

There was a slave at Lynn, called Pompey, who

obtained his freedom about the year 1750, and lived on Saugus river. He had been a king in Africa, and as such he was regarded by his people in this country. Every year, during his life, the slaves, not only of Lynn, but of Boston, Salem, and the neighboring towns, obtained leave of their masters, for one day, to visit King Pompey. This, to them, was a day of real happiness. Far from the eye of their masters, they collected on a little glade by the river side, and fancied themselves, for a few short hours, on the banks of the Gambia. Each youth on his way gathered wreaths, and each maiden flowers, of which they formed a crown to place on the head of their acknowledged prince. The old men talked of the happy days they had seen in their native land, and called to mind the wives and the children of their earlier years; while the youths and the maidens wandered along the river side, or strayed through the forest, and exchanged smiles, and formed dreams of happiness, which the future did not fulfil.