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Entry Nr. 302 Un-named Asante Man

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Aaron Spencer Fogleman and Robert Hanserd (eds.), *Five Hundred African Voices: A Catalog of Published Accounts by Africans Enslaved in the Transatlantic Slave Trade, 1586-1936* (Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society, 2022).

<i>Catalog number:</i>	302
<i>Name(s) of African providing account:</i>	Un-named Asante man
<i>Date account recorded:</i>	1840?
<i>Date account first published:</i>	1840?
<i>Date of entry creation:</i>	22 September 2021

Source: “The Lives of Two Ashantee, Coast of Guinea, Slaves, Who Were Sold in Rio Grand.” Portsmouth? England: un-named printer, 1840? [broadside – one page]

Comments:

Here one Ashantee speaks for the two lives, hence only entry in the Catalog. The language is presented as it is found in the texts.

Text of Account:

“We are natives of Ashantee who were bought and sold in Rio Grand, not having the privilege of being blessed with Christian parents, but those who paid their devotion to gods of their own invention, viz. wood and stone. The manner in which were brought to knowledge of the truth. We went to hear a christian minister from the country, one Sunday, of the name of Young, for which crime (as our master considered it), he sentenced us to receive thirty lashes; we went a second and a third time, and the punishment was repeated; we put our trust in God and continued going till our master found that he could not prevent us from attending divine worship, and we were therefore taken to a public market, and sold to Mr. Bishop, he behaved very cruelly to us, we ran away and went to Charleston, in the United States, and by going into company with slave buyers we were again taken fifty miles up the country and sold for slaves. The master to whom we were sold was a cruel one, which caused us to make our escape a second a second [sic] time, we went on board a British vessel the officers came on board to see if there were any slave that had absconded, and they found us in the ship’s hold, which caused us to receive fifty lashes, 30lbs. weight of iron on our bodies, with an iron hoop around our necks, with points upwards and then turned into the fields to work; while we were considering to ourselves if there was and [sic] probability of our ever being free again the overlooker came and inflicted a blow upon our backs, which caused us to receive a dreadful wound in our necks by the points of irons which we

had on us for punishment; we were then taken to the Negro's Hospital, and as soon as we were recovered we waded [sic] ten miles, and swam across a lake a distance of five miles, depended on that God who is able to save from the perils of water; and we came to a seaport, and entered on board a German vessel, and sailed for Hamburgh. The captain of the vessel behaved very kind to us. We went afterwards on board an American vessel, and went to Havanna in the island of Cuba, which is a slave country, one of her Majesty's ships of war came into port, and we went aboard, which provided a providential engagement., there being a christian minister on board, and prayer offered up to the most high regularly, and the Sabbath revered, all the crew attending divine service three times every Lord's day. We arrived in this country and were discharged at Plymouth."

The Ashantee African's Address to the British Ladies

Natives of the land of glory,
Dauters of the good and brave,
Hear a poor Ashantee story,
Hear and help the kneeling slave.

Thank how nought but death can sever,
You lov'd children from your hold;
Still alive, but lost for ever,
Ours are parted, lost, and sold.

Seize, oh! Seize the favouring season,
Scorning censure or appluse;
Justice, truth, religion, reason,
Are our leaders in our cause.

Follow faithful, firm, confinding,
Spread our wrong from shore to shore,
Mercy's God your efforts guiding,
Slavery shall be no more.

Ashantee Memorial

O Lord give me thy Holy Spirit to dwell in
me, and make me a child of God, for Jesus
Christ's sake. Amen.

The Ashantee Complaint

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Ashantee coast I left forlorn,
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the angry billows home.

Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But though thus they have enslaved me;
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What is England's right I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture and to task!

Fleecy locks and dark complexion,
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim,
Skins my [sic] differ, but affection
Dwells in black and white the same.

Why did all creating Nature,
Make the plant for which we toil
Signs must plant and tears water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.

The Ashantee Prayer

Thou Lord canst make the meanest son,

An object of thy care;
 Regard the feeling of my heart,
 And hear the Ashdua Gunia.

The Saviour died upon the cross,
 My sins and grief to bear,
 For his sake Lord turn not away,
 But hear a sinner's prayer.

I was a pelpless [sic] Ashantee boy,
 Who wandered on the shore,
 Thieves tore me from my parts' arms
 Who saw their child no more.

My lot seem'd hard, yet 'twas ordained,
 Thy faithfulness to prove.
 The child was taken far from home,
 To learn a Saviour's love.

Mine was a wretched state, exposed,
 To men and angels' view
 An Ashantee man a slave in sin,
 A slave to Satan too,

In darkness long my soul remained,
 A rebel bold was I,
 But love subdued my rebel heart,
 And proved that God was nigh,

And if thy son has made me free,
 Then I am free indeed,
 My soul is rescued from its chain,
 For this did Jusus bleed!

Lord send thy word to that far land,
 Where my poor brethren dwell,
 Teach them the way, the truth, the life,
 Then save them from death and hell.

O! that my father, mother dear,
 Might there thy mercy see,
 Tell what Christ has done for hem,
 What he has done for me.

No God is like the Christian God,
 Who can with him compare?
 He has compassion on my soul,
 And hears the Ashantee prayer.

Lord Jesus thou hast shed thy blood,
 For thousands such as me,
 Many despise poor Ashantee slave,
 But the cross I fly.

In heaven a land of glory lies,
 If I should enter there.

I'll tell the saints and angels too,
 They herd an Ashantee prayer.

**THE
LIVES**  **OF
TWO**
ASHANTEE, COAST OF GUINEA, SLAVES,
WHO WERE SOLD IN RIO GRAND.

We are natives of Ashantee who were bought and sold in Rio Grand, not having the privilege of being blessed with Christian parents, but those who paid their devotion to gods of their own invention, viz. wood and stone. The manner in which we were brought to the knowledge of the truth. We went to hear a christian minister from this country, one Sunday, of the name of Young, for which crime (as our master considered it), he sentenced us to receive thirty lashes; we went a second and a third time, and the punishment was repeated; we put our trust in God and continued going till our master found that he could not prevent us from attending divine worship, we were therefore taken to a public market, and sold to Mr. Bishop, he behaved very cruelly to us, we ran away and went to Charleston, in the United States, and by going into company with slave buyers we were again taken fifty miles up the country and sold for slaves. The master to whom we were sold was a cruel one, which caused us to make our escape a second time, we went on board a British vessel the officers came on board to see if there were any slave that had absconded, and they found us in the ship's hold, which caused us to receive fifty lashes, 30lbs. weight of iron on our bodies, with an iron hoop round our necks, with points upwards, and then turned into the fields to work; while we were considering to ourselves if there was any probability of our ever being free again the overlooker came and inflicted a blow upon our backs, which caused us to receive a dreadful wound in our necks by the points of the irons which we had on us for punishment; we were then taken to the Negro's Hospital, and as soon as we were recovered we walked ten miles, and swam across a lake a distance of five miles, depending on that God who is able to save from the perils of the water; and lived in the woods in the day time, eating wild fruit of the country, and travelling at night; we came to a seaport, and entered on board a German vessel, and sailed for Hamburg. The captain of the vessel behaved very kind to us. We went afterwards on board an American vessel, and went to Havana in the island of Cuba, which is a slave country, one of her Majesty's ships of war came into port, and we went on board, which proved a providential engagement, there being a christian minister on board, and prayer offered up to the most high regularly, and the Sabbath revered, all the crew attending divine service three times every Lord's day. We arrived in this country and were discharged at Plymouth.

THE
Ashantee African's Adress
TO THE BRITISH LADIES.

Natives of a land of glory,
Daughters of the good and brave,
Hear a poor Ashantee story,
Hear and help the kneeling slave.

Ashantee Memorial.

Think how nought but death can sever,
You lov'd children from your hold;
Still alive, but lost for ever,
Ours are parted, lost, and sold.

Seize, oh! seize the favour of season,
Scorning censure for applause;
Justice, truth, religion, reason,
Are our leaders in our cause.

Follow faithful, firm, confiding,
Spread our wrong from shore to shore,
Mercy's God your efforts guiding,
Slavery shall be no more.

O Lord give me thy Holy Sprit to dwell in me,
and make me a child of God, for Jesus Christ's
sake. Amen.



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Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Ashantee coast I left forlorn,
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the angry billows borne.

Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold,
But though thus they have enslaved me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as air,
What is England's right I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture and to task!

Flow'ry locks and dark complexion,
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim,
Skins my differ, but affection
Dwells in black and white the same.

Why did all-creating Nature,
Make the platt for which we toil?
Signs must plant and tears water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.

THE
Ashantee Prayer.

Thou Lord canst make the meanest son,
An object of thy care;
Regard the feeling of my heart,
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The Saviour died upon the cross,
My sins and grief to bear,
For his sake Lord turn not away,
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Who saw their child no more.

My lot seem'd hard, yet 'twas ordained,
Thy faithfulness to prove.
The child was taken far from home,
To learn a Saviour's love.

Mine was a wretched state, exposed,
To men and angels view
An Ashantee man a slave in sin,
A slave to Satan too,

In darkness long my soul remained,
A rebel bold was I,
But love subdued my rebel heart,
And proved that God was sigh,

And if thy son is made me free,
Then I am free indeed,
My soul is rescued from its chain,
For this did Jesus bleed!

Lord send thy word to that far land,
Where my poor bretheren dwell,
Teach them the way, the truth, the life,
That save from death and hell.

O! that my father, mother dear,
Might there thy mercy see,
Tell what Christ has done for hem,
What he has done for me.

No God is like the Christian God,
Who can with him compare!
He has compassion on my soul,
And hears the Ashantee prayer.

Lord Jesus thou hast shed thy blood,
For thousands such as me,
Many despise poor Ashantee slave,
But to the cross I fly.

In heaven a land land of glory lies,
If I should enter there,
I'll tell the saints and angels too,
They herd an Ashantee prayer.



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