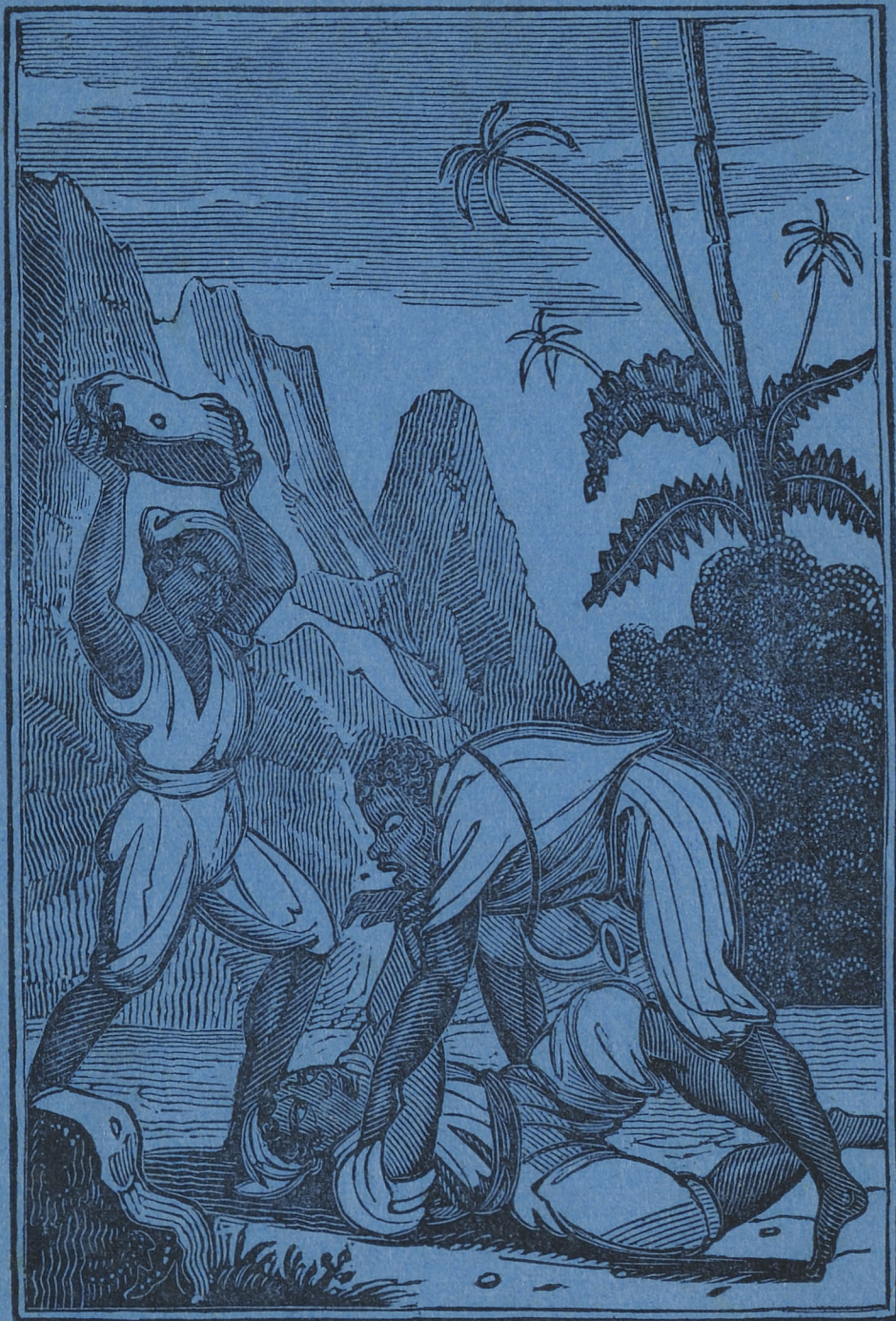
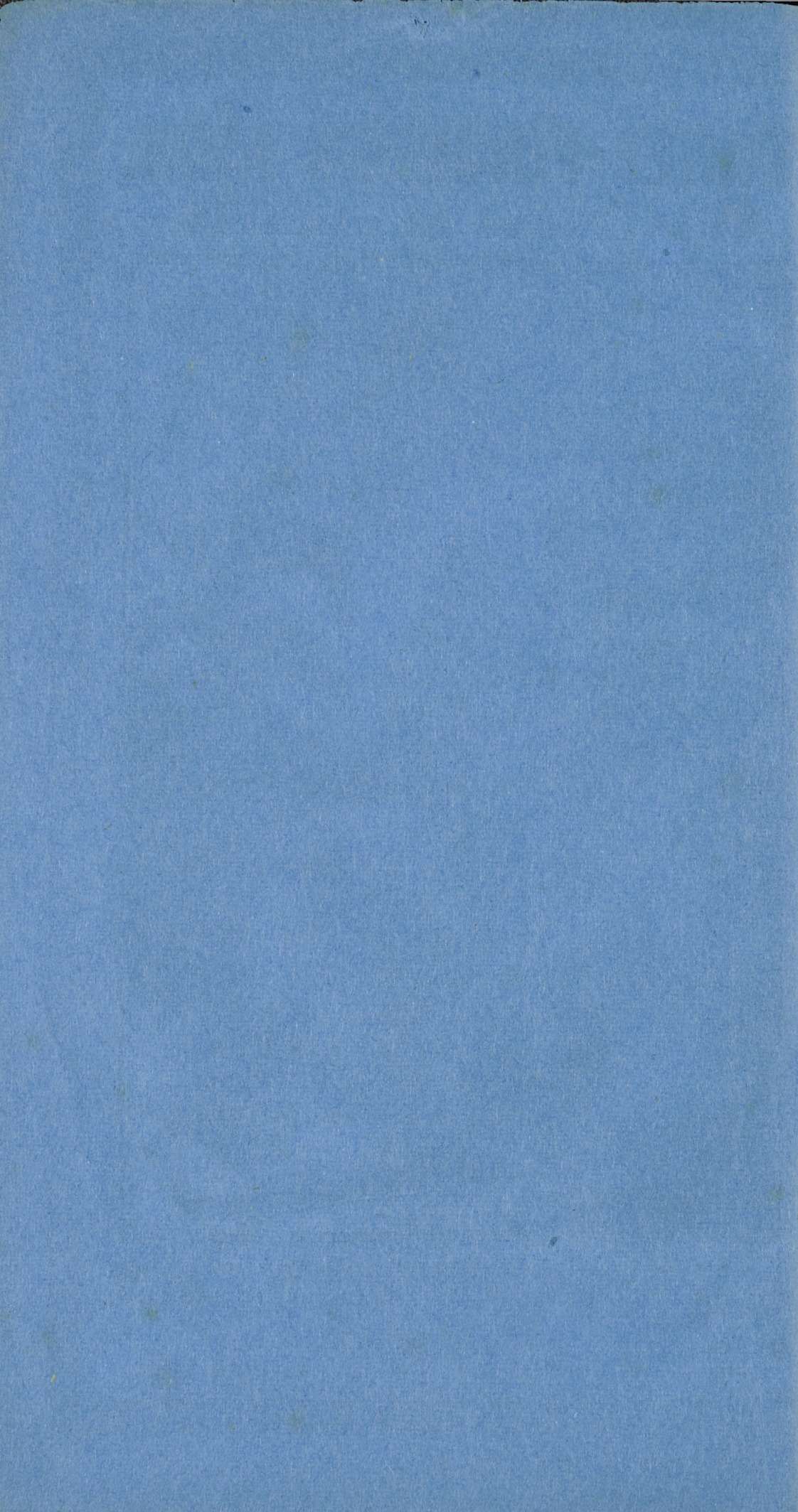


THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF
THREE-FINGERED JACK,
THE TERROR OF JAMAICA.

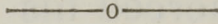


“Jack had caught his antagonist by the throat.” “Sam struck Jack on the head with a piece of rock, who, stunned with the blow, let go his hold, and fell senseless.”

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THREE-FINGERED JACK.



THIS daring marauder, who, unaided by either accomplice or associate, bade defiance for nearly two years to the military and civil power of the island of Jamaica, was a native of Africa. His name was Mansong.

Onowauhee, his father, dwelt at Simbing, in the interior of Africa, adjoining the country of the Moors. He was in the decline of years; and his bullocks were frequently stolen by the Moorish robbers, who came in large plundering parties.

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

The Moors threw back the javelin, the aim was good, and Mansong fell to the ground, bathed in his blood. He was borne to his father's hovel, upon the shoulders of his countrymen, where he was laid upon a mat, all the spectators joining in

lamenting his fate, by screaming and howling in the most piteous manner. Onowauhee tore his hair in the bitterness of his grief; and casting himself on the moveless body of his son, expired in sight of the bewildered spectators.

Mansong was not, however, deprived of life. The javelin had pierced his breast, and a great effusion of blood succeeded; but he soon recovered, and resolved to avenge the death of his father, whom he for a long time bewailed in the bitterness of filial grief. Collecting his countrymen, he exhorted them to rush upon the Moors, and repair the losses they daily sustained; but the people of Simbing could not be prevailed on.

The fiery soul of Mansong, however, was not to be defeated by a cool refusal. Another opportunity soon presented itself, which the youths now embraced, and Mansong led them to join the king of Kaarta, who was then waging war with the perfidious king of Bambarra, who, prompted by ambition, had availed himself of a most frivolous pretext to declare war against Daisy, king of Kaarta.

By means of some desertions, Daisy's army was not so numerous as he expected; and when encamped at Kemmoo, the whole number of effective men did not exceed 4,000 men; but being men of spirit and enterprise, they could be depended upon. Mansong, with his small troop from Simbing, had joined them, and their appearance gave joy to Daisy, who, being now in a condition to cope with the king of Bambarra, led his men to the field. They did not number one fourth of his opponents; but the co-operation

and example of Mansong, who was appointed commander, amply made up for this deficiency. The conflict was protracted and sanguinary; but, inspired by the valour of their leader, the men of Kaarta, after carrying death through the thickest ranks of their cruel foes, at last came off victorious.

When Mansong returned from the fight, Daisy, with tears of gratitude, received him into his arms, and hailed him as a son. The king of Kaarta had a beautiful daughter, named Zaldwna; and the soul of Mansong, though fired with martial glory, could not resist those pleasing sensations her presence inspired. Her charms had entangled his heart, and she, too, felt an equal passion for the hero whose valour had saved her family from ruin.

The grateful king of Kaarta with pleasure beheld their mutual attachment; he had already hailed Mansong as his son, and he was preparing to celebrate their nuptials. But, alas! such happiness was not Mansong's lot; that ideal felicity was never realized; for the king of Bambarra, having repaired his loss, was again in the field. A second time he received a severe check from the prowess of Mansong, and would have been utterly destroyed, had he not now pretended a vehement desire for peace; and Daisy, who loved the welfare of his people, immediately sent Mansong, accompanied by a small detachment of officers, to adjust the preliminaries. On the eve of their departure, after the conclusion of the treaty, they were all invited to the palace: an excess of liquor was pressed on their accept-

ance, which, however, Mansong and his friends refused. Lubeg (the king of Bambarra), who had in the meantime treacherously plotted the destruction of his guests, now gave a signal, and a large party rushed in. "We are betrayed!" exclaimed Mansong, drawing his sword, and the Kaartans, following his example, fought most furiously; but overpowered by numbers, they were obliged to submit to their perfidious foes. Mansong, with a gleaming sabre, fought with the most desperate fury, his blood streaming around, till, at length overcome, he fell covered with wounds, and four of his adversaries lay dead beside him; the others bound up his wounds, and sent him with the rest of his party to the slave-merchants.

Four hundred slaves were offered by Daisy for Mansong's release, but the offer was rejected; and on the bank of the Gambia, he, along with his companions, was sold to an English captain bound for Jamaica.

On their arrival, Mansong, whom we shall in future call Jack, that being the name given him on his arrival at Jamaica, was, with others, branded on the breast, and he smiled upon the iron as it seared him; but he called upon the God of his country to witness his vows of vengeance on the European race.

Eighteen months had now passed since he was dragged from his country, his friends, and the beautiful Zaldwna, a period spent by Jack in devising how to lash his persecutors with a rod of iron.

At this period Jamaica was infested with the professors of OBI. The Obi was a system of witchcraft, religiously believed in by all the negroes. No wonder then that the heroic soul of Jack became a prey to this weakness. He confidently hoped that the possession of an Obi would at once render him feared by his fellow slaves, and secure his vengeance on the Europeans. He therefore sought Amalkir, the Obian practitioner, who dwelt in a dreary cave, far removed from the inquiring eye of the suspicious whites, in the Blue Mountains. This Obi was supposed to make them invulnerable to the attacks of the white men, and they placed implicit belief in its virtues.

Jack approached his cave with a reverential awe; he sought his friendship, and Amalkir engaged to set all the slaves of every plantation in the island in dreadful commotion.

On the 10th of February, 1780, accordingly, at an appointed signal, the slaves were in arms, and soon assembled in a line at the foot of the Blue Mountains, when Jack led them to the carnage. All the plantations were soon aroused, and the alarm-bell rung; but ere the Europeans could be aroused from their torpidity, Crawford Town was in a blaze. Smoke and flame ascended in volumes, while the screams of the defenceless and the groans of the dying assailed the ears of the terrified planters.

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

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

The governor sent 500 choice Maroons in pursuit of those rebels. They met and fought. The negroes, as before, rushed upon their guns, but the Maroons, firing as they retreated, kept them at bay and made great slaughter. Jack in vain encouraged his men; he could not rouse them to the combat, and they fled in every direction.

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

"I saw," says a traveller, who visited the island in 1780, "the obi of the famous negro robber, three-fingered Jack, the terror of Jamaica, in 1780. The Maroon who slew him brought it me. It consisted of a goat's horn, filled with a compound of earth dug from a grave, ashes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat, all mixed into a kind of paste; a cat's foot, a dried toad, a pig's tail, a slip of parchment of kid-skin, with characters marked with blood on it, were also in his obian bag. These, with a sabre and two guns, were all his obi; with which, and his

courage in plundering the plains, and his skill in retreating into remote caves among the mountains, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil and military power of the island at defiance for nearly two years."

It would be tedious to enumerate all the exploits of this famous robber; we shall, therefore, only relate a few. One day, as Jack was reconnoitring on the top of Lebanus, he beheld a negro beneath, armed, and bearing provisions. This negro was an intimate of Jack's in his days of slavery; but Jack would now acknowledge no friendship, and commanded him to deliver. This negro, whose name was Quashee, was also bold and resolute; he refused to comply with Jack's demand; who immediately drew his sabre; Quashee pulled a pistol from his girdle, fired, and shot off two of his antagonist's fingers, from which he acquired the name of *Three-Fingered Jack*. This enraged Jack, and he used his sword in savage fury. Quashee received several wounds, and, no longer capable of maintaining the contest, he fled; while Jack took charge of the booty, and retired to his cave.

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

happiness of his daughter, finding that Orford really loved her, consented to their speedy nuptials, and a day not far distant was named for their union.

In the interval, Captain Orford frequently traversed the Blue Mountains, accompanied by his favourite negro-boy, Tuckey. One day, he thoughtlessly approached the mouth of Jack's cave. Jack, who was seated upon a crag, no sooner saw Orford than he leaped down. Tuckey gave a loud scream, and Orford, preparing for the combat, drew his sword. Jack smiled upon him with contempt, and lifting up his gun by the muzzle, knocked him down with the butt-end.

Tuckey fled; and Jack rolled the senseless body of Orford down the mountain's side. As Tuckey was winding down the intricacies of the mountain, the body of Captain Orford met his view. He bore his master from the ground to Mr. Chapman's plantation, where, by great care and attendance, he at last recovered; and Mr. Chapman again fixed the wedding-day. The next day was appointed for a shooting party. The morning was fine, and the party, consisting of Mr. Chapman, Captain Orford, and his boy Tuckey, and others, proceeded along the banks of the river Morant. In the course of this excursion, the captain unfortunately separated from his companions. Shooting a bird which fell on a rock that overtopped the sea, Tuckey ran up the cliff to save the game. Jack, who was out in search of prey, met him, and threw him into the ocean. Happily a boat was sailing by, and they took him on board.

Jack now observed Captain Orford, and, levelling his gun, shot him in the back. Orford prepared to return the fire, but Jack sprung upon him, and wounding him with his sabre, he immediately fell bathed in blood. Jack then conveyed him to his cave.

In the meantime, Mr. Chapman's party were in the greatest consternation at the disappearance of their friend, whose hat and gun they found lying not far from the bay. With melancholy steps they returned homewards, and on their arrival there they found Tuckey, who informed them of the disaster which had befallen his master. Rosa was overwhelmed with grief, and her life was for some days despaired of. But at last, all of a sudden, she seemed, as if by a miracle, to have recovered her wonted composure and health,—a change which, however unaccountable to those around her, they could not but hail with the greatest satisfaction.

Mr. Chapman was blessed by this joyful alteration, and he was resolved that the day of her recovery should be a holiday to the whole plantation.

One morning, however, on visiting the apartment of his daughter, he found that she had eloped. On the table lay a note, in which she expressed that she was gone in search of her beloved Orford.

Mr. Chapman loved his daughter greatly, and a severe illness was the consequence of her flight.

Jack had now been two years in the Blue Mountains, and had become so great a terror to

the whole island, that Governor Dalling issued two proclamations, dated the 12th December, 1780, and 15th of January, 1781, offering a reward of £200 for killing Jack, or taking him alive.

In consequence of these offers, the before-named negro Quashee, and another called Sam, with a party of their townsmen, resolved to go in search of Jack. Quashee, before he set out, was christened, and his name changed to James Reeder. The expedition commenced, and while this party are on their pursuit, we shall return to Rosa.

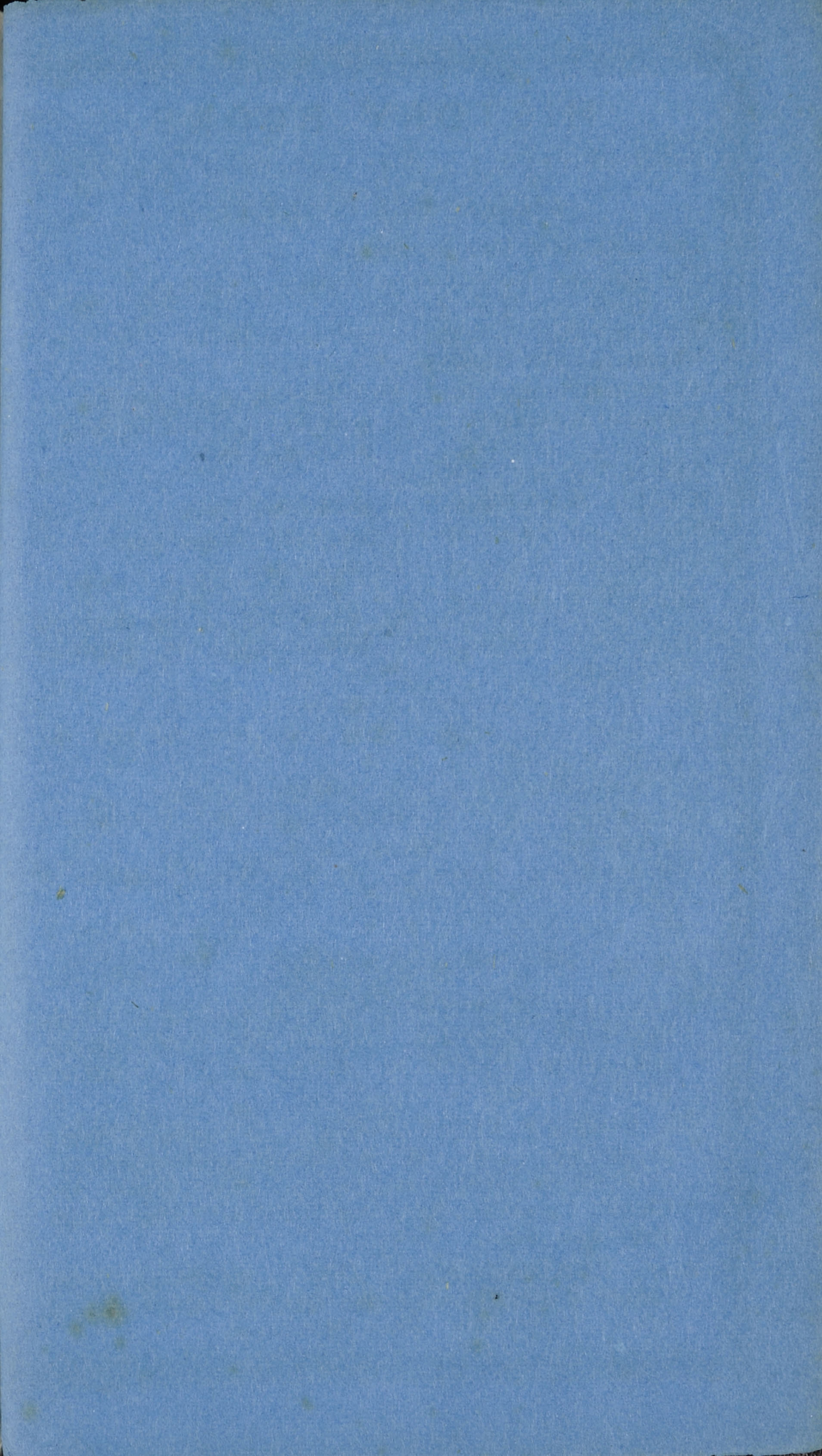
The night was extremely dark on which she sought her dear Orford. She dressed herself as a sailor boy, and thus equipped she proceeded to the woods. Rosa directed her steps towards mount Lebanon, where she had heard Jack's cave was situated. By violent exertion she climbed the craggy steep that overlooked old Crawford Town. Here she saw a narrow dismal path, leading to a more dismal cave, which she entered. Pursuing the track, she came to the mouth of another descent; and, to her infinite surprise, beheld a taper burning beneath! She uttered a faint scream, and fell down the rocky descent into the cave, where she lay for some time senseless. Three-fingered Jack, into whose cave she had thus been precipitated, was out, and prowling for prey. At this juncture he returned, and descended into the cave by means of a ladder. Jack, on seeing a stranger in his cave, seized one of his muskets, when Rosa fell upon her knees, and exclaimed, "Mercy! mercy! I am a woman!" Jack thought of his beloved

Zaldwna, and dropped the weapon. Being weary, he shortly after fell asleep. Rosa now thought of making her escape, but knew not how to accomplish it, for Jack slept on the ladder, which he pulled into the cave after him. She at length conceived the notion of placing a table and a stool which were in the cave one upon the other, and by that means to climb up to the mouth of the cave. This project succeeded; but as she was getting out of this dismal abode, she heard a faint groan, which she instantly recognised to be the voice of Orford. Astonished, she got down again, and hastening to the place whence the sound issued, she discovered her lover, pale and bloody. She entreated him to endeavour to escape, which he did, and, by her assistance, they both got safely out of the cavern; Rosa went first, and Orford followed. As he leapt from the stool, down fell the apparatus. Jack started up in fury, when Orford knocked him down with a gun, which stunned him. Orford and Rosa then hastened home; they were joyfully received, and shortly after married. Jack, after this affair, deserted his cave.

At length Reeder and Sam lighted upon traces of Jack, and came upon him before he observed them. He was roasting plantains by a fire on the ground, at the entrance of a cave. Jack, turning round, bade them surrender. They, however, were undaunted, and Jack, fearful of the event, with his cutlass in his hand, threw himself down the precipice, at the back of the cave. Sam fired, and shot Jack in the shoulder as he fell. Reeder leaped after him, with his

cutlass drawn. Having recovered their feet, the dreadful combat began. Tuckey now reached the top of the precipice, and shot Jack in the belly. Jack and Reeder, almost at the same instant, closed and tumbled down another precipice, and in the fall they both lost their weapons. Sam, by making a circuit now reached the scene. Jack had caught his antagonist by the throat. The combatants now presented a most horrid spectacle.— Reeder had his right hand almost cut off; and Jack, whose wounds were also deep and desperate, streamed with blood from his shoulder and belly. Sam now struck Jack on the head with a piece of rock, who, stunned with the blow, let go his hold, and fell senseless. They then cut off Jack's head and three-fingered hand, and carried them home in triumph.





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