. They now finished their last sack of water having taken a plentiful drink themselves, they gave us the relicks, which was inferior to bilge water. – The Arabs having concluded to proceed no further this day, they had the humanity to suffer the weakest of the captives to lodge at night under a corner of their tent. The ensuing morning they compelled us to start as soon as it was light, and travelled very fast until noon, when they came to a halt to let their camels breathe, and feed on a few shrubs that were thinly scattered among the sand drifts. We were here so fortunate as to find a few snails, which the captives were privileged to roast and eat, which in some measure allayed the cravings of hunger – having thus refreshed, we were ordered by our masters once more to put forward, and taking a northeasterly course, travelled rapidly through prodigious sand¹⁷² drifts until late in the evening – my master by words and signs encouraging me, that if my strength did not fail, he should reach his village the day ensuing; where I should be plentifully supplied with victuals and drink. The Arabs having found a convenient spot, pitched their tent, and again gave us permission to occupy a corner of it; but being allowed nothing this night wherewith to allay our hunger, our fatigues and sufferings may be more easily conceived than expressed; yet as we were sheltered

from the dews of the night, we slept very soundly until we were roused up to continue our journey.

The next day about noon we had the good fortune to discover a well of pure water – this was a happy circumstance, for having been deprived of that precious article for the last twenty-four hours, our misery from thirst had become so intolerable, that some of the captives had been induced to attempt to make use of that as a substitute, which decency forbids me to mention.¹⁷³ For this unexpected relief, our souls were overwhelmed with joy; nor did we fail to raise our eyes and hearts to heaven, in adoration and silent thankfulness, while tears of gratitude trickled down our haggard cheeks. While our masters were watering their camels, and filling their sacks, some of the captives had permission to go a short distance in search of snails, and were so fortunate as to collect, in less than half an hour, about three quarts, which, after being roasted, were shared among the captives.

During our halt at this place, I have yet another circumstance to record, which I then esteemed, and still esteem of more importance to me, if possible, than even the discovery of the well of water. My master having ordered me to dismount, that he might water his camel, I seated myself on a hard sand drift, a few rods from the well – here I remained until I saw him returning, leading his camel – as he approached, I perceived that he had something in his hand, and on his near approach, what were my emotions, to find that it was the sacred volume, that my husband informed me was in possession of one of the Arabs, who had taken it from the pack of a fellow captive – the Arab, it appeared, having conceived it of little value (being opposed to the Christian faith) and unwilling to be burthened with it any longer, threw it upon the sand, with an intention of there leaving it. My husband being made acquainted with his determination, after much persuasion, prevailed upon my master to pick it up, and convey it to me; this he would by no means have done (being a strict Mahomotan¹⁷⁴) had not my husband satisfied him by repeated assurances, that with this precious volume in my possession, I should be enabled to endure the hardships to which we were then subject, with more fortitude than I had done. My feelings on receiving so rich a present sent from the hands of one, whose very nature was at enmity with our Christian religion, may perhaps be conceived but I cannot attempt to describe them – to form a correct idea of my emotions at that time, let him, and him alone, who has full faith in the religion of Christ, and at whose hands he has found mercy, and is not ashamed to confess him before the world, transport himself in imagination to the country where I then was; a distant heathen clime, a land of darkness, where the enemy of souls reigns triumphant, and where by an idolatrous race the doctrines of a blessed Redeemer are treated with derision and contempt; and none but such wretches for his companions – thus situated, after having been more than two months deprived of that blessed book, which is so peculiarly calculated to afford him comfort and consolation in the trying hour of affliction

and woe, let him imagine himself presented with the sacred volume, and by one who has been taught to despise its precious contents!

Although my master, in presenting me with the book, which to me was of inestimable value, consulted only his own interest, yet I could not but feel grateful to him for a treasure of more value, than any thing with which he could then have presented me. As soon as it was in my possession, I turned to Jer. 31, 16, and read the following passage, which afforded me great consolation: 'Thus saith the Lord, refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eye from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy.'

But a very few moments were allowed me at this time to examine the contents of my new acquired treasure, as the Arabs having completed their watering, in less than an hour, were prepared to pursue their journey; nor did I then suspect that our next place of encampment would be that at which I should not only be separated from my dear husband, as well as from every one of my other fellow captives, but the place where I should be doomed to pass many months in captivity! – my master had indeed intimated to me the day previous, that we should on this day arrive at our place of destination, but, as he had proved himself a liar in a similar promise, which he had made many days before, I placed but little reliance on his word in the present instance – but such, however, proved to be the fact.

We travelled in an easterly direction over a sandy, although an extremely uneven country for about six hours, at the rate I should judge of about four miles an hour; about sunset the Arabs commanding the captives to halt, as they did themselves, they set up a most tremendous halloo, in which they were immediately answered by some one who appeared to be but a short distance from us. They now pushed hastily on, and in a few moments, were met by six or eight Arabs, a part of whom were women, on foot, each being armed with a spear ten or twelve feet in length – these I soon found were my master's friends, and a part of them of his own family. They welcomed the return of their friends by rubbing their limbs with dry sand, and then throwing handfuls of it in the air, after which they saluted the captives by spitting on us, pelting us with stones and throwing sand in our faces, accompanied with the word 'fonta' (bad)¹⁷⁵ – the females were not less backward to insult me than the men, and I think that I should have met with very serious injury, had I not been protected by my master, at whose command they desisted, and appeared disposed to treat me with less severity. One of them having snatched my bible from under my arm, was compelled by my master to return it. We were now conducted to their village, if I may be permitted so to term it, which was composed of only a few tents of a similar construction to those which the Arabs carry with them in their excursions. The village was situated in a valley which had no more the appearance of fertility than the barren desert which we had passed, except a few shrubs and thorn bushes on which the camels were feeding. When we arrived, the Arabs who

remained at the tents were engaged in their evening devotions – some were kneeling down and bowing their faces to the ground, and others standing and rubbing the naked parts of their bodies with dry sand, in the mean time constantly repeating the words ‘Allah Hookibar’.¹⁷⁶

Having finished their devotions, and the captives being secured in an old tent allotted them, the female camels were driven up by the women and milked. A bowl containing about six quarts of the milk, mixed with two or three quarts of barley flour, was presented to the captives to eat. This was the first time that I had ever tasted of camel’s milk, and in my hungry state was I think the most delicious food I ever tasted. My poor fellow captives, reduced by hunger to skeletons, seated themselves around the bowl, and having nothing but their hands to eat with, they devoured its precious contents in less than three minutes. After this about three quarts of roasted snails, and about the same quantity of brackish water were presented us, which were as quickly devoured – indeed, to such a state of starvation were we reduced, that I believe half a roasted camel would not have been sufficient for us. While we were partaking of this repast, our masters (whose appetites were probably nearly as sharp as ours) were busily employed in cooking a kid, the entrails of which we were in hopes we should obtain, but in this we were disappointed.

I now had another opportunity (and the last in Arabia)¹⁷⁷ to converse with my husband, who was yet decided in his opinion that our separation was soon to take place, and that without the kind interposition of Heaven in his behalf, that separation he was fearful would prove a final one. By hearing the Arabic so much spoken, he understood enough and heard enough to satisfy him that the village in which we then were, was the place of my master’s abode only of our company – that I should be retained here in captivity, and the remainder of them conveyed, probably, to more remote parts of the desert. He labored under the same impression, that if his sufferings continued without alleviation, death must soon terminate them. Here he begged of me, that if I should be more fortunate, and Heaven should thereafter be pleased to effect my deliverance, that I would do all in my power to ascertain what had been his fate, and if still alive and in captivity, that I would interest the British Consul at Mogadore in his favor to effect his deliverance.

It may excite the surprize of the reader that while my husband and his wretched companions were in such a state of despondency, I should support my sufferings with so great a share of fortitude. It may be easily accounted for, as there was a very material difference in our treatment – for while the other captives had been compelled to travel the whole journey, without shoes or stockings on foot through burning sands, and if they slackened their pace, were beat unmercifully by their masters, I was conveyed on the back of a camel the whole distance, without being compelled to walk five rods; and when I had occasion to mount or dismount, the camel was compelled to kneel for me; and although I endured much fatigue at first from

their mode of riding, yet when I became more used to the Arabian saddle, I suffered but very little inconvenience on that account; indeed, I set as easy as in an arm chair. I was also most generally indulged each night with the privilege of occupying a corner of their tent, while my unfortunate fellow captives were compelled, with one or two exceptions, to sleep in the sands, with no other covering but the canopy of heaven. Hence, while these poor unfortunate people were by ill treatment as well as hunger reduced to mere skeletons – their whole bodies burned quite black by the powerful rays of the sun, and filled with innumerable sores: their feet blistered by the hot sands, or severely gashed by sharp stones; and their heads, for the want of an opportunity to cleanse them, overrun with vermin, I, blessed be God, suffered but little, but from hunger and thirst.

It was a pleasing thing to me to see these unfortunate captives, almost without an exception, although but a few months before conducting as if strangers to the gospel of Jesus, on their bended knees, imploring the mercy and protection of an offended God. O that they may continue to be ever grateful to him for past favors, and learn to trust in Him for the time to come – surely then above most others they have reason to say ‘it is good for us that we have been inflicted’.¹⁷⁸ By their request I read many passages in my bible which seemed most appropriate to our situation, and which appeared to afford them great consolation – among which were the following: – ‘Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart, wait I say on the Lord’. Psalms 20. ‘I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord: The Lord hath chastized me sore, yet he hath not given me over to death.’ Psalms 1. 8. 17. 18. ‘Cast thy burthen upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.’ Psalms 55. 22. ‘I know O Lord that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hath afflicted me.’ Psalms 119, 75.

As it was now quite dark we retired to rest upon a few old mats that the Arabs had thrown into our tent for us to repose on, but the apprehension of being separated the ensuing morning deprived us of sleep; indeed the whole night was spent in a state of anxiety not easy to conceive of. While we remained in this situation until day light, our masters were the whole night engaged in debate, there appearing, by what little we could understand, still some difficulty in deciding to whom each one of us belonged; the dispute however at length subsiding, and the time of milking the camels having arrived, our masters presented us with a pint of milk each, warm from the beast, which refreshed us very much. Our tent was now visited by the wives and children of the Arabs, who having satisfied their curiosity by gazing at us for half an hour, to express their disgust, the children were encouraged by their mothers to spit and throw sand in our faces – as soon however as this was discovered by our masters, they were ordered off.

The Arabs now commenced their morning devotions, by bowing themselves to the ground, rubbing their faces, arms, legs, &c. with dry sand, as in

the evening before, after which another kid was butchered and cooked, of which they gave us the entrails. Having finished their repast, they began to saddle and load their camels, and in a few moments after, my unfortunate fellow captives were commanded to come forth to pursue their journey – I too (as if ignorant of the intentions of my master) obeyed the summons; but no sooner had I stepped without the tent, than the barbarian forced me back with the brith of his musket!

The fears that I had entertained of being seperated from my poor unfortunate husband, and his wretched fellow-captives, were now realized – it would be impossible for me to describe my feelings at this moment, and the reader can have but a faint conception of them! I begged that I might be indulged with the liberty of exchanging a few words with my husband, previous to his departure: but even this privilege was denied me; in a fit of despair I threw myself upon a mat, where I remained in a state of insensibility until the captives were far out of sight. As soon as I had recovered sufficiently to support myself on my knees, I sent up a prayer to Heaven, imploring her protection in my then still more wretched situation. I then laid myself down to rest, but could not sleep. My mind, which had been hitherto remarkably strong, and supported me through all my trials, distresses and sufferings, and in a great measure had enabled me to encourage and keep up the spirits of my frequently despairing fellow captives, could hardly sustain me: My sudden change of situation seemed to have relaxed the very springs of my soul, and all my faculties fell into the wildest confusion.

Soon after the departure of the other captives, I was again visited by a motley group of the natives, who came merely to satisfy their curiosity, when the children were again encouraged by their parents to insult me by spitting and throwing sand in my face – this was more than I could bear; tears of anguish, which I had not the power to controul, now gushed from my eyes; and my almost bursting heart vented itself in bitter groans of despair! It soon appeared, however, that the abuse offered me by these unfeeling wretches, was not countenanced by my master; for on his arrival, viewing the sad condition that I was in, with my eyes and mouth filled with sand, he became greatly enraged and beat the vile authors of it unmercifully – and, indeed, the severe chastisement which they then received, had a lasting and very happy effect; for from this time, until the period of my redemption, I was not once again insulted in this way.

My master having retired, soon returned with a bowl of camel's milk, and another of the flour similar to that with which I had been before presented; and of which I made a very delicious meal, and returned thanks to God for the wholesome repast. In two hours after I was again visited by my master, accompanied by a very aged, and the most respectable looking Arab that I had seen; who, having seated himself on a mat, accosted me with 'how de do Christiano'. I was indeed very much surprised to hear a language that I could understand, and was much pleased with the prospect of having

found one who, as an interpreter, might be of essential service to me. The old man could speak but very broken English, but with the assistance of my partial knowledge of the Arabic (which I had obtained during my captivity) we could converse with each other tolerable well. He informed me that he belonged to a village much larger than the one in which my master had now encamped, and many miles nearer Moroccash¹⁷⁹ – that he had obtained his partial knowledge of the English language by having once in his possession three or four English captives, who with a number of their countrymen, had been shipwrecked on the coast. That they were with him about two years, when, with the exception of one that died, they were redeemed by the Sultan's friend at Moroccash.¹⁸⁰

The old man was very inquisitive and anxious to learn of what the ship's cargo was composed, and whether there was much cash on board; how many days we had been travelling since we quit the wreck, and on what part the coast we were wrecked – how many persons there were on board, and if the whole of our number were captured. To these questions I gave correct answers, which were interpreted to my master.

I embraced this opportunity to ascertain, if possible, what would probably be the fate of my husband and his unfortunate companions; and whether there was any prospect of their gaining their liberty again – and what were my master's intentions with regard to myself. Agreeable to my request these enquiries were made, and my master's replies interpreted to me by the old man; which apprized me, that the prospect of my companions being soon redeemed was very great, as their masters resided much nearer the Sultan's dominions, where information of their captivity might be easily conveyed; and as soon as the Sultan received the information, he would immediately communicate it to his friend (the British Consul) at Swearah (Mogadore)¹⁸¹ who would dispatch a person with cash, to redeem them. That as regarded myself, it was the intention of my master to retain me in his own family, until he could find an opportunity to dispose of me at a good price, to some one of his countrymen bound to Swearah. I suggested to the old man the improbability of my living long if not more tenderly treated, and more bountifully supplied with wholesome food; which, being interpreted to my master, I was assured, that if I behaved myself well, I should have my liberty to walk about the village where I pleased, and should always have my share of food.

As I had always been under serious apprehension of being deprived of my bible (which was now my only remaining companion) or that I should be compelled to engage with them in their idolatrous worship of the Supreme Being, I hinted to my interpreter, that although we believed in one and the same Grand Spirit, yet there was a difference in our mode of worshipping Him: and that while they peaceably pursued their's, I hoped that I should not be disturbed while engaged in mine; and, what was a still greater consideration with me, I hoped that none might be permitted to take from me my bible, but that I might be allowed to devote a few hours each day in

perusing it. To this my master assented, on condition that I would never worship or peruse the book in his presence, or that of any of his family; for as they believed Christians, *fonta* (bad) he could not answer for the conduct of his family if they found me thus engaged.

My master having informed me that the tent in which I was then confined, was allotted me as my place of residence until he should have an opportunity to dispose of me, now granted me liberty to walk about the village where I pleased, hinting at the same time, that an attempt on my part to escape from him, would be punished with instant death! all this was interpreted to me by the old Arab, who, having promised me that if he should meet with an opportunity to send to Swearah, he would inform the Sultan of my situation, with my master withdrew, and left me to return thanks to Him, by whose kind interposition I was so fortunate as to meet with one, in that barren and inhospitable desert, who was not only enabled to acquaint me of what would probably be the ultimate fate of my poor husband, but what were the views of my master with regard to myself.

Being now left entirely alone, I embraced the opportunity to peruse more attentively the sacred volume, which alone was calculated to yield consolation to a miserable captive like myself; a volume calculated not only to make me wise unto salvation, but calculated also to convey the most affecting views, and awaken the sublimest sensibilities on a thousand topics; a volume full of entertainment as well as instruction, composed by a great diversity of authors, and all of them divinely taught. Methinks I see them one after another (in this moment as in that of my tribulation) presenting for my improvement, their respective writings with an aspect of dignity and sweetness, combining, the dignity of truth, and the sweetness of benevolence; both derived from Him who inspired them to be the teachers of mankind. Methinks I hear them severally addressing me in the name of God, with an authority that can only be equalled with their mildness, on subjects the grandest and most important. What book is there but the bible, that contains so much to inform, impress, and delight reflecting minds, laid together in a manner so extensively adapted to their various turns of understanding, taste and temper; which people of different and distant countries, through a long succession of ages, have held in so much reverence, and read with so much advantage; where it is so difficult to determine, which are more distinguished ease and simplicity, or sublimity and force, but where all are so beautifully united; where there is so little to discourage the weakest spirit, if docile, and so much to gratify the strongest, if candid – where the frailties, disorders and distresses of human nature, are all so feelingly laid open and the remedies, which Heaven provided had so tenderly applied.

And ought I to omit to declare that although misfortune had placed me in the hands of a barbarous people, although separated from every christian friend, and experiencing all the hardships and privations peculiar to those who are so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of a merciless race; yet, from

this sacred volume, I derived more comfort, more sweet consolation, secluded as I was from the civilized world, than the most fashionable amusements of the most populous cities in Europe, could have afforded me! Ah, ye fair ones of Britain, who doat on the parade of public assemblies, and sail along in the full blown pride of fashionable attire, of which the least appendage or circumstance must not be discomposed; thoughtless of human woe: insensible to the sad condition of those like myself pining in many a solitary residence of want – ye gaudy flutterers, ‘with hard hearts under a soft raiment’, how much more brilliant and beautiful would ye appear in the eyes of saints and angels, were you to employ your leisure hours thus devoted to the attaining a knowledge of that sacred scripture by which alone ye can expect to attain eternal life. I blush for many of my country women possessed of understanding who have never yet learned its noblest and happiest use; in whose ears the circulated whisper of a well dressed crowd admiring their appearance, is a more grateful sound than the praise of the ever living Jehovah! How much more praise worthy would it be, were it your object only to appear beautiful in the eye of God; to be beloved by the Monarch of the Universe! to be admitted, if I may use the phrase, as so many fair and shining pillars into her temple below; while he contemplates each with a pleasing aspect, and purposes to remove them in due time to his sanctuary on high, where they shall remain his everlasting delight, as well as the never ceasing admiration of surrounding cherubims.¹⁸² Great Creator! what can equal such exaltation and felicity? And can any of you, my fair readers, be so destitute of every nobler sentiment as not to aspire after privileges like these! Unmoved by such ideas, can you turn away with impatience, and run to scenes of dress and show with the same little inglorious passions as before; preferring to the approbation of the Eternal the slightest regards from the silliest mortals? Go, thou senseless creature, and boast of being admired by the butterflies of a day; see what they will do for thee, when He, whose favor thou neglectest, and for such things shall cause thy ‘beauty to consume like a moth’,¹⁸³ and thy heart to sink within thee like a stone. Imagination shudders at the thought of that day, when thou shalt enter, trembling, forsaken and forlorn, those dismal regions which the voice of adulation cannot reach, and nothing shall be heard but sounds of reproach and blasphemy and woe; where, stript of every ornament that now decks thy body, and stript of that body itself, thy mind must appear without shelter or covering, all deformed and ghastly, mangled with the wounds of despairing guilt, and distorted by the violence of envenomed passions, while demons shall mock at thy misery. May the Almighty Redeemer be pleased to save us all from a doom so dreadful!¹⁸⁴ And my fair readers would you concur to prevent it? Begin with restraining the love of ornament; or rather, turn that dangerous affection into a higher channel, and let it flow: it will then become safe, useful, noble. Here you will have scope for the largest fancy. To the adorning of your minds we wish you to set no bounds. In dressing the soul for the company of saints, of angels,

of God himself, you cannot employ too much time or thought. In a word, all the best things in the creation, together with the Creator himself, concur in loving and honoring a beautiful mind.

But, to return –

The liberty granted me by my master, to peruse the sacred scriptures, I faithfully improved at this time. I perused the whole book of Job, and derived much consolation therefrom, after which, to prevent its destruction by the natives, I buried my inestimable treasure in the sand, and, unaccompanied by any one, I was now permitted to walk about the village, as it was termed, which was composed of no more than ten or twelve wretched tents, containing from six to ten persons each. As a more minute description of the inhabitants – their employment, dress, habits, customs, &c. may be gratifying to some of my readers, I will here record them as correctly as my recollection will enable me, from observations made during my captivity.¹⁸⁵

The Arabs are of a tawny complexion, and when full grown, are generally from five to six feet in height, with black sparkling eyes, high cheek bones and thin lips – their hair is black, long and very coarse, and being occasionally clipped by the men, they leave it sticking out in every direction, from their head, which gives them a very savage appearance – their beards they permit to grow to the length of seven or eight inches. The only clothing they wear is a piece of coarse cloth of their own manufacture, which they tie round their waists, and which extends to their knees. The women are in general not so tall as the men, but in other respects resemble them very much. They appear in their natures as if created expressly for the country which they inhabit, as no human beings can endure thirst, hunger, and fatigue better than they. When they rise in the morning, their first employment is to milk their camels, after which the whole village, young and old, (the women excepted) assemble to attend prayers and their other religious devotions, which they perform in the following manner: they first strip themselves nearly naked, and then with dry sand rub every part of their bodies, after which, bending their bodies almost to the ground, they cry aloud ‘Allah Hookiber’ – ‘Allah-Sheda Mahammed!’¹⁸⁶ – at night, before retiring to rest, they again assemble to worship in the same manner.

The cloth with which the Arabs cover their tents, they manufacture out of camel’s hair, which work is performed by the women, in the following manner: having first spun the hair into thread, by means of a hand spindle, and it having gone through the operation of doubling and twisting, they drive into the ground two rows of pegs, placing them about three feet apart; the warp is then attached to the pegs and the filling is then carried by a shuttle over one thread of the warp and under another, the women, in the mean time beating up the threads with a flat piece of stick. Every tent is occupied by a separate family, who have no other furniture but a mat, which serves them for a bed, a small brass kettle in which they sometimes boil their provision, a callabash to hold their milk, and a wooden trough in which they water their camels.

If the Arabs are provided with water, they never fail to wash before they eat, but in the choice of their food, they are less particular, esteeming a mess of roasted snails preferable to any other dish. Their principal food, when encamped, is camel's milk, and occasionally they feast themselves on a kid, but never on a camel, unless in case of real necessity, or when they have become too old to travel. Frequently, however, in travelling the desert, the Arabs have been driven by hunger to such extremities, as to devour animals and insects of any kind in a state of putrefaction.

The Arabs have a plurality of wives to whom they are very severe and cruel, exercising as much authority over them as over their slaves, and compelling them to perform their meanest drudgery – their husbands consider them as their inferiors, as beings without souls, and will not permit them to join their devotions. While engaged in weaving, they carry their infant children on their backs, which are secured by a fold of a piece of cloth, which they wear for the purpose over their shoulders; by being kept constantly at work, they become very filthy in their persons, and are covered with vermin.

The children of the Arabs are taught to read and write, and every family has a teacher for that purpose, but for paper they substitute a piece of smooth board about two feet square, and on these they are taught to make Arabic characters with sharpened reeds – they are easily instructed to read the Koran, agreeable to their Mahometan faith, and are taught to write verses therefrom. O, what a pity it is that they are not taught the superior excellence of the Christian religion, and to worship the blessed Jesus, instead of the impure and idolatrous worship of objects prescribed by Mahomet – weep, O my soul, over the forlorn state of the benighted heathen! Oh! that all who peruse this narrative would join in their fervent requests to God, with whom all things are possible, that these deluded people may soon be brought to worship the true and only Jesus, and to drink freely of the waters of salvation!

Although my master had promised me that I should receive a plentiful supply of food, I soon found that he was by no means in a situation to fulfill his promise; for with the exception of the small quantity of milk that the camels yielded, I found that they had nothing themselves to subsist on for the most part of the time but ground nuts and a few snails, which they found in the sand. Each family possesses two or three kids, but they will sooner starve than kill them, unless it is on particular occasions – There were two wells of tolerable good water in the neighborhood, which was the only convenience that the miserable village could boast of.

While some of the wives and children of the Arabs viewed me with scornful eyes, frequently uttering the word 'fonta' bad, others appeared more amiably disposed, and treated me with compassion. They all however appeared to be anxious that I should be taught to labor like themselves, and for the first week attempted to instruct me how to weave after their manner – but as I was sure that if they taught me to be useful to them in this way, I should

be allowed but little time to rest or to peruse my bible, I did not prove so tractable as they expected to find me, and they finally gave up all hopes of rendering me serviceable to them in this way. I was however compelled every night and morning to drive off the camels, to milk, and to devote two or three hours each day in collecting snails and ground nuts.

After performing the duty allotted me, I usually retired to my tent, and spent the remainder of the day in serious meditation, and in perusing the sacred scriptures. During my captivity I read my bible, the Old and New Testament, five times¹⁸⁷ through from the beginning to the end. O it is impossible for me to bestow too much praise on this sacred book – the consolation that I derived therefrom in the hour of tribulation was very great indeed; it was that and that alone that now enables me to say, ‘blessed be the hour that I became a convert in the land of the heathen!’ O, how precious, how exceedingly valuable is the word of God! how exceedingly precious is the religion of Jesus – how unlike that of Mahomet, how different from any which the carnal heart can invent! – O, it was this that sustained me in the hour of affliction, in the day of my captivity.

Five months having nearly passed since my separation from my poor husband and his unfortunate companions, and at the moment of despairing of being ever redeemed from cruel bondage, I was one morning very early aroused from my slumbers by the hoarse voice of my master, commanding me to come forth; the summons I instantly obeyed; but my surprize may be better imagined than expressed, when on reaching the door of my tent I was presented by my master with a letter directed to me and which I immediately recognized to be the hand writing of my husband! With my master was a stranger mounted on a mule, and although of a tawny complexion, had not otherwise the savage appearance of an Arab. As soon as I came within view of him, with a smile upon his countenance, he accosted me with ‘how de do Christiano;’ that he was the messenger of pleasing news, I did not doubt. I broke open the letter, and with emotions that I cannot describe, read as follows:

Mogadore, Dec. 10, 1818.

My dear Charlotte¹⁸⁸ –

This will inform you that I am no longer a slave – by the blessings of God, I once more enjoy my liberty – I was brought to this place with three of my crew by the Arabs, a few days since, and humanely redeemed out of their hands by our excellent Consul (Mr. Willshire) who resides here. I have informed him of your situation, and he has kindly offered me his assistance in effecting your redemption and restoring you to liberty – the bearer of this letter (should he be so fortunate as to find you) is a man in whom you may place the utmost reliance, and who will conduct you in safety to this place, should your master be pleased to comply with the proposals of

Mr. Willshire, to whom he has directed a letter written in Arabic, offering seven hundred dollars for your redemption, provided he conveys you in safety to this place.

I am affectionately yours, &c.

JAMES BRADLEY.

Having finished this letter, so great was my joy, that I could not refrain from shedding tears, and it was some time before I could become sufficiently composed as to beg of my master permission to retire to my tent, where, on my bended knees, I might return thanks to an all wise and beneficent Creator, through whose goodness there was a prospect of my being once more restored to my husband and friends.

The terms offered my master being such as he was pleased to accept of, the necessary preparations were immediately made for our departure, and the morning ensuing, my master and myself being mounted on a camel each, accompanied by the Moor (for such he proved to be) mounted on his mule, set out for Mogadore, a distance of more than seven hundred miles. We were nearly twenty days in performing the journey, the greatest part of the way being a sandy desert, yielding little for man or beast.

Were I to record the occurrences of each day while on our journey, it would swell a volume to too great an extent. I would rather confine myself to a few particulars which I esteem of the most importance to the reader, and which is calculated to give him a correct idea of my situation, until the day of my redemption – and that of the country through which we passed. My master loaded the camels with as much provision as they could well carry, which, with the little they were enabled to collect on the way, served us until we reached a more fertile country. My master seemed disposed to treat me with more humanity than ever, and of whatever provision was obtained, if there was scarcely sufficient for a moderate meal for one, I was sure to receive one half; nor was time refused me each morning before we set out on our journey, to return thanks to Heaven for the protection afforded me through the night, and to read a chapter in my bible.

After travelling ten days, we came to the country inhabited by the Moors, and passed several walled villages, enclosing some well stocked gardens. The further we proceeded on our journey, the more the fertility of the country seemed to increase. We passed large fields of Indian corn and barley, and gardens filled with most kinds of vegetables, and the surrounding country presented beautiful groves of date, fig, pomegranate and orange trees. The Arabs and Moors not being on the most friendly terms, and the latter being as great enemies to christianity as the former, we might have starved amidst plenty, had we not fortunately a Moor for a companion, without whose aid we could not have gained admittance to any of their villages.

In fifteen days from that on which we left the village of my master, we entered the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco, and two days after arrived at Santa Cruz,¹⁸⁹ the most considerable frontier town of the Emperor's dominions. We were met at the entrance of the town by a large body of Moors of all ranks and ages, and while some of the most respectable appeared disposed to protect me, from another class I received every insult that they could devise means to bestow upon me. My master, on attempting to defend me from the outrage of these merciless wretches, received but little better treatment himself, as the Moors harbor the most contemptible opinion of the Arabs of the interior. My master, however gained permission of the Governor, to tarry in the town until the ensuing morning, and promised us his protection. I was then conveyed to a small dirty hut, situated at the extreme part of the town, and therein barricadoed as securely as if I had been one of their greatest and most formidable enemies in existence. I ought not however fail to mention, that I was here for the first time since I became a captive, plentifully supplied with good and wholesome provision in abundance. The town abounded with fish of a most excellent quality, which they understood the cooking of equal to Europeans, and of which they allowed me more than I could possibly eat; with an equal proportion of sweet barley bread. Although I felt grateful for such liberality, yet I could not but view its authors as nothing more than instruments in the hands of the Supreme Being employed to alleviate the sufferings of one of his most unfortunate creatures, who day and night had unceasingly solicited his protection. O, I have infinite reason to confess my obligation to that Almighty Power who so wonderfully preserved and supported me in the day of bondage. – May my future life evince my gratitude, and every thought be brought into subjection to the Father of spirits – surely 'a soul redeemed demands a life of praise'.¹⁹⁰

Early the ensuing morning we quit Santa Cruz, and proceeded on our journey, travelling through a beautiful cultivated country. The sea on our left covered with boats of various sizes, was full in view. About 3 o'clock the day following, having reached the summit of a mountain which we had been since morning ascending, the Moor suddenly cried out, pointing to the east, 'see, see Mogadore!' – the town was indeed fair in view, and did not appear to be more than fifteen or eighteen miles distant from us.

The harbor was soon in view, and the flags of ships of different nations floating from their mizen tops was viewed by me with unbounded pleasure – it is impossible to state my feelings at this moment on the reflection that in a few hours I should in all probability be enabled to meet my husband; and enjoying that liberty of which we had been many months deprived. I could not fail to look up to heaven with adoration, while my heart swelled with indescribable sensations of gratitude and love to the all-wise, all-powerful, and ever merciful God of the universe, who had conducted me through so many dreadful scenes of danger and suffering! had controlled the passions

and disposed the hearts of the barbarous Arabs in my favor, and was finally about to restore me to the arms of my husband.

As we approached the city we were met by considerable bodies of the Moors, whom curiosity had brought from the city to view a Christian female slave – many appeared disposed to offer me insult but were prevented by those who apparently possessed a greater share of pity for one who was really a spectacle of distress. At half past seven o'clock we entered the city, and was conducted by a company of soldiers immediately to the house of the British Consul. Mr. Willshire met us at the door, and had this truly benevolent and humane man been my own brother, he could not have given me a more welcome reception – he actually shed tears of joy at the prospect of having it soon in his power to restore me to the arms of my husband, who he informed me had been impatiently awaiting my arrival, and had been daily at his house to ascertain if any information had been received of me since the departure of the Moor dispatched in quest of me.

The news of my arrival soon reached the ears of my husband, who with the remainder of the captives who had been redeemed and had not left the country, hastened to the Consul's house to see me. Happy meeting! It was some time before my husband or myself could exchange a syllable with each other – the joy which we both felt in being enabled to meet again, and under circumstances so different from those under which we parted, deprived us for some time of the power of speech; indeed if there was ever a moment in which it became an unfortunate people like ourselves to offer up prayers of thankfulness to an adorable Creator, for his mercy and goodness in so long protecting us during our many months captivity, and for finally effecting our redemption out of the hands of the unmerciful Arabs, this was the moment. It is certainly the Almighty who is the bestower and giver of all our good things – all our mercies come to us by a divine providence and ordering; not by casualty or accident – neither are they of our own procuring and purchasing – it is God who returns the captivity of Zion. 'When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream: then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing. – Then said they among the heathen, the Lord has done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad: Turn again our captivity, O Lord'. Psalms cxxvi. The very heathen acknowledge the good things bestowed upon and done for the church, to be from God; and God's own people acknowledged Him for the mercies granted, and humbly supplicated mercies from Him for the future. It is God who gathers the outcasts of Israel: It is He who takes away the captives of the mighty, the prey of the terrible; who contends with them that contend with us, and saves our children. It is God who dispenseth and gathers again. Sometimes God, in a more immediate and extraordinary way and manner, confers his blessings and mercies; sometimes in a more ordinary and mediate way; but His providence is to be acknowledged in all; not one single

mercy comes to us, without a commission from that God by whom our very hairs are numbered.

Scarcely any of Mr. Willshire's domestics who witnessed the happy meeting of myself and husband, could refrain from tears. The poor sailors who had been so fortunate as to obtain their liberty seemed really overjoyed at the prospect of my being once more restored to the bosom of my family. – Each seemed anxious to relate to me a narrative of his sufferings and treatment which he received from the Arabs from the moment of our separation, until that of their redemption. While some appeared to have been treated with a small degree of lenity, others bore the marks of the most savage cruelty, and certainly could not have survived much longer under such sufferings, had they not been providentially redeemed out of the hands of the unmerciful barbarians. By the account given me by my husband, of his deprivations and sufferings from the time of our separation, it appeared that he had fared no better than the rest – two days after my separation from them, the Arabs reached another village, which was the place of residence of three or four more of the company, and where another separation of the captives took place. My husband, however being not of this party, he was still compelled to travel on under the most disagreeable circumstances; he became so weak and emaciated, and his faculties so rapidly declined that he could scarcely hear or see, and a vertical sun was so continually darting his beams so intensely upon him, that for the last two days of his journey he could scarcely move one foot before the other. But, having at length succeeded in reaching the village of his master, by the intercession of one of his sons in my husband's behalf, he was treated with more humanity, until an opportunity fortunately presented in which he was enabled to forward a line to Mogadore, by a man informing Mr. Willshire of his situation, as well as that of his fellow captives. On the receipt of my husband's letter, that gentleman, who is so renowned for his humanity, did not spare a moment to effect his redemption, and adopted such means as were attended with success; and by his means seven more of the unfortunate captives obtained their liberty, and returned with us to England in the same ship, which, thanks to the Supreme Disposer of all events, they were enabled to do, after having been held in captivity for nearly six months, in which they had suffered hardships and trials seldom known to human nature.

The hospitable Mr. Willshire insisted on our remaining at his house, until such time as he could procure passages for us to Europe. There indeed was not an European or white man of any nation, in the harbor, who did not come to see us, and who generously supplied us with such articles of clothing, &c. as we stood most in need of. Having refreshed ourselves by these good people's bounty, and meeting with so many christian friends at this place, we began to feel new life, and almost to think ourselves restored to our former strength and vigour; though in reality we were still in a most deplorable condition.

In justice to the Europeans that we found at Mogadore, I must say that we received from them marks of the most tender interest, and the most generous compassion; I think I can never sufficiently express the sense that I shall ever entertain for the kindness and humanity of Mr. Willshire, whose whole employment it appeared to be for several days to contrive the best means to restore us to health and strength. By him I was advised to bathe every morning, and to confine myself to goat's milk, excepting a few new laid eggs, together with moderate exercise. After a week, he allowed me to take some light chicken broth, with a morsel of the wing. By the means of this diet, my health and strength were in a great measure restored.

The Almighty, by whose will I had probably very justly suffered, was at length pleased to deliver me into the hands of a benevolent man, whose kindness I experienced in every instance. What would have been our condition if we had met with a person of less sensibility; who thinking he had sufficiently answered the duties of his office in redeeming us out of the hands of the Arabs, had left us to shift for ourselves, with regard to all other necessaries! I can never reflect without the most grateful sensibility, on the goodness and charity of him whom I am proud to claim as my countryman, and who certainly is an honor to the country which gave him birth. At our departure, when my husband attempted to make acknowledgements for his bounties, 'I must beg leave (said the Consul) to interrupt you on this subject; you have deserved every thing I did for you, because you needed it; and I have done nothing more in your instance, than I should have a right to expect myself, in the same circumstances. But my consideration for your distress (continued he) ought to extend beyond the immediate exigencies of your situation'.

Having continued at Mogadore until we had perfectly recovered our health and strength, a passage was procured for us to Liverpool; but we did not quit the Barbary coast, however, until I had the pleasure of communing with God. There was a small English church at Mogadore, of which our excellent friend Mr. Willshire was the principal founder; for among the other qualifications of this good man, I am happy to say that I found him a true believer in the religion of Jesus. How sweetly calculated were the gospel ordinances here performed to enliven the hearts of believers, surrounded as they are by a race of idolaters, on whom no light of revelation beams; where there are no other sanctuaries – no communion tables – no bread and wine to remind them, that a Saviour shed his blood on Calvary for them! O thou blessed Redeemer, for poor lost sinners, thou who didst commission thy disciples of old to preach the gospel to every creature; wilt thou send forth laborers, make the wilderness a fruitful field, and cause the wilderness to blossom like the Rose.

Having taken an affectionate leave of our friends at Mogadore, on the 1st of February, 1819, we were in readiness to embark for our native country. Beside my husband and myself, there were six others of my husband's original crew

who had agreed to work their passage. In forty days from that on which we bid adieu to the coast of Barbary, we were all safely landed on the shores of Old England, and the day succeeding I was restored to the arms of my friends in Liverpool, who joined with me in returning thanks to the Almighty for my wonderful deliverance.

Here Mrs. Bradley concludes her affecting narrative. – Subsequent accounts from Mogadore state that five more of the crew had found their way back to that place by the interposition of Mr. Willshire.

2.8 *Neapolitan Captive: Interesting Narrative of the Captivity and Sufferings of Miss Viletta Laranda, A Native of Naples Who, with a Brother Was a Passenger on Board a Neapolitan Vessel Wrecked Near Oran, on the Barbary Coast, September 1829, and Who Soon after Was Unfortunately Made a Captive of by a Wandering Clan of Bedowen Arabs, on Their Return from Algiers to the Deserts – and Eleven Months after Providentially Rescued from Barbarian Bondage by the Commander of a Detached Regiment of the Victorious French Army.* New York: Charles C. Henderson, 1830.

Viletta Laranda, a native of Naples, sailed with her brother in September 1826 on a voyage to Gibraltar. A few days later, her vessel was wrecked near Oran in Algeria. All the 12 crew and passengers, including a 13-year-old lad, managed to reach the beach safely. Bedouin Arabs fell upon the weary castaways, divided them among them as their slaves, and transported them to their respective encampments far in the desert.

In captivity, Laranda's task consisted of fetching water, milking camels, and collecting snails. The Bedouins constantly shifted encampment in search of food and water. With these removes, which echo those of Mary Rowlandson during her captivity among the Indians, Laranda's hardship increased, but she endured her deprivation with remarkable fortitude and adapted to her hostile environment. Her trust in God's providence and mercy endowed her with inner strength, conferring on the narrative a distinctively religious sentiment.

After about a year in abject bondage, the news arrived of the French conquest of Algeria. The tribes united to fight the invader and Laranda prevailed upon some Arab warriors to carry her to the French, promising them a handsome reward. And, eventually, she was redeemed 'by the commander of a detached regiment of the victorious French army'.

Viletta Laranda's captivity autobiography was published in 1830 under the title *Neapolitan Captive: Interesting Narrative of the Captivity and Sufferings of Miss Viletta Laranda, A Native of Naples, Who, with a Brother, Was a Passenger on Board a Neapolitan Vessel Wrecked near Oran, on the Coast of Barbary, September 1829*. Her captivity story is inserted in a letter by her French redeemer to his superiors, vouching for its authenticity on account of the marks of torture on Laranda's body and rationalizing her redemption by the invaluable intelligence she has provided on the tribes' preparations and mobilization to oppose the French.

The *Neapolitan Captive* is the last female Barbary captivity narrative that claims historical veracity. Its publication in 1830 coincides with the French invasion of Algeria, a date supposed to mark the eradication of Barbary piracy and the enslavement of white subjects.

Like Bradley, Laranda is neither coerced to apostatize nor exposed to sexual harassment. In both narratives, the desert Bedouins emerge as being more restrained than the urban masters of Meetelen, Marsh and Martin. Yet, though sexual assault never actually occurs in the *Neapolitan Captive*, gang-rape haunts the heroine's dreams and is visually invoked when she is stripped naked and flogged publicly, a paradigmatic trope obsessively permeating female Barbary captivity narratives printed in America. The flogging scene of a naked body is a unique invention of American Barbary tradition; it is nowhere to be found in European Barbary genre.

Though no American woman ever experienced enslavement in North Africa, save in Susanna Rowson's *Slaves in Algiers* (1794) and Maria Pinckney's *Americans in Algiers* (1818), the captivity tales of Velnet, Martin, Bradley, and Laranda flourished and gained an immense popularity among American audiences during a period when an increasing number of American women were held captive by the Indians in the first half of the nineteenth century. The captivity experience of these European sisters helped refashion Western gender and nationhood in a much wider notion of Christendom, a shared history and destiny, as well as against the background of global primitive Others.

***Neapolitan Captive Neapolitan Captive
Narrative of Miss Viletta Laranda***

Monsieur,

You have undoubtedly been apprised of the capture of Algiers, notwithstanding the very formidable defence of the Barbarians, and one of the happy consequences that have attended the glorious conquest (never before I believe achieved by any christian power is the liberation from barbarian bondage of many of our christian brethren, and by whom we have been hailed as their deliverers – in no one instance however have we felt that degree of satisfaction, as in the providential discovery and liberation of an unfortunate Neapolitan female, who was a few days since conducted to our camp by a band of soldiers attached to the 17th Regiment – the particulars of the fortunate discovery and deliverance of the unfortunate victim of barbarian revenge and cruelty – clad in a single filthy tattered garment, and pale and emaciated by hunger and other privations, she was viewed by her deliverers as an object of curiosity as well as of pity – in this woeful condition she was brought to the city, and to the head-quarters of Count Bourmont,¹⁹¹ whom by request she has since obliged with a very minute relation of her sufferings, and the brutal treatment that she has received ever since misfortune placed her in the power of a band of those unmerciful wretches, denominated Bedowens, or wandering Arabs of the desert. Her narration is not only affecting but so very interesting, that I have solicited and obtained permission to take a transcript of that received from her own lips by the Count, of which the following is a copy: –

I am by birth a Neapolitan, and a native of the City of Naples, where some time in the month of September 1829, I took passage with my brother on board of a Neapolitan brig, bound to Gibraltar, but which in consequence of bad weather and contrary winds foundered on the coast of Barbary, near Oran – after great exertions we all providentially succeeded in reaching the shore, but very soon discovered to our sorrow that we had only escaped the powers of a watery element to become the victims of an enemy of our own species, and more to be dreaded. While attempting to save something from the wreck for our subsistence, we were unfortunately discovered and made prisoners by a horde of wandering Arabs, who were on their return from the city of Algiers to the desert. We too soon found that they were Bedowens, who were esteemed the worst class of Arabs, and from whom we had no reason to expect much mercy. By them we were all (twelve in number) seized with all the ferocity of cannibals, and driven before them on a trot like beasts doomed to the slaughter.

In the evening of the second day of our captivity, in a famishing condition we reached a barren desert, producing not a spring of water or bush to shelter us from the scorching rays of the sun. It was here that the Arabs made their first halt and pitched their tents for the night, and here it was that we were first presented with a very small portion of boiled rice, and of water insufficient in quantity to allay our thirst – we were permitted to take up our abode beneath a miserable constructed tent, and during the night a violent wind arose attended with sharp lightening, and which drove the dry sand in such prodigious quantities and with such violence as nearly to bury us alive; and had not this been the case, we should have been too much disturbed to have gained any sleep by the continual jabbering of the Arabs.

Before sunrise the next morning we were called fourth, but with our eyes and ears so filled with sand, as to render it difficult for us either to see or hear – a division and separation of the prisoners now took place, each being claimed by the Arab by whom he was first seized, indeed I so judged, as I became the portion of the one by whom I was first laid hold of on the day of our capture. Our separation could not fail very sensibly to effect us all, but more particularly myself when I saw my beloved brother forced from me, and compelled to depart in quite a different direction from that that I was doomed to take, and without any reasonable expectations of ever being so fortunate as to see his face again! I was driven as the day previous, before my master, who was mounted upon a camel, and was thus compelled to travel as expeditiously as possible through prodigious drifts of sand until about noon, when I became exhausted, and could go no further – my feet were very much swollen, and as I had neither eaten or drank any thing since the afternoon previous, my throat was nearly parched with thirst.

My unmerciful master was now through necessity, although with much apparent reluctance, compelled to come to a halt – as he rightly conjectured

that my weakness and inability to travel was produced in a measure by hunger and thirst, I was presented with about half a pint of boiled rice and an equal quantity of stagnant water taken from a bag made of green hide – after the scanty repast, my master having saddled his camel I was again ordered to put forward, the cruel Arab attempting to encrease my step by pricking me every few minutes with a sharp pointed stick, which he carried in his hand for that purpose; but with all the torture that the brute was pleased to inflict upon me, I could make but very slow headway – night approaching we again came to a halt, and I was permitted to repose my wearied limbs beneath the tent of my master until morning, but without feeling myself much relieved, as I had not closed my eyes during the night. In the morning I was allowed about an equal quantity of rice and water that I had last received, soon after which I was again ordered to move forward, the Arab (whose property I now was) close following me mounted on his camel – in this way we travelled seven days successively, over a sandy and solitary desert, producing not a shrub or even a spere¹⁹² of grass that I could discover.

On the morning of the fifth day my master had the good fortune to fall in with a well of tolerable pure water, which proved a seasonable relief, as the day previous the green hide in which it had been conveyed was drained of the last drop – it was here replenished, and the camel permitted to drink his fill, and such a quantity did it seem to require, that I think the thirst of the poor beast must have been as great as my own. Late in the evening of the seventh day we arrived at the spot of my master's destination, and a spot apparently as dreary and barren as any that we had passed. Here were more than fifty of the Bedowens encamped, male and female, and at a little distance in the neighborhood of a well of excellent water, a drove of Camels, nearly one hundred in number, as I should judge. While my master seemed to receive a welcome reception from his brethren, and who appeared to congratulate him on his good fortune in the capture of his prisoner, yet, although my feet were chafed and swollen to a shocking degree, and my body so enfeebled by the hardships to which I had been exposed, that it was with difficulty that I could stand erect, there was not a single look of pity cast toward me – to the contrary of this they seemed rather disposed (particularly the females) to exult in my miseries! indeed I soon found that they detested nothing so much as the name of a Christian!

Their village, as it might be termed, was composed of about a dozen tents, inhabited by men, women and children, the latter of whom so far from being forbidden, were encouraged by their parents to insult and torment me, sometimes by spitting upon me, and at other times by pulling my hair and throwing dry sand into my mouth and eyes – this cruel treatment I dare not resent, but was obliged to submit to without a murmur! As I had none but the Almighty to whom I could now look to deliver me from the unmerciful barbarians, to Him I most ardently prayed for His kind interposition in

my behalf, whenever I had an opportunity so to do, but was always sure to receive a beating if caught at my religious devotions, for it appeared that they had all been taught when young to regard the Christian name with inconceivable abhorrence, and to hold that of Mahomet¹⁹³ in the greatest reverence – their manner of worshipping was by first stripping themselves nearly naked, and then with dry sand rub their bodies as if with water, after which bending their heads to the ground, they cry aloud ‘Allah Hooker, Allah Skedaa Mohammed!’¹⁹⁴ – every night and morning they worship in this manner.

The work allotted me was each day at day-break to fetch water from the well, in a large skin prepared expressly for the purpose, sufficient for the whole family; which having done, my next business was to milk the camels, and then to collect snails, which thickly abound in that country, and of which when roasted, the Arabs are extremely fond – altho I soon became reduced almost to a skeleton by hunger, yet my daily allowance did not exceed half a pint of milk and about the same quantity of rice, or as a substitute for the latter, two or three handfuls of roasted snails! starvation would have driven me to the dangerous expedient of helping myself to a greater quantity of milk, when I had it in my power so to do, had I not while milking, been always closely watched by one of the female children of the Arabs, who was compelled to attend me for that purpose – in the only instance in which I attempted it, I was discovered and so unmercifully beat with some strips of dry hide that for the 24 hours after I could scarcely raise my hands to my head, and in addition to this I was on that day deprived of my daily allowance of food.

I had been here a prisoner to the Arabs as I judged about four months, when the well on which they chiefly depended for water, becoming dry, preparations were made for a remove¹⁹⁵ – all the tents were struck and rolled up, which with every cooking utensel were placed upon the camels backs, and upon the top of the whole were placed the most infirm and aged of the Arabs; this however was an indulgence which I soon found was not to be allowed me, but that I should be compelled to keep pace on foot with the barbarous monsters, to whatever part of the dreary desert they might be pleased to convey me – my only hope was that my prayers would be heard, and that an unerring Providence would finally take pity on me and deliver me from their cruel hands.

Every preparation being completed for a remove, the barbarians took up their line of march, travelling a southwest course, driving me forward with the camels before them, and without any distinction, each receiving an equal share of blows if our pace was slackened! In this way I was compelled with extreme torture to travel two days and a part of the third, when I became completely exhausted, and could proceed no further – as there was but a very inconsiderable quantity of water remaining, the merciless wretches had reduced my daily allowance from half a pint to a gill,

in consequence of which in addition to great bodily fatigue, my thirst had become insufferable; my mouth was parched and inflamed, and a sudden dimness coming over my eyes, I fainted and fell! – my inability to travel or even to stand on my feet, being imputed by the Arabs to stubbornness, they beat me with thongs and the handles of their spears until they deprived me of my reason and nearly of my life! in this situation (finding that neither threats or blows would avail any thing) they lifted me from the ground and placed me on the back of a camel, and was in this way conveyed until about noon of the day ensuing, when the object so ardently sought for was found, a well of pure water.

It was here that the Arabs soon came to the conclusion to take up their abode – the sweet water (of which I was for the time permitted to drink my fill) proved a seasonable relief, but worn down by hardships and the cruel treatment that I had received, indifferently clad and exposed to the scorching heat of the sun, rendered life a burthen; yet I failed not by day and night to pray to God to restore me to liberty and to my friends – four months or more had now elapsed since it was my misfortune to be made a captive, it appeared to me an age – as during the whole time each returning day brought me fresh distresses – my sleep was broken and unrefreshing, for no sooner did I close my eyes than I would imagine myself surrounded by a cluster of barbarous monsters, preparing to commit that violence upon my person that they had not yet attempted! and at other times, I would imagine that I could distinctly hear the dying shrieks of my poor brother, intreating for mercy, although it is not improbable, that at the very moment many hundred miles seperated us.

The Arabs erected their tents as at their last place of abode, and the camels, after being permitted to drink their fill of water, were turned loose to graze upon clusters of withered grass, and a few prickly bushes, which were thinly scattered over this part of the desert – it was a part of the daily task allotted me to watch the camels, and to give notice if any wandered beyond prescribed bounds, while the indolent Arabs lay stretched in their tents, unwilling to move or to expose themselves to the scorching rays of the sun, and which I was so much exposed to, that the skin of my face and hands became of a darker hue than that of the Arabian females – yet it pleased the Almighty, to grant me strength to endure my afflictions, to a degree that could not fail even to excite the surprize of the Barbarians – having now become annured¹⁹⁶ to hardship and privation, I could have endured them with still greater patience and been more reconciled thereto, had I not been the constant subject of the torture and abuse of the cruel females and their children, who, for the smallest offence, (and as often for no offence at all) would amuse themselves by throwing sand upon me until my mouth, eyes and ears were completely filled!

The Arabs had remained about three months upon their last encamped ground, when their provision began to fail them, and they were reluctantly

compelled to butcher one of their camels, which they did by compelling him first to kneel, and then cut his throat – of the blood they seemed as fond as of any part of the body, and not a drop was lost, it was placed over a fire in a copper kettle and stirred until it became a thick cake – this with the hide and entrails of the slain camel served them for several days, and of which I received but a scanty allowance – the body was next cut up by piece-meals and broiled as occasion required, and so sparingly did they partake of it, that when the last was eaten it was almost in a state of putrefaction,¹⁹⁷ and I can truly say that such was my starving condition, that I could have made a hearty meal of it even in this state, had I been allowed.

Soon after every particle of the butchered camel had disappeared, the wells had become nearly dry, and the Arabs as usual began to make preparations for another remove – the tents were all rolled up as before, which, together with the cooking utensils as well as the very young and aged, were placed upon the backs of the camels; the little water that the well contained was drawn and deposited in goat skins sewn up and made water-proof, and which became likewise the burthen of the camels – my master rightly judging that I was now reduced to that state of bodily weakness as to be unable to walk on foot, secured me with a rope upon the back of a camel, which was too occupied by an old decrepid female; and to show the natural hatred which these unmerciful wretches harbour toward christians, and their propensity to torture and torment them when in their power, this old woman, although trembling with the infirmities of old age, and with scarcely strength sufficient to maintain her seat, would occasionally find leasure for a hand to pinch me, at the same time uttering the words ‘christians fonta!’ (christians bad)¹⁹⁸ – indeed the fact of my being a christian, was sufficient to drive every spark of humanity from the heart of an Arab, if susceptible of any on other occasions.

The Arabs bent their course south through a sandy desert, presenting nothing to view but a few scattered spots of sun-burnt moss, which when discovered were eagerly seized and devoured by the half starved camels. On the fourth day of our travel a well was discovered, but the little water that it contained was so extremely brackish that it could not be drank by either man or beast – this was a great disappointment to the Arabs, as the water then remaining on hand was not sufficient to supply their wants for two days longer, but the next day they were more fortunate in discovering a well of not only pure water, but of a sufficient quantity to serve them for a long time – this they therefore concluded to make their place of abode, and the poor camels (more to be pitied than their savage masters) were relieved of their burthens; nor did I feel less glad to be relieved of that of my inhuman and aged companion, who seemed well pleased with the thoughts of having caused me so much pain and misery on the journey.

The first business of the Arabs was to erect their tents; each tent being occupied by a separate family, and their only furniture a mat on which

they reposed at night, a small kettle in which they occasionally boiled or stewed their victuals and two or three calabashes to hold their milk – their food consisted principally of camel's milk and of snails, which they esteem preferable to any other, and with which the desert so greatly abounds that I have seen many acres covered with them – it is hardly necessary for me here to mention that my employment continued to be much the same that it had been, nor did they seem disposed to treat me with any more humanity; to the reverse, the more hardships that they could subject me to, the more pleased they seemed to be, and I began now to despair of ever being able to regain my liberty – but I now feel thankful that I ceased not to pray to One, whom I knew was able to deliver me.

We had been here encamped about seven weeks, when early one morning a more numerous horde of Arabs were discovered approaching directly in our course from the South – all was now confusion, as those who were approaching were apparently too numerous to contend with, and too near to allow those by whom I was held in bondage to escape, who after a short consultation agreed to submit; but, as the loss of every thing moveable would consequently follow (for these unprincipled Barbarians hold it as a ruling principle, that might is right, and that no one has a right to possess property any longer than he has power to defend it)¹⁹⁹ all their mats, kettles and callabashes were hastily collected and buried in the sand, this they had barely time to do when the strangers were close upon us, and with a horrible shout, demanded who we were, where from and where bound? – my masters at the same time prostrating themselves upon the sand as a token of submission! – fortunately for them, the strangers appeared more amicably disposed than what they had apprehended – they appeared satisfied with only demanding the assistance of the latter on unloading their camels, and in erecting their tents, for it appearing that water was the principal object of their pursuit, and finding here a sufficient supply and of a good quality, they concluded to make this their abode also.

As for myself, I could not but cherish a hope that among this numerous horde, I should find some of a disposition to treat me with a greater degree of humanity than I had experienced from their brethren – but, alas, in this I too soon found myself mistaken, for no sooner had the merciless wretches completed the task of unloading their camels &c than I became the principal object of their attention and abuse! – as soon as they were told that I was a christian captive 'Christian fonta!' (Christian bad) was uttered by twenty mouths at once, and which was immediately followed by an overwhelming shower of sand hurled at me with indiscrivable fury, which nearly deprived me of my breath as well as eye-sight! – after they had for the present time sufficiently reeked their vengeance in this way, they had the humanity to allow me sufficient water to wash the sand from my eyes, ears and mouth – but too soon I found that what I had suffered was trivial to what I was yet doomed to

suffer, and of which the deep gashes yet visible upon my neck and shoulders afford an indellible proof!

The children encouraged by the example of their parents, were in the daily practice of insulting and tormenting me; after having nearly exhausted themselves by pinching and spitting upon me, and throwing sand in my face, the more to irritate me, they would draw on the sand with their fingers a representation of the Cross of our Blessed Redeemer! and then by way of derision spit and stamp upon it, and cover it with the odour of the camels, and at other times with dry moss, and set it on fire! nor was this all, I was not unfrequently compelled by them to kiss a piece of board (with which each child of eight years of age and upwards were provided) and on which were inscribed the Koran of Mahomet; and in case of a refusal, I was beat with it so unmercifully as frequently to occasion the blood to issue in a stream from my mouth and nose! – having one day received a violent blow within half an inch of my left eye, and which cut the flesh to the bone, and for no other cause than the one just mentioned, so great was my irritation that I could no longer govern myself, but seized the board threw it upon the sand, and stamped upon it with so much violence as to split it in three or four pieces!

This was an offence which (as may be supposed) in the opinion of the Barbarians, could not be too severely punished! – an insult was thereby offered their Great Prophet, and that too by a Christian! – a consultation was held by the chiefs to devise a kind of punishment equal in severity to the magnitude of the crime committed, and in which (to appease the Prophet's anger) as much disrespect should be manifested for the Christian's Cross! – the punishment agreed upon was, that I should be placed, (stripped naked to my waste) upon the back of a Dromedary,²⁰⁰ and there secured, with my back toward the head of the beast, which was to be led three or four times circuitously around the tents, while in the meantime I was doomed to receive a severe flagellation from an Arab selected for that purpose, which was to be inflicted with a bunch of rods on my naked back! a procession of Arabs was immediately to follow, the first bearing the Mahometan standard, beneath which, a representation of the Christian Cross was affixed in manifestation of their disrespect therefor!

In the execution of this severe and very extraordinary mode of punishment, the Barbarian Chiefs were strictly obeyed in every particular, and had it not been for the presence and kind interposition of One, whose all powerful arm is able to sustain us in the midst of our afflictions, I am confident that I should not have survived the punishment that I was on that occasion doomed to receive! for, although there was not a space of the wedth of my finger of my back and shoulders that was not mangled in a manner too shocking to describe, and my back rendered a complete gore of blood from my shoulders to my hips, yet I bore all with as little manifestation of pain, and with as great a degree of composure, as one whose back had been



PUNISHMENT INFLICTED BY THE ARABS ON A FEMALE CHRISTIAN CAPTIVE.

Illustration 2.8 Miss Viletta Laranda's punishment by her captors. Viletta Laranda, *Neapolitan Captive* (New York: 1830)

hardened, and rendered unsusceptible of acute feeling by the frequent application of the lash!

The cruel wretches as if confident that my punishment was not only sufficient, but as satisfactory to their Great Prophet as to themselves, for the insult offered, now unbound conveyed and laid me upon an old mat exposed to the sun, and there left me, to die or recover, with as much seeming indifference and unconcern as if I had been one of their most useless beasts of burthen! But, although such was my woeful unpitied condition, I felt that I had had sufficient proofs that I was still the object of the compassion of the God of mercy, and in whom I confided as one not only able to heal my bleeding wounds, but, in his own good time, to restore me to my former state of health, and to my friends. In this I was not disappointed, for contrary to the expectations of my cruel task-masters, in five days my wounds were so far healed as to be enabled to walk about and attend to the performance of the work allotted me.

Not until the Arabs had been here encamped between six and seven months, was there any appearance of a failure of water; but at the expiration of this period, it being discovered that their was not more remaining than would be sufficient to fill their goat skins, for their accommodation while travelling, preparations were commenced for another remove, and when all was completed but loading the camels, they were unexpectedly visited by an Arab from the east, mounted on a fast travelling camel, and who had been sent with a number of others as expresses to acquaint their brethren of the desert, of the attack made upon and capture of Algiers by a foreign christian power,²⁰¹ and in the name of their Great Prophet, they were ordered to unite their forces and to proceed fourthwith to check the progress of their invaders, who, as it was represented, had already penetrated as far as the desert!

The important information was received by the Arabs with expressions of not only a willingness to obey the order, but that of a determination to prove themselves the faithful children of Mahomet! – a few of the most aged were left to protect and provide for their women and children while the most able bodied to the number of fifty or more, set out with all the speed that their camels were capable of, to meet the enemy. I was left behind, but three hours had not elapsed from the time of their departure, before we were discovered and visited by another horde of Arabs, who too had been made acquainted with the important fact of the capture of Algiers, by the enemies of their Prophet, and who like the others were bound to oppose them – this I viewed as a favourable opportunity, (and the only one that probably would present) to regain my liberty – fortunately, I had during my captivity learned enough of the Arabic, to be understood, and I succeeded in satisfying the strangers that a principal object of my christian brethren in visiting Algiers, was to redeem, even at a very high price, such of their unfortunate countrymen as might be found in bondage – that the invaders were rich, and had brought out an immense sum for this purpose, in gold and silver, and if

they would permit me to accompany them, they might in exchange for my liberty obtain a sum that would well reward them.

The fair prospects which I had represented to the Arabs (who possess an insatiable thirst for gold) of their obtaining a rich booty, prevailed; although they were remonstrated with by the old Arabs in whose charge I had been left, they at once resolved that I should accompany them, and to avoid those who professed a prior claim to me, and who had but a few hours the start, they took a more circuitous route, avoiding their track (visible upon the sand) as much as possible.

My situation was now materially changed for the better, for although still a prisoner, I was better fed, better clad and lodged, and in every respect more humanly treated by my new masters, than by those in whose power I had been for the eleven preceding months – the most I now suffered was by being exposed in the day time to the scorching heat of the sun, and from the scarcity of water, but the latter was not a privation to which I was alone subject, for when the Arabs were so fortunate as to find a well containing any in a condition to be drunk, they allowed me an equal share with themselves, but unfortunately the wells were mostly found dry – in the course of the journey hordes of from one to two hundred armed Arabs were frequently met with, bound on a similar expedition to oppose the invading christians; to this I think I owe my deliverance, for on any other occasion I should, it is not improbable, have become the captive to the strongest party, and have been conveyed as such to some distant part of the desert.

In the month of August we arrived within the distance of two days travel to the city of Algiers, and about forty miles in advance of the Mahomedan camp, where it was reported there were several thousands of Arabs embodied, and awaiting a favourable opportunity to attack the Christians. This was for me a critical moment, for the Arabs, whose prisoner I was, (and who had flattered themselves that a very considerable sum would be paid for my redemption) not meeting with the favourable opportunity to communicate with the Christians that they had anticipated, they were more than once half resolved to abandon the idea and to unite themselves with their Mahomedan brethren, in their preconcerted plan either to exterminate or check the progress of their Christian enemies, in which case it is improbable that I should ever have been liberated! Fortunately for me it was at this important period that the advance of the detached Regiment of the French Army gave the Arabs the sought for opportunity to acquaint them with my situation, and the conditions on which they would restore me to my liberty, and which fortunately resulted in delivering me from the cruel hands of the Bedowins, after being held a captive by them eleven months, in which time I have been doomed to endure hardships and privations almost incredible, and of which the account which I have now given is but a faint description.

I have here, Monsieur, given you as concisely as possible a Narrative of the privations and sufferings, of the unfortunate captive, and whose emaciated appearance, as well as the crimsoned marks of the lash upon her back and shoulders, afford an indelible proof that she has not exaggerated. Her release (in addition to the satisfaction that it has afforded us all, in restoring to liberty and to her friends an unfortunate fellow being) has proved beneficial to our interest, as she has imparted important information to the Count of the disposition of the Arabs in the interior, and of the collecting of a numerous body to oppose us – let the Infidels approach if they dare, we are every way prepared to give them a warm reception! – a few stragling ones (Bedowens) are daily seen at short distances from the gates of the city, but are wise to keep beyond the reach of our guns, and if pursued, fly with the speed of an ostrich, until out of sight! – Oran, Constantina and Bora have submitted to us, and troops have been sent to each of those places to occupy them – in the city we now feel perfectly secure, and spend our times not unpleasantly, as we have here five eating houses, coffee houses, billiard-rooms, &c. arranged with a degree of neatness – we have the Hotel des Ambassadeurs, the Hotel de Malte, and others.

Appendices

A.1 'Accusations and the Confessions of Ana de Melo, a Free Christianized Muslim Woman, Resident in this Town of Evora, Incarcerated at the Jail of the Holy Office for Heresy and Apostasy', 1559.¹

Proceedings of the incarceration and interrogation of Ana de Melo, a Christianized Muslim woman, formerly a slave to Luis de Melo, a resident in this town of Evora, in which city she is detained at this jail of the Inquisitional Tribunal.

Notary: Joane Mendes.

In the year 1559 AD, in the town of Evora, in the courtroom in the Holy Office of the Inquisitional Tribunal, and during the hearings customarily presided by Doctor Antonio de Castro, the Papal religious Inquisitor against heresy and apostasy in the Bishopric of Evora and its diocese, etc, there appeared before him a Christianized Muslim woman called Ana de Melo, slave to Luis de Melo, a teacher at a cathedral school in this town of Evora, and resident there. When she appeared before him for having committed sins dealt with by the Holy Inquisitional Tribunal, the said Lord Inquisitor ordered her incarceration. And for this purpose, he summoned Antonio Fernandes, the prison warden, and ordered him to lead her to her cell, which order he immediately executed and he signed here next the Lord Inquisitor's signature.

Recorded by me, Joane Mendes, notary of the Holy Office.

Signature: Doctor Antonio.

Immediately after, and on the same day, the same month and year, and by order of the said Inquisitor, I, Joane Mendes, notary at the Holy Office, reported to the prison where was confined Ana Fernandes, the Christianized Muslim woman, in the presence of Antonio Fernandes, the warden of the said prison, and I asked Margarida Lourenço, also a detainee at the said prison, to swear by the Holy Gospel, upon which she laid her hand. Whereupon, I commissioned her to go and search the said Christianized Muslim woman, and examine whether she had in her possession any money, a knife or any other items. In accordance with the oath she swore, Margarida promised to execute her commission and went straight to the place where Ana de Melo was, the said Christianized Muslim woman, and searched her. She informed me that she saw and searched the said woman and found nothing save seven or eight *sebti*,² of which she notified me in the presence of the prison warden.

Recorded by Joane Mendes.

Signature: Joane Mendes.

The First Hearing

On 22 May, 1559, in the town of Evora, in the courtroom in the Holy Office of the Inquisitional Tribunal, and during the hearings customarily presided by Doctor Antonio de Castro, the religious Inquisitor at the Bishopric of Evora, its diocese, etc., Ana Fernandes, the Christianized Muslim woman, detained by this Holy Office, was

ordered to be brought up. When she appeared before him, he ordered her to swear by the Holy Gospel, upon which she laid her hand and promised to tell the truth. Then, the Lord Inquisitor asked the defendant about her name, her age, where she was from, the place of her residence, and whether she was a slave or a free woman.

She said her name is Ana Fernandes de Melo and that her age, as is evident from her looks, about 60. She declared that she was originally from the region of Safi, from a place known as the *medina*, and that she had lived in Lisbon for over twenty years and has been residing in this town of Evora for two years. She said she is a free [woman], married and widowed after the demise of her husband, Diego Fernandes, a Christianized Muslim. She got from him a daughter named Isabel Radrigues, who is married to a young white man, who claims to be of Christian origin, a barber by trade and resident in Covillan.

The defendant was asked whether she had any brother or sister in Portugal. She replied that she has a sister in Lisbon, named Maria Radrigues, married to João de Beja, a slave of Her Majesty the Queen. He is a Christianized Muslim, in charge of Her Highness's movements and transportations. And she stated that she has no one else other than her sister who is without progeny.

The defendant was asked whether she or any of her relatives has ever been imprisoned or punished by the Holy Office. She declared that her aforementioned sister, Maria Radrigues, had been incarcerated by the Holy Office of Lisbon's Inquisitional Tribunal, then released on condition that she should continue wearing the penitential garb. According to her estimation, this happened about three years ago. And that her husband, Cristovão Fernandes, was handed over to a secular Tribunal,³ whereas she, Ana de Melo, has never been imprisoned before by the Holy Office of the Inquisitional Tribunal, and that she does not know any one else of her relatives who has ever been jailed, save for one of her father's relation, called João Salgado, who had been imprisoned by the Holy Office and released in Lisbon a year ago.

The defendant was asked whether she is a baptized Christian, the name of her sponsor as well as the names of the baptismal Fathers, and whether she has confirmed her Christianization, by whom, in which place, who the witnesses were, and what her original name was.

She said yes, she is a Christian and received baptism and a Christian name at the convent of St. Bento, situated at the outskirts of this town as she was at that time in that place in the company of nuns, and that she cannot remember the name of the Friar who administered the baptism because it happened so long ago. The mother of the baptism was a midwife, still living, of the name of Francisca Tourega. She also stated that she cannot remember the name of the priest who supervised the confirmation of her Christianization at the house of Rui de Melo and that the witness was F. da Silva, a Christianized Muslim woman, slave to Rui de Melo. The witness to that was a man in charge of a church, and whose name she does not remember.

The defendant was asked whether she confesses her sins, receives the Eucharist on Easter day each year, and whether she attends Mass and the sermon on Sundays and on feast days.

She answered that she confesses her sins every year on Easter, receives the Eucharist and attends Mass and the sermon on Sundays and on feast days.

And because she stated that she is a Christian, she was asked to perform the cross, recite the Sanctus and the Christian prayers.

The said Ana de Melo crossed herself but she was unable to recite the prayers nor make the sign of the cross properly. But she did recite the prayer of Pater Noster, the

Ave Maria, and the Credo as well as God's Commandments; as to the prayer of *Salve Regina*, she did not know it.

When asked if she knows or presumes the reason why she has been incarcerated at this Inquisitional Tribunal's jail, she said it seemed to her that she was detained because upon the demise of her husband, she attended, together with a number of other Christianized Muslims and Christians, a dinner given by her brother-in-law, but that during that dinner, she did not perform anything Islamic.

She was told that she was pending imprisonment at the Holy Office for having committed crimes for which she merited punishment. Nevertheless, the Inquisitor admonished her in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ and His Holy Mother to make a full confession of all her sins and all she knew about herself as well as other people, because in so doing she would benefit from the mercy and compassion accorded by the Holy Mother to Church, to the confessants, and to the true penitents. On the other hand, should she persist in her obstinacy and adversity, she would be treated with the severity decreed by the law. The said Ana de Melo expressed her wish to reflect on her affairs, promising to tell everything she could remember, which was appreciated by the Lord Inquisitor, who ordered her back to her cell.

And he asked me, as the official notary, to sign here on her behalf since she could not do it herself.

And I signed next to the signature of the said Lord Inquisitor.

Recorded by Joane Mendes, notary at the Holy Office with the hand-writing relating to (a) and the deletion relating to Fernandes, which was not done with a fraudulent design.

Doctor Antonio.

Joane Mendes.

Afterwards, on 24 May, 1559, in the courtroom in the Holy Office of the Inquisitional Tribunal, and during the hearings presided by Doctor Antonio de Castro, the Inquisitor etc., Ana de Melo, the Christianized Muslim woman, the subject of these proceedings, was ordered to be brought up because the prison warden indicated that such was her wish. When she appeared before him, he asked her to swear by the Holy Gospel, on which she laid her hand, promising to tell the truth.

Then, she said that when she was in Lisbon, during the said period of her residence there, her sister, Maria Radrigues, whom she mentioned earlier, told her that her husband, Cristovão Fernandes, had asked her to accompany him from Lisbon to the land of the Muslims, but she refused, and that her aforementioned husband was arrested by the Inquisitional Tribunal in Lisbon and handed over to the secular tribunal. Her sister, Maria Radrigues, too, was arrested then released upon the condition that she should wear the penitential garb after being reconciled to the Catholic Church. She said nothing more since she remembered nothing else and she stated that she is a true Christian.

At this stage, she was ordered back to her cell and she asked me as the official notary to sign on behalf because she could not sign. And I signed next to the signature of the Lord Inquisitor.

Recorded by Joane Mendes, with the deletion concerning Mendes.

Doctor Antonio.

Joane Mendes.

Afterwards, on 26 May, 1559, in the town of Evora, at the courtroom in the Holy Office of the Inquisitional Tribunal and during the hearings presided customarily by

Doctor Antonio de Castro, the Inquisitor etc., the said Ana de Melo, the Christianized Muslim woman, the subject of these proceedings, was ordered to be brought up since the prison warden said that this was her wish. When she appeared before him, she was ordered to swear by the Holy Gospel, on which she laid her hand and promised to tell the truth. Then, she said that three years ago – I mean six years ago – when she, Ana de Melo, was in Lisbon, her husband, Diego Fernandes, a Christianized Muslim, died and she wept and mourned him as a Muslim, and in the manner of Muslims: she disheveled her hair, scratched her cheeks and pleaded for her husband's soul and body with [Prophet] Mohammed, with Sidi Abi al-Abbas as-Sabti, and with Moulay Ali (whom Muslims consider to be saints), to save his soul and body. And this she performed as a Muslim and with the conviction of a Muslim, believing that that would be of assistance to him and that it was good to say and do so for the sake of her said husband's soul. And she mentioned that after about three weeks of the death of the said Diego Fernandes, her brother-in-law, named Miguel de Santos, mentioned before and who had since died, offered a dinner in Lisbon in the manner of Muslims as a blessing for the sake of the wife of his brother, Diego Fernandes. Such dinner took place at the house of a Christianized Muslim from Lisbon, a free and married man; he used to reside at the sea gate and had left Lisbon for an unknown destination. Ana de Melo was invited by her brother-in-law to that dinner to cook it in an Islamic way. At the house, she found a slaughtered lamb but knew neither who slaughtered it nor whether the slaughter had been performed according to Muslim rites. With the meat Ana de Melo prepared a couscous, which was consumed. When they commenced eating, Ana de Melo and the other Christianized Muslims, whom she would mention below, uttered 'In the name of God'. But she knew not whether the other Christianized Muslims said 'In the name of God', since she was busy preparing food. But she did say 'In the name of God' when she started eating. And the names of the Christianized Muslims whom she knows about and have seen partaking in the repast are the following:

The said Miguel de Santos, her husband's brother, who is dead.

Antonio Fernandes and his wife Maria Fernandes, both free Christianized Muslims. It was in their house where the dinner took place. And as she mentioned earlier, she does not know where they have gone, save that she has heard they have moved to Castile.

The son of Antonio Fernandes and Maria Fernandez, named Luis, of about nine or ten years old, also dined there.

On that day, she also saw Guiomar Radrigues Fragosa, a Christianized Muslim woman, incarcerated at this prison. She saw her entering but knows not whether she actually ate or not.

Other Christianized Muslims came there from Lisbon, whom she does not know. Her said brother-in-law asked her to prepare what have been mentioned in a Muslim fashion and with the conviction of Muslims.

That was all she could remember and she promised to tell whatever she would remember. And since she could not sign she asked me, as the official notary, to do it on her behalf and I signed next to the said Lord Inquisitor, whom she entreated to be merciful towards her.

Recorded by me, Joane Mendes, notary at the Holy Office.

Doctor Antonio.

Joane Mendes.

Afterwards, on 29 May, 1559, in Evora, in the courtroom in the Holy Office of the Inquisitional Tribunal, and during the hearings customarily presided by Doctor

Antonio de Castor, Inquisitor etc., the said Ana De Melo, the Christianized Muslim woman, the subject of these proceedings, was ordered to be brought up, since the prison warden said that such was her wish. When she appeared before him, she was ordered to swear by the Holy Gospel, on which she laid her hand and promised to tell the truth. Then she said that when she herself was in Lisbon about seven years ago, according to her estimation, before the demise of Diego Fernandes, the Christianized Muslim, spouse to the confessant, another Christianized Muslim died there in the city of Lisbon, whose name she does not remember because he was known only by the nickname of 'Kaid'. He was slave to Fernão Alvares de Portugal and married to Luisa Camoés, a free Christianized Muslim woman, formerly a slave of Don Camoés. She was at the time in Lisbon and, following her husband's death, came to Evora where the Camoés family resided at the entrance of the Princes' street. When the said Christianized Muslim, nicknamed 'Kaid' and the husband of the said Luisa Camoés, died, they met at the bridge and went to the river to do the washing and there, they performed *Adimaâ*, a lament performed by Muslims at the death of one of them.

Both the confessant and Luisa Camoés bewailed the death of the 'Kaid', husband to Luisa Camoés, disheveling their hair and scratching their cheeks as Muslims do. The confessant performed that with the conviction of a Muslim and she surmises that the said Luisa Camoés did so too with the same conviction since she herself mourned and scratched her cheeks as Muslims do, and as the confessant did. The lament and scratching occurred in the presence and participation of Maria Fernandes, Isabel Soares, and Francisca da Silva, the Christianized Muslims, who have moved to Castile and whose whereabouts are unknown to her. They attended the dinner, the confessant mentioned before, prepared by Miguel Santos, the Christianized Muslim, as a blessing upon Diego Fernandes, his brother and husband to the confessant.

And following the demise of her said husband, Luisa de Camoés invited the confessant for a dinner which the said Luisa de Camoés intended to prepare as a blessing for her husband in the manner of Muslims. But the confessant promised her to come if it could be possible for her, but she could not attend that dinner on the specified time because of her husband, the said Diego Fernandez. She arrived late and found that they had finished eating and that the said Luisa de Camoés was in the company of the Christianized Muslim women, mentioned above and who have moved to Castile, together with other women she does not remember.

The defendant added that when the said Luisa de Camoés met her at the river, she saw and heard her supplicating Sidi Abi al-Abbass as-Sabti, whom she considered a saint, to help her fulfill her wishes. She also supplicated Mohammed, saying that the Islamic faith was better than the religion of the Christians, something reiterated by Ana de Melo herself when invoking Mohammed and Abi al-Abbass as-Sabti, whom she considered to be saints, to help her with her misfortunes.

She pleaded for forgiveness and mercy for all these offences, vowing to reform herself. And she stated that she did not remember anything else. And as usual, she said nothing else and declared that she meant no harm to any to the people she informed about.

And since she could not sign, she asked me, as the official notary, to sign here on her behalf and I signed next to the said Lord Inquisitor.

Recorded by Joane Mendes, the notary at the Holy Office.

Doctor Antonio.

João Mendes.

The Attorney-General at the Holy Office accepted in the name of justice, the defendant's confessions at least in so far they prove her guilty.

A.2 'Maria de Morales' Captivity, Release and Confessions before the Inquisitional Tribunal', 1610.⁴

In the city of Santa Maria de Betancuria, located in this island of Feurteventura, on 13 April, 1610, and in connection with the aforesaid investigation and by order of a committee of the Lord Inquisitors, a woman was brought up before the licentiate Portilla, who is in charge of the enforcement of canon law at the Cathedral in these Islands and scribe to the Inquisitional Tribunal, as well as in the presence of the court notary. The woman said that she was called Maria de Morales, a widow of Pedro Rodriguez. She is native of this island and resident there. Having sworn an oath vowing to tell the truth, she was asked a few questions. Her answers were as follows:

She was asked if she had been a captive and by whom and where she had been carried in the land of the Muslims or to any other place and whether she had been in Barbary, in what city or region, and whether she knew some converted Christians who were called *uluj* in the land of the Turks, who they were, what their names were, and to which Christian countries they belonged.

She answered that fifteen or sixteen years ago, a Moorish captain, called Jaban Araez [Chaaban Rais], raided this island in seven crafts, plundering and causing much damage, and taking captive about seventy people: young and old, males and females, including the said witness, who was carried to Marrakech and offered as slave to Sultan Moulay Ahmed. She remained in his service for about twelve years. The Sultan was pleased with her service and on one occasion, he asked her to accompany him to Fez [where he was going] to reform one of his sons, named Moulay Sheik, who also acted as Sultan of Fez at that time, since he [Moulay Ahmed] had heard that he was intending to go to Spain and convert to Christianity. For which reason, Moulay Ahmed went to Fez and stayed there for several days till his assassination by order of the said son.

The witness remained at his service during that period in Fez, where she became acquainted with some renegade Christians, who were called *uluj*. One of them was Kaid Sulayman, captive to Sultan Moulay Sheik, who is at present as is reported, in Spain. This witness conversed and dealt with the said Kaid Sulayman many times during the year she spent in Fez. She knew that he had been a governor for the Sultan of Fez for several years and in different regions of his kingdom. During that time, he was assigned several prestigious duties and positions by Sultan Moulay Sheik, his master and sovereign. He was the chief governor, his treasurer, his tax superintendent, and responsible for the payment of the soldiers' salaries. In addition to that, this witness also knew that he was one of the most prominent people in the kingdom of Fez: the most powerful and the most influential and trustworthy to Moulay Sheik, his master and sovereign. Though a renegade, he remained Christian. He gave alms in abundance to Christian captives, protected them and facilitated the redemption of many of them by interceding on their behalf with the Sultan.

This witness in particular received much assistance and benefaction from him and she resorted to him for whatever she needed or wished for from his house. He offered her money and victuals. The Kaid esteemed her so much and would call her only by the name of Mother or Lady Mother because she was a Christian from his own creed. She was aware of his keenness to return back to Christendom and embrace Our Holy Catholic Faith, for he used to pray to Our Lady of Mercy to deliver him from his enemies and bring him back to the land of the Christians so as to re-embrace Our Holy Catholic Faith. Although she knew many other Christian renegades, she remembers especially Kaid Sulayman for his generosity and the great beneficence

he offered, which gained him admiration, veneration, and renown throughout the kingdom of Fez.

And she knew from observation that Kaid Sulayman used to go several times in the company of Sultan Moulay Sheik in public as his sovereign's closest confidence and discussed all his affairs with him. Moreover, Kaid Sulayman was among the richest people. He owned in Fez a spacious palace, a great number of houses, and many magnificent gardens, built from his own money. He also owned many male and female slaves and a great number of horses at his service as well as the service of his house, which resembled a royal palace.

However, she knew not whether he was married, nor whether he had any children since everything there was in chaos. After the period this witness spent in Fez and her release by order of one of the Christian renegades called Ali Bechuco, who died afterward, she went back to Marrakech. Therefrom, she went in the company of a number of Christians to the fortress of Mazagan, whence she sailed to Spain. Afterwards, she arrived in Lisbon and stayed there at a church to attend prayers while she was still clad in the Muslim apparel in which she had come, so as to receive some of the charity offered in the name of His Majesty the King. And there arrived some women at that church to converse with her. Among them was a beautiful and gracious lady.

Upon learning that this witness had come from Fez in Barbary, she inquired of her if she had known in the city of Fez a certain Kaid Sulayman. The witness replied that she had known him and that he had helped her and had been enormously generous to her. Then the lady informed her that Kaid Sulayman was her own brother and that he had been a captive for several years past in Barbary. And during their discourse, the lady felt such powerful longing and emotions that she burst in tears at hearing such tidings about her brother.

And that was all what she knew, which was the truth she swore to tell. She was about fifty years old. Her testimony was read out to her and she confirmed it. She did not sign since she was illiterate.

The licentiate Portilla, in my presence, Franco Morales Matteos, the notary of the Inquisitional Tribunal.

A.3 'Relation of the Fidelity of a Husband, and the Unfaithfulness of His Wife', 1666.⁵

In the year 1638, the Gallies of *Algiers* landed some Turks on Christian land, who being conducted by a treacherous Renegado, a Native of the Country, took many Christians, who were afterwards sold at *Algiers*. Among these slaves, there was a man whom we will call *Joseph*, with his wife, named *Vipra*, both bought by *Mahomet Celibi Oiga*; *Joseph's* work was to dress the Horses and the Mules, and *Vipra* waited on *Mahomet's* wife. In the year 1639, *Mahomet Celibi* said one night to *Joseph*, *To morrow morning at break of day, take the Mule, and go to Babazon-Gate, and there you will find some Christian slaves with Horses and Mules going two leagues hence for coals, go along with them, and bring a load.* The next day, *Joseph* goes to the Gate, but finding no body there, he goes forwards, thinking the other slaves had been before. Having gone about an hours riding, all along the Sea-side, he sees a Bark, goes as neer it as he could, to discover the men, and perceives they were Christians; whereupon he turns the Mule loose, and runs to the Bark. The Marriners receiv'd him, and told him they came from *Majorca*, with order to carry away some slaves of that Country, and whereas the slaves came not, those of the Bark were afraid they had not receiv'd the letter, whereby notice was sent them, and that themselves might be discover'd, in regard it was day. They proffer'd *Joseph* a hundred Patacoons, and promis'd to carry him along with them, if he would return to the City, and give notice to those slaves of *Majorca*. But *Joseph* would not leave a certainty for an uncertainty, and said, *I am now confident of my liberty, whereas if I return to the City, it may be your design will be discover'd, and I shall be made more a slave then ever, and if it ever come to be known, that I have had any hand in the business, three hundred blows with a cudgel will hardly excuse me.* *Joseph* had hardly made an end of excusing himself, ere some Turks pass'd by that way, who seeing that those of the Bark were habited after the Christian mode, (wherein I conceive those undertakers had mistaken themselves, that they had not been habited like *Africans*) began to raise an alarm. Those of the Bark fearing they might be surpriz'd by some Brigantine, made all the hast they could to Sea, having *Joseph* along with them. The Bark soon got out of sight, and the alarm ceas'd. The Christian slaves whom *Joseph* thought to be before him, were but come thither when the alarm ceas'd, so that finding the Mule, they said among themselves, *This is Mahomet Celibi's Mule, let us take her home with us; his slave hath either been kill'd or taken by the Alarbes.* The Mule was brought home, and *Joseph* given over for a dead man by his Patron, and lamented by his wife *Vipra*. But in a short time, her sorrow ceas'd, for she fell in love with a Renegado, named *Assan*, who had been a slave of the same Patron *Mahomet's*.

In the mean time, *Joseph* got to *Majorca*, and thence to his own Country, where he related at leasure, what had happen'd to him, as well during the time of his slavery, as at his deliverance, yet with extraordinary discoveries of the trouble he was in for the absence of his beloved *Vipra*. *Joseph* sold all he had, and, with the relief of some good people, he got together the sum of five hundred Patacoons. Five months were now pass'd away since *Joseph* was numbred among the dead; at the end of which term *Mahomet Oiga* receiv'd a letter, to this effect. 'Sir, by the great mercy of God, I recover'd my liberty the day you sent me for coals, by means of a Bark of *Majorca*. I cannot imagine you will charge me with any unfaithfulness for doing what I have done, for every man endeavors the retrival of his Liberty. While I was your slave, you demanded of me five hundred Patacoons for the ransom of my wife and my self, I send herewith order for the payment of the said sum, accounting my self still a slave, as long as my wife shall continue without her liberty. I have such a confidence

of your kindness, that I presume this proffer will not be unacceptable to you.' This Letter was shewn to *Vipra*, who was not well pleased at it, for the affection she bore the Renegado *Assan* had smother'd all the conjugal love she should have had for her husband; so that she said publicly that she would not return into her Country. That resolution of hers troubled the good man *Mahomet Celibi*, for he would rather have receiv'd the five hundred Patacoons, and set *Vipra* at liberty. But his wife told him, *Vipra is desirous to embrace the Mahumetane Religion, and will you for five hundred Patacoons hinder a work so acceptable to our Prophet? Besides, all the neighbourhood knows her design, and if you send her away, you will be look'd upon as a favourer of the Christians.* Upon these representations of his wife, he thought fit to leave the business in suspence.

About that time I came to be slave to the same Patron *Mahomet*, and having heard the story of *Vipra* and her husband, I stood one day at the door with her, who said to me, *Why are you so melancholy?* I answer'd, *Because I am not so happy as you are.* She ask'd me why? I reply'd, *Because you may be set at liberty when you please, for I hear your Husband hath sent five hundred Patacoons for your ransom, and I wonder to find you so unwilling to return into your Country, to your Husband who is so kind, and so faithful to you, as also to exercise the Catholick Religion among your friends and Relations.* She roundly made answer, *A Turkish Garment will become me as well as a Spanish Petticoat.* And with those words she left me and went into the house; whence it might easily be inferr'd, that the love she had for her Gallant, was greater then what she had for her Religion, Country, Husband, and Relations.

A.4 'My Corsair Emerges up above the Full Main'.¹⁶

1. My corsair emerges up above the full main, commanded by a renowned Captain. It is coated in silver plates decked with gems of the same metal, all in perfect harmony.
2. It is fit and fully equipped. It has three masts which rise high in the sky and sixteen sails with proper cordage.
3. The rudder is steady and twenty sails environ the ship, and we passed four hours in perfect revelling.
4. And the Rais is gifted in the use of the sandglass, the compass and the map. Reposing at the back of his cabin, he knows the times.
5. And should but utter a murmur, two thousand sailors will rush to him. He is an illustrious chief and well versed in the use of the telescope.
6. My corsair took booty, bringing from Malta fair Christian girls, still virgin and as pure as diamonds.
7. Following God's Providence, he set sail from Tarifa, while people were fast asleep. He espied the rampart of Malta, and the sails were brailed up.
8. The night was dusky and the sky cloudy. The canons were prepared for the sea battle and the braves were ready.
9. Cannonballs spoke, shaking towns in mountains and in plains. The governmental palace was destroyed and Malta razed to the ground.
10. The Christians surrendered and brought many girls as a gift. They admitted their defeat. They yielded and we seized the girls as spoils.
11. We captured charming noble women; each of them sauntered, balancing her hips. Rejoice, O my kinsmen and my comrades at the arrival of the fair beauties!
12. In the Caspian land, Iraq, Spain, Algeria, the Gharb and Hawz and at sea ports the news comes about the sea warriors:
13. Captain and sailors returned, carrying their booty, all jubilant. At Algeciras he put out all sails to avoid spending the night [at sea].
14. He glided through the waves, aided by favourable winds. The vessel tarried not. At Gibraltar, he pointed the canons which resounded.
15. Like the roaring thunder. He steered straight to the port: Ribat al Fath. Such was chronicled in books.
16. Under the wings of peace, the people of the port were enraptured. The canons' shots announced the arrival of the booty.
17. The ship was moored and the cables anchored. When my corsair landed, goods dealers rushed to him.
18. The beautiful girls with the gorgeous smiles rejoiced at the sight of the precious bundles. So intense was my passion that I named the pretty *uljat*.
19. I began with Maryem, Fatna then Khadija, whose hair smelled of musk. Then I set out to distribute goods of all kinds.
20. The precious metal, the native gold, jewellery, the silk and the broached Indian cloth, fabric for pomp garments, while the beauties waddled along.
21. The cargo's inventory being completed, I bestowed on the fair beauties gorgeous attire and thus I dallied with the damsels licitly and illicitly.
22. A pretty girl makes one crazy while the ugly is deserted. The all forgiving God deserts not his sinful creatures.
23. Peace be upon the bards; the envious may he be left aside. Yield and safe you will be and your status shall increase.

24. Let roam your fancy then muse. The Giver will surely fulfil your wishes. The Generous will forgive what has past and what's to come.
25. God is the most Compassionate. Cease your reproaches and crave for his clemency. Recite your poetry as other nations have done.
26. Ever since you've been composing poetry, you have not written a faultless poem. Enquire about me from the great bards of the city of Marrakech.
27. My name is well designed; it contains two 'م' a 'ح' and a 'د' at the end. Then a 'ف' , a 'ز' then add a 'ح' and the lines become readable.⁷
28. The concluding simile: I have composed a poem as a necklace of jointed jewellery. Its ornamented metal plates confound the conceited.

A.5 'The Bey Weds His Genovese Captive', 1720s.⁸

It happened that a corsair belonging to the Bey captured a Genovese ship at sea whereupon was a beautiful young girl of twenty years old. The Rais took special care of this young girl and concealed her face from the sailors. On his arrival in Tunis, he told the Bey about his captive, who immediately sent for the prisoner. She was presented to him. She pleased the Bey and he urged her to convert to Islam, which she did. Whereupon he conveyed her to his harem, where there were at the time mulattresses and other women of noble birth.

One of his wives, who enjoyed authority over the others, was Fathma bent Otsmane. She bore the Bey no male child. When she perceived that her husband Hassine doted on this young girl, she sought to make herself agreeable to him by favouring his amorous designs. One night, after having dressed her up herself and decked her with jewellery, she conducted her to the Bey who was very pleased with his wife's ingenuity.

Sometime later, the young wife delivered a baby boy, whose birth was considered a divine gift, and who received the name of Mohammed. The prince's relatives received this child to protect him against evil attempts. The young wife had also a second son who was called Ali; a third one who was called Mahmoud, and the fourth and last one who received the name of Mostefa. All of these children were brought up nobly by their own mother.

The prince appointed professors to teach his eldest son the Qur'an and the law, which he learnt very quickly, being fortunately very gifted. When he reached the age of puberty, it was observed in him, together with a remarkable physical beauty, a noble and benevolent character. Everybody exalted him and hastened to behold him. He, on his part, received everybody with kindness and showed himself very generous toward the destitute. Moreover, the notables never ceased reiterating to the Bey or making him understand that he would have acted wisely by ensuring as soon as possible his son's future since death might occur unexpectedly, and that in order to secure the throne to this son, he should nominate him Khalifa of the Camps while he was still alive. But the Bey remained very confounded and could not take a decision.

A.6 'The Irish Mrs Jones and the Lascivious Turk', 1747.⁹

On August 16, 1747, a detachment of this regiment, then in the service of Spain, and previously well known for its romantic zeal in the service of the Pretender, was overtaken by Algerine cruisers on its way from Majorca to the mainland. They resisted the first xebeque that came up until all their powder was expended, whereupon they boarded the enemy and drove the Turks overboard. Another larger vessel now bore down upon them, and they had no alternative but to surrender. One of the Turks cried out, 'You are no Spaniards; if you are not English you are devils.' The party consisted of a lieutenant-colonel, six captains, ten subaltern officers, and about sixty privates; the poor shattered remains of the campaigns in Italy. The three colours of the regiment, a cross on a white field, and the arms of Ireland with the inscription *Reggimento di Hibernia*, were flying on the xebeque. Amongst the ladies were Mrs Jones, formerly Mrs Joseph Tichborne of Sharfields, with her two young children; her daughter Nancy by the first marriage, now married to Captain O'Reilly, a lady only nineteen years old, but as much esteemed for her virtue and good sense as admired for her beauty; and a maid-servant.

They were carried to Algiers, and one narrator says: 'It is impossible to imagine what these poor creatures suffer in slavery. The little child, not eight years old, is made to bring water and sweep and carry out the dirt, half covered with an old Turkish coat. You may guess what the others undergo!' The chaplain records the following tale of heroic chastity:—

Mrs Jones was sitting with her youngest child in her arms at the door of the house where she resided, when a Turk came up and began to importune her, giving her the choice of compliance or death. She retreated to an inner room and thence into a loft accessible only by a ladder, which she pulled up after her. The Turk brought the child, and having upbraided, threatened and entreated her by turns, he drew his sword and wounded the infant in one arm. She shrieked, he wounded it in the other; at last he cut off one hand and threw it at her, upon which she seized half of a broken millstone that lay in the room, threw it down upon the Turk and broke his leg.

He then murdered the child, cut off its head, and discharged his pistols at the woman, but without effect. The latter watched her opportunity, and with the other half of the millstone crushed him in such a manner as to render him insensible. She then descended and despatched him with his own sword, put her mangled child in a basket, and went and delivered herself up to the Dey.

I have been unable to trace the sequel of this story, but all previous experience would lead one to conclude that a cruel death was the only fate reserved for a slave who dared to kill or even to strike a Turk.

A.7 'An Empress of Morocco Born at Mill of Steps, Parish of Muthill', 1769.¹⁰

At a place called Mill of Steps, in the low bottom between two hills over which the road passes, stood a cottage, a few years ago, which was the residence of an old woman, known as the mother of the Empress of Morocco. To explain this seeming mystery, it is necessary to inform the tourist, that the daughter of a cottager here resident, by name Gloag, who was alive here between sixty and seventy years ago, discorded with her parents and left them, taking nothing but what she had on. While crossing the Atlantic for America, the vessel was captured by an African pirate, and carried into Morocco. The unfortunate men and passengers were sold as slaves. Her beauty having captivated the affections of the Emperor, she soon became Empress, and had children by his Majesty; and became in time completely naturalized to that savage country. She nevertheless continued, until the day of her death, to keep up a correspondence with her humble relatives in Scotland.

It may, perhaps, be in the recollection of some persons intimately acquainted with modern British history; or it may be gathered from the annual register of that period, that, about forty years ago, two Morocco princes applied to the Government of this country for a military force to assist them in asserting their right to the throne of their deceased father, in opposition to an usurping kinsman. They urged their request with the plea, that by the mother's side they were of British descent; and Government had actually fitted out an expedition at Gibraltar, in obedience to the demand, when intelligence came that the two young men had been surprised, and cut off by their relation; upon which the fleet, of course, was remanded.

When the circumstances are laid together, it seems unquestionable that these unfortunate persons were the grandsons of this old woman who lived at the road side of Mill of Steps. The reader may pause before he give credit to a story so singular; but our information is derived from a source which precludes the slightest shade of suspicion in our own mind. The maiden name of the Empress was Gloag, of which several persons of that name are still living in the parish. Her mother was aunt to a person of the name of Duncan Macgregor, who was well known in the southern parts of Perthshire about sixty years ago, as one of the surviving heroes of the '45, and was often heard to boast that he had a cousin an Empress. We have further to state, that she had a brother a sea captain in a trading vessel, who died in the cottage at Mill of Steps; and there are several articles, particularly of china, which he brought home from that country, and were in the possession of the family of John Bayne, farmer, Lurg, who remembered her very well. She was a good looking woman. He occasionally played at cards and other games with her. Several old residents of the parish remember both her and her parents.

A.8 'A Particular Account of the Royal Harem', 1791.¹¹

After I had concluded my visit to the queen of the Harem, I was next conducted to Lalla Douyaw, the favourite wife of the late emperor, whom I found to be what would be termed in Europe a very fine and beautiful woman. She is a native of Genoa, and was, with her mother, shipwrecked on the coast of Barbary, whence they became the emperor's captives. At that period, though but eight years of age, her personal charms were so very promising and attractive, that they induced the emperor to order her to be taken forcibly from her mother, and placed in his Harem, where, though at so early a period of life, every means were in vain employed to entice her to change her religion, till at length the emperor threatened to pull up every hair of her head by the roots if she desisted any longer; and she then found herself obliged to submit to his inclinations.

After remaining sometime in the character of a concubine, the emperor married her; and from her great beauty, address, and superior mental accomplishments, she soon gained his best affections, which she ever after possessed. She had, indeed, so much influence over him, that though he was naturally of a very stubborn disposition, she was never known to fail in any favour she solicited, provided she persevered in her request.

When I saw her she was about thirty years of age; in her person rather corpulent, and her face was distinguished by that expressive beauty which is almost peculiar to the Italian women. Her address was pleasing, and her behaviour polite and attentive. In the Harem, from her accomplishments in reading and writing well the Arabic language, she was considered by the other females as a superior being.

From the circumstance of being taken so young into the Harem, she had nearly forgotten her native language, and could only converse fluently in Arabic, having but a distant recollection of the events which first brought her into her present situation. She, however, informed me, that we were brother and sister (a common phrase used by the Moors to express the affinity which Christians bear to each other in a religious sense), and had discernment enough to observe that she was among an uncouth and very ignorant people. She added, that her mother, whom I had afterwards an opportunity of seeing at a Venetian merchant's house at Mamora, was still a Christian, though she herself was no longer such, and that she hoped I would visit her every time I came to the Harem.

Her complaint was a scorbutic affection of the gums, which threatened the loss of some of her front teeth. This circumstance gave her the greatest uneasiness, as she was fearful it might disfigure her other features, and by that means cause an abatement in the affections of the emperor. On this account she was extremely anxious to have my advice, though when I was in her apartment she always experienced the strongest apprehensions lest my attendance on her should come to the emperor's knowledge, which might be attended with the most serious consequences to us both.

Lalla Zara, owing to her bad state of health, and the consequent ruin of her personal charms, had long been neglected by the emperor, who, most probably, admitted of my attendance on her more for the sake of exonerating himself from her constant importunities to see me (for it was a considerable time before she could gain his consent) than from any great anxiety on his part for her recovery. With respect to a person of such a description, it was perhaps a matter of indifference to the emperor by whom she was seen or known, and therefore there was no ground for that jealousy to which the Moors in general are so notoriously addicted.

Lalla Douyaw was very differently situated. She was in the bloom of health and beauty, with all those exterior accomplishments which were likely to excite the

most ardent passion; and indeed the emperor's attachment to her was unexampled. Under these circumstances, when we consider with what caution the Moors in general endeavour to prevent any foreign intercourse with their women, it could not be supposed that the emperor would relish the idea of an European in particular being admitted frequently, and almost alone, to this first object of his dearest affections.

Lalla Douyaw, however, to prevent the possibility of detection, enjoined her female slaves to be particularly assiduous to inform her when there was the smallest reason for an alarm; while, on the other hand, she was continually making presents to the eunuch who attended me, cautioning him at the same time not to intimate to any person out of the Harem that I had been admitted into her apartment. She so far gained an ascendancy over him, that I have frequently remained with her for an hour at a time, conversing upon European customs; and though she knew but little of them, yet the subject always seemed to afford her the highest pleasure. As soon as she thought it would be imprudent for me to remain any longer, she requested of me to go, but with a promise to call upon her the next time I visited the Harem. Her apprehension of a discovery was not confined to the chance of an alarm from the emperor, or from the perfidy of the eunuch; it was likewise extended to the jealousy of the other women in the Harem, who might probably rejoice in an opportunity of effecting her ruin. It was, however, perhaps a fortunate circumstance for us both, that by most of them admitting me into their apartments, it was equally their interest to be silent, since a discovery of the one would inevitably lead to a detection of the others.

The fourth wife, who is daughter to an English renegado, and mother to the reigning emperor, being at Fez at the time when I visited the Harem, I had not an opportunity of seeing.

A.9 'Letter from a Muslim Female Captive in Malta to the Sultan of Morocco', 1790s.¹²

Praise be to God alone,

And may God's blessings be upon our Master and Lord Mohammed,

Praise be to God, the Cause of causes, the Redeemer of slaves, the Creator of Adam and Eve from earth; He has made knowledge to be written in wisdom and paper as epistle between beloved ones. I mean here he to whom our missive is sent and received in his hand, to my Lord Sidi Moulay Sulayman, the Sultan of Morocco, may God give him and his soldiers victory.

Amen.

Many greetings from as-Sayyida Lalla Fatna bint Sidi Mohammed ben Abd Arrahman and to every Muslim, and a thousand greetings to our Master Moulay Sulayman, and many greetings from her husband Moulay Mohammed Ben al-Haj Ali Sbiaa, followed by a thousand greetings.

Today, O Sultan of mercy, may God grant you victory and prolong your life, when I was brought up to Malta, I was put under quarantine, and remained there for forty days. Having completed the forty days, I was conducted to the king of Malta who asked me: 'Woman, where are you from?'

'O, King I am from Morocco', said I.

'Whose daughter are you?'

I replied: 'I am a descendant of Sultan Moulay Idriss, I shall not conceal my origin and kinship to Moulay Mohammed.' Then I told him: 'O sovereign, I should not conceal my lineage: I am of the progeny of Sultan Moulay Idriss, and since now I have fallen into your hands against my will, do with me whatever pleases you. I have come by force.' After that I said to him: 'O king, since God has put me in your hands, I wish to be ruled by you rather than by someone else.'

Then the king said to me: 'O, my daughter, I cannot rule over you. You ought to be ruled by he who brought as a captive; you are his possession. You are either for sale or...'. [word(s) missing].

Then he addressed the merchant who brought me and said to him:

'This wretched woman shall remain with you; she is neither for sale nor purchase, she and her husband, until their relatives are heard of. Put them together in the same house.' Then, O my Master, he granted us one month which was spent agreeably.

And today, O my Master, may God [prolong] your life and increase your days, the *Rumi* (infidel) who owns me asked me:

'Do you have someone to write to?'

I replied: 'I have the House of the Prophet and the House of my Master Moulay Sulayman, may God grant him victory.'

May God prolong your life and increase your days, all what has befallen me I shall relate to you in this missive. Today, the *Rumi* who owns me sits on a chair, puts the inkwell¹³ in my lap¹⁴ ... [word(s) missing] and smokes in my lap and the smoke rises up my lap and against my face. I said to him:

'Enemy of God, why do you smoke in my lap?'

He said: 'You are mine, I do with you whatever pleases me.' And he went up to her husband, put him in irons and threw him in jail.

Afterwards, the merchants came to buy her and offered fifty thousands Maltese riyals for her, her husband and her maid, all three. And today Lalla Fatna went up to the merchants and said to them:

'Do you want to buy me? He who buys me ... [word(s) missing]. I am no slave [to be bought] for money. I am [Sharifa], may God grant victory to the House of the Prophet and may He grant victory to Moulay Sulayman and bless his progeny.'

Then, the infidel brought her barley-bread and she told him:

'O enemy of God, I shall not eat barley-bread.'

Then, the infidel locked her up and fastened all doors, leaving her alone without any light and allowed none to enter... [word(s) missing.] Then, the neighbours heard my screams and sent for him. He came up and seized the maid. He took a broom, covered it with excrement and gave it to her who told him:

'O enemy of God, I shall not carry excrement to Lalla.' Upon which, the *Rumi* took the dirty broom – blessed be the face of my Master – , and thrust it into my face, saying to me:

'Why do you say I am not your master?'

And I replied: 'O enemy of God, my Master is the Glorious Moulay Sulayman, may God grant him and his soldiers victory. You are God's enemy.'

Upon which, he dealt me a blow of his fist in my belly and I, being a pregnant woman, remained in violent pains for eight days. Then he called a physician and a midwife who examined as-Shrifa and found her pregnant and her baby dead for seven days. And on the ninth day, she aborted the Sharif, a dead baby of five months and a half.

Today, O my Master Moulay Sulayman, may God grant you victory and prolong your life, I must inform you, and my master's foresight is very wide, that today, may God prolong your life and increase your days, when she began writing her letter to Sidi, she who has someone to rely on, may God grant him victory, the king of Malta heard of it and dispatched four physicians to treat me in the house of Nipafe, a friend of Sidi Mohammed ben Abdellah,¹⁵ may the mercy of God be upon your servant.

And today, O my Master Moulay Sulayman, may God grant you victory and prolong your life, there are two Christians ... [word(s) missing], one of them called Papaf, a servant of Sidi Mohammed, may the mercy of God be upon his soul, and the other is called Francis Ashkenber; it is these who have been treating her kindly. And today, they both convey their greetings to you and thank God that the house of Sidna is still prosperous. May God grant Moulay Sulayman victory and have mercy upon the Great Sidi and grand victory to Moulay Sulayman.

And today, O my master, may God render you victorious and prolong your life, if you dispatch a messenger, send him via the king of Spain; and the admiral of the Spanish navy will convey him to Malta to the house of Nipafe, the servant of Sidi Mohammed, may God have mercy upon his soul and greetings are to my Master Moulay Sulayman and may God grant victory to him and to all the Mujahidin, mariners and captains.

And today, O my master Moulay Sulayman may God grant you victory and prolong your life, we have none but God then you. We invoke God and you. Your grandfather [the Prophet] intercedes in the afterlife and you intercede in this life, may God prolong your life.

The date of the letter is 8 Chawal.

Greetings from as-Sharifa, from the Mujahidin and Morocco to Sidi Moulay Abdellah, may God confers on you the blessings of Moulay Abdellah Sharif and Moulay Abdessalam Ben Mchich, may God grant you the blessings of the Prophet and saints.

As for today, my Master Moulay Sulayman, may God glorify you and prolong your life, you the glory of Morocco, today this man has hit me, I who am 46 years old, and today, may God prolong my Master's life, I had my third pregnancy, so that it must not be said this one is so small. When his mother complained to their rulers, they said: 'We cannot prosecute [him] you, you are a captive' ... [word(s) missing].

Today, O my Master, may God prolong your life and increase your days, I shall not let my son be lost in vain. Today Sidi when yours¹⁶ came up to me one of them said to me: 'Please my daughter, don't write about your baby.' And I said to them:

'I will not leave my progeny in vain. At Sultan Moulay Sulayman, God's justice will be done.' May God grant him his wishes and have mercy upon Sidi's father.

Amen.

P.S. This *Rumi* is called captain Ashkenber, son of Andzia the Blind.

A.10 'Ali and the English Female Captive', 1891.¹⁷

Once there was good man, and his name was Ali. He had a Christian captive, a beautiful English girl. Ali was willing to make her his wife if she would become a true believer. Praise the merciful Allah and his prophet the lord Mohammed! (Storyteller and audience touch their foreheads). She on her parts, was willing to be Ali's wife if he would become a Christian. One day Ali told her to go down to his stable under his house and saddle his favorite horse.

When she got to the stable the horse lifted both its forefeet and struck her down. For a time she was insensible, and when she recovered consciousness she took the blow of the horse as a proof of her unbelief in the true God and his prophet. Allah save and bless us. (All touch foreheads again.) So she went up to Ali and told him she believed and would become his wife. Then Ali said: 'Go down again and saddle my horse.' She went down and the horse struck her again. Once more she returned to Ali. 'You were not a true believer', said Ali, 'go down again'. Yet again she went down to the stable, and then Ali's favorite horse suffered her to saddle him, and she brought him to Ali, and Ali married her, and she was a true believer ever after.

Notes

1 Introduction

1. Louis Brunot, *La mer dans les traditions et les industries à Rabat et Salé* (Paris: Editions Ernest Leroux, 1920), 324. Unless otherwise stated, all translations are mine.
2. Elizabeth Marsh, *The Female Captive: A Narrative of Facts which Happened in Barbary in the Year 1756, Written by Herself*, ed. Khalid Bekkaoui (Fez: Moroccan Cultural Studies Centre, 2003), 49 and 51.
3. See the estimated prices of male and female captives in Edmond Cason, *A Relation of the Whole Proceedings Concerning the Redemption of the Captives in Algiers and Tunis* (London: Printed by F. L. for Laurence Blaiklock, 1647), 17–24.
4. *Calendar of State Papers* (henceforward abbreviated as CSP): *Domestic Charles I, 1636–1637* (London: Longman, Green, Reader, and Dyer, 1867), 141.
5. See Philip Gosse, *The History of Piracy* (London: Longman, 1932), 21 and Salvatore Bono, *I corsari barbareschi* (Torino: n.p., 1964), 140–2.
6. Stanley Lane-Poole, *The Barbary Corsairs* (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1894), 232.
7. Pierre Dan, *Histoire de Barbarie et de ses corsaires* (Paris: Pièrre Rochet, 1637), 276.
8. Salvatore Bono, *Les Corsaires en Méditerranée*, trans. A. Somai (Paris: Editions Paris-Méditerranée, 1998), 161.
9. Francis Knight, *A Relation of Seaven Yeares Slaverie under the Turkes of Argeire* (London: T. Cotes, 1640), 9–10.
10. National Archives, State Papers (henceforward abbreviated as NA, SP), 71/1/ fol. 135. A list of captives is provided in *Calendar of State Papers Relating to Ireland, Charles I, 1625–1632*, ed. R. P. Mahaffy (London: Printed for Her Majesty's Stationary Register, 1900), 621–2. For an insightful study of the raid on Baltimore, see Henry Barnaby, 'The Sack of Baltimore', *Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society*, 74 (1969), 101–29. The impact of the Algerian attack occasioned these lines from the Irish poet Thomas Davis: 'The yell of 'Allah' breaks above the prayer and shriek and roar – Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore.' Thomas Davis, 'The Sack of Baltimore', in *The Poems of Thomas Davis* (Dublin and London: James Duffy, 1846), 116.
11. Dan, *Histoire de Barbarie*, 284.
12. NA, SP, 16/330/ fol. 10.
13. *Calendar of State Papers on the Manuscripts Relating to English Affairs in the Archives and Collection of Venice, 1643–1647*, vol. 27, ed. Allen Hinds (London: Longman, 1926), 209.
14. Robert Davis, *Christian Slaves, Muslim Masters* (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2003), 45.
15. Bono, *I corsari barbareschi*, 180–203.
16. CSP: *Domestic, Charles I, 1636–1637*, 141.
17. Germain Moüette, *Travels in the Kingdome of Fez and Morocco*, in *A New Collection of Voyages and Travels into Several Parts of the World* (London: J. Knapton et al., 1711), vol. 2, 77.
18. Francis Brooks, *Barbarian Cruelty* (London: For J. Salusbury & H. Newman, 1693), 27–8.

19. Henry Koehler, 'Quelques points d'histoire sur les captifs chrétiens de Meknès', *Hespéris*, 8:2 (1928), 184.
20. H. de Castries, ed., *Les Sources Inédites de l'Histoire du Maroc: Archives et Bibliothèques de France* (Paris: Paul Geuthner, 1922–60), 4: 354.
21. *Several Voyages of Barbary* (London: Printed for Oliver Payne, 1736), 106.
22. NA, SP, 71/16/ fol. 583.
23. *Several Voyages of Barbary*, 6 and 15.
24. NA, SP, 71/16/ fol. 639.
25. NA, SP, 71/17/ fol. 67–9.
26. John Braithwaite, *The History of the Revolutions in the Empire of Morocco* (London: Printed by J. Darby and T. Browne, 1729), 273 and 282.
27. Robert Playfair, *The Scourge of Christendom* (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1884), 186–7.
28. Marcus Berg, *Description de l'esclavage Barbaresque dans l'empire de Fèz et au Maroc*, trans. J. Macau (Sweden: Nortalje, 1974), 11 and 13.
29. NA, SP, 71/20/ part 1, fol. 97.
30. See James Sutherland, *A Narrative of the Loss of His Majesty's Ship the Litchfield* (London: n.p., 1768).
31. John Morgan, *A Compleat History of the Piratical States of Barbary* (London: R. Griffiths, 1750), 35 and 39.
32. John Polemon, *The Second Part of the Booke of Battailes, Fought in Our Age* (London: Printed for Gabriell Cawood, 1587), sigs. Uii v and Yi v.
33. Abd Al-Aziz az-Zayyati, *Al-Jawahir al-Mukhtara*, Rabat National Library, Manuscript: 3822 d, 12.
34. *Sources: France*, 1: 537.
35. Robert Brown, 'introduction' to *The Adventures of Thomas Pellow* (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1890), 30.
36. Federico Cresti, 'Quelques réflexions sur la population et la structure sociale d'Alger à la période Turque: XVIe-XIXe siècles', *Cahiers de Tunisie*, 34 (1986), 158–60.
37. Playfair, *Scourge of Christendom*, 282–4.
38. See Noël Amaudru, *Sultane Française au Maroc* (Paris: Librairie Plon, 1906).
39. Quoted in Davis, *Christian Slaves*, 174.
40. Abdallah Laroui, *The History of the Maghreb: An Interpretative Essay*, trans. R. Manheim (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1977), 244. For Davis, Mediterranean piracy was prevalently a Muslim phenomenon, *Christian Slaves*, 9.
41. Ibn Jubayr, *The Travels of Ibn Jubayr*, trans. R. C. J. Broadhurst (London: Jonathan Cape, 1952), 27.
42. Loup Durand, *Pirates et barbaresques en méditerranée* (Avignon: Aubanel, 1975), 171.
43. Moulay Belhamissi, *Les Captifs Algériens et l'Europe Chrétienne, 1518–1830* (Alger: Entreprises Nationale du Livre, 1988), 20.
44. Fernand Braudel, *The Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World in the Age of Philip II*, trans. S. Reynolds (London: Collins, 1973), II, 755.
45. Ahmed Bouchareb, *Dukkala wa al-Istiamar al-Burtugali* (Casablanca: Dar ath-Thakafa, 1984), 224–28.
46. Bono, *Corsaires en méditerranée*, 170–71.
47. *Ibid.*, 172.
48. Nabil Matar, introduction to *Piracy, Slavery and Redemption: English Captives in North Africa, 1577–1704*, ed., D. Vitkus (New York: Columbia University Press, 2001), 9.
49. Bono, *Corsaires en méditerranée*, 174–6.

50. Eugène Plantet, *Correspondance des deys d'Alger avec la cour de France, 1579–1833*, ed. Abdeljelil Temimi (Tunis: A. Bouslama, 1981), 1: 468.
51. *Sources: France*, 4: 522.
52. Morgan, *Compleat History*, 253.
53. Moulay Belhamissi, 'Captifs Musulmans et Chrétiens XVI–XVIIIe Siècles: Le Cas des Femmes et des Enfants', in *Chrétiens et Musulmans à l'époque de la renaissance* (Zaghouan: Publications de la Fondation Temimi, 1997), 54.
54. NA, SP, 71/1/ part I, fol. 53.
55. *CSP Domestic Series: Charles I, 1625–1626*, 483.
56. *Sources: France*, 3: 12 and 83.
57. Matar, 'Magharibi Captives', 146.
58. *Sources: France*, 3: 90.
59. NA, SP, 71/1/ part II, fol. 131–2.
60. Belhamissi, *Captifs Algériens*, 28.
61. Morgan, *Compleat History*, 253.
62. Mohamed al-Manuni, 'Wathikataan Jadidataan', *Majallat Daawat al Haq*, 8 (1978), 31–2.
63. Vincent J. Cornell, *Realm of the Saint: Power and Authority in Moroccan Sufism* (Austin, Tex.: University of Texas Press, 1998), 237–8.
64. Ellen Friedman, *Spanish Captives in North Africa in the Early Modern Age* (Madison, Wis.: University of Wisconsin Press, 1983), 156.
65. Plantet, *Correspondance*, I: 104.
66. *Sources: France*, 3: 454.
67. *Relation de ce qui s'est passé dans les trois voyages que les Religieux de l'ordre de Notre-Dame de la Merci ont faits dans les Etats du Roy de Maroc* (Paris: n.p., 1724), 329.
68. Ahmed Bouchareb, *Al Maghariba fi al Burtugal khilala al-Qarn as-Sadis Ashar* (Rabat: Manshurat Kulliyat al Adab, 1996), 109.
69. Ahmad b. al-Mahdi al-Ghazzal, *Natijat al-Ijtihad fi al-Muhadana wa al-Jihad*, ed. I. al-Arabi (Beirut: Dar al-Gharbal-Islami, 1980), 185–6.
70. D. Gaspard, *Histoire Véritable de ce qui s'est passé en Turquie* (Paris: François du Carroy, 1613), 13 and Dan, *Histoire de Barbarie*, 501–4.
71. Plantet, *Correspondance*, I: 522.
72. Stephen Clissold, *The Barbary Slaves* (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1992), 118.
73. Belhamissi, *Captifs Algériens*, 36.
74. See Belhamissi, 'Captifs Musulmans et Chrétiens', 60, and Jean-Louis Miege, 'Captifs Marocains en Italie XVIIe–XVIIIe siècles', *Revue Maroc-Europe*, 11, (1997–8), 170. For further details on the conversion of Muslim women, see Wipertus Rudt de Collenberg, *Le Baptême des musulmans esclaves à Rome aux XVIIe et XVIIIe siècles*, in *Mélanges de l'école française de Rome, Italie et Méditerranée* (Rome: Ed. de l'Ecole française de Rome, 1989), 9–181.
75. *Several Voyages of Barbary*, 68.
76. Ahmed Bouchareb, 'Mahdar Muhakamat Imraa Maghribiyya min Ladun Mahkamat at-Taftish ad-Diniyya al-Burtughaliyya, 1559', *Majallat al-Manahil*, 21 (1981), 224–78.
77. Anita Raymond, 'Les Esclaves maures et l'inquisition dans les îles espagnoles de la méditerranée: 1550–1700', *Al Majallat at-Tarikhia al Magharibia*, 53–4 (1989), 114.
78. Boucharb, *Maghariba fi al Burtugal*, 134.
79. *Ibid.*, 183.
80. Raymond, 'Esclaves maures', 110.
81. Bouchareb, *Maghariba fi al-Burtugal*, 164.

82. *Ibid.*, 107 and 121.
83. William Shakespeare, *The Merchant of Venice*, in *Complete Works*, ed. W. J. Craig (London: Oxford University Press, 1974), III, 5, 40–6. In English Renaissance drama European women occasionally put on Moorish disguise such as Beupre in Massinger's *The Parliament of Love* (1624), Millicent in Richard Brome's *The English Moor* (1637), and Milesia in William Berkeley's *The Lost Lady* (1638). Once in black hues these women are inevitably exposed to the treatment reserved for Moorish women: racial stigmatization and imminent raped by white lechers.
84. John Fletcher, *The Knight of Malta*, ed., G. W. Williams (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1992), II, 2, 167–72.
85. Thomas Pellow, *The History of the Long Captivity ... in South-Barbary* (London: R. Goadby, 1739?), 372–4.
86. *The Pittsfield Sun* (6 September 1827), vol. 27.
87. Mohammed Razuq, *Dirasat fi Tarikh al-Maghrib* (Casablanca: Ifriqiya as-Sharq, 1991), 179–80.
88. Dan, *Histoire de Barbarie*, 313.
89. Joseph Pitts, *A True and Faithful Account of the Religion and Manners of the Mohammetans* (Exon: S. Farley for Bishop and E. Score, 1704), 73.
90. *A Description of the Nature of Slavery Among the Moors* (London: J. Peele, at Lock's Head in Pater-noster Row, 1721), 11.
91. John Windus, *A Journey to Mequinez* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1725), 187. Another source puts the figure at 300 wives and 700 concubines. *An Account of South-West Barbary* (London: J. Bowyer; H. Clements, 1713), 95.
92. *Sources: France*, 4: 354.
93. Philip Massinger, *The Renegado*, in *Three Turk Plays from Early Modern England*, ed. D. Vitkus (New York: Columbia University Press, 2000), I, 2, 129–30, 136–7.
94. Penelope Aubin, *Noble Slaves* (London: Printed for E. Bell etc., 1722), 42.
95. Charles Peterson, *The Algerine and other Tales* (Boston: Gleason's Publishing Hall, 1846), 12.
96. See Charles Penz, *Les captifs français du Maroc au XVIIIe siècle, 1577–1699* (Rabat: Imprimerie Officielle, 1944), 280.
97. *Relation en forme de journal du voyage pour la rédemtion des captifs aux royaumes de Maroc et d'Alger* (Paris: Sevestre, 1726), 270–5.
98. *Ibid.*, 168–75.
99. *Journal du corsaire Jean Doublet*, ed. C. Bréard (Paris: Charavay, 1883), 224–5.
100. Playfair, *Scourge of Christendom*, 186–8.
101. Edward Howes, *Annales; or, A General Chronicle of England; Begun by J. Stow ... Continued and Augmented* (London: Printed for Richard Meighen, 1631), 893.
102. Braithwaite, *History of the Revolutions*, 151.
103. Davis, *Christian Slaves*, 145–6.
104. See also Bewes, *Church Briefs*, 177 and Barnaby, 'The Sack of Baltimore', 125.
105. Cenival and Brissac, eds., *Les Sources Inédites de l'Histoire du Maroc: Archives et Bibliothèques d'Angleterre* (Paris: Paul Geuthner, 1936), 3: 2.
106. *C.S.P., Domestic: James I, 1623–1625*, CXLVIII, 81, 13.
107. With martial zeal a disaffected captive's wife declares that had she command of the navy she would end European intestine wars and 'sail to the Barbary coast,/ To battle the Moor where he keeps his host,/And my goodman should delivered be/From the wicked Rover of Sallee'. Walter C. Smith, 'The Rovers of Sallee', *The Poetical Works* (London: J. M. Dent & Co., 1902), 606.
108. *C.S.P., Domestic: Charles I, 1635–36*, CCCVI, 85, 15.

109. NA, SP, 71/1/ part 2, fol. 130. See also Bewes, *Church Briefs*, 197.
110. NA, SP, 71/16/ fol. 497.
111. See Nabil Matar, 'Wives, Captive Husbands and Turks: The First Women Petitioners in Caroline England', *Explorations in Renaissance Culture*, 23 (1997), 111–29.
112. NA, SP, 71/1/ f. 151 b, 10 August 1631. In a sermon preached in 1637, Charles Fitz-Geffrey is grieved at the government's reluctance to spend money on captives and invokes the captivity of Baltimore's and Cornwall's inhabitants to move the authorities into ransoming British prisoners in Barbary. *Compassion towards Captives, Chiefly towards Our Brethren and Countrymen Who Are in Miserable Bondage in Barbarie* (Oxford: n.p., 1637), 46–7.
113. NA, SP, 71/1/ part 2, fol. 130.
114. NA, SP, 71/1/ fol. 140.
115. See Barnaby, 'The Sack of Baltimore', 128–9.
116. *Sources: Angleterre*, 3: 266 and 250, note 2.
117. See John Dunton, *True Journal of the Sally Fleet* (London: Nicholes, 1637).
118. One of the captives of Iceland reveals that several of his compatriots 'out of despair of being redeem'd, renounc'd their Religion'. Emanuel d'Aranda, *History of Algiers and Its Slavery* (London: Printed for John Starkey, 1666), 248.
119. Thomas MacGill, *An Account of Tunis, of Its Government, Manners, Customs and Antiquities* (London: Longman, 1811), 77.
120. *CSP, Ireland, 1625–1632*, 621.
121. NA, SP, 16/311/ fol. 9.
122. Diego Haëdo, *Topographie et histoire générale d'Alger*, trans. A. Monneré and A. Berbrugger (Saint-Denis: Editions Bouchène, 1998), 146.
123. Ali ibn Muhammed at-Tamgruti, *An-Nafhat al-Miskiyya fi as-Sifarat et-Turkiya*, Rabat National Library, Manuscript, 795, 109–10.
124. Aranda, *History of Algiers*, 121.
125. Morgan, *Compleat History*, 225.
126. Moüette, *Travels*, 10.
127. Georg Høst, *Histoire de l'Emperuer du Maroc Mohamed Ben Abdallah*, trans. F. Damgaard and P. Gailhanou (Rabat: Editions La Porte, 1998), 95.
128. Bartolomé and Lucile Bennassar, *Les Chrétiens d'Allah: L'Histoire extraordinaire des Renégats XVI–XVII* (Paris: Perrin, 1989), 157.
129. Bono, *I corsari barbareschi*, 274.
130. See Guy Turbet-Delof, 'Une Française de race noire esclave à Alger de 1694 à 1719', *Revue XVIIIe Siècle*, 151 (1986), 167–8.
131. *The Cruelties of the Algerine Pirates* (London: W. Howe, 1816), 6.
132. MacGill, *Account of Tunis*, 78–9.
133. NA, SP, 71/16/ fol. 503.
134. Barnaby, 'The Sack of Baltimore', 120.
135. *Ibid.*, 120. See letter dated 10 August 1631, NA, SP 71/1/ fol. 104.
136. Filippo Pananti, *Narrative of a Residence in Algiers* (London: Printed for Henry Colburn, 1818), 355.
137. William Shaler, *Sketches of Algiers: Political, Historical and Civil* (Boston: Cummings, Hilliard, 1826), 76.
138. Dominique Busnot, *History of the Reign of Muley Ismael* (London: A. Bell; J. Baker, 1715), 139.
139. *Relation de ce qui s'est passé dans les trois voyages*, 100.
140. See list of captives with their names, place of origin, and estimated price in Cason, *Relation of the Whole Proceedings*, 17–24.

141. Matar, 'Wives, Captive Husbands and Turks', 121.
142. *Sources: France*, 4: 339–41 and 409–11.
143. Braithwaite, *History of the Revolutions*, 210.
144. Georg Høst, *Relations sur les royaumes de Marrakech et Fès*, trans. F. Damgaard and P. Gailhanou (Rabat: Edition La Port, 2002), 117.
145. *History of the Captivity and Sufferings of Mrs. Maria Martin, Who Was Six Years a Slave in Algiers* (Boston: W. Crary, 1807), 64–5.
146. Linda Colley, 'The Narrative of Elizabeth Marsh: Barbary, Sex and Power', in Felicity Nussbaum, ed., *The Global Eighteenth Century* (Baltimore: John Hopkins University Press, 2003), 140.
147. Morgan, *Compleat History*, 79. A Moroccan chronicler writes in the late sixteenth century that the Turks prefer for concubines white slave girls. At-Tamgruti, *En-Nafhat el-Miskiyya f-s-Sifarat et-Tourkiya*, 65–6.
148. William Walsh, *Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities* (London: William W. Gibbings, 1893), 184. See also Euène Plantet, *Moulay Ismaël Empereur du Maroc et la Princesse de Conti* (Paris: Librairie Plon, 1912), 48.
149. Elisa Chimenti, *Tales and Legends of Morocco*, trans. A. Benamy (New York: Ivan Obolensky, 1965), 29.
150. *Hornellsville Weekly Tribune*, 19 June 1891.
151. *Relation de ce qui s'est passé dans les trois voyages*, 238.
152. Høst, *Relations*, 117.
153. Magali Morsy, *La Relation de Thomas Pellow: Une lecture du Maroc au 18e siècle* (Paris: Recherches sur les Civilizations, 1983), 22. References can also be made to European women who fled their husbands and offered themselves as concubines to the Moroccan sultan. See *The Washington Post*, 25 May 1902 and 3 July 1904.
154. Aranda, *History of Algiers*, 190–1.
155. Dan, *Histoire de Barbarie*, 313.
156. Robert Chambers, *Traditions of Edinburgh* (1825; rpt, Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers, 1967), 299–300.
157. In Maria de Melo's confession to the Inquisition, we learn that even after conversion North African female captives continued to be treated as slaves and were allowed to wed renegade slaves only. See Boucharb, 'Mahdar Muhakamat Imraa' and *Al Maghariba fi al Burtugal*.
158. John Wolf, *The Barbary Coast: Algeria and the Turks* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1979), 166.
159. Ibrahim Harakat, 'Az-Zawaj bi al-Ajnabiyat', *Majallat al-Iman*, 7: 2 (June 1965), 46.
160. NA, CO, 279/28/ fol. 342.
161. Upon his death, his spouse is said to have obtained leave to return to her native country. *A Letter from Tangier Concerning the Death of Jonas Rowland the Renegade* (London: Printed for J.S., 1682).
162. Clissold, *Barbary Slaves*, 121.
163. Mohammed Seghir Ben Youssef, *Mechra el Melki: Chronique Tunisienne, 1705–1771*, trans. V. Serres and M. Lasram (Tunis: Impr. Rapide, 1900), 22–3. Muslim women were enthusiastically involved in Islamizing female slaves. A Moroccan queen endeavoured to persuade the Portuguese Dona Philippa to embrace Islam by 'offering her magnificent apparels, very precious jewels, bracelets of gold, very pretty pearls and food, the most delicious to her taste'. *Relation en forme de journal*, 170. Likewise, another queen importuned the Spanish Donna Theresia to convert, tempting her with magnificent clothes and gifts, and all sorts of blandishments. *Voyage dans les états Barbaresques de Maroc, Alger, Tunis et Tripoli*

- (Paris: n.p., 1785), 57. There were also reports of female renegades who eagerly converted slaves. Pedro Guitierrez de Butrom is enthusiastically solicited by a renegade woman to turn Moor. He eventually yields to her charms and solicitations. Another male slave converts and weds a renegade who proves to be a zealous Muslim; she keeps him under close surveillance to find out whether he apostasized in words and deeds. Bennassar, *Chrétien*s, 415–16.
164. James Boulden, *An American among the Orientals* (Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston, 1855), 94.
 165. *Sources: France*, 3: 164. Younès Nékrouf contends that her name was Yanet or Janet, *Une Amitié orangeuse: Moulay Ismael et Louis XIV* (Paris: Editions Eddif, 1987), 172. For Magali Morsy, this is a mistake. See 'Lalla Khenâtha: Reine du Maroc', *Les Africains*, eds. Charles-André Julien et al. (Paris: Editions J. A., 1983), 1: 189.
 166. Busnot, *History of the Reign of Muley Ismael*, 52.
 167. *Description of the Nature of Slavery*, 4–5.
 168. Busnot, *History of the Reign of Muley Ismael*, 51.
 169. *Relation de ce qui s'est passé dans les trois voyages*, 225. See also Busnot, *History of the Reign of Muley Ismael*, 135.
 170. NA, SP, 71/16/ fol. 615.
 171. Windus, *Journey to Mequinez*, 96.
 172. NA, SP, 71/ 2/ part I, fol. 417.
 173. Marsh, *The Female Captive*, 88.
 174. Elizabeth Broughton, *Six Years Residence in Algiers* (London: Saunders and Otle, 1841), 159–63. It is reported that after the death of Sidi Mohammed the English lobbied to place one of her sons on the throne.
 175. *Ibid.*, 161. On the story of Helen, see also John Shearer, 'An Empress of Morocco Born at Mills of Steps', in *Antiquities of Strathearn, with Historical and Traditionary Tales and Biographical Sketches of Celebrated Individuals* (Crieff: D. Philips, 1881), 60–1 and Archie Mckerracher, 'The Scottish Empress of Morocco', in *Perthshire in History and Legend* (Edinburgh: John Donald, 1988), 182–8. Helen's captivity and harem life offered the plot for two novels: Olga Stringfellow's *A Gift for the Sultan* (1962) and Debbie Taylor's *The Fourth Queen* (2003).
 176. William Lempriere, *A Tour from Gibraltar to Tangier, Sallee, Mogadore, Santa Cruz, Tarudant* (London: Printed for the author, 1791), 368.
 177. Franco Sanchez, *A Corrective Supplement to Wm. Lempriere's Tour from Gibraltar to Tangier* (London: Printed for the author, 1794), 34.
 178. For details on Lalla Dawia, I have relied on Jacques Caillé, *Une Corse Sultane du Maroc: Davia Franceschini et sa famille* (Paris: A Pedone, 1968).
 179. Boulden, *American among the Orientals*, 94.
 180. James Cathcart, *The Captives, Eleven Years a Prisoner in Algiers*, in Paul Baepler, ed., *White Slaves, Black Masters: The American Barbary Captivity Narratives* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1999), 108.
 181. The earliest British narrative by a male captive dates back to 1570s. See Nabil Matar, 'English Captivity Accounts in North Africa and the Middle East, 1577–1625', *Renaissance Quarterly*, 54: 2 (2001), 553–72.
 182. Joe Snader notes that 'The female captivity continued to play a greater role in the American press than in the British over the course of the nineteenth century'. *Caught between Worlds: British Captivity Narratives in Fact and Fiction* (Lexington, KY: University Press of Kentucky, 2000), 281.
 183. American women captive in Barbary feature in two plays: Susanna Rowson's *Slaves in Algiers* (1794) and Maria Pinckney's *Americans in Algiers* (1818).

184. Robin Miskolcze, *Women and Children First: Nineteenth-Century Sea Narratives and American Identity* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2007), 109.
185. Baepier, *White Slaves*, 18 and 247.
186. Nabil Matar, *Turks, Moors and Englishmen in the Age of Discovery* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1999), 71–82.
187. Lempriere, *Tour from Gibraltar to Tangier*, 367.
188. Braithwaite, *History of the Revolutions*, 191.
189. *Sources: Angleterre*, 3: 266.
190. Marsh, *The Female Captive*, 92.
191. *The Captivity and Sufferings of Maria Martin*, 59.
192. *Ibid.*, 66.
193. Aubin, *Noble Slaves*, 48.
194. Penelope Aubin, *Life of Charlotta Du Pont* (London: Printed for A. Bettesworth, 1723), 144.
195. *Ibid.*, 149.
196. Eliza Bradley, Preface to *An Authentic Narrative of the Shipwreck and Sufferings of Mrs. Eliza Bradley* (Boston: James Walden, 1820).
197. Edward Said, *Culture and Imperialism* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1993), 227.
198. *Miraculous and Remarkable Events of Twelve Years Slavery, of a Woman, Called Maria ter Meetelen, Resident of Medemblik* (1748), 120, Page number is from the present edition.
199. Marsh, *The Female Captive*, Preface.
200. Aubin, *Noble Slaves*, 42.
201. Thomas Troughton, *Barbarian Cruelty* (London: Printed and Sold by R. Walker, 1751), 204.
202. *Description of the Nature of Slavery*, 10.
203. In Lord George Herbert's novel *A Night in a Moorish Harem* (1890) an Englishman is shipwrecked on the coast of Morocco and rescued by the Basha's multinational concubines. The Basha being away, the Englishman spends the night in their embraces.
204. Prince Hoare, *Chains of the Heart; or, The Slave by Choice* (London: Baker and Sons, 1802), Act II, scenes 2 and 4.
205. Rowson, *Slaves in Algiers*, 38–9.
206. Gayatri Spivak, 'Can the Subaltern Speak?' in *Marxism and the Interpretation of Cultures*, eds. C. Nelson and L. Grossberg (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1988), 296.
207. Malek Alloula, *The Colonial Harem*, trans. M. Godzich and W. Godzich (Minneapolis: University Minneapolis Press, 1986), 122.
208. Dan, *Histoire de Barbarie*, 319–20.
209. Aranda, *History of Algiers*, 163.
210. Mouëtte, *Travels*, 56.
211. *Ibid.*, 77.
212. Quoted in Wolf, *Barbary Coast*, 237.
213. *Etat des royaumes de Barbarie, Tripoly, Tunis et Alger* (La Haye: n.p., 1704), 76.
214. Nabil Matar, 'The Traveller as Captive: The Allure of Islam in Renaissance England', *Literature, Interpretation, Theory*, 7 (1996), 194–5.
215. Anthony A. Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times* (London: John Darby, 1711), 1: 348–9.
216. Marsh, *The Female Captive*, 91.
217. Ania Loomba, *Gender, Race, Renaissance Drama* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1989), 52.

218. Penelope Aubin, *Count Albertus* (London: J. Darby, etc., 1728), 87–8.
219. In this respect Sophia emerges as the precursor of prurient slave girls in nineteenth-century fiction, as in *The Lustful Turk* (1828) and Lord George Herbert's *A Night in a Moorish Harem* (1890).
220. Isaac Bickerstaffe, *The Sultan; or, A Peep into the Seraglio* (London: C. Dilly, 1787), 5–7 and 21.
221. Hannah Cowley, *A Day in Turkey; or, the Russian Slaves* (London: G. G. J. & J. Robinson, 1792), III, Sce. 1, 34.
222. *Ibid.*, III, Sce. 1, 39.
223. *Ibid.*, I, Sce. 1, 2.
224. Eliza Haywood, *Fruitless Enquiry* (London: n.p., 1767), 63.
225. *Ibid.*, 75.
226. Aubin, *Noble Slaves*, 159.
227. Penelope Aubin, *The Strange Adventures of the Count De Vinevil* (London: E. Bell et al., 1721), 92.
228. *Ibid.*, 116–17.
229. Voltaire, *Candidus*, trans. W. Rider (Dublin: James Hoy, 1759), 37.
230. *Ibid.*, 41.
231. *The Lustful Turk* (Herefordshire: Wordsworth Classic Erotica, 1997), 25.
232. *Ibid.*, 32.
233. *Ibid.*, 59.
234. *The National Era*, 2 September 1847.
235. Henry James, *William Wetmore Story* (London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1903), 1: 114–15.
236. Edith Hull, *The Sheik* (Boston: Small, Maynard & Company 1921), 133–4.
237. Female Barbary captivity has also inspired novels by male authors such as Sadleir Brereton's *Kidnapped by Moors* (1913), Richard Wallace's *The Man from Morocco* (1926), John Knittel's *Midnight People* (1931), John Jennings' *The Sultan's Warrior* (1951), and Allan Aldiss' *Barbary Slavegirl* (1993).
238. Ion H. Perdicaris gives an account of his captivity in 'In Raisuli's Hands: The Story of My Captivity and Deliverance', *Leslie's Monthly Magazine*, 58 (September 1904), 510–22.

2 Narratives

1. Jean Baume was France's Consul in Algiers during Miss De Bourk's captivity. He was appointed Consul in 1717 and left Algiers in December 1719. Jacques Thiry, *Autour de la géographie Orientale* (2006).
2. Denis Dusault was the king of France's extraordinary envoy to the Barbary Powers. *A Voyage to Barbary for the Redemption of Captives* and Albert Devoulx, *Les Archives du Consulat général de France à Alger* (1863).
3. **viz:** abbreviation of the Latin *videlicet*: that is, namely.
4. **Tartan:** 'A smaller version of the felucca, which was distinguished by the pronounced forward rake of her foremast-cum-bowsprit and her ability to operate under oars'. Angus Konstam, *Scourge of the seas: Buccaneers, Pirates and Privateers* (Oxford: Osprey Publishing, 2007), 229.
5. Louis XV, 1715–1774.
6. **Chalices:** goblets.
7. **Ditto:** the aforesaid, the same as stated above.

8. **Louis d'Ors**: formerly a gold coin of France, first struck in 1640; it remained in use until 1795.
9. **Declension**: a slope.
10. **Pieces**: cannons.
11. 'We may take it for granted that some *Barbary Moors*, and these in particular, are as capable of Inhumanities as any *Spanish Inquisitor*, or *French Dragoon in Europe*—But might not this good Father have found Matter enough, whereon to have exercised his exclamatory Talent, much nearer our Home? Tho' that, indeed, would not much have answered his Purpose'. Note by English editor.
12. 'So are called their circular Villages, of Tents. They are black; and the Sheikh's, or Chief's Tent is in the Centre'. Note by English editor.
13. **Cuscusou**: Arabic couscous, dish made of granulated flour cooked by steaming and served with vegetables and meat.
14. **Capotes**: a capote is a long hooded cloak.
15. **Pedreroes**: small sort of cannons, mostly used on the quarter deck of ships, to fire stones or broken iron upon boarding. John Brindley, *An Introduction to the Art of Fortification* (London: 1745).
16. **Te Deum**: a church hymn.
17. In the Old Testament Tobit was made captive to Assyrians. He refused to change his Jewish faith.
18. **Chiaus**: Turkish messenger or envoy.
19. **Janizaries**: elite guards in the Ottoman army.
20. **bring her into Temper**: induce her to comply.
21. **Buffets**: blows with the fist.
22. **curious**: resolute, determined.
23. **contemned**: despised, slighted.
24. Jean de Clairambault, French Consul in Algiers, 1706–17.
25. **Sicktoria**: Victoria.
26. **Entriana**: Triana.
27. **Sint Lucar**: Sanlúcar de Barrameda.
28. **Caap Vincent**: Cabo de São Vicente.
29. Cannons that fire a three-pound ball.
30. Van der Meer, the States General's ambassador at Madrid. *The Scots Magazine*, 1 (1739), 81.
31. The second wife of Duke John William of Ripperda (1680–1737). Ripperda was Dutch ambassador at Madrid. King Philip V created him a duke but later disgraced and imprisoned him. Ripperda escaped back to Holland where the Moroccan ambassador, Abdekader Perez, persuaded him to seek his fortunes in the court of Moulay Abdellah. He arrived in Morocco in 1732, one year after ter Meetelen's captivity, embraced Islam and remained in Morocco until his death in 1737. Jan Willem Ripperda, *Memoirs of the Duke de Ripperda* (London: John Stagg, 1740).
32. Bible, Job 1: 21.
33. Flemish.
34. Prophet Mohammed.
35. **allemoet**: al-mudd is an Islamic unit to measure the volume, consisting of the two hands cupped together.
36. Ter Meetelen means that the king made no difference between Christians and Jews, for him they were of the same faith.
37. Ter Meetelen's claim that Moulay Abdallah enjoys a virgin every Friday is nowhere to be found in contemporary sources.

38. There is no law in Islam prohibiting intercourse between a husband and his pregnant wife.
39. **Schet:** Shahhada, profession of faith, pronouncement that there is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his Prophet. It is done with the index finger of the right hand extended.
40. Literally in the Dutch original: 'the true Joseph'.
41. In the Netherlands.
42. Lalla Khnatha Bint Bakkar, wife of Moulay Ismail and mother of Moulay Abdallah. She is called 'Lella Coneta' and 'Kunnateer Binthebucker' in Pellow's *The History of the Long Captivity*.
43. Prophet Mohammed was buried in Medina not in Mecca (Megcha).
44. In 1732 Ramadan started on 26/27 February: 1 Ramadan 1144.
45. Ter Meetelen means that for Muslims Friday is a sacred as is Sunday is for Christians. 9 March 1734 was a Tuesday.
46. A corruption of Moroccan Arabic *Allah ybarak fi amrak ya sidi*: 'May God bless and prolong the life of my Lord'.
47. It was easier for Spaniards and Portuguese to escape because their countries had coastal enclaves in Morocco. In fact there are many cases of Britons who escaped from Moroccan captivity such as Thomas Phelps (1685), Francis Brooks (1692), and Thomas Pellow (1738).
48. A reference to Moulay Ismail (1672–1727).
49. John Leonard Sollicoffree, British Consul in Morocco, ransomed 144 British captives in August 1734. See Magali Morsy, 'Réflexions sur le discours historique à travers l'examen d'un document sur le Maroc au milieu du XVIIIe siècle', *Revue de l'Occident musulman et de la Méditerranée*, 20: 20 (1975), 71.
50. **Tavilet:** Tafilalt.
51. In September 1735 Moulay Abdallah was deposed by al-Bukhara army and replaced by Moulay Ali. His reign lasted for only about 18 months.
52. **keffer:** infidel, unbeliever.
53. Obscure passage.
54. Silla Bentemuly: Lalla bent Moulay: My Lady daughter of my master.
55. Hendriks Lynslager was a naval officer (1693–1768).
56. **Tanser:** Tangier. It is also spelt Tanger in the narrative.
57. A reference to al-Bukhara regiment. Moulay Ismail created this army from slaves brought from Western Sudan. Al-Bukhara troops became the backbone of the Moroccan army. After the death of Moulay Ismail, the leaders of this army used their power to crown and depose kings according to their interests.
58. Prince Sidi Mohammed ben Abdallah.
59. **Tetula:** Kasbat Tadla.
60. Sidi Mohammed Wald al Arbiyya. Pellow calls him 'Mahomet Woolderriva'. Pellow joined him and says he was 'by him most courteously received'. Pellow, *The History of the Long Captivity*, 239. He was deposed after nine months.
61. In November 1736, 76 Spaniards were redeemed at 1.025 guilders each. They arrived in Cadix on 7 December. Van den Broek, ed., *Christenslaven*, 292, note 156.
62. On 25 August 1737 France ransomed 76 of its captives. They arrived in Paris in early December. Chantal de La Veronne, 'Quelques processions de captifs en France à leur retour du Maroc, d'Algérie ou de Tunis', *Revue de l'Occident musulman et de la Méditerranée*, 8 (1970), 139.
63. **torseman:** Arabic turjuman: dragoman, interpreter.
64. He was 21 months old.

65. **Hola entaa rosel bel rosel lagor:** 'A lâ enta ghazal, bent ghazal lakhur': 'you are a gazelle, daughter of another gazelle!'
66. The Roman Titus destroyed Jerusalem in 70 AD, razing the city to the ground and causing terrible slaughter.
67. Eliazar Ben Queque, Robi's brother, accompanied Moroccan ambassador Abdelkader Perez, a Spanish renegade, in his mission to the Netherlands in April 1730.
68. The news that one slave was in their hand.
69. **retep:** ratib, salary.
70. **Mammora:** Modern al-Mahdiyya.
71. **Romel:** Rabat?
72. **vendimi:** Spanish word for vintage.
73. Lalla Khnatha, the queen-mother, played an important role in the proclamation of Moulay Abdallah. Thomas Pellow refers to her role in the political and economic life of Morocco. Pellow, *The History of the Long Captivity*.
74. **Muly Sinlebdî:** Moulay Zin al-Abiddin, proclaimed king in 1738.
75. Feest: Fez.
76. **Muly Mestadie:** Moulay al-Mustadi (1738–40).
77. Marrakech.
78. **Santa-Cruz:** Agadir.
79. **son of her son:** Prince Sidi Mohammed, crowned in 1757 following the death of his father.
80. Psalm 91, verse 7.
81. William Peticrew was deputy-consul in Tetuan in 1743. See Rogers, *Anglo-Moroccan Relations*, 92.
82. A reference to the War of Jenkins' Ear between Great Britain and Spain, which lasted from 1739 to 1748.
83. Gibraltar.
84. **Seeuta:** Ceuta. The city was captured by the Portuguese in 1415. In 1580, Ceuta became Spanish as a result of the union of the Spanish and Portuguese crowns.
85. **Milborn Marsh:** naval officer at Port-mahon in Minorca. Note by William Musgrave, henceforward WM.
86. **Minorca:** the second largest Island of the Balearic Isles in the West Mediterranean. The British occupied it in 1708 and lost it to France on 29 June 1756.
87. Marsh's manuscript puts the date of departure on 29th of April; it is clearly erroneous. See NA, SP 71/20/ part 1, 97.
88. **Mamora:** Mahdiya, situated on the mouth of River Sbou, a few km. North of Salé.
89. **Colours:** flags.
90. **Sallee:** Sla, (Old Salé) situated on the Atlantic coast, on the South bank of River Bou Ragrag.
91. **Bar:** sandbar, the bar of Salé was notoriously difficult to cross save by light vessels.
92. **New Sallee:** i.e. Rabat, situated on the North side of the River Bou Ragrag.
93. Prince Sidi Mohammed ben Abdallah was appointed viceroy at Marrakech. His father, Sultan Moulay Abdallah, was based at his capital in Fez. Prince Sidi Mohammed was officially crowned on 7 November 1757.
94. **Morocco:** Marrakech.
95. **Salletine:** of Salé.
96. **fee'd:** bribed.
97. **Renegado:** renegade.
98. **Mahometans:** Muslims.

99. His Excellency *Rois l'Arbiel Mistari*, Ambassador from the Court of Morocco to that of Great Britain in the Year 1766. Author's note: Rais al-Hadj al-Arbi Mistari arrived as ambassador in England in mid-October 1766.
100. **Duary**: Arabic word Douar: encampment consisting of a circle of tents or huts; a hamlet.
101. Fez was the capital of Morocco. Sidi Mohammed was viceroy at Marrakech.
102. **Black Regiment**: Al-Bukhara troops.
103. Captain Hyde Parker arrived at Marrakech as ambassador from George II on 1 July 1756. During his audience with Prince Sidi Mohammed, Parker behaved with undisguised effrontery, sat disrespectfully and addressed the king with an air of scornful pride. The Prince was so offended that he described him as a savage monster. *S.P.* 71/20, f. 81.
104. **Jewdery**: Jewish quarter, called Mallah in Morocco.
105. **Morisco**: Arabic.
106. Lempriere affirms that one of the wives of Sidi Mohammed ben Abdallah 'is daughter of an English renegade'. *A Tour from Gibraltar to Tangier*, p. 370.
107. **Musketa**: mosquito.
108. **Rien de Consequence**: nothing of great importance.
109. **become a Moor**: convert to Islam.
110. The English regularly supplied Moulay al-Moustadi, the Sultan's brother and pretender to the throne, with weapons and incited him to oppose the Sultan.
111. Mr. Conneler, now Consul General for the Dutch, WM.
112. **Ducats**: gold or silver coins.
113. **Ambassador at the court of Great Britain**: probably Abd al-Karim ben Zakur; he arrived in London as ambassador in early 1756.
114. Last lines from Ambrose Philips's translation of Racine's famous tragedy, *The Distressed Mother* (1712).
115. **viz**: abbreviation of the Latin videlicet: that is, namely.
116. Alexander Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard* (1717): No, fly me, fly me! far as Pole from Pole;/Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!/Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,/Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee, ll. 298–301.
117. **Morpheus**: god of dreams in classical mythology.
118. This is an inaccurate transcription of lines from John Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book 3, ll. 191–8.
119. **nigh**: near.
120. **langrage**: or langrel, a kind of shot that consists of pieces of iron, used formerly in naval warfare to cause damage to the sail and rigging.
121. **fond**: foolish, silly.
122. Yussef Karamanli was the Basha of Tripoli during Velvet's captivity.
123. '*alkar moi ralojah*': Venet's text uses several phrases that are supposedly from the native dialect. I have not been able to trace their origin. They seem to me to be invented by the author.
124. **wealth of Peru**: in the eighteenth century, Peru was considered a land of mythical treasures of gold and silver.
125. **pittance**: scanty allowance.
126. '**misery loves company**' proverbial expression.
127. In the summer of 1802, Sweden declared war on Tripoli and its squadron jointly with the American fleet, blockaded the port of Tripoli. However the Swedish withdrew after signing a treat with Tripoli. The Americans bombarded Tripoli in August 1804.

128. Rear Admiral Rudolf Cederstrom (1764–1833) conducted the Swedish blockade of Tripoli in 1802.
129. **viz:** as follows, namely.
130. **Mamaluks:** slave soldiers, mamluk in Arabic means ‘owned’, a slave.
131. There is no historical record of the existence of such machine of torture in North Africa.
132. Velnet’s ethnographic account on the Tripolitans is plagiarized verbatim from *A Journal of the Captivity and Sufferings of John Foss* (1798). In this narrative Foss is talking about Algiers.
133. Velnet’s details on the marriage customs in Tripoly are plagiarized from *A Journal of the Captivity and Sufferings of John Foss*.
134. In Islam, a man is allowed to marry up to four women only.
135. A somewhat similar miraculous story occurs in *The Travels of Sieur Mouette in the Kingdoms of Fez and Morocco* (1711).
136. **‘ere:** before.
137. **Johannas:** or Johanne, a Portuguese gold coin.
138. **Morpheus:** in Classical mythology, the god of sleep and dreams.
139. Passage plagiarized from Velnet.
140. **weather:** pass them by sailing to windward.
141. **orisons:** prayers.
142. **Moresco:** in the writings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Moresco was used to refer to Arabic.
143. **Tenis:** Tennez, in *Several Voyages*.
144. **Mostaga:** Mostaganem.
145. **fond:** foolish.
146. Passage borrowed from Velnet.
147. The Arabic word for Christian is *massihi*, follower of Christ.
148. This and the next three paragraphs are taken verbatim from Chetwood’s novel *The Voyages and Adventures of Captain Robert Boyle* (1726).
149. Islamic law permits marriage between a Muslim and a *Kitabiya*, a woman of the book, i.e. a Christian or Jewish woman.
150. **drubbed:** beat with a stick, from the Arabic word *daraba*. This word seems to have entered the English language from captivity stories.
151. This incident is plagiarized from Chetwood’s *The Voyages and Adventures of Captain Robert Boyle*. In this novel, bloodshed is performed by the Moroccan Sultan Moulay Ismail.
152. This and the next paragraphs are plagiarized from *The Voyages and Adventures of Captain Robert Boyle*.
153. The caftan is a woman’s indoor ceremonial outfit in North Africa.
154. The haik is worn as an outer garment in North Africa.
155. Passage plagiarized from *The Voyages and Adventures of Captain Robert Boyle*.
156. **Adouar:** Arabic word *douar*: encampment consisting of a circle of tents or huts; a hamlet.
157. **pusillanimous:** lacking courage, timid.
158. Paragraph from Velnet.
159. **cannonade:** continuous heavy gunfire.
160. Passage plagiarized from Velnet. In Velnet the bombardment is carried out by Sweden.
161. Martin’s account of the punishment of the escapee is plagiarized from Velnet.
162. **viz:** abbreviation of the Latin *videlicet*: that is, namely.

163. **Mamaluks:** slave soldiers, mamluk in Arabic means 'owned', a slave.
164. Martin's account of her confinement and redemption is plagiarized from Velnet.
165. Henry Stanyford Blanckley was British Consul in Algiers when Martin was redeemed. *The Monthly Review*, 26 (1839).
166. Keith Huntress, 'Introduction' to *An Authentic Narrative of the Shipwreck and Sufferings of Mrs. E. Bradley* (Fairfield Wash: Ye Galleon Press, 1985), 6.
167. Psalms 78, 11 and 42.
168. Fez was the capital of Morocco. The British consul resided in Mogadore, Essaouira.
169. Moulay Sulayman (1792–1822) was sultan of Morocco during Mrs. Bradley's captivity.
170. Mr. William Willshire was the British consul in Mogador in the early nineteenth century. He was actively involved in the redemption of British and American captives.
171. **Morocco or Marockish:** Marrakech.
172. The first edition word 'snow', which is absurd. In subsequent editions this word is changed to sand.
173. They started drinking their urine.
174. **Mahomotan:** Muslim.
175. The word fonta does not seem to exist in North African languages. Bardley has borrowed it from Judah Paddock's *A Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Oswego* (1818), where we read: 'Ahomed repeatedly exclaimed, fonta, la fonta, bad, very bad', p. 199. In James Riley's *Authentic Narrative of the Loss of the American Brig Commerce* (1817), Fonté is defined as 'a bad fellow'.
176. **Allah Hookibar:** a corruption of Allah Akbar, God is the Greatest.
177. Arabia is a term applied generally to what is now called the Middle East. Morocco was formerly called Barbary.
178. Psalm 119, 71 reads: 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted'.
179. **Moroccash:** Marrakech.
180. i.e. the British Consul.
181. **Swearah:** the coastal city of Essaouira. The Europeans called it Mogadore. The city was turned by Sidi Mohammed into a port for Moroccan foreign trade and a place of residence for consuls.
182. **cherubims:** a cherub is an angel, often portrayed as a winged child.
183. From Psalm 39, 11.
184. 'Ah, ye fair ones of Britain ... doom so dreadful', from Dr James Fordyce's *Sermons to Young Women* (London: 1766), reprinted in America in 1796.
185. Bradley's ethnographic information on the desert Arabs are derived from Riley's *Authentic Narrative*.
186. 'Allah Hookiber' is a corruption of Allahu Akbar, God is the Greatest. Sheda is a corruption of Sidna: Our Lord.
187. In subsequent editions this number is reduced to two only.
188. In all the subsequent editions James Bradley's letter is addressed to Eliza.
189. **Santa Cruz:** Portuguese name for the city of Agadir.
190. This line is from William Cowper's *Poems* (1817).
191. Marshal Louis Auguste Bourmont (1773–1846) was France's Minister of war. He led the French conquest of Algeria in 1830.
192. **spere:** spear.
193. Prophet Mohammed.

194. 'Allah Hooker, Allah Skedaa Mohammed' is a corruption of Allah Akbar, Sidna Mohammed: God is the Greatest, Our Lord Mohammed.
195. By structuring the narrative in terms of removes, the author intends to associate her captivity experience it with that of Mary Rowlandson as related in her *Narrative of Captivity and Removes of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson* (1682).
196. annured: became insensible.
197. Section culled from Bradley's *Authentic Narrative*.
198. **fonta**: the word fonta does not seem to exist in North African languages. Laranda has borrowed it from Bradley or Judah Paddock's *A Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Oswego* (1818).
199. From Bradley's *Authentic Narrative*.
200. **Dromedary**: camel.
201. The French captured Algiers on 5 July 1830.

Appendices

1. From Ahmed Bouchareb, 'Mahdar Muhakamat Imraa Maghribiyya min Ladun Mahkamat at-Taftish ad-Diniyya al-Burtughaliyya, 1559', *Majallat al-Manahil*, 21 (1981), 236–51. Ana de Melo, whose original Moroccan name she never disclosed, was captured and enslaved in Portugal. She converted to Catholicism but continued to practice rituals associated with Islam. She was arrested by the Inquisition and tried for having mourned the death of her husband as Muslims do and for having performed other Islamic rituals. She was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment and to wearing the penance habit for a period to be determined by the Inquisitors.
2. Coins used at the time mainly in Ceuta. Bouchareb.
3. Bouchareb explains that when the Inquisition entrusted a convict to the secular tribunal, it was meant as a condemnation to burn at the stake.
4. Maria de Morales escaped together with four renegades from Morocco on 6 March 1610, onboard an English vessel to the Canary Islands. Upon arrival, de Morales and the other escapees were interrogated by the Inquisitional Tribunal. Their interrogations and confessions are documented in the Tribunal records under the title 'The Return of Five Renegades from Barbary to Reconvert to Christianity, and Their Confessions.' This translation of Maria de Morales' confessions is based on the Spanish transcription and Arabic translation of this document in Abd ar-Rahim Choukri, *Al-Uluj bil Maghrib Khilala al-Ahd as-Saadi* (unpublished PhD. Dissertation, University Mohammed V, Rabat, 1999–2000), 216–20 and 389–93.
5. From Emanuel d'Aranda, *The History of Algiers and Its Slavery*, trans. John Davies (London: Printed for John Starkey, 1666), 189–91.
6. This Malhun poem, from the age of piracy, is recorded in its original Arabic version and a French translation in Louis Brunot, *La mer dans les traditions et les industries à Rabat et Salé* (Paris: Editions Ernest Leroux, 1920), 323–8.
7. The versifier transcribes his name as: محمد فرح, Mohammed Farah.
8. Mohammed Seghir Ben Youssef, *Mechra el Melki: Chronique Tunisienne, 1705–1771*, trans. V. Serres and M. Lasram (Tunis: Impr. Rapide, 1900), 22–23.
9. From Robert Playfair, *The Scourge of Christendom* (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1884), 186–88.
10. From John Shearer, *Antiquities of Strathearn, with Historical and Traditionary Tales and Biographical Sketches of Celebrated Individuals* (Crieff: D. Philips, 1881), 60–1.

11. From William Lempriere, *A Tour from Gibraltar to Tangier, Sallee, Mogadore, Santa Cruz, Tarudant ... Including a Particular Account of the Royal Harem* (London: Printed for the Author, 1791), 365–70.
12. From Mohammed Razuq, *Dirasat fi Tarikh al-Maghrib* (Casablanca: Ifriqiya as-Sharq, 1991), 178–81. The author of this letter, Lalla Fatna, was a captive together with her husband and their maid in Malta in the late eighteenth century. She wrote the letter to Sultan Moulay Sulayman (1792–1822) to acquaint him with her plight and thereby move him to redeem her. The letter is written in a mixture of classical and colloquial Moroccan Arabic and alternates between the first and the third person narrators.
13. It seems that her captor was using the inkwell as an ashtray.
14. In Moroccan Arabic *hajri* means my lap. It is also used as a euphemism for female genitals.
15. Sidi Mohammed ben Abdellah, father to Moulay Sulayman, was sultan of Morocco (1757–90).
16. She is most probably referring to the two Christians: Fapaf and Francis Ashkenber.
17. This story was narrated by native storytellers at the market place of Tangier. The English novelist, Hall Caine, heard this tale while on a visit to the city. It was translated to him by a resident and he published it in the *Hornellsville Weekly Tribune*, 19 June 1891.

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