

REFLECTION



Reconstituting ‘the archives of silence’: how to ‘recreate’ slavery and slave trade archives

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ABSTRACT

Records of the slave trade are almost exclusively those of the slave-traders: the silence of the victims is deafening. There is a dearth of contributions from the slaves themselves in documents relating to the slave trade, most of which dealt with administrative or business issues and all of which were produced by the perpetrators rather than by the victims of slavery. Any testimonials from the slave perspective are very precious. One of these is a long unpublished manuscript, the critical edition of which was first published most recently: the ‘Memoirs’ of Claude-Vincent Polony (1756–1828), a French officer who took part in three slave trading expeditions between the African Coast and Santo-Domingo. The document recounts several tragic events, including the tale of an African princess reduced to slavery. So impressed was Polony by her majesty and dignity that he was keen to know more about her life and capture. He recorded her story, enabling the victim’s tale to reach our times. Taking into account the issues raised by stories coming from the mouths of slaves, and the reliability and credibility of such texts, this article discusses how this kind of precious documents may be used to reconstitute the ‘missing pages’ of history.

KEYWORDS

Slave trade; French history; creative writing; slavery; 18th century; memoirs

Records of the slave trade are almost exclusively those of the slave-traders: the silence of the victims is deafening.¹ There is a dearth of contributions from the slaves themselves in documents relating to the slave trade, most of which relate to administrative or business issues and were, in all cases, produced by the perpetrators rather than by the victims of slavery.² To quote a French expression coined by Hubert Gerbeau, historians are faced with the difficulty of having to rewrite the ‘history of silence’ (‘l’histoire du silence’).³ Any testimonial from the slave perspective, however scant, is therefore worth its weight in gold.

La Rochelle, one of the most active ports of slave trade in Europe

The French port of La Rochelle on the Atlantic Coast was the country’s second biggest slave port in the 18th century (see [Figures 1](#) and [2](#)). The first slave ships left La Rochelle at the end of the 16th century, which is quite early for this part of Europe. The phenomenon of the transatlantic trade in La Rochelle started growing at the end of the 17th century, when France took possession of the so-called ‘Pearl of the West Indies’, Santo-Domingo (nowadays the Republic of Haiti), which soon became the first producer of sugar and coffee in the world.



Figure 1. The port of La Rochelle at the end of the 18th century, anonymous engraving (Archives départementales de la Charente-Maritime, 1 Fi La Rochelle 173).

During the 18th century, no less than 427 slave ships from La Rochelle deported more than 130,000 men, women and children from Africa to the Caribbean region.⁴ The trade was triangular: the ships left France with products like arms or fabrics; they reached Western Africa, sold the goods and bought slaves from African brokers. When the vessel was full of its human stock, it crossed the Atlantic, and stopped in the West Indies. The slaves were sold: a slave bought 200 *livres* in Africa, was ordinarily sold up to 800 *livres* in Port-au-Prince. Repairs were made to the ship, new goods (like coffee or sugar) were bought, and the ship, now as ordinary as any other, went back to La Rochelle. If everything went well, after a voyage that would not last less than one year, it was time for the seamen and the shipowners to calculate how much money they had earned. Most of the seamen (if they survived) only earned their living. The shipowners and the captain, however, could make a fortune after only one journey.

As any transatlantic trade, the slave trade was regularly interrupted by the European wars, especially the wars between France and England, the War of the Spanish Succession (1702–1714), the Seven Years War (1756–1763), and the American War of Independence (1776–1783). Between these conflicts, slave trade became more and more lucrative, and constituted a significant part of the commercial trade in the city of La Rochelle. The loss of French Canada (1763), which was for La Rochelle one of the major business partners,



Figure 2. The slave ship 'Les trois frères' ('The three brothers'), on which travelled Polony and the enslaved princess, together with 500 other slaves, of whom only 376 reached Santo-Domingo (1784–1785), ink drawing attributed to Clément Caussé (Musée du Nouveau Monde, La Rochelle, France, MAH.2019.048).

made the merchants and the speculative flows focus even more on slave trade, mostly in relation with Santo-Domingo.

During the last years before the French Revolution, the number of slave ships leaving from La Rochelle reached the dreadful average of one per month. The beginning of the French Revolution did not interrupt the traffic, which was first threatened by the insurrection of Santo Domingo at the end of 1791. On 26 April 1792, the last slave ship in history, the *Saint-Jacques*, left the harbour of La Rochelle. It never reached its destination, being captured by the British Navy.⁵ The war that had begun a few days before, stopped the traffic once again, and for the last time.

The abolition of slavery, decided in 1794 by the French Convention, put an end to the traffic. It might have started again when Napoléon Bonaparte re-established slavery in 1802; but the war with Great Britain (1803) and the proclamation of independence of Haiti (1804) made it impossible, definitely ruining the flourishing harbour of La Rochelle, whose economy recovered only at the end of the 19th century. French slave trade was finally abolished by King Louis XVIII in 1817, and slavery was abolished in 1848.

An exceptional documentation about slave trade

The Archives of Charente-Maritime are located in La Rochelle, and house an exceptional collection of sources providing insight into how the slave trade operated. The majority of the documents preserved in these archives are administrative in nature. Most of them relate to commercial issues, financial agreements, or legal disputes, such as the papers of the Admiralty of La Rochelle (1569–1792),⁶ or the records of La Rochelle Chamber of Commerce (1719–1795).⁷

Some sources are related to the maritime aspect of the trade: such as crew lists, sailor contracts, broadsheets or log books which sometimes include references to the slaves (relating, for example, to revolts or epidemic diseases). Death was a travel companion on board, and many allusions to the death of sailors, or (more rarely) of slaves, can be found in the records (see Figure 3).⁸

Some of the documents are impressive: like these astonishing lists of slaves, called ‘tableaux de traite’, which included the ethnic origins, gender, age, purchase price and selling price, costs and benefits of hundreds of enslaved men, women and children, all of them being nicknamed ‘têtes de nègres’. Yet, most of these bills, accounts books, balance sheets or invoice letters remain silent about the way prisoners survived their cruel journey, and about their thoughts and feelings as human beings.⁹

The image shows a historical document titled "TABLEAU de la Creville faite a Sainy Côte du Rouss' Kâlabard sur le Naos' les deux Amis de Nantes". The document is a detailed ledger with multiple columns and rows, organized into sections. The main title is written in cursive at the top. Below the title, there is a large table with several columns. The columns are labeled with various categories, including "Gestion", "Objets Divers", "Couture", and "Moyens". The rows contain numerical data and some text, likely representing the costs and benefits of the slave trade. The document is written in French and is a historical record from the Archives départementales de la Charente-Maritime.

Figure 3. List of slaves called ‘Tableau de la traite’ of the slave ship ‘Les deux amis’ (‘The two friends’) on which travelled Polony in 1790–1792, which includes the ethnic origins, gender, age, purchase price, selling price, costs and benefits (Archives départementales de la Charente-Maritime, 4 J 4298).

Some rare private records

Some recent publications have tried to counteract the preference among slave trade historians for reproducing cold, dry and lifeless sanitised statistics that protected the reader from the horrific reality of slave trade, and in a certain way reproduced the very logic of slavery itself.¹⁰ However, historical sources that allow victims to speak are problematic: they hardly exist.

Among these precious testimonies are a few accounts of expeditions and a number of letters, diaries or memoirs. One of these is the 'Histoire des services à la mer et dans les ports' ('History of maritime and port services'), a long unpublished manuscript, the critical edition of which was first published recently.¹¹ The manuscript is the work of Claude-Vincent Polony (1756–1828) (see [Figure 4](#)), a French officer who, between 1784 and 1792, took part in three slave trading expeditions between the African Coast and Santo Domingo. The document recounts several tragic events; one of them is the tale of an African princess reduced to slavery. We shall never know her name, but she is not completely anonymous, as she is called *Quinambouc* in the manuscript, in relation with her former rank. So impressed was Polony by her majesty and dignity, that he was keen to know more about her life and capture. He went to talk to her, with the help of an interpreter, and managed to make her speak; during several evenings (that Polony himself dared to compare with the *One thousand and one nights*),¹² the *Quinambouc*



Figure 4. Claude-Vincent Polony, oil painting on locket by Chéreau (circa 1790), private collection.

told him the story of her life. He then recorded this story in his memoirs, enabling the victim's tale to be heard through the records of her tormentors.

The reliability and credibility of this exceptional testimony may be discussed. First of all, we do not know (and we shall probably never know) in which language it was originally told, as we only have a French translation. Furthermore, this translation was written afterwards, not immediately.¹³ And the author was a young Frenchman, that had read the novels of his time and was, despite himself, influenced by the pre-romantic era: this text may remind us of Jean-Jacques Rousseau or Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, with an irritating flowery of speech and the mythical 'noble savage'.

We could also wonder if the voice of a princess may be allowed to speak in the name of those thousands of enslaved men and women who were not princes or princesses, but ordinary people from lower classes . . .

One could also argue that the manuscript gives only a few sentences of the *Quinambouc* princess, and not the whole story, although Polony himself describes it as very long: he gives us only an abstract of the most fascinating events of the story, leaving most of it in the darkness. There is no doubt that it is very unfortunate.

Yet, although its reliability and credibility may be discussed, this extraordinary account was *really* taken from the mouth of a slave: here is the entire original testimony (see [Figure 5](#)).

The exceptional story of an enslaved princess

Fille du premier chef d'un beau pays près de la mer, dans laquelle toute l'année nous voyions lever le soleil, j'approchais de seize ans lorsqu'une nation assez éloignée, sans autre raison que son désir d'occuper nos terres fécondes, vint nous attaquer. Nos voisins, tous les hommes de l'endroit appelés, il y eut bientôt plusieurs grandes batailles où nous eûmes de tels avantages que l'ennemi sembla n'avoir plus d'autres intentions que de retourner chez lui. Il en prit la route et la suivait depuis quelques jours quand une partie de nos alliés s'étant sans doute laissé corrompre par ses présents, revint avec lui sur nous, et nos gens alors tous découragés s'enfuirent dans les bois.

N'étant plus entourée que d'hommes faibles et peu guerriers, toute ma famille chercha aussi à se sauver, et nous y eussions peut-être réussi sans des traîtres qui, sous prétexte de quelques services, nous livrèrent à cette nation étrangère qui, dès qu'elle nous eut en son pouvoir, nous conduisit aussitôt devant ses chefs, occupant déjà nos logements; et là je vis mourir mon père et tous les miens sous les coups des gens à qui nous n'avions jamais fait de mal.

En même temps il me fut dit qu'on ne me laissait vivre que pour être donnée à l'une des femmes du nouveau chef de mon pays, que j'aurais à servir en toutes choses; et en effet, je lui fus remise peu d'instant après. Elle m'accueillit avec bonté, parut sensible à mes malheurs, et n'exigea de moi que d'être presque continuellement à ses côtés, mais seulement comme compagne et amie.

Il y avait bien des lunes que nous vivions ainsi, en paix dans tout le pays; ma croissance était complète et s'était je crois fait avantageusement remarquer par l'un des amis de celui qui avait remplacé mon père, car il m'envoya dire un jour que, me trouvant à son goût, il désirerait m'avoir au nombre de ses femmes, et allait en faire la demande au souverain. Je répondis que par l'autorité des hommes sur nous, je lui serais donnée sans doute, mais qu'il ne pourrait qu'être maître de ma personne, puisque mon cœur, encore navré de la

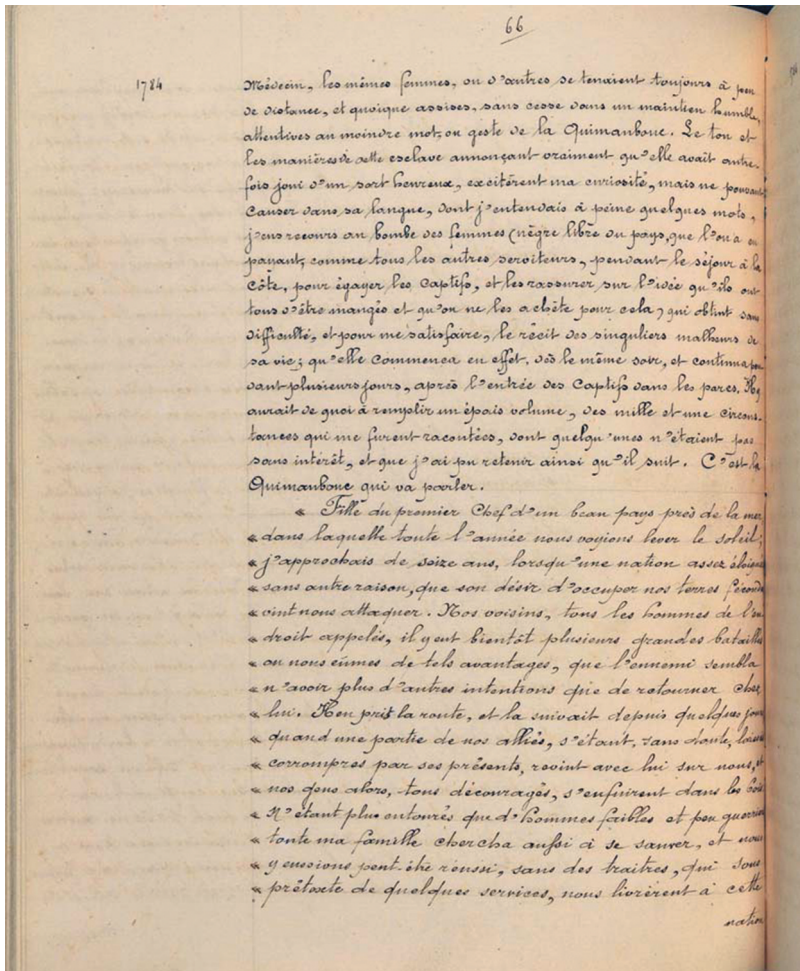


Figure 5. First page of the story of the enslaved princess told by Claude-Vincent Polony, 'Histoire des services à la mer et dans les ports' (Archives départementales de la Charente-Maritime, France, 244 J 15, p. 66).

perte de mes parents et du rang que j'avais avec eux, était incapable d'aucun autre sentiment dans la servitude.

Il s'écoula ainsi beaucoup de lunes sans que j'entendisse dire autre chose, cependant il me semblait voir sur tous les visages s'augmenter de plus en plus quelques inquiétudes, et je cherchais sans cesse dans mon imagination quelle en pouvait être la cause lorsqu'une nuit beaucoup de bruit interrompit le sommeil dans lequel j'étais depuis peu d'instant. Je n'osais m'informer de ce que c'était, et je fus toute tremblante jusqu'au grand jour, lorsqu'enfin plusieurs femmes entrant à la fois dans la case où j'étais, se prosternèrent aussitôt devant moi en me qualifiant de *Manbouc*. La surprise que m'occasionna cette nouvelle m'ôta toute possibilité de dire un seul mot, je ne pouvais que les regarder; et cet état durait depuis plusieurs heures lorsque le *Manbouc* lui-même parut suivi de toute sa cour, lequel était alors ce prince qui me voulant au nombre de ses femmes, s'était fait un assez grand nombre de partisans pour s'emparer de l'autorité et faire égorger celui qui était le chef.

Il annonça à toute sa suite mon changement d'état, et je reçus dès lors tous les honneurs dus à l'une de ses femmes, dont j'augmentai le nombre dès la nuit suivante. Cet homme, m'ayant ainsi remis au rang dans lequel j'étais né, fut mon Dieu tutélaire, mon sauveur, le seul que je pus et voulus voir, et mes yeux n'étaient pas assez grands pour cela; j'en eus de suite plusieurs enfants, qui m'attachaient plus à lui encore, s'il était possible.

Mais tant de bonheur ne pouvait pas durer ! Une cabale terrible se forma bientôt dans le pays, dont la plus grande partie des hommes, se révoltant contre le *Manbouc*, vinrent un jour l'assaillir, le dépouillèrent de son autorité, de ses biens, et l'ont amené avec une partie de ses femmes et de ses amis sur cette côte-ci, pour nous vendre et laisser dans les fers.

To give a voice to the voiceless

Here is now, as an experiment, our transposition of tale of the *Quinambouc* in nowadays words, just as if this woman was a *refugee* of *our* times (see [Figure 6](#)). We have translated her words, but also transposed them. We have also developed some information that is not very clear in the original text written in French, but may be extracted from other parts of the story, or may be assumed according to the context. We did so because we suppose that many words were said, which Polony did not remember or did not write (he wrote himself that he gave only an abstract of the very long tale of the *Quinambouc*): precisely because many circumstances and details may have seemed obvious to him, according to the context of the time, and to what he knew of the former lives of enslaved people in Africa. These details and information are not so obvious to us, and we have tried to re-create some of them.

Many objections may be found to this experiment. Yet, we have seen that this text was in the first place a transposition made by Polony in his own language, and with his own 'Weltanschauung'. Therefore, it is not completely inappropriate to try and make such a transposition:

- I was the daughter of a chief. My father was a village chief. My country is very beautiful, close to the sea. I remember very well that all year long, be winter or summer, I could see the sun rise from the sea. It was great.
- My childhood was happy . . . Then war came. I was nearly 16 years old when we were attacked.
- By a tribe that was not one of our neighbours, no. They came from very far away. They were attracted by our land, which was very fertile. They wanted to grab it from us. To defend ourselves, all men around were called and gathered.
- Then there were awful fights, many battles, many dead and wounded. First our soldiers were victorious.
- Our men thought that the war was over.
- They thought that the enemies had given up, and were going back to their homes.
- It lasted a few days, everybody was happy, because we thought that we had won. Then, we were betrayed . . . Part of our allies betrayed us. They must have received gifts in exchange, or some promises. And they allied themselves to our enemies, and came back to attack us!

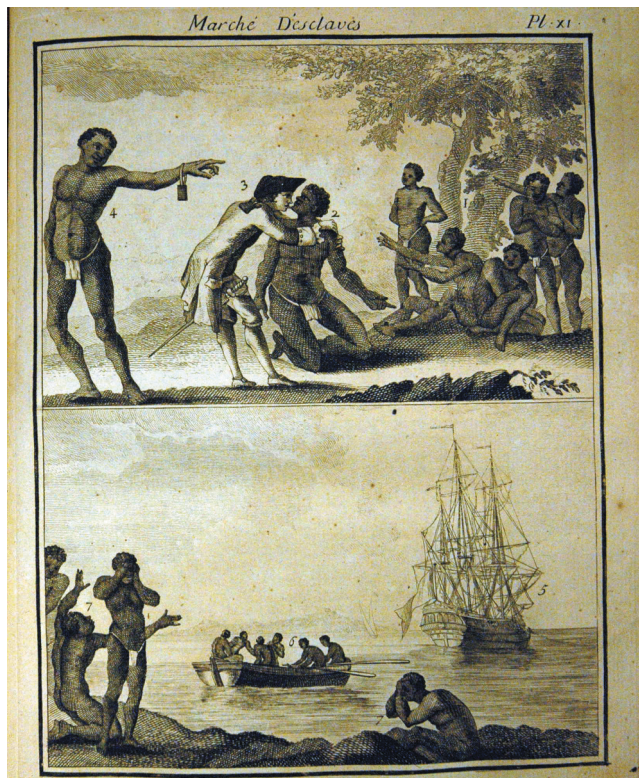


Figure 6. Slave market, anonymous engraving extracted from *Le commerce de l'Amérique par Marseille, ou explication des lettres-patentes du roi, portant règlement pour le commerce qui se fait de Marseille aux îles...*, attributed to Chambon, Avignon, 1764 (Médiathèque Michel-Crépeau, La Rochelle, MMC E2138 B2).

- When our men saw the enemies coming towards them, together with our former allies, and twice as numerous as them, our soldiers were completely astonished and totally discouraged, and escaped into the forest.
- The foreign soldiers captured all of us and our hands were tied. They led us to their chiefs. They had already stolen everything, and had settled in our houses ...
- Our people had never done any harm to them. We had never attacked them ... Yet they took our chief, my father, and all the members of my family, and they beat them; one after the other, they were beaten to death. I saw them dying before my eyes.
- I did not understand immediately why they had not beaten me to death too.
- They said that they kept me alive only because one of the wives of their chief needed a slave. That I had to obey her and do all what she would ask me to do. And they took me instantly to her ...
- Then I felt totally desperate. I had just seen my whole family die, and I had now become the slave of their murderers ...
- But this woman was not as cruel as I thought. In fact, she was nearly kind to me. One would have said that she understood my pain, even if she could do anything about it ... She told me that she did not want to make me suffer ... that she only wanted

me to follow her, to escort her. Not as a slave: like a companion, like a . . . she said: like a friend.

- I did not have a choice, of course. But it was a little better, at least less terrible.
- So, I was like a companion to her, and it lasted months and months, maybe a year or two, I don't know. In the region, the people were living in peace. I could not forget my family, I still felt very sad. But I tried not to show it, and yet, I was alive and my life was not too miserable.
- I had grown up, I was no more a girl, I had become a woman. Men were looking at me. One of them in particular: he was a close friend of the chief . . . this chief who had replaced my father, and sentenced my family to death.
- Once, one of the servants of this man came to me. My master likes you, he said to me. He wants you to be one of his wives. You have nothing to say, because you are not the one who decides. My master is going to ask the chief to give you to him.
- I was strong enough to answer to him. I knew that I had no choice once again, I told him. I knew that I would probably be given to this man . . . But he would only take control of my body, not of my soul. Because I could not forget my parents and my family, I was so sad of their loss, I was so nostalgic of the life that I had with them . . . that I could be a slave to him, but not a lover.
- He did not insist: surprisingly enough, he respected my will. So things remained the same . . . I could move freely inside the village, I was not forced to do hard work, and although I was considered as a slave, my life was bearable. It lasted one or two more years, I suppose. I was about to think that things could have gone worse, and I was not so unhappy, regarding the death of my whole family and people.
- I had no more information coming from outside. But I noticed that people in the village seemed more and more worried . . . I could not manage to learn why, and I was really worried myself: which new disaster was about to happen?
- Then, one night, there was a lot of noise in the village. I had just fallen asleep, and I woke up suddenly. I was so scared! I tried to escape, but I had nowhere to go . . . so I stayed hidden in my room until the end of the day. I was sure that once again I would be captured, enslaved, maybe tortured and killed . . .
- Then, some hours later, in the middle of the day, some women came suddenly into my room. I was terrified. Yet, they looked at me, and . . . I was so surprised! They knelt before me. Yes, they bowed down to me, as if I was a princess! And they called me 'Manbouc' . . . It is a title that means 'chief' . . . I could hardly understand what was happening, and was so astonished that I could not say a word . . . I was just looking at these women . . .
- I think this weird situation lasted a few hours, and then the man who wanted me as one of his wives came in. He had become 'Manbouc' himself! He had gained so many supporters and allies, that he had managed to take power in the village, and cut the throat of the former chief . . .
- I could hardly believe these news . . . The 'Manbouc', with all his courtiers, announced that things had changed, and that I would become princess again . . . Everyone knelt before me. Again, he asked me to marry him . . . I was so happy not to be a slave anymore, but a princess again! I said yes. On this very day, I became one of his wives, and we slept together the next night . . .

- This man, I was so grateful to him! He gave me back my own rank, the one in which I was born . . . He was a god to me, he was my saviour! He was the only man that I saw, the only one that I wanted to see, and my eyes could look at him again and again and never be satiated . . . I had several children from him . . . They made me even more in love with him, if it were possible.
- I was happy in that time, yes, I can say it . . . My family had been murdered years before, but the man responsible for this slaughter had been punished by my husband, and killed; I was still living in our village, I had regained my rank, I had children from a man that I loved and respected and who respected me . . .
- Alas! . . . I was not destined to be happy on this earth . . . And such a happiness could not last! A few years later, there was a strong conspiracy against my husband the ‘Manbouc’ . . . Most of the men of the country around our village took part in it . . . One day, they attacked him and his supporters, they took his place, they robbed his goods. And then, they enslaved us, his wives and companions . . . Alas! They took some of us from our country, from our coast. We had to leave our country for ever . . . They made us walk for weeks, until we reached this coast. And they sold us as slaves, and left us in chains, as you can see me now.

For any historian, giving a voice to the voiceless is, so to speak, achieving the Holy Grail. Nearly all victims of the mass crime of slavery could not speak, could not even be named. This rare testimony is very precious. Could it therefore be used, together with some other rare eye-witness accounts, to reconstitute the ‘missing pages’ of history? Could a miscellaneous collection of material from slave trade victims, grouping together various separate contributions, give a voice to the voiceless? Perhaps even using a touch of creativity to produce first-person accounts, based on experience with narrative historical fiction?

That is what we have very modestly tried to do. It is hard, it is highly questionable, it is maybe hopeless. However, let us remember the words of Michelle Caswell, discussing how the fingerprints of the oppressed could ever be archived: ‘it is nearly impossible, but let us try anyway.’¹⁴

Notes

1. This article is based on a paper presented at Designing the Archives, International Council for Archives (ICA)/Australian Society of Archivists (ASA) Conference, Adelaide, October 2019. The slides from the presentation are available at <<https://www.ica.org/en/session-14-the-diversity-of-contexts-colonisation-languages-and-geography-as-barriers-to-access>>, accessed 12 June 2020.
2. Louis-Gilles Pairault, ‘Les archives d’un crime de masse: comment “traiter” les archives de la traite négrière française?’ (‘Dealing with the archives of a mass crime: how to “use” the archives of French slave trade?’), *Comma*, nos. 1–2, 2016, pp. 93–104, available at <<https://bibliopiaf.ebsi.umontreal.ca/bibliographie/V3ILA8CV/download/RUPADDYK/Pairault%20-%202018%20-%20Les%20archives%20d%E2%80%99un%20crime%20de%20masse%20%20comment%20%C2%AB%20trait.pdf>>, accessed 18 June 2020.
3. Hubert Gerbeau, *Les Esclaves noirs: pour une histoire du silence (The Black slaves: towards a history of silence)*, Les Indes savantes/Rivages des Xantons, Paris, 2013 (first published in 1970), p. 65–6.
4. Mickaël Augeron and Olivier Caudron, *La Rochelle, l’Aunis et la Saintonge face à l’esclavage (La Rochelle, Aunis and Saintonge in the face of slavery)*, Les Indes Savantes, Paris, 2012.

5. Archives départementales de la Charente-Maritime, *Un commerce pour gens ordinaires? La Rochelle et la traite négrière au XVIII^e siècle* (A Trade for ordinary people? La Rochelle and the slave trade in the 18th century), catalogue of the exhibition that took place in the Archives départementales de la Charente-Maritime from 10 May to 31 December 2010, Conseil général de la Charente-Maritime, La Rochelle, 2010, p. 60.
6. See the finding guide of the collection (which is partly digitised) at http://www.archinoe.fr/console/ir_instrument_consulte.php?id=19&html=1&pdf=1&doc=1&ead=1&img=1&l=400&pli=1&mod=1&lic=120&lir=120&cli=1&rs=1&ra=1&rc=1&rr=1&ru=1&c=6691&n=1&a=0&k=74f2d8b815bfc2d21a5992be22704590, accessed 15 June 2020.
7. The entire collection is digitised and available online at https://archinoe.fr/console/ir_ead_visu.php?eadid=FRAD017_41etp&ir=11431#.XuEC_WPgrRY, accessed 15 June 2020.
8. *Le commerce triangulaire et la traite négrière rochelaise* (The Triangular trade and the slave trade of La Rochelle), Archives départementales de la Charente-Maritime, 2014, available at https://archives.charente-maritime.fr/sites/charente_maritime_archives/files/2017-05/dossier_archive_commerce_v2.pdf, accessed 10 June 2020.
9. The situation is very similar in other French public record offices. See for example, *Guide des sources de la traite négrière, de l'esclavage et de leurs abolitions* (Guide to the sources of the slave trade, slavery and their abolition), Archives de France, La Documentation française, Paris, 2007, available online on the Archives Portal Europe: https://www.archivesportaleurope.net/ead-display/-/ead/pl/aicode/FR-SIAF/type/sg/id/FRDAF_esclavage001;jsessionid=4A8534CC749D0767ED86852A5282A401, accessed 10 June 2020.
10. Markus Rediker, *The slave ship: a human history*, Viking Press, New York, 2007; Frédéric Régent, Gilda Gonfier and Bruno Maillard, *Libres et sans fers, paroles d'esclaves français* (Free and without shackles: words of French slaves), Fayard Histoire, Paris, 2015.
11. L-G Pairault and A-M Luc, *Mémoires d'un officier de marine négrier: Histoire des services à la mer et dans les ports de Claude-Vincent Polony (1756–1828)* [Memoirs of a maritime officer of the slave trade: History of the maritime and port services of Claude-Vincent Polony (1756–1828)], Geste, La Crèche, 2019.
12. *ibid.*, pp. 23–9, 103–6.
13. The manuscript of the 'Histoire des services ...' was written around 1815, but most probably according to older papers that had been written shortly after or even more likely during the travel.
14. Michelle Caswell, 'Appraisal as a Political Strategy: Centering Our Values on the Oppressed', Designing the Archives, ICA/ASA Conference, Adelaide, October 2019; see https://www.ica.org/sites/default/files/p2_caswellm.pdf, accessed 18 June 2020.

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