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# A VOICE IN RAMAH;

OR,

LAMENT OF THE POOR AFRICAN,

*A Fettered Exile,*

AFAR FROM HIS FATHERLAND.

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A POEM, IN FIVE CANTOS,

BY

ANDREW STEINMETZ.

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“ Le donne lagrimose, e'l vulgo inerme  
Della tenera etate, e i vecchi stanchi,  
C'hanno sè in odio, e la soverchia vita;  
E i neri fraticelli, e i bigi, e i bianchi,  
Con l'altre schiere travagliate e'nferme,  
Gridan: O Signor nostro aita, aita!  
E la povera gente sbigottita,  
T'i scopre le sue piaghe a mille a mille  
Ch' Annibale, non ch'altri, farian pio.”

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TO THE

PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND,

**This Poem**

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## P R E F A C E.

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LONG as this preface promises to be, still I earnestly request a patient hearing: what on other occasions may be only a matter of course, is an obligation in the present instance—certainly such to the author, and possibly to the reader, a due preliminary.

The following Poem was begun about the time of the General Anti-Slavery Convention, held in Exeter Hall, during the month of June, 1840. Meanwhile, however, several months elapsed before I was induced to look forward with certainty to the event of its publication. But a gleam of hope was sufficient to arouse once more the feelings which had been appealed to, in the first instance, to redoubled activity; for the heart may slumber, but it cannot sleep for ever on the sorrows of Africa. The subject was present to my mind—it dwelt in my heart—a necessity was upon me, and careless whether my voice was destined to be heard or not, I resolved to snatch the harp from the weeping willow, and lament the woes of Fatherland to Memory, if not to Men. A descendant of the hapless race—was I not bound to consecrate to the cause of Africa, every faculty of my mind—every good feeling of my heart?

Re-considering, then, the theme, I found that I had underrated its scope and importance. The primary meditation, from a topic which was merely local, expanded into a general contemplation of Man enslaved by Man, from the beginning—hence the “Voice in Ramah,”\*—and descending the stream of tears, Africa appeared “the waste howling wilderness,”† and was “heard a voice as of a woman in travail...that bewaileth herself, that spreadeth her hand, saying, Woe is me now ! for my soul is wearied because of murderers”‡—hence the “Lament of the poor African, a fettered exile, afar from his Fatherland.” But no infringement of a physical, intellectual, or moral law, is without its penalty to the individual delinquent. Society is an aggregate of individuals ; it is unsound, then, according to the condition of its components. These components are so united as to be reciprocally influenced by rewards and penalties, physical, intellectual, and moral. Slavery is proved to be the infringement of a moral law ; this infringement entailed a penalty upon individuals, thus upon society ; and because the physical and intellectual laws that sway the human family, are indissolubly connected with the moral laws, the penalties of Slavery (as a system) are *general* in their inflictions ; hence, the *ethics* of the Poem. Asia, Europe, America, Africa, the West Indies, successively furnish the scene, or *place* ; Ambition and Avarice the *action* ; and the *time* is from the Creation of Man to his present degradation in the United States of America ; for, when we speak of the moral *effects* of slavery, *colour* is out of the question—Slavery is general in its effects, disastrous to the master, disastrous to the slave. The Poem is narrative, descriptive, ethic, and pathetic. I have endeavoured to render apparent its links of *time* as

\* See Jer. xxxi. 15—18.

† Deut. xxxii. 10.

‡ Jer. iv. 31.

well as of *place*, by the narration and description; and, where a chasm was unavoidable, namely, between the first canto and the second, there is introduced a meditation on the most striking events of the intervening history of nations, with the view of preluding that great event which has entailed—the destruction of one entire nation, and the slavery of another, viz., the discovery of America. There is but one intended episodical digression in the Poem, for which the feeling heart will ask no apology; for who can arrest the gushing tear, and the words that speak an emotion which has slumbered, but is suddenly awakened at the name of a mother!

The *metre* of the Poem varies with the subject in contemplation. In this I suffered the feelings or the thoughts to dictate, and not a mere desire of giving variety to the work. If I was right in adopting this plan, no apology will be required; if wrong, none can avail.\* And here I would pause to solicit the indulgence of those to whom I have inscribed my Poem. But, what excuse is it for an author, that his defective offering has been laboured in the midst of avocations which left him but few fruitful hours by day, and condemned him to the care-worn midnight hour for meditation—that he is painfully convinced of the impossibility of composing rapidly and well †—that sufficient time was not allowed him to use the *better end* of the stylus? ‡ These reflections sadden the soul. But am I not strong in my motives—strong in my cause? Shall I suffer the acceptable moment to pass by, until I may imagine to myself that I have ensured the praise of criti-

\* Perhaps I may cite the authority of Horace; for, after treating this very subject, he concludes thus: *Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores, &c.* De Arte Poet. 86.

† Monti, et Horat. passim.

‡ *Sæpe stylum vertas, &c.* Horat. *Emendatio pars studiorum longè utilissima.*—Quintil.

cal perfection, whilst the enemies of the Negro malign the freemen of the west, whom Great Britain has emancipated—enemies ever “in readiness to seize upon every vague rumour adverse to the experiment, thus illustrating both their *wishes* and their *fears*: whilst the colonies abound with agencies in the shape of unequal laws, partial magistrates, and unprincipled planters, hostile to the interests of freedom,”\* whilst the SLAVE-TRADE flourishes still, connived at, if not *protected*—and—the heart is chilled at the reflection—whilst “numbers of *British* merchants, and some members of the *House of Commons*, by their agents, are guilty of this practice: many mines of South America, and elsewhere, are worked chiefly by labour supplied in this way; and *British* capitalists are directly or indirectly the *main supporters* of the Slave-trade!”† whilst, in fine, AMERICA—but let us hear an *American* proclaim “the glory and shame” of his *own* country—the “land of freedom!”—

\* “Slavery, &c. in America,” p. 164. Every one has heard the proverb “give a dog a bad name,” &c. It has never been more strikingly verified than in the case of the poor negroes. In the colonies, every crime, from high treason down to petty larceny, may be “laid at their door;” and “public opinion” says “Amen.” This gives a wonderful advantage to their *ci-devant* white masters, for these being by *nature* “honourable men,” they cannot possibly be guilty of crimes which have been, from time out of mind, monopolized by the “black rogues.” Strange this; and yet there is another proverb in one of the colonies, viz. “Make me your *executor*, and make whom you like your *heir*.” Certes, the proverb might be emblazoned on the title-deeds of almost every estate in that colony.

† Petition of the Anti-Slavery Society, presented to the House of Commons by Sir E. Wilmot, September 17, 1841. In the “Times” of November 9, it is stated, that Captain Butterfield, of her Majesty’s ship *Fantome*, had just taken another prize, being the thirteenth since he has been on the coast of Africa. The prize was a schooner, thirty feet in length by nine feet beam, and had on board one hundred and five slaves, *all children*,

“What gives to the American Slave-trade its darkest atrocity is, that it enacts its tragedies on the soil of a republic, claiming to be the freest on earth. Its seat is the boasted home of freedom; its strongholds are the pillars of American liberty; its throne is the nation’s heart; its minions are republican statesmen; its victims are native-born Americans. Amidst the galaxy of republican and religious institutions, it has its sphere and its name. The Ægis of republican law is its shield, and the flag of freedom its shelter. Having its main source at the seat of the national government, it pours thence a stream of blood, widening and deepening by a thousand tributaries, from Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee, till it rolls in a tide, vast as Mississippi, over the far south. It seeks no subterranean channels nor sequestered vales for a secret passage, but flows broadly under the sun-light of the nation’s favour, laving the wharfs of a hundred cities, and the borders of a thousand plantations. Legal enactments lay no arrest upon it; public opinion rears no dams across it; popular indignation neither checks its current nor turns it aside; but onwards it flows for ever—AMERICA’S favourite stream, though from its bosom ascends one ceaseless wail of woe!”\*

Such are the causes which have induced me to appeal now to the world, and not to delay—only regretting that greater powers were not given to me, to ensure happy results, commensurate in extent of *good* with the dismal

besides the crew. The deck on which the slaves were stowed, was only eighteen inches clear from the upper-deck, and they lay on the deck between the beams. It is a curious circumstance, that all the prizes taken by Captain B. have been captured on a *Sunday!*

\* Slavery, &c. in the United States, p. 67.

evils against which I have endeavoured to direct the indignation of Britons, and of all who have felt, and *can* feel like the determined friends of the Slave.

It is with reluctance that I must here speak of myself: but it is, perhaps, necessary to inform the reader of what opportunities I have had to be made acquainted with the subjects of the Poem. I was born in the island of St. Bartholomew (a Swedish colony); resided in the West Indies to my fifteenth year; was then sent, for my education, to England, where I remained about six years. St. Bartholomew has no sugar-estates, &c., and, perhaps, the island owes to this deficiency the mild features of its slavery.\* Having, however, frequent intercourse with its sister-isles, it was easy for me to gather information respecting the details of slavery in the other colonies. Besides, my nurse was an African, and she would ever sit beside my bed at eve, and tell of the things she had seen in her youth; and I was interested, even from a child, in the sorrows of Africa. How unjust is the accusation of a want of affection in this miserable people! When I returned to the island, the poor creature, old and weak with age, said to me, with tears in her eyes, "Now I shall die happy, for I

\* Perhaps in no other island was personal respect so readily conceded to the "coloured" members of the community as at St. Bartholomew. Still "demonstrations" have twice or thrice occurred, but with no serious results, except a few fines, until the Swedish government thought fit to send out a proclamation, which annihilated every *legal* distinction of "colour," admitting all indiscriminately (if duly elected) to the public offices, &c.; and, that his Majesty's views might not be misunderstood, a new law was enacted, fining every *white* man, and every *coloured* man, should either, in a quarrel, allude to the respective complexions, as an opprobrious epithet. By a late paper it is stated, that proceedings are being taken by the Swedish government, with the view of emancipating the slaves in the colony.

have seen you once more ;” and then she went to her bed, and, bringing in her hand an old garment which I had worn in childhood, she said, “See here, I have always kept this under my pillow, and when I die, it must be placed under my head, in my coffin.” I have read and heard of similar instances of affection in Africans, and am now happy to testify to its existence, by all my own experience. On my return, I visited several of the islands, and finally, in my way to France, the United States of America, this being the fourth visit. The first was in company with my father, in my sixth year. I have also been in British Guiana.

The scenes, therefore, on land and sea (I have crossed the Atlantic, in different directions, eleven times) are copied from nature; the incidents narrated are traditional, or such as I have heard from eye-witnesses; the sentiments of the Poem, (except when the enemies of the Blackman speak,) I acknowledge. What I have seen, what I have heard or read, what I have felt or feel—such is the burthen of the “Voice in Ramah.” Whilst engaged in preparing the Notes, I was favoured with several works bearing on the subject. From these I have made extracts, which are therefore given as *additional* evidence;—in composing the Poem, memory, thought, and feeling were my only aids. Still, I regret that I had not seen the Report of the American Anti-Slavery Society,\* before the Poem was brought to a conclusion. That work details a system of Slavery, compared with which, West India Slavery, (bad as it was,) indeed, every other, was happiness itself. The extracts given are dreadful, but an entire perusal of the work has convinced me that the

\* SLAVERY and the internal Slave-trade in the United States of North America, 1841. Ward and Co., London.

whole book must be read, to form an adequate opinion of Slavery in America.\*

Such is the nature of the Poem: but ere I dismiss the subject, I beg leave to make a few observations to remove, if possible, certain specious prejudices which may still cling to the minds of many. The Slave has found advocates in a Romily, Fox, Wilberforce, and Brougham; both Houses of Parliament have heard detailed the atrocities of “the trade in men;” stubborn facts have placed the accusations of humanity beyond a doubt. We can now investigate Slavery as cause and effect, in all its ghastly proportions. It is evil. If a contrary opinion of Slavery be *really* entertained, that opinion cannot be established by reasoning; for Slavery revolts the very first principle that God has breathed into man. If it exists—this pretended opinion—it springs from the same interested motives which would make the *slaver*, the *slaveholder*, and the *slave-breeder* appeal to *humanity*, to the *name of Liberty*, were he by a just *exempli gratia*, subjected to the shackle and the lash, *legem sibi dixerat ipse*; for nature compels us to acknowledge the truth of these sentiments, however atrociously we may belie them in practice. Hence the late Coryphæus of the democratic dance in America has blessed the world with the following *words*:

\* I fear that the Notes have extended much beyond the usual limits of an appendix; still I trust that I shall not be accused of “book-making,” since I cannot possibly have any motive for committing that crime against the public. My object was to make the book a record of Slavery; and I am modest enough to suppose that its prose may do as much good to the cause, as its verse. Less is given than was originally intended, particularly regarding the three last cantos. The *natural productions of the West* are worthy of an entire Poem; and the *social effects of Slavery* demand a philosophical dissertation.



*Vox, prætereaque nihil*, extolling what he calls, “the established maxim of the American people.”

“So far,” says he, “as power is concerned, the beneficent Creator has made *no distinction amongst men; all are upon an equality*; and the only legitimate right to govern, is an express grant of power from *the governed*.” And again, after contrasting the liberty of “a citizen of the Union” with “the boasted privileges of a Roman citizen,” he says: “These precious privileges, the acknowledged property of *all*, the American citizen derives from no charter granted by his fellow-men. He claims them because he is himself *a man*, fashioned by the same Almighty hand as the rest of his species, and entitled to a full share of the blessings with which He has endowed them.”\*

At the very moment when those sentiments, true, noble, undeniable, were expressed, the sighs of THREE MILLIONS of Slaves under the lash, and with the most degrading fetters on the mind, were rising heavenward and crying to God, like the blood of Abel, slaughtered by his unnatural brother, for succour and redress! *Video meliora, proboque—deteriora sequor*, “I see the *better*, I approve of it, still I do the *worse*,” may well beseem the lips of *repentant* humility: † but when in extenuation of their gratuitous crimes, it becomes the motto of *Kings, Churchmen, Statesmen, and Politicians*, the sentiment is that of the arch-fiend himself, “Evil, be thou my good!”

There are other *Anti-Abolitionists*, but rather more equivocal in their *opinions*. They admit the *injustice* of Slavery, *sensibus hæc imis, res est non parva, reponas*, and yet they feign the apprehensions of *prudence* in disapproving of the measure of emancipation: “Prudence is a cardinal

\* The late President’s Message.

† Rom. vii. 19.

virtue," &c., &c., &c.\* *Expedience* is the watchword of these croaking economists. But "the advocates of that commerce," (the Slave-trade,) says Sir Philip Francis, "had to plead long possession equivalent to prescription, and settlements made in the West Indies on the securities of those titles. *To all these allegations*, the answer was—and it could be no other—that the trade in our fellow-creatures was in its nature an infernal crime, which no power could legalize, no authority could sanction."†

And shall we be told at the present day by the biblical Americans, that "the holding of Slaves so far from being a SIN in the sight of God, is nowhere condemned in his holy Word?"‡ Then, may we hold it lawful to do every deed which is not *specifically* and *directly* condemned in the Bible? Where is it forbidden in the Bible to work on a *Sunday*? for all know that Sunday is not the *seventh* but the *first* day of the week. Where does the word *Trinity* occur in the Bible? Where is it forbidden specifically and directly to be an accessory to the crime of another by furnishing the opportunity and place?"§ &c., &c. No-where: but we find *indirect* texts which necessarily are tantamount to the enunciations of faith, to positive commands or forbiddings. Are these "searchers of the Scriptures" aware that "man-stealing" finds a denunciation of death in the sacred text!"|| And do they con-

\* Waterton, Wanderings in South America.

† Letter to Earl Grey, 1814. Pamph. vol. iv.

‡ A "Resolution" of the Charlestown South Carolina Union Presbytery. See Report, p. 148.

§ See note, p. 303.

|| See Deut. xxiv. 7; Exod. xxi. 16; and by *implication*, Ezek. xxvii. 13, and Rev. xviii. the judgment against "Babylon the Great," whose "merchandise" was—"SLAVES AND THE SOULS OF MEN."

scientifically believe that Slavery in the Union bears any resemblance to the condition of "servants" mentioned in the Bible? Do they really suppose that such a system of Slavery would not have been there reprobated with a judgment for this and another world? It would not. No, it would have been a useless denunciation—for as Slavery in America *directly* or *indirectly* induces the infringement of *every commandment*, so is it adverse to the written word of God—directly and indirectly an open violation of the law of God, therefore "condemned in his holy Word." Is it unbelief through neglect? Slavery is guilty. Is it profane swearing? Slavery is guilty. Is it the breaking of the Sabbath day? Slavery is guilty. Is it the ties of father and mother that may not bind? Slavery is guilty. Is it murder, adultery, stealing, bearing false witness, avarice in all its branches? Slavery is guilty of all.

But we have learnt a "conclusive fact," viz. that Cham, or Ham begat the *Negroes*. *Do the Scriptures say so?* Not one word. The ninth and tenth chapters of Genesis detail the establishment of *powerful nations*. "Servant of servants" doubtless was Ham, and his progeny was such likewise, that is "in the liberty of the sons of God;" nay "servant of servants," like "holy of holies," may only mean, with regard to Ham "very low," (as the latter means "very holy,") in the estimation of Heaven, on account of his sin. But it is nowhere said, and certainly not evident, that he became a SLAVE:\* quite the contrary; he and his descendants were

\* The genealogy of the word SLAVE is interesting. In the *Slavonian* tongue *slava* or *slaiva* (i. e. *glory*) is a word of familiar use in the different dialects, says Richardson, "and forms the termination of the most illustrious names." Hence the remark of Gibbon: "the national appellation of the *Slaves* has been degraded by chance or malice from the signification of glory to that of servitude." In its present application, the word

the first *tyrants*. Besides, who is to prove that the Negroes are exclusively his descendants? Ovid's account of the Æthiopians having turned *black* is much more probable;

Sanguine tum credunt in *corpora summa* vocato  
Æthiopum populos nigrum traxisse colorem!

They have thus become *black* with excess of blood in the face! But surely we need no better interpretation of "Servant of servants" than the fact of its being one of the attractive titles\* of his Holiness the Pope of Rome. Truly, Ham must have travelled with wonderful determination to fulfil the prophecy that hung over the first post-diluvian delinquent, at a time when *rail-roads* were not in general use. What induced him, or his immediate descendants, to make so long a journey, when he could have stopped short on the fertile banks of the *Nile*? But how could he even get so far, engaged as he was with his mighty "beginnings" of kingdoms! There does not exist a nation which can boast an unalloyed descent.

Meanwhile I shall state the *practice* of the early *Christian* church. The authority quoted before, says, that Slavery "is in accordance with the example, or consistent

is derived from the *slavi*, or *sclavi*, reduced to servitude by the Germans. Germ. *sklave*; Swed. *slaf*; French, *esclave*; Sp. *esclavo*; It. *schiaivo*; Low Latin, *sclavus*; Eng. *slave*; the least corrupted of all in point of *nominal* descent, being precisely the most degraded. It would have been well if the modern *Helots* had only bequeathed a *term* to the dictionaries of languages—a metaphor to the indignant patriot—a by-word to the voice of fame! On the banks of the Save they toiled and perished; and their descendants doubtless heave a sigh for those across the Adriatic, who have been visited with the fate of their own forefathers.

\* *Servus servorum Dei* ad perpetuam rei memoriam.—*Prelim. to Papal Bulls.*

with the precepts of *patriarchs, prophets, and apostles.*" \* Fortunately we have other interpreters of the Bible, who did not "wrest the Scriptures unto their own destruction." 2 Pet. iii. 16.

"Since the time of the apostle Paul," says Digby,† "no one conferred a greater service upon slaves than ST. CHRYSOSTOM, who, in his preaching, continually expatiates upon the change which Christianity has effected in regard to them, whose deliverance and enfranchisement he shows 'to be an irresistible consequence of faith.' 'I know' saith he, alluding to this, 'that I am displeasing to those who hear me: but what can I do? to others I am bound, and I will not desist.'" ‡

"Again, God made man free. Abel, Seth, and Noah, had no slaves. It is certain that originally all were free; but sin beginning with Adam, prepared the way for servitude, and entailed it on the human race, in the three-fold form of subjection §—that of the wife to her husband—of the servant to his master—and of all men to the rulers of the state; all which relations are divine, as being rendered necessary by the fall." || "Yet the deliverance wrought by Christ includes exemption from what is evil in each of these." "In the Christian church," says St. Chrysostom, "there is no slavery in the old sense of the word. There is only the name among the disciples of the Lord; the thing itself is abolished in the same manner as death is

\* Charlestown Union Presbytery.

† Mores Catholici; or, Ages of Faith, Vol. VII.

‡ Hom. xl. in Ep. 1 ad Cor.

§ "Reason in man obscur'd or not obey'd,  
Immediately inordinate desires  
And upstart passion catch the government  
From reason, and to servitude reduce  
Man—till then free."—P. L. XII.

|| Hom. xxii. in Eph. ad Eph.

become only a name, having lost its terrors and its reality. *No Christian is a slave ; those that have been born again are all brothers.*"

" After ST. AMBROSE among the Latin fathers, we meet nowhere with a nobler development of this doctrine, than in the works of ST. AUGUSTINE, and the works of ST. CHRYSOLOGUS, Bishop of Ravenna, who laboured to extirpate the remaining spirit of *Pagan* severities in respect to slaves. The first known instance among the great, of a real enfranchisement of slaves, was that of Hermes in Rome, prefect of the state, who was converted to Christianity by Pope Alexander, in the reign of Trajan, while this emperor was absent in his expedition against the Persians. Hermes went over to Christianity, with his wife, and sister, and sons, and *twelve hundred and fifty slaves, with their wives and children* ; and on Easter-day, when they were baptized, he gave them all their freedom ; and as they had learnt no trade, and besides had no capital, he enriched each of them with costly gifts. Another memorable example was given in the time of Dioclesian, by the prefect of Rome, Chromatius, who had been converted by the centurion, St. Sebastian, and who was received into the church with all his family, composed of fourteen hundred slaves of both sexes, *whom he immediately set free*, saying that '*they who begin to have God for their Father should cease to be slaves of a man* ; and to these he gave all necessities.' " \*

From these facts, and the foregoing observations, it will appear to all, except the Planter, Slave-holder, and Slave-breeding *clergymen* of American churches, that slavery " is clearly repugnant to the immutable principles of reason and justice, as well as to the mild spirit of Christianity ;

\* Ja. Bolland. 5 Maii.

and those who endeavour to justify or excuse it, by telling us that it has prevailed from the remotest times, and existed among all the great nations of antiquity, the Greeks, Romans, &c., and under the Jewish and Christian dispensations,—merely inform us that a great moral evil *was suffered to exist* in those times, and among those nations.”\*

“Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, still thou art a bitter draught! and *though thousands in all ages* have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.”† But this subject is amply considered in the appendix.‡ The real *cause* of African slavery, and its only *defence* is the “Christian’s” *avarice*—it is therefore as corrupt in its cause as it is despicable in its defence, and hideous in its effects—as such, hateful to God and disgraceful to man. Nature acknowledges no subjection in man to man, but that of mutual incumbency—an incumbency based on reciprocal benefits, freely conferred and justly appreciated by the *giver* as well as by the *receiver*; hence the perfection of the British constitution; for although the sovereign is not in direct relation with every individual, still the people are represented by a powerful assembly, to which the sovereign is duly incumbent. Individual rights are secured by the *theory*, however flagrantly they may be *supposed* to be assailed by the *practice*. But has aught like this relation existed between the slave and his master? The ox and the ass have ever represented the former, and in America the latter has his representative in a darker world only.

A few words more respecting a different “idol of the Forum.” In the Prologue to the Poem occurs the name of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE. The object of the Prologue is

\* Stewart. Jamaica, &c. p. 244.

† Sterne.

‡ See page 291, et seq.

to introduce the subject according to the plan of the Poem. With all Europe, Africa has to detest the memory of Napoleon. I have alluded to his cruel extermination of the Negroes in Martinico (by his faithful minions,) his treachery to TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE in HAYTI, whose children (they had been sent to France for their education,) he despatched as an inhuman bribe to tempt their father to betray his country; but the patriot did not prefer them to his country; the despot was disappointed. Toussaint returned them, for that "heart of iron"\* had taken care to have a promise extorted to that effect from the father, should the terms of their surrendry be rejected. The notes will narrate the affecting episode.

*De Mortuis nil nisi bonum*—but kings are never dead. Those that rule over men, even in death, still live to this world by the immortality of their deeds. Good or bad, they must be blessed or execrated, and that for ever;—for their life is that of their people, they live for and in their subjects, with whom they are but one existence, identified in good and evil. Time reconciles us to many an equivocal character; but if wisdom be destined to enlarge her sphere over the world, ages will but add to the execration, however great, with which the wise and the good contemplate the memory of Napoleon Buonaparte. In youth and ignorance we thought not so, for slaughter and victory seemed glory then. But the splendours of Monte Notte, Austerlitz, and Marengo, will not for ever dazzle the eyes of weeping humanity. We are emerging from the night, the barbarous night, when "princes were privileged to kill, and numbers sanctified the crime,"—when "one murder made a villain, millions a hero."† The Code-

\* Ἡ γὰρ σιδήρεος ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός. --Iliad, xxii. 357.

† Porteus.



Napoleon, the "Legion d'Honneur," &c. raise but a poor "sinking fund" to liquidate the general and absorbing "national debt" of Napoleon's ambition. Frenchmen in their old-age infancy may be permitted to dote with unrepressed rancour and bladder-puffed threatenings on the past in its prostrate glory; but for Great Britain we have still no fear. She will smile and commiserate the childish pageant of last year,\* in the French metropolis. Alas! who will gather the innocent bones of the DUKE D'ENGIEN, and place them in the balance of JUSTICE, with those of his murderer? But this is too serious a view of the subject. LOUIS PHILIPPE knows better than any man the character of his nation; he threw a bone to the barking dogs! What will the "Citizen King" resort to when he exhausts his larder?

In conclusion, "American slavery is a *public thing*, as much as American liberty." This name can figure with no enviable appendages in the Poem whose subject is slavery. But the Negro has friends in America; these will find me grateful. In 1832 the American Anti-Slavery Society consisted of *twelve* members; at the present moment it numbers upwards of ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND—to all of whom, in the midst of an evil generation, the sixth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians may be literally applied. In truth, they are the Negro's friends, "through honour and dishonour, through evil report and good report: as deceivers and yet true." But I cannot withhold this reflection. With regard to their slaves and coloured citizens, the Americans seem to act on the maxim, that submission to insult serves but to authorize a repetition; and that forbearance under injuries is

\* This event should not surprise us, for *Nero* was likewise honoured after death.—See *Note*, p. 169.

but an inability to redress them.\* Meanwhile the generous though *necessary* example of Great Britain and Mexico is held forth to them. If they still continue inexorable to the Blackman and his progeny, they may for a while continue to lash, to outrage, to BURN † the wretches

\* Perhaps they fancy that they *can gain an indulgence* for their committed and intended sins of oppression, by their *sympathetic* offerings to the great Baal of Repeal. They will learn, too late, the moral of Æsop's fable, "*The LION and other BEASTS.*" Is the following *test* adopted when "remittances" from "American sympathizers" are received? "Last year a very well-dressed gentlemanlike person addressed me (said Mr. O'Connell,) in the lobby of the House of Commons, and said he was from America. He begged me to afford him the means of hearing the debate. I said with pleasure; 'But first let me ask you a question: from what State are you?' 'Alabama.' 'Are you a *slave-owner*?' 'Yes.' 'Then (said Mr. O'Connell) *I bowed and left him.*'"—O'Connell's Speech in the Convention. *Anti-slavery Reporter*, June 17, 1840.

† "All was silent as death while the executioners were piling wood around their victim. He said not a word, until feeling that the flames had seized upon him, he then uttered an awful howl, attempting to sing and pray, then hung his head and suffered in silence, except in the following instance:—After the flames had surrounded their prey, his eyes burnt out of his head, and his mouth seemingly parched to a cinder, some one in the crowd, more compassionate than the rest, proposed to put an end to his misery by shooting him, when it was replied, 'that would be of no use, since he was already out of pain!' 'No, no,' said the wretch, 'I am not, I am suffering as much as ever. Shoot me! Shoot me!' 'No, no,' said one of the fiends who were standing about the sacrifice they were roasting, 'he shall not be shot. *I would sooner slacken the fire, if that would increase his misery;*' and the man who said this was, as we understand, an OFFICER OF JUSTICE." This took place at St. Louis, Missouri; the negro "had stabbed an officer, by whom he was arrested."—See "Slavery, &c. in the U. States," p. 126, et seq., for *other instances*.

that Providence *seems* to have delivered up to them as to their furies; but for a while, yet a very little while. Every hour that they oppress the Blackman bids them—**BEWARE!** Let them *imitate* GREAT BRITAIN, or *remember* HAYTI. Their negroes are slaves, *ma schiavi ognor frementi*; and Heaven may not vouchsafe to the *oppressors*, as well as to the oppressed, a TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE. Heaven forbid such an event! No, let us still hope that a country\* so blessed by nature, will be equally blessed by Heaven—by that pure religion which has made us all free. Yes, we have reason to hope that the day is not far distant when America *will* be “the Land of Freedom.” Will not the memory of *Washington* be sufficient to ensure the sacrifice of “the withering and blasting effects of slavery,” to gain that blessing of God which will render their country “the land of the free, and the home of the brave;”†—strong in herself, beloved by all her children, and respected by the stranger. The proclamation of the First of August, eighteen hundred and thirty-four, was the commentary of Great Britain on the glorious achievement of Runnemedé. *Magna Charta* and *Negro Emancipation* were the results of similar causes—a noble pride and moral determination. Contrasts and similitudes pervade all history. Queen Elizabeth had two ships *on her own account* in the Slave-trade expedition of Hawkins. Queen Victoria has three ships, *on the account of humanity*, in the expedition for the suppression of the Slave-trade, and for the civilization of Africa. Hence the Poem concludes with a song of hope, viz. a chorus of African women with their infants in their arms, welcoming the dawn of liberty and civilization to Africa.

\* See Canto IV. p. 116.

† A verse of their national song, “The Star-spangled Banner.”

At length has Britain followed the example of the good Bishop of Rome. It was the sight of a few *white British* slaves in the market at Rome, that first inspired Gregory with the resolution of converting this nation to Christianity; and it is the sight of millions of *black African* slaves, desolate in the West, that inspires Britain with the same determination. What has America done? She has devised "the Colonization Society—an institution whose partialities for the oppressor, whose indifference for the fate of the slave, and exterminating hatred of the free people of colour, have been a thousand times exposed."\*

I take this opportunity gratefully to express my thanks to those who have been pleased to lend a helping hand to my humble efforts. At the same time I beg leave to state that I have advocated the cause of Freedom without any view whatever to personal emolument. Few will think that I could have done otherwise, even in the absence of an object to be promoted. The profits (if any) of the publication will be placed at the disposal of "THE SOCIETY FOR THE EXTINCTION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE, AND FOR THE CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA;" of which His Royal Highness Prince ALBERT is PRESIDENT—by those gentlemen† who have kindly undertaken the publication. For myself, I seek no other recompense than that which results from the conviction that I have sincerely advocated a cause which I consider my own.

Justice, Humanity, Religion, have urged me to the enterprise. I have raised my fervent voice heavenward, in supplication for success to the exertions of the friends of Africa; and a descendant as I am of the hapless race, if I have adequately sung the woes that the sons and daughters of Africa have endured during their captivity of three

\* SLAVERY, &c. in America, p. 158.

† MESSRS. L. C. LECESNE and J. FRANKLAND.

hundred years—perchance my ‘Lament’ will soothe the weeping memories of those who have faded away and perished in the Babylon, where their voices of grief were heard with mockery, and the malediction of Slavedom could blast with impunity the unoffending and defenceless creatures of God.

*Fakenham, Norfolk, 1842.*



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THE Author still offers the profits of the Poem to the Society named in the Preface: but, deeply lamenting the consequences of the late unfortunate Niger Expedition, he earnestly requests that whatever profits shall accrue from the publication, may be applied to the relief (if required) of the wives, children, or relatives of those who have perished in self-devotion to the cause of Humanity.

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## ERRATA.

Page 32, line 11, <i>for</i>	landscapes'	<i>read</i>	landscapes.
— 64, — 8, —	or	—	and.
— 67, — 1, —	<i>dele</i> captive.		
— 91, — 6, —	There	—	That.
— 119, — 22, —	<i>they</i> their	—	she her.
— 133, — 19, —	ruins. lo !	—	ruins,—lo !
— 136, — 8, —	Saloe's	—	Siloe's.
— 138, — 18, —	its home	—	his home.
— 206, — 17, —	and a future	—	with a future.
— 229, — 30, —	Sthemelus	—	Sthenelus.
— 232, — 7, —	inspirating	—	inspiring.
— 241, — 7, —	Christatus	—	Cristatus.
— 246, — 22, —	mit ihn	—	mit ihm.
— 246, — 30, —	footsteps	—	footstep.
— 247, — 23, —	Kehren	—	kehren
— 257, — 9, —	Nosology	—	Pathology.
— 302, — 26, —	freedom	—	baptism.
— 319, — 16, —	vovis	—	novis.
— 322, — 3, —	Americans	—	Americas.
— 334, — 32, —	European's	—	European.
— 336, — 27, —	and	—	are.

## PROLOGUE.

Is there aught that man shall cherish,  
Part supreme of Nature's whole?—  
What, though Nature's clay may perish,  
Lives the attribute of soul?—  
Destined for eternal bliss,  
Better half of life, the twin,—  
Braves the Tyrant's bullet's hiss,  
Dauntless mid the battle-din?

SWITZERLAND, her champion TELL,  
Spoke the Patriot's reply—  
FREEDOM! when the blessed spell  
Charm'd his arrow, (<sup>1</sup>) bade it fly—  
Saved his child, but vow'd to strike  
Deadly on the Tyrant's breast,—  
Struck him,—and above his pike  
Alpine Freedom waved her crest.

OAK, that buds beneath the steel,  
Rock, that lightnings strike in vain,

Life-boat, that with steadfast keel,  
 Only sinks to rise again,—  
 Gossamer, on willow-tree,  
 Battling with the raging blast,—  
 Yields awhile, but cheerily  
 Triumphs o'er the storm at last.

WEAK may be the freeman's blade,  
 But his soul is strong to die :  
 Vanquish'd, fights again, till laid  
 On the Shield of Liberty.  
 Fatherland that gave, receives  
 Freedom with his life,—the boon  
 Cherish'd, still resign'd, he leaves  
 Trophied on a MARATHON.

TAKE my field, my shed, my cattle,  
 Take my priceless fame—take all,—  
 Aye, my life in honour'd battle,  
 But in Freedom let me fall !  
 Sweet shall flow my life-blood streaming,  
 Sweet my dying gasp shall be,  
 When my country's pledge redeeming,  
 I may die for Liberty !

'Tis denied me ! chains and lashes—  
 These are all I now inherit !  
 And their thousand thousand gashes,  
 As a Fate-apportion'd merit !

Justice cries in vain from earth,  
 Heaven-fledged the vengeful blow,\*—  
 Afric's woe is still the mirth  
 Of the gold-adoring foe!

WOULD ye see the Tyrants standing,  
 Scorpions shaking o'er the slave—  
 Brave men suffering—knaves commanding?  
 Go beyond the Atlantic wave—  
 See the sons of—WASHINGTON?  
 No—the bastards have no claim  
 To Columbia's deathless son,  
 Though they boast his hallow'd name.

GLORY pinnacled his soul  
 On her noblest, highest flight—  
 Justice-led, he reach'd the goal,  
 Crown'd with stars for ever bright.  
 He could see God's fairest image,<sup>(2)</sup>  
 Though its Maker veil'd it o'er,—  
 Recognising 'neath that visage,  
 Flesh and soul his Saviour wore.

WHAT though hotter suns shall tan me  
 To the blackest Stygian hue,—  
 Would ye, therefore, say, unman me,—  
 Deem me less a man than you?

\* The Revolt of Hayti.

'Tis but paltry outward binding—  
 Black or white, what matters it ?  
 Ope the book, and in it finding,  
 Read what NATURE there has writ.

Do we lack a just ambition ;—  
 Justice firm, what need *ye* more ?  
 Gratitude—but prompt decision  
 When the battle-trumpets roar.  
 Light of mind despite your fetters,—  
 Eagle-like was HAYTI seen,  
 Soaring high above her “ better,”  
 'Neath the sun of DESSALINES.<sup>(3)</sup>

HA ! there is an arm that flings\*  
 Vengeance like a sudden blast,—  
 Griping talons, stunning wings,  
 NEMESIS in flesh-repast !  
 Strike ! they strike—a flash ! a roar !  
 Oh ! the joy that woe imparts  
 When a thousand tyrants pour  
 Blood-libations from their hearts !—

RED-SEAS rise, in fury swelling,  
 Gulph the gasping blasphemy—

\* This and the subsequent stanzas refer to the Revolt of Hayti, and the conduct of the French in general, and of Buona-parté in particular, towards the Blacks.—See the Notes at the end of the volume.

Screaming like the thunder telling,  
 When the flash has cleft the sky.  
 Death for death, and crime for crime !  
 Ye had taught us how to kill,—  
 Hayti's "rebels" did but rhyme  
 To their tyrants' rabid will.

TORTURED on the wrenching wheel—  
 (Ling'ring torture your delight !)  
 We but tried if *you* could feel—  
 As YE sinn'd, WE would requite.  
 Where our brethren whom ye drown'd,  
 Nightly plunging in the sea ?  
 We pursued you vengeance-bound—  
 Did YE slay in charity ?

YET did Mercy shield the prey !  
 Unprotecting, still protected ;  
 Though just vengeance bade her slay,  
 Midnight murderers detected—  
 L'OUVERTURE, (4) whilst raged the fight,  
 Steadfast by his master stood :  
 Guardian angel of his flight—  
 Such the BLACKMAN's gratitude !

BORN a savage—(thus ye name  
 All that midwife-Nature rears,)  
 To your fields a slave he came—  
 Bore the lash and wept his tears,

Bitter as the salt-sea lake!—  
 Till by crushing fury sped,  
 Hayti rose revenge to take,  
 For the living and the dead.

GOD can dash the towering down,  
 God can strike the mighty low,—  
 Bringing forth the hidden clown,  
 In a prosperous overflow.  
 Hayti call'd him to her aid—  
 Gave the sword he bore so well—  
 Till by treachery betray'd,  
 Murder'd cruelly, he fell!

FIRM, compell'd not by their arms  
 To betray his country's right;  
 Pure, he scorn'd their venom'd charms,  
 Tempting father by the sight  
 Of his children torn away,  
 In captivity to pine—  
 If he dare oppose the sway  
 Gaul's usurper shall define.

BRUTUS! Rome was satisfied  
 When *thy* sons convicted fell:  
 Traitors to their country died,—  
 Nature writhed, but said 't was well!—  
 Not so thine, great L'OUVERTURE!  
 Genius, Virtue, like thine own—



Still the bait could not allure  
 THEE, left heirless thus, alone!

“ TAKE my children back,”\* he cries,  
 “ Since by Fate it must be so !  
 “ Nature craves what Fate denies,  
 “ But my country wills the blow !  
 “ Ye have rightly deem’d my heart,  
 “ All the father’s ties demand—  
 “ But my country claims a part,  
 “ *There*, my God and Hayti stand !”

THINE the deed, dread CORSICAN !  
 NERO to the world and worse,—  
 Heaven’s scourge to sinning man—  
 All included in thy curse !  
 Awful destiny was thine !  
 Now a despot linking chains—  
 Then impinion’d on the brine,  
 Paying Justice penal pains !

MEN have torn thee from thy tomb,  
 Where beseem’d thee best to be ;  
 Far, in solitary gloom—  
 Shrouded in thy memory !  
 Resting-place for vulture’s flight  
 Darkling on his tired wing—

\* As near as possible his own words.

Ere Death's garbage glads the sight  
Of Atlantic's carrion-king.

AFRICA shall hate thy name  
As her foulest, bitterest foe—  
Slanderer of her Heroes' fame  
Whom thou couldst not overthrow!  
Ta'en by treachery they died—  
Drown'd or strangled, both to thee,  
Means ambition justified  
By her curst *expediency*!

God avenged her—struck thy might  
With a whelming overthrow—  
Flying in unguided flight,  
Retribution's doubled blow,  
Chained thee to an island rock—  
Pining, sceptreless, forlorn—  
Close beside her she could mock  
Thee, of all thy terrors shorn.

If repentance touch'd thy breast,  
Ere the moment of thy doom—  
Rest, fate's emissary! rest—  
Where thyself hast wish'd thy tomb.  
If thy spirit heave a sigh  
For thy murders of our race—  
Bid thy sons no more deny  
Freedom, as thy funeral grace.

WEEPING memory! awake!

Rise in death's pale winding-sheet—  
Sing altho' the heart-strings break

Whilst the notes thy woes repeat.

Past and passing, like the night

When the morning brings no rest—  
Passing, past,—then bless the light

Heaven's merciful behest!



## CANTO I.

ORDER rules the starry vault,  
 God-built round as warrior-shield—  
 Till He time the dread assault  
 Of his final battle-field :—  
 Angel, by his word created,  
 Through the circling fires sped—  
 Energy fix'd, unabated,  
 Stamp'd on Earth his measured tread.

HURRICANO'S roar reverbing  
 Round about the reeling deep,  
 Order aiding, not disturbing  
 Bids the killing lightnings leap.  
 Blinding flash, and rocket-bolt,  
 Hissing down the firmament—  
 And the universal jolt  
 Shakes the creaking sphere—till spent,

CALM, the infant of her throes  
 Cradled on the billow's breast—

Mariner forgets his woes,  
     Thanking God for welcome rest.  
 Smiles unnumber'd dimpling ripple  
     Neptune's face in merry mood,  
 Greeting all his ocean-people  
     From their trembling solitude.

HEAVEN above, and earth beneath  
     Fleecy cloud and life-green tree—  
 Blooming valley, fallow heath,  
     All shall bless the wise decree.  
 Battling storms, like Wisdom's wrath,  
     Seem to blast—but truly bless—  
 Mercy treads again their path,  
     Where they leave a wilderness.

## II.

TIGERS prowl by instinct fated—  
     Crocodiles shall whine and kill :  
 But the weak, though devastated,  
     Still succumb by Heaven's will.  
 Dread, but just consistency !  
     Nature's God hath deem'd it good—  
 Food for one, a thousand die,  
     Life and death in sisterhood.

BRUTAL instinct prompts the feeling—  
     Brutal, wisely still intended :

Nature by her creatures dealing—  
 Cruel *means* by *ends* amended. (<sup>5</sup>)  
 Learn from NATURE, men degraded !  
 If Religion's voice ye scorn—  
 By brute policy upbraided,  
 Ye, with God-like REASON born !

QUESTION all her works—the sea,  
 Earth,—sky,—fish, and beast, and bird,—  
 Each for each ;—and all agree,—  
 Means, to ends unseen referr'd.  
 No discordant PASSIONS mar  
 God's fore-destined harmony—  
 All a harp, whose strings they are  
 “GLORY TO GOD !” their melody.

### III.

NOR less exalted THOU, O MAN !  
 But more—Creation's Benjamin  
 Last-born, thou didst complete the span—  
 God said, “'T was good,” and smiled serene.  
 Thou hadst high reason, symbol-speech,  
 And inborn sense of right and wrong—(<sup>6</sup>)  
 That thou throughout Creation's reach  
 Shouldst sing “PEACE UNTO MEN !” thy song.

EXALTED theme ! Oh ! thou wast bless'd  
 E'en more than angels in that hour :

Unmerited, by God's behest—

High Chancellor of Earth! all power  
Supreme to wield! great sceptred King

Of all beneath the eternal brim—

All to thy feet their tribute bring—

All made for THEE, and thou for HIM!

FOR God, as fondling lover smiled

Beholding thee so fair, so good:

Or kiss'd thee, as a parent, child

Most like Himself in plenitude

Of Power, Wisdom, Virtue's height—

All attributes of thee he will'd—

Epitome of Heaven's delight—

Oh! hadst thou well thy station fill'd!

ONE sole command he gave, but one—

Not hard, since otherwise so blest!

As child, its mother's breast upon

E'en joys the more each fond request

Gladly to yield, that proves more love,—

So hadst thou cherish'd it and joy'd—

E'en tho' all envious hell should move

Feigning thy happiness alloy'd!

#### IV.

BLot the page—blot out the name!

Man hath lost his heritage!



Demons from their dungeon-flame,  
 Man betray'd, 'gainst God engage!  
 Twice deceived, and ruin'd twice—  
 Desperate despair arose—  
 Guilt, the cause—his solace, vice—  
 Till remorse began her throes.

By the clouds of sin o'erspread,  
 Reason, crowning gift of light,  
 (Justice from her centre fled!)  
 Shed for day, a starless night.  
 Angels saw the eclipse and wept—  
 Vainly was their hallow'd pain!  
 Ere God's vengeful arm had slept,  
 Earth beheld a brother slain!

DEEP where wrath shall never cease,  
 Man's betrayers bless'd the deed,  
 Death received his long release—  
 Claim'd his scythe and curbless steed.  
 Man, God's Absalom, thence doom'd,  
 Holocaust for Death to be—  
 Curst, alas! by lips that bloom'd  
 Blessings on his infancy!

## V.

AGES pass'd, by guilt renown'd—  
 NIMROD, first man-hunter, crushing;

As he trod, the earth—and frown'd  
 Like disastrous comet rushing  
 Through the terror-stricken sky,  
 Leader of the dreadful van!  
 Lo! the tyrant's signals fly—  
 Streams the blood of man by man!

AVARICE chief—Hell's Upas\* germ  
 Grafted from the parent tree,  
 Like the one undying worm,  
 Buds a scion, SLAVERY!  
 O'er the earth its branches spread,  
 High,—as low in hell its root—  
 By man's LUST, AMBITION fed  
 Gives him CARNAGE for its fruit.

FRONT to front, and hand to hand,  
 Lowering rush the fiends of war—  
 Decimating every land  
 Arch-plague in Adrasta's car,  
 Arm'd with stern Medusa's crest!  
 Gleaming spear and flashing blade,  
 Scabbardless, ne'er more to rest  
 Till the sod on man be laid.

\* A poisonous tree of the East:—

“Let none admire  
 That riches grow in hell: that soil may best  
 Deserve the precious bane.”—MILTON.

OH! that were well! 't were sweet! to die  
 When all is lost, or nought remains  
 But life in hopeless slavery—  
 The victor's pity with his chains!  
 Ah! still the field was bravely fought—  
 Though lost, and had been won, had Fate  
 Not otherwise decreed—the thought  
 Leaves not the soul disconsolate.

THE trampled insect trips the foot,  
 Not wholly unavenged shall die—  
 God's life in all will strive and moot  
 With pangs of conquering agony!  
 Oh! 't is no fancy this—it speaks  
 The bounded range of man's control—  
 The lamb's weak moans, and man's fell shrieks  
 Proclaim the Freedom of the soul.

PAGANS have blest this truth; nor spurn'd  
 This lasting birth-right of the mind—  
 Revered the foe whose bosom burn'd(?)  
 With stubborn fire unconfined:  
 Till spearless, shieldless, Fate-subdued,  
 The warrior only thus enslaved,  
 To clean the rust in sullen mood  
 From off the sword his blood had laved.

AND Pagan Athens would defend  
 The anathema of cruel Fate—

Where men were foes, he found a friend  
 Within her Hero's temple-gate,\*—  
 There, shielded by a god, defied  
 The thralldom of his hapless lot—  
 Her justice with the weak would side,  
 When power durst invade his cot.

SHE dried his tears—would soothe the pain  
 That only Liberty could heal :  
 She 'd spare the lash—the scoff refrain—  
 And wept to see the exile feel  
 Hope's agony in death expire,—  
 Whilst he recalls his natal skies,  
 Love agitates the quenched fire—  
 Once more remembers home—and dies !

SHE was herself enslaved ! alas !  
 Athens beheld the Eagle perch  
 Upon her Parthenon—and pass  
 From nest to nest in cruel search :—  
 Her birds are stolen—they unlearn  
 Their notes ; or, warble still to cheer  
 And humanize the prowler stern,  
 That wept for GREECE the Victor's tear !

ALONE she fell not. Banner unfurl'd,  
 Fate's mystery, Imperial ROME

\* The temple of *Theseus*—the refuge of the slave from the cruelty of his master.

Fulmined and shook the crouching world !  
 Beneath the arbitress of doom,  
 As one, all nations gathering,  
 In chains march to her capitol—  
 The final triumph of her king,\*  
 Ere Grace emancipated all.

UNTIL the *Christian's* avarice  
 (Oh ! blasphemy to bear that name,  
 Whereby from thrall man gain'd release !)  
 The tree of Slavery became—  
 What time the green world from her sleep  
 Oped her scared eyes on stranger men—  
 Ah ! fated soon blood-drops to weep !  
 Man's foes and Death rejoiced again.

\* After he had established peace all over the world, Augustus shut up the gates of the temple of Janus, the year our Saviour was born.

END OF CANTO I.



## CANTO II.

## I.

MAN and his earth are sleeping sound—  
 The sleep of Peace from bound to bound ;  
 And Doom is waking from her sleep—  
 Beneath the throne of God, her keep.  
 She arms—her urgent march, the sphere !

THE SCOURGE \* is scourged—and free from fear  
 ROME is fulfilling prophecy—  
 Rome, Peter's chair, in pastoral domain,  
 Realms to her arms denied, her keys retain.

GREAT in defeat and victory,  
 The SARACEN is calm—in lull,  
 Storm-interval on land and sea.  
 The ERRANT KNIGHT may flower cull  
 For lady fair—and MINSTRELSY  
 Tramples the sword of Mars. The MOOR †

\* Attila.—He died on the night of his nuptials from an eruption of blood.—*Gib. vol. vi.* He called himself the Scourge of God.

† Boabdil, 1492.

Is driven from Alhambra's hall,  
 Without a home, like Adherbal \*—  
     An exile on his natal shore—  
 The WEDDED-CROWN † triumphant. Free,  
 THE RUSS, ‡ she licks her cubs ; and GAUL  
     Hath bless'd and wept her warrior-maid.§  
 BRITAIN hath joy'd o'er Glo'ster's fall—  
     The White Rose faded—bright the Red.  
 Religion weeps—the tares are sown—  
 A BORGIA || dims the Papal throne !

MAN and his earth are sleeping sound—  
 The sleep of Peace from bound to bound :  
 But, in a nightmare dream—what time  
     The eyes see ghastly visions—hands  
 Or wield or parry swords—sublime  
     In baseless flight the soul expands—  
 Or pioneers with clanging stroke  
     The adamant below ; and bold,  
 Nor heed the height, nor sulph'rous smoke,

\* Expelled from his inheritance by Jugurtha, who seized the kingdom of Numidia in Africa.

† Ferdinand and Isabella.

‡ Russia freed from the Tartar yoke by John Basilowitz, 1479.

§ Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, who saved her king and country, and was burnt to death for *witchcraft* by the priests!

|| Alexander VI. 1492; a pope infamous for every crime that disgraces even a *man*! A few of his exploits will be mentioned in the notes at the end of the volume.



Nor adverse stars, nor venom'd lands,  
Nor body's peril, spirit's crime—

AMBITION and the LUST of GOLD !  
The watch-dog howls—Awake ! 't is time !

A MESSENGER of war, and plague, and fire,—  
That makes men doubt a Providence—  
Speeds strong ; for distance cannot tire,  
Pity wrings not, nor furies fence  
Man's good or evil destiny !  
Two-fold her wrath—two worlds shall see,  
The one, its night—the other, day.  
For Mahomet mid Houris gay  
Sleeps his eternity away :  
But LUTHER soon shall grasp the sword,  
Bold Reason to her throne restored !

AND signs are on the deep—bestrown  
With floating things of another clime.  
Uprooted trees whereon have grown  
The grisly locks of ocean's slime—  
The fatal cane was seen ! and more  
Two melting carcasses that bore  
A vulture poised on each—nor torn,  
But piloted as harbinger  
(The deed would be rewarded soon !)  
The Indian to the Christian's bourn—  
And Wisdom scann'd the pregnant boon. \*

\* The *trees, sugar-cane, and dead bodies*, are recorded as hav-

## II.

THEN sped the mighty traveller!  
 By opposition fired—mid the stir  
 Of battling rumour, sped away,  
 To find the Deadmen's home.....The day\*  
     Was that Christ died upon.

Delay'd

As though repenting fate betray'd—  
 His rudder lost—and leaks invade—  
 Refits undaunted—hardens doom,  
 And reckless, dives into ocean's gloom.

UPON a sea where calm and storm  
     Might blast or bless alike in vain.  
 If spirits rule the elements,  
 The ministers of God's intents—  
 Each in its own predestined form—  
     There Solitude, her peaceful reign  
 Establish'd, far from man away,  
 Since God divided night from day,  
 And Earth of Chaos sprang to life,  
 For man the wonder-working strife.

ing been seen previous to the discovery, brought by the Gulph-Stream to the shores of Europe.—*Roberts. Hist. of America*, vol. i.

\* *Friday*, 3rd August, 1492. The reader will excuse the allusion. In the subsequent description, I have confined myself as much as possible to recorded facts.

OCEANS around, and skies above,  
 To a fleeing bound they drove !  
 In vain they sink the sounding line—  
 In vain they read the stars that shine—  
 Sun by day and moon by night  
 Only shed a fearful light,  
 Like the malignant sprites that pass  
 Before the wanderer in morass—  
 Or the guilty lights that twinkle bright  
 In the haunted caverns of the night.

LAND-weeds float—but never a mark  
 Tells of the weed-producing park !  
 Birds are seen—nor bring delight,  
 They scream and shun them in affright !

THE compass fails ! \* ..... “ Return—or die !  
 “ In spirit reach the other sky ! ” .....  
 Was heard, nor vain the words of strong  
[despair,  
 Grim death upon the hopeless deep its care !  
 Seeking land, they water found—  
 Cloudless circle winding round !  
 Flocking birds suggest a course—  
 Water still a deluge source !  
 “ Oh ! ’t will not slake the thirst, nor hunger feed ! ”  
 And then a crime of blood the men decreed—

\* The *variation of the compass*—then first observed.

Nor Prophet's nor the Minstrel's fish \*  
 Shall mar the bold assassin's wish !

“ GIVE me three suns—no more I demand,  
 “ To find Cathay, or veer to the land !”

HE spoke—and twice the sun went down,  
 As days of truce to leaguer'd town.  
 The other dawn'd—pass'd—set in hope—  
 Clouds like a lover's envelope  
 Bosom'd the horizontal plain,  
 And bless'd alike, nor bless'd in vain !  
 Fresh on the branch, on a billow spread  
 A blooming twig show'd berries red—  
 Spicy the breeze and milky warm—  
 And webless birds around them swarm—  
 And evening falls.

THE ship is still,  
 As infant in its cradle-sleep,  
 Obedient to the skipper's will.  
 But anxious watch the pilgrims keep !  
 Aloft, on deck, below—the charm  
 Pursues, nor craves, nor suffers rest,  
 Till hope be hopeless, or be bless'd !

\* Viz. Jonas and Arion—the former saved by a whale, the latter by a dolphin. The crew had resolved to throw Columbus into the sea.



A God, they had a God, in fruit-tree, flower,  
 Breeze, streamlet, blest them with his *Mercy's*  
 [power.

Their wants, few and supplied, each welcome night  
 Gave them its bower, blessing, and delight.

They come with Eve's untutor'd confidence,  
 And see the gods! and hear their vain pretence;  
 And think, if not from heaven, whence the prore  
 Ingend'ring fire that smokes along the shore!

They grasp the bauble gift, and give their food,\*—  
 Sufficient now, but soon their nation's blood

Will not content the seeming friends, whose hand  
 They take in friendship—leave † their fatherland,  
 First SLAVES, to deck the Viceroy's pageant gay  
 That saddled the Atlantic wind's relay!

They have evanish'd—all, but memory—  
 For Time has vow'd *that* to Eternity!

BUT Retribution shall assert her claim

Once more—and nations blast the Spanish name  
 With lasting scorn;—her vassals rise—her king  
 Become the stranger's mocking-bird, whose wing,  
 Broken and pluck'd shall flap its might away,  
 For all that thrive by human woe, a prey!

War, anarchy, and desolated fields—

These are the fruits her old Oppression yields.

\* In return for the glass beads, &c., the Islanders gave them provisions.

† Columbus had on board some of the natives whom he had taken from different islands which he discovered.—*Robert. b. ii.*



## III.

CHRIST had bless'd, and blessing died  
 E'en the hand upraised to slay—  
 By his *meekness* would he chide  
 Those that wander'd from his way.  
 Why have Christians murder'd millions?—  
 Grasp'd their gold, and sent their spirits  
 Up to heaven's cheap-bought pavilions  
 Frank'd by *Faith's* o'erflowing merits?

ADDING sacrilege to crime,  
 Choral hymns, *Te Deums*, singing—  
 And their steeple-bells would chime,  
 Triumph of the true faith ringing! \*  
 SPAIN thus fought "the goodly fight!"  
 Sent her Minotaurs to prey—  
 Locusts, with a nation's blight—  
 Fiends, whose mission was to slay!

CHILDREN of the Sun! † ye fell  
 Never to arise again!

\* "In Spain an *Auto-da-Fé*, (an act of faith,) was an accompaniment of all public festivals, just like fire-works in other countries. The Inquisition, since its foundation in the fourteenth century, has burnt at the stake above 100,000 persons of both sexes, besides destroying twice that number, by imprisonment. The wars of the Spaniards to christianize the Moors and Americans cost, at least, 15,000,000."—*Sir R. Phillip's Million of Facts.*

† The Peruvians.



But your persecutors tell  
 How ye battled and were slain.  
 God created, they destroy'd,—  
 Gold and lust their baleful cause—  
 And their king deem'd justice void,  
 Falsely pleading Rome's applause!\*

“THEY are free!” Religion said :—  
 “They are mine!” the king proclaim'd.  
 “Dare ye thus your king upbraid?  
 “Know, my conscience may be blamed,  
 “But the *faith* they *must* receive—  
 “Ruin break their idols down!

\* Ferdinand issued a decree of his privy council (notwithstanding the declaration of the civilians and divines in favour of the *Dominicans*, that the Indians were a *free people*,) declaring that after mature consideration of the *Apostolic Bull*, and other titles by which the crown of Castile claimed a right to its possessions in the New World,—that the *servitude* of the Indians was warranted both by the *laws of God!* and of man: that, unless they were subjected to the dominion of the Spaniards and compelled to reside under their inspection, it would be impossible to reclaim them from idolatry, or to instruct them in the principles of the Christian faith; that no further scruple ought to be entertained concerning the lawfulness of the *repartimientos*, (or distributions, by which the Indians were given up as slaves to their conquerors,) as the king and council were willing to take the charge of that upon their own consciences; and, therefore, the Dominicans and monks of other religious orders should abstain for the future from those invectives, which, from an excess of charitable, but ill-formed zeal, they had uttered against that practice. (Herrera, Dec. 1. Lib. ix. c. 14.) That his intention of adhering to this decree might be fully understood, Ferdinand conferred new grants of Indians upon several of his courtiers.—*Robertson*.

“ If not *slaves* they'll ne'er believe,  
 “ Nor enrich the Spanish crown !”

VAIN the voice, and vain the tear,  
 Holy men might raise, or weep!—  
 Far they fled—no tyrant near  
 Where their memories still sleep,  
 Guarded by the Indian's blessing!  
 Forests deep and mountain-side,  
 Saw them kneel to God addressing  
 Prayers for converts sanctified !

BLEST alike LAS CASAS came,  
 Blest, alas ! like him who saves  
 Infant child of Parents' shame !  
 For whose life the mother raves—  
 Bleeds and dies a mangled corse—  
 Dies—but leaves not better life—  
 But a ruin of remorse  
 To the child of saving knife !

“ SLAUGHTER'D herds of Redmen fail !  
 “ Scarce the fatal name is heard,  
 “ Echoed erst in every vale,  
 “ To their ancestors endear'd !  
 “ *Better far the black man's arm\**—  
 “ Afric's stronger sons' than theirs !”

\* The *expedient* advice of Las Casas, whose pity for the Indians made him (doubtless unintentionally) the promoter of African slavery!—See the Notes.

Thus Las Casas spake the alarm,  
Pity melting into tears!

Foul perversion! they consent—  
Spaniards grasp the fatal boon  
Though in hopeless mercy meant!  
Not imagining that soon  
Horrors worse than Indians knew,  
Africa was doom'd to feel,—  
When the Christian thither flew—  
Demons piloting his keel!

LIKEST Satan fury-driven,  
Seeking man revenge to slake—  
On the brink of shatter'd heaven,  
Gather'd up the leap to take.  
Guardian angels trembling round,  
Dismal ruin sad foretell—  
Down he dives the deep profound  
Sun eclipsing as he fell.

GUARD thy thoughts, frail man! but more—  
Guard thy tongue! its words are death!—  
They are swords, reckless of gore—  
Wielded by an infant's breath!  
Friends from friends they daily sever,—  
Love transform to carking hate—  
See a nation wrong'd for ever,—  
By a word made desolate!

SPAIN led off the harpy-flight,  
 Curst with Crime's success she rose  
 Matchless in detested might,  
 Mid redoubled human woes.\*  
 Portugal and Gaul combined,  
 In the demon-orgies mix ;  
 Holland too, that Christ resign'd,  
 Trampling on the crucifix ! †

Not alone their fatal tread  
 Thronging o'er the sinful Sea ;  
 Slave-trade epidemic spread,  
 E'en Britannia, to thee !  
 Oh ! hadst thou stood as Abdiel ! ‡  
 Faithful mid the fallen crew—

\* Viz., the extermination of the *Indians* far advanced, and the persecution of the *Moors* in full force.

† In allusion to the conduct of the Dutch in Japan. When the persecution of the Christians broke out in that country (by some supposed to have been mainly promoted by the Dutch, influenced by their jealousy of the Portuguese,) the authorities decreed that no foreigner should be allowed to land who did not *trample upon the crucifix*, to testify that he was not a *Christian*. The Dutch were the only nation that committed the crime. A crucifix is but an image of wood or metal, but it represents the God of redemption. It may be an useless superstition to make it—but, when made, it must be criminal to disrespect it. We cannot honour God by dishonouring a representation of him, any more than our parents by trampling on their portraits. What shall we say when such an act is *required* of us to shew that we despise his Christ ?

‡ ABDIEL——“ Who durst oppose

Left the fiends to build their hell,  
Swift to Truth and Justice flew !

AYE ! the sin was sinn'd !....but God  
Hath vouchsafed thee penitence !  
Thou hast paid the price of blood  
Shed in fatal ignorance !  
Hail Britannia ! Afric's friend !  
Last to crush, and first to save—  
All thy faults thy sons amend,  
Gracious as in battle brave !

AVARICE pronounced the doom—  
Avarice prolong'd the curse—  
Retribution's muffled gloom,  
Brought the merited amerce !  
Tyrants and their minions rising,  
White slaves, self-sold, croak'd alarm—\*

A third part of the gods, in synod met  
Their deities to assert."—MILT. *Satan's Speech*.

Abdiel had said : ————— " But thou seest  
All are not of thy train ; there be, who faith  
Prefer, and piety to God, though then  
To thee not visible, when I alone  
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent  
From all ; my sect thou seest ; now learn too late  
How *few* sometimes may know, when thousands err."

*P. L. vi.*

\* " Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ  
Tractas et incedis per ignes  
Suppositos cineri doloso."

The *ostensible* argument of the Anti-Abolitionists.

But their omens thou despising,  
Saidst that JUSTICE ne'er could harm.

WHILST thy bulwarks on the deep  
Stream thy peerless banners wide—  
Thou hast sworn "NO SLAVE SHALL WEEP  
FREEDOMLESS THY FLAG BESIDE!"  
Barterers of human blood  
Like the famish'd vultures scream—  
Baffled of their ghastly food,  
As by mockery of a dream!

HAIL! it beams, Redemption's Star! \*  
Harbinger of Afric's right,  
Justice in her heavenly car,  
Looms triumphant o'er the night!  
Afric's tears shall cease to flow—  
Hark! from every land a cry!—  
Ah! that chorus soothes the woe  
Of oppress'd humanity!

SEE the friends of man arise—  
Open heart and hands to free  
All that pine beneath the skies,  
Clanking chains of slavery!

\* The two next stanzas refer to the Grand Anti-Slavery Convention of last year. It was composed of the delegates from all nations that could boast of the "*few* that sometimes may know when thousands err."

Every land its tribute brings,  
 As of universal man—  
 Whilst the diapason sings  
 Freedom to the African !

## IV.

Now no longer on that shore,  
 Where Loango meets the deep,  
 Shall the execrated prore,  
 Evening watch in ambush keep—  
 Lurking like the prowling lynx,  
 When he meditates the leap—  
 Cautious treads and trembling shrinks,  
 Lest his prey should hear him creep.

FRIENDSHIP then and love combining,  
 In a sweet responsive song—  
 Till the midnight stars were shining.  
 Warbling alt and tenor strong,  
 Wafted by the wooing breeze,  
 To the dear delighted ear—  
 Oh ! that mingling thrill could please  
 E'en the SLAVER lurking near !\*

\* "The Negroes," says an Italian writer, "are by nature gay and serene. In their own country they are almost continually singing. They retain this propensity in slavery;" and thus fortunately lack one of the traitor's, rogue's, and robber's characteristics, according to Shakespeare, "who hath not music in his

Lo ! the ruffians on the prey,  
 Like the sandy tempests move—  
 Rush with shackles in array,  
 Heartless prowlers on the dove !  
 “ Stay ! Oh ! spare my mother ! \* Spare !  
 “ Bind me !—Bind myself for HER ! ”  
 “ Bind them both ! they ’ll make a pair ! ”  
 ’T is obey’d without demur.

SHALL the husband flee from chains—  
 Her he loves in bondage leave ?  
 If his captive child remains  
 Shall the father fly, to grieve  
 Hopeless for his stolen treasure ?  
 Shall the friend, the lover flee—  
 Yield his love to ruffian’s pleasure  
 Unavenged brutality !

STARTLED—trembling—motionless—  
 Terror-fix’d they stand—they yield—

soul,” &c. “ The dance is their favourite amusement. Whether they thank you for a kindness, or a sweet deed of courtesy, your generosity is made the burthen of song. All the African villages resound with song ; and after sunset it may be said that all Africa is dancing. As this music and dance take place at the same hour in all the villages, and the evenings are calm and lovely, certain villages at some distance respond alternately to the same air ; and the youths and maidens listen attentively to distinguish the voices of the beloved.”

\* Mungo Park attests their filial piety : “ *Strike me, but do not curse my mother.* ” This pleasing trait suggested the exclamation in the text.



Armless agonized distress !

As when wolves in watchless field  
Silent in the Sheepfold leap—

Shepherdless the sleepers rise,  
Scarce awaken'd from their sleep—  
Mangled ere they ope their eyes !

PIERCED by grief, affection more—

Tortured equally, but still  
Willing that their ebbing gore  
To the brim the cup might fill,  
Could that penalty be made—  
Ere the fiends indulge the vice —  
Tho' with parting death 't were paid !  
Love's atoning sacrifice.

## V.

To the bark the captives borne—

In a dismal dungeon cast—  
Woes to weep from night to morn—  
E'er beginning, never past !  
Thoughts of father, mother, brother—  
Tears for little ones afar—  
Thoughts of sister, thoughts of lover—  
Oh ! that soul-subduing war !

Soon the human freight complete,  
To their chains the SLAVES are led—

Cheer'd not by the words that greet  
 Captives on their dungeon-bed :  
 Nor the gleam of hope that plays  
 Round the culprit in his cell,—  
 Tho' his conscience still betrays  
 Agony he may not tell !

No ! there is no hope for *them* !  
 Coffin'd in the Whiteman's ship—  
 Let them sing their requiem  
 Ere the grave's eternal sleep !  
 Wail the wail, and sing the dirge—  
 Hapless ones of Africa !  
 Now ye press the fatal verge  
 Of your living sepulchre.

### THE DIRGE.

AFAR ! AFAR !  
 We hear the waves dash  
 By the dear little shed !  
 Our babes are there sleeping—  
 Ah ! soon they 'll be dead !

THEY will smile—they will cry  
 For the breast they desire !—  
 They will hunger, and die  
 When their weak voices tire !

THEIR mother a captive,—  
 Her nest left behind—  
 To the winds and the prey-birds,  
 Her dovelets resign'd!

OH! what have we done  
 To the Whiteman to-day?  
 The tempest was raging,  
 His home far away,  
 When the Whiteman\* forlorn  
 Came to rest in the shed  
 Of the babes that now cry  
 To their mother for bread!

OH! what has he done  
 In return for the deed!  
 By stealth and by force  
 Our hearts made to bleed  
 For our babes in the shed  
 Where he shared our bread!  
 Alas! Alas!  
 We hear the waves dash

\* Mungo Park. See the notes for the occasion alluded to, when he received the kind attentions of some African women. In the wilds of Africa the wanderer found a charitable "widow of Zarephath." God is everywhere to the unfortunate. In return they cannot multiply the cruise of oil and barrel of meal, nor restore a dear child should death steal it away: but God will reward even "the gift of a cup of cold water to any of his little ones!"

By the dear little shed !  
 Our babes are there sleeping—  
 Ah ! soon they 'll be dead !

## VI.

Now the foaming billows roar  
 Round about the Slaver's prore.  
 Far must speed the fatal ship  
 To the land of Slavery !  
 She must brave the angry deep—  
 Plague and Famine's agony !

Lo ! he comes the Terror-King—  
 Hunger on the hopeless sea !  
 Where no mortal hand can bring  
 Food for gold or sympathy !

THE weeping coast is far away—  
 But further still the land they seek !  
 Strong were the gales—they now decay—  
 An air, a breath that mocks the cheek,  
 Then dies to calm on waves of glass !  
 And not a truant cloud shall pass  
 To lend its shade to them that pine  
 Upon the hot and bitter brine.  
 They count the days—a score have pass'd :  
 The ship, as tho' her anchors cast,  
 Sleeps on the wave, calm-bounden, fast.

SOON three hundred mouths grow dry—  
 Soon three hundred hungry men—  
 Gaze up to God's blessed sky—  
 Pray for food—but pray in vain,  
 Now the ghastly visage tells  
 Fiercest woes that man endures—  
 Foes that mortal arm ne'er quells—  
 Maladies he never cures !

HOLLOW cheek and sunken eye—  
 Burning tongue and livid lip,—  
 Only slaked in dreaming sleep.  
 Trembling limbs and beating heart,  
 Soon 't will cease its faculty,  
 Bid the raving soul depart !

HA ! the maniac laugh begins !  
 Rabid with the rage for food,  
 Burning in the quenchless flame,  
 Blessed God ! they curse thy name !  
 THINE, the good man's sweetest sigh  
 Tho' afflictions round him fly !  
 In life, in death, to THEE he clings  
 As bird beneath its parent's wings !

AYE ! the brain in agony spins  
 Waking thirst for Blackman's blood !  
 " Ope the hatch ! " the hatch they ope ;  
 " Bring the reptiles from their hole ! "—

From the fetid hold they grope,  
 Few that could their limbs control !  
 “ To the deep—or die the death ! ”  
 Welcome ! welcome ! to the deep !  
 Fatherland ! receive their breath—  
 Ah ! their spirits now shall sleep !  
 Deep in Ocean’s gurgling billow,  
 Christians make the Blackman’s pillow !

LIMBS unshackled, how they clung  
 In a moment’s fond delight—  
 As the evening when they sung  
 Ere that dread disastrous night !  
 Husband near the wife once more—  
 Friend with friend and son with mother—  
 Till the billows eddying o’er,  
 Pitying, Afric’s anguish smother !

HALF they drown—but half they spare.  
 “ Hold ! ” the skipper mocks, “ Repair  
 “ To whence ye came ! Bolt on the chain !  
 “ Your kinsmen sleep well in the main.  
 “ Back—foul remnants ! *ye* must live  
 “ Recompense for life to give ! ”

GOD beholds the deed on high—  
 Guardian Angels shuddering weep—  
 Still no lightnings rend the sky,  
 Whirlpools rise not from the deep !

## THE SLAVER'S SONG.

CHORUS. "FILL the sails, and bear away !  
 " Merry's the gale the Slaver cheers !  
 " Soon shall gold our ills repay,  
 " When the port our good ship nears !"

" GOLD—the balm for every pain—  
 " Lord of Pleasure, and the key  
 " Of the Virtue women feign  
 " Of the Patriot's Liberty !"

CHORUS. Fill the sails &c.

" HOLY men confess thy power,  
 " Since they crave thee as a dower,  
 " When they ope the world of bliss  
 " To the soul that goes from this !"

CHORUS. Fill the sails &c.

" GOLD will satisfy for sin  
 " Tho' a Tyrant you have been—  
 " Libertine—Extortioner,  
 " Cut-throat and Adulterer !"

CHORUS. Fill the sails &c.

" Is he rich ? is woman's theme—  
 " Is she rich ? man too demands—

“ Who of Virtue ever dream

“ When the blessing joins their hands ? ”

CHORUS. Fill the sails &c.

“ GOLD gives beauty, every grace

“ Gold can mantle in the face—

“ Makes a villain pass for saint

“ Rids the bastard of his taint ! ”

CHORUS. Fill the sails &c.

“ KINGDOMS, Politics, Gold sways

“ All their boasted faith betrays—

“ If in hell they had but gold

“ Quenching waters might be sold ! ”

CHORUS. Fill the sails &c.

“ WHO resists thee ? mighty Gold !

“ By what power art controll'd ?

“ If you ask what Gold ne'er brings—

“ *'T is a cure when Conscience stings !* ”

CHORUS. “ Fill the sails and bear away !

“ Merry's the gale the Slaver cheers !

“ Soon shall gold our ills repay,

“ When the port our good ship nears ! ”

THUS he sang, the Slaver-Chief—

Bold in recklessness of sin !

Thus he mock'd the Blackman's grief

Famishing the hold within !



STILL many a morn and many a night  
 Pass'd—but port ne'er hove in sight !

## VII.

THE babes in their cot have wither'd and died—  
 Like a rose that grew in a garden-bower,  
     The earliest child of Spring—  
 It had sipp'd anon of each friendly shower  
     That hail'd its blossoming :  
 But a blast from the North came rushing fast—  
     Poor unprotected thing !  
 With the sun-set eve its glory was past—  
 It was left to droop on the thorn beside !

THE Minstrels have sung ; but not in delight,  
 And not of joy the notes—  
 For the chorus doth lack its accustom'd might  
     As on the breeze it floats.  
 The lament was a widow'd mother's moan—  
     Alone, and old—she pray'd,  
 That the Spirit might save her only son—  
     His death till her's delay'd !

THEN she pray'd a curse on the Whiteman's ship  
 That waked God's wrath from its lowering sleep.  
 She pray'd that the Slaver might never rest  
 On sea or land,—might never be blest

With peace or joy ;  
 But endless annoy,  
 And withering care,  
 With the spirits of air  
 That rule the night  
 His rest would blight !

She said ;—and the Spirits of Fatherland  
 Obedient to her prayer—  
 From the graves where they slept, their wings expand  
 And sail the midnight air.

---

*Midnight.*—*The SKIPPER and the MASTER OF  
 THE WATCH.*

*The Skipper.*—“ How fares the night ? ”

*The Master of the Watch.* —“ Sad ! dreary wane

“ The misty stars to-night !

“ The moon is quench'd—and black the main

“ Seems solid cloud ! no light !

“ No breeze ! ”

“ The Watch ? ”

“ We keep ! ”

“ The Slaves ? ”

“ Their *chains* are still—they sleep ! ”

“ The crew ? ”

“ Still tortured all ! ”

In vain within their births they creep—

Sleep soothes them not ! they fall

Convulsed—a sudden sulph'rous light  
 Discovers murder'd men!  
 A moment's rest—again  
 Ghastly terrors dim the sight!  
 Moans as tho' of men that weep—  
 Restless spirits flitting by  
 Rattling chains the decks between—  
 Now on deck and now on high—  
 Mocking steps of feet unseen—  
 Oh! there is no foe like *thee*—  
 Conscience! in thy cruelty!

## VIII.

FEW remain—not few the woes  
 Wrathful Heaven showers down!  
 Yaws\* and Fever, mingled throes  
 Symbol God's pursuing frown—  
 Baffling calm and head-wind gale  
 Now delay, and now drive back—  
 Devious thus the ship must sail,  
 Many a winding bout and tack!

NOON-DAY sun blears in the sky,  
 Like a furnace comet-fed—  
 Radiant intensity  
 Torturing th' eternal dead!

\* A loathsome ulceration.

Scorching o'er the waveless main,  
 Blue above, and blue beneath ;  
 For no breezes cheer the plain  
 Of that wide Genesereth !  
 Creaking blocks and flapping sails,  
 To and fro they lash the mast—  
 Shatter'd ere the grappling gales  
 Storm them, half the ocean pass'd !

“ SLUGGISH winds ! why breathe ye not ?  
 “ Round the ship the waters rot \*—  
 “ Crawling o'er the matted weed,  
 “ Boring insects on her feed—  
 “ If we sink not—food shall fail  
 “ God of Heaven ! send a gale !” . . . . .

“ Lo ! a speck ! it comes ! 'tis come !”

AYE—'tis come ! On ocean's foam  
 Hark ! he sounds the stark reveille,

\* “ Were it not (says *Hawkins*, the first Englishman who engaged in the slave-trade) for the moving of the sea by the force of the winds, tides, and currents, it would corrupt into life ! An experiment of this I saw, when lying with a fleet about the islands of Azores, almost six months ; the greater part of which time we were becalmed. Upon which all the sea became so replenished with various sorts of jellies, and forms of serpents, adders, and snakes, as seemed wonderful ” &c. &c.—See the notes, for the whole passage.

Boreas, the tempest lord !  
 Swelling—dying—distant—nigh,  
 Panic-striking, dread accord !  
 Now it bursts, the sullen roar—  
 As of famish'd lion when  
 Roaming for his cherish'd gore  
 Near some teeming cattle-pen.  
 “ Helm down ! . . . . Stand by the mast ! ”

. . . . .

THE ship is safe—the squall hath pass'd,  
 Her timbers creak'd—she reel'd forlorn,  
 In storm-rout by the tempest borne :  
 But now as swan with bosom sleek  
 Foaming along, her hissing beak  
 Now climbs a mount, now skims a vale  
 Of ocean 'neath the rushing gale.

THE rapid Dolphins round her fly,  
 The Flying-Fish in panic soar,  
 A short-lived respite in the sky  
 From ocean hounds with flashing eye,  
 The Dolphin and the Albicore !  
 With graceful glide and vaulting leap  
 Now thron'g the Dancers\* of the deep—

\* The *Porpoise*, or *sea-hog*. The sailors amuse themselves by striking him with the harpoon. The flesh is rarely eaten.—See the Notes.

Now shoot ahead—starboard\*—a-lee,—  
 Oh! how they joy their liberty!  
 Yet man, whose cruel sports deny  
 The fish its wave, the bird its sky,  
 Strikes them when least the freemen heed—  
 His only joy to see them bleed!

BUT now the Petrel † leaves the wake;  
 Her home's afar where billows break.  
 Her nest the wave, her fate to roam  
 Like bubbles of the Ocean's foam.  
 For see! the distant sky is clear—  
 The waters round more bright appear—  
 The sounding-line hath sunk, and found  
 An omen of the joyful sound—  
 "Land ahead!" it glads the sight!  
 "Land!" from off the topmast's height  
 Is seen emerging from the deep—  
 Bright as the pearls above the lip

\* *Starboard* is the right side of the ship, with the face towards the bows; *larboard* the left. *A-lee* is an adverbial phrase, applied by seamen to that side of the ship to which the wind is blowing, as *windward* is the contrary direction.

† A small bird, called by the sailors "Mother Cary's chicken." They consider it a harbinger of storm: but in many voyages, I have found it as harmless a prophet as the robin, and as playful. Its note seems to articulate the words "Weet—weet." It flies among the eddies in the wake of the ship, in order to pick up the remnants of food that are thrown overboard by the cook, being evidently one of the scavengers of the sea.

Of lovely woman when she smiles,  
 A distant hope, and still beguiles  
 The palpitating heart, whose beat  
 Proclaims the triumph of the cheat !  
 “ Land ! land ahead ! ” ’t is sweet to hear  
 That voice of Hope and still of Fear !  
 Sound whose electric chain transferr’d  
 From lip to lip glides to the soul—  
 When eager hopes outstrip the word  
 With Fancy’s wings, and reach the goal !

THE past forgot,—home—loves—and crime,  
 The Convict hails another clime—  
 Where penitent, he may reclaim  
 The Subject’s and the Christian’s name.

FROM Persecution those that fly,  
 Bless with a prayer the kinder sky  
 That will respect their treasured creed—  
 Nor wish to see God’s creature bleed  
 For *thoughts* his mind cannot deny.

AND they that roam beyond the main  
 With nought to lose, but all to gain—  
 Muse as they tramp the deck, and scheme—  
 Aye ! “ Land ahead ! ” fulfils their dream !

THE Slave ! what dream has he to bless  
 And cheer him in his wretchedness ?

'Tis not for Crime, nor Justice' sake,  
And not allured by Fortune's stake,  
That *he* has cross'd the sea a *slave* !  
And in that word Hope finds her grave.

END OF CANTO II.



## CANTO III.

## I.

THEY have torn us from our home,—  
 Torn our roots from fatherland—  
 Planted us in stranger loam—  
 Left our wounded soil to bear  
 Nettles and the choking tare !  
 Still they 'd have us bless the hand  
 Avarice guides to sow the seed—  
 Thankful that they let us feed—  
 Thankful that they let us live,  
 Galley-slaves without reprieve !  
 Thus their *mercy* hath decreed !

## II.

THE remnant of that hapless band,  
 Spared by the famine, by disease—  
 Are borne unshackled to the strand—  
 A momentary glad release !

AND now the mart of fellow-man !

The Whiteman comes to buy his kin—  
Gold glitters in his hand, nor can

Remorse delay the Slaver's sin.

They ask not—seek not what thou art—

A *man*, in flesh, in soul, in heart :

But what their avarice hath made thee,

Exclaiming : “ God's wise laws degrade thee ! ”

Therefore *Saviourless*, if black ?

Yes—the Slaver deems it so !—

Nature hurls the insult back—

Reason's scorn—Religion's throe !

O BLEST REMORSE ! thou angel sent

By Heaven's God to guard this world,

Ere final wrath on man be hurl'd,—

To scourge his soul impenitent !

Hast thou no pang for Slaver's breast ?—

No fury of the midnight hour ?—

No agony with blear unrest ?—

Art thou vanquish'd by the power

Avarice usurps in man ?

THE ordeal of Bondage is begun !

All languid—fainting—speechless—wan—

They make them walk—they make them run—

They feel their sides, their sinews span ;

As brute beasts, in some cattle-fair,

*The sinewy limb, their only care !*

Is this the complemental pain—  
 The cumulation of that curse  
 Fulminated on man's primeval stain ?.....

YET God himself spoke all the amerce :  
 " Since thou hast sinn'd, in sorrow live !  
 " Only by toil, thine earth shall give  
 " Thee, fallen one ! her herbage rude,\*  
 " Since thou hast spurn'd celestial food !"

But God unmann'd him not ; for firm,  
 Irrevocably man, his hand  
 Was sceptred still o'er sea and land !  
 As when to each distinctive term  
 Man gave, and all † by God's command.  
 Instinctive vassals bow'd in thrall,  
 Beast, bird, and reptile, humbler all !

THUS sacred awe subdues the soul,  
 What time the young ambitious moon,  
 As daring truant spurns the goal,  
 Night-scattering awhile—but soon  
 The monarch of the skies appears—  
 Sole ruler of concentric spheres.  
 For prostrate majesty is still  
 Anointed king by Heaven's will—  
 Thus angels bend adoring knee  
 To JESU in Gethsemane.

\* Gen. iii. 17, 18.

† Ibid. ii. 19, 20.

## III.

THE trial's done—the price is paid ;—  
 Ah ! see the Negro's shuddering frame !  
 Upon his breast the iron laid,  
 Brands on his flesh his master's name !\*

GASH his flesh ! no murmur dread !  
 Ye have bought him with your purse.  
 Clip the soul's sustaining thread !  
 Hungry dogs will gnaw the corse.  
 Earth will drink the Blackman's blood—  
 And your sugar-cane will bloom  
 Quicken'd by the clotting flood,  
 O'er the Blackman's gaping tomb !  
 Sing no requiem for *him*,—  
 Ye may mock his agony !  
 'T were a senseless waking dream !  
 As he lived, so let him die—  
 Cast away, debased, benighted—  
 Flower wither'd, crush'd, and blighted !  
*Semblance* only of the race—  
 Seeming man but in grimace !

LUST resistless, light thy fire—  
 Africa will feed the flame !

\* It may be necessary to state that it was usual in some islands (if not in all) to brand the name of the owner on the breast of the Negro.

Gold thou hast, the wanton sire  
 Of poor Woman's withering shame!  
 Hear her cries—but heed them not,  
 She must bend beneath her lot!  
 Conscience oft may gnaw within—  
 But she's *black*—it is no sin!  
 For her master thou art made—  
 Who shall dare thy right invade?  
 She is thine—is thine by gold—  
 Honour—Virtue with her sold!

MUST it be so? does *he* live  
 Who such agony can give?  
 Thunderbolts! why are ye slow?

Ye that Sodom sunk amain,  
 In that dismal overflow,  
 Herald of eternal pain!

HE LIVES!—

Obedient Nature grants him life,  
 Till God's behest of wrath be known.  
 Then Retribution bares her knife—  
 Then God's just Providence is shown.  
 He lives a pamper'd, crippled\* mass,  
 That Nature is compell'd to own,  
 As rank weeds of the drear morass—  
 Or charnel-house, its skeleton.

\* Gout, in its worst forms, is proverbially the Planter's disease.

FOR God, denying grace and love,  
 A vagrant suffer'd Cain to rove :  
 Nay, set a mark to shield his life,  
 Till unrepented crime was rife.

THEN comes the death-bed—test supreme  
 Of all the Godless hope a dream !

THE man is now a man—at least  
 He feels that Crime is *not* more blest  
 Than Virtue, when Death craves his feast—  
 Alike to Death, the Dove or Vulture's nest !

THE tree was green—but now 't is sear—  
 The lamp burnt brightly—now 't is dry—  
 'T was morn—'t was noon—the night is near—  
 And “ Weep-poor-Will ! ”\* with plaintive cry.

HE sees poor woman's tears, that bless  
 All that she feels are in distress—  
 He sees his children—Ah ! they *claim*  
 But are denied their father's name !  
 Disown'd !....and still bewail his lot—  
 They wring their little hands, and kiss  
 The lips that oft in health would hiss  
 And curse them with dishonour's blot !

\* “ Weep-poor-Will,” or “ Whip-poor Will,”—a bird so called from its peculiar note. Its appearance is supposed by the superstitious to forbode a death.

The innocents are furies now—

“ Away ! away !—my burning brow !

“ My limbs are rack'd ! ye goad my pains !”

They leave him,—but Remorse remains.

SHAPES frightful—each with flaming stings

Embody all his crimes—their wings

Outspread, prepared for speedy flight.

“ I did not that !” “ 'T was done at night—

“ No witness nigh !” “ Oh ! he is dead !

“ That theft will never be repaid !”

“ The Negro's blood is hot—'t is *red* \*—

“ I feel it seething ! Fiends invade !—

“ Stand off ! I'm not” .....

Yes ! he is dead !

The pillow sods beneath his head !

THUS fades, as fades the passing day,

Of mortal life, the green and flower !

April returns, but *their* decay

To bud and bloom hath not the power !

“ Weep not for us !” the flowers sing,

As Autumn wafts them on his wing,

“ For will not Spring restore the wreath

We leave to deck thy triumph, Death ?”

'T is Virtue's hope ! Beyond the tomb,

Virtue's eternal Spring shall bloom.

\* That word serves for the requisite rhyme, but the *fact* in contemplation requires it.

PRIDE stalks its hour—Lust has its flitting joy—  
 Ambition schemes and dangles with its toy—  
 And Avarice hoards for other hands to strew—  
 All, all but Virtue, find in Death a foe!  
 The bell hath toll'd—the pageant's past—  
 What is of earth to earth is cast—  
 Then “Dust to dust.”.....Night slumbers o'er  
 The good, the bad, the rich, the poor!

## IV.

THE Morn forgets the Night, for Heaven seems  
 To smile upon the Planter, and his crimes!  
 The rising sun, with all his lavish beams,  
 Awakes renew'd to bless the western climes—  
 Where Avarice, Lust, its parent, Luxury  
 Together, hand in hand, may scatter blight—  
 And shield the crimes for which the guilty die,  
 When'er the victim of their crime is *white*!

STILL 't is a clime by Nature bless'd,  
 'T is Nature's favourite caress'd.

How glad the sea-ward mariner  
 (Whilst trade-winds breathe the friendly gale  
 Uniting lands that parted were,)  
 Surveys that sisterhood of isles,  
 Smiling with Spring's immortal smiles!  
 Seeming to lean against the sky,



Like giants respited from fight !  
 Aye, giant-monuments they be  
 Of OCEAN'S mangling victory !  
 Not violent assault, but toil,  
 And patient mining heap'd the spoil—  
 From Cancer's \* sidelong summer-track,  
 Till Capricornus † drove him back.

DELIGHTED as we feel, and drink the breeze --  
 Bright skies above, around the rippling seas,  
 And many isles ! Whilst o'er their summits range  
 The shadowing clouds,—beneath, the landscapes'  
 [change.  
 Now lit by dancing gleams, now wrapt in shade,  
 The fancy feasting and the eyes delay'd—  
 Village and cot, and hill, and valleys green,  
 Start up to variegate the magic scene.

BICLEFT or pinnaced, impending hills  
 Stream liquid crystal from a thousand rills—  
 Their founts above, where endless rivers flow,  
 Ne'er cramp'd by frost, nor shrivell'd into snow.

\* The Summer-solstice.

† The Winter-solstice. The author supposes the islands in both hemispheres to have been mainly formed by the movements of the ocean through countless ages;—those movements being the effect of the earth's equatorial motion, but in a contrary direction and with respect to the poles, viz. borne to, and reflected from the tropic of Cancer and the tropic of Capricorn, alternately.—See the Note.

Thirst, sea-ward thirst, beholds the treasure sink,  
As gold in miser's purse, to ocean's brink !

A TROPIC ISLE is rising from the sea !  
Athena-like\* in martial panoply,  
She fronts the storm with adamant, and keeps  
For foes her culverins where lightning sleeps.  
But friends may pass. The curtain mounts, and  
[wide  
Displays a Cosmorame on land or tide.

HIGH ammirals, three-deckers' cannon'd breast,  
Look ready war, and bear their country's crest—  
Protect the peaceful traders, prop of gain  
From many a clime,—Gaul, Britain, Gothland,†  
[Spain,  
The land of “ Freedom,” and the Baltic main.  
Some steadfast at their anchors ride, and yield,  
Or stow the treasures of the mine or field.

\* Athena, or Minerva. She sprung full-grown and armed from Jupiter's brain. The preceding description is of the *distant* aspect of the islands. What follows is the *arrival*. All the islands that the author has visited have forts built on an eminence jutting into the ocean. *St. Bartholomew* has no less than three. The description applies more or less to all the islands ; but he has had in view that of *ST. THOMAS*, the Liverpool of the Western Archipelago.

† Germany. The author has taken the liberty to use that name, in memory of the conquerors of Rome, under Alaric.

A scene of busy life! "Hand over hand!"\*  
 The Tritons' song re-echoes o'er the land,—  
 The shrill blocks scream, the sounding billows foam  
 Beneath the prow that preens her wings for home ;  
 Or seeks the port, her many perils o'er,  
 And cheers the merchant with expected store.  
 Canoes and skiffs, with oar or leaning sail  
 Contending who shall first the stranger hail :  
 Friend seeks his friend, and Industry, employ†—  
 "What news? what news?" the stranger's first  
[annoy.
 Nor mars Hope's honey-moon! she bids him stay,  
 Smiles virgin-smiles—presents the casket ‡ gay,  
 Accepted, but still closed—till wanton eyes  
 Are sated with the maid's amenities !

OH! here POMONA ends her pilgrimage,  
 Spreads Islands of the Blessed, a golden age!  
 Peace treasures rest for man, and earth supplies,  
 Untax'd, his barns—with gratitude to skies,  
 That bless her with their showers and their dews ;  
 The fruits man needs her breast shall ne'er refuse.

\* "Hand over Hand!" the chorus-song of the sailors in discharging the cargo.

† Viz. Commission-merchants, fishermen, washerwomen, who come on board with their respective tenders.

‡ *Pandora's* interesting present to *Epimetheus*, which corresponds so strikingly with Lucifer's gift to man, and serves so well to illustrate the fate of immigrants to the West.

Content, unforced, to man her golden sheaves  
 (The cruel plough unknown) she freely gives.  
 Renew'd as man in flesh and blood by food,  
 She moults no leaf, until its brotherhood  
 Peep imminent, as babes from mother's arms,  
 And quaff, to *them* resign'd, her latent charms.

THEN speeds the periodic flood.\* The clouds,  
 (As dying saints dissolved, resign their shrouds  
 To mother earth, their spirits free, supreme !)  
 Again their kindred greet in sea and stream.  
 Long was their pilgrimage! drove back—propell'd,  
 O'er screaming wrecks, volcanoes, forests fell'd ;  
 Saharas, syrtes, straits, and busy towns,  
 Now smiling fleeces, now electric frowns ;  
 Convolved, in shreds, a lion, tower, man—  
 A trackless continent, and then a span !  
 A gauze that gold, bright blue, and red adorn,  
 The veil of drowsy eve and bashful morn—  
 And now the tropic waterman ! Descend !  
 Spring's welcome messenger, and Nature's friend !  
 Children of ocean—parents of the streams—  
 The sun their father ;—now they screen his beams :  
 (As gentle children, wrathful parents oft,)  
 He yields the earth to them, and flames aloft.

\* The rainy season. It varies in duration from five to eight weeks, during which time the sun is "shorn of his beams,"—seeming from time to time as if about to awake, but again overpowered by drowsiness.

ANTAGONIST electric free the captive thaws,  
 The rumbling thunders roar, and growl applause.  
 Streams spread to seas, and crannies swell to streams,  
 Forget their pebbles and the scorcher's beams.  
 Clouds chasing clouds, as thoughts in Fancy's dell—  
 Thoughts chasing thoughts, till Reason breaks the  
 A nurse to man as Dirce\* to a God— [spell.  
 To mountains, kingly realms, the valley's sod—  
 Sweets to the universe they kindly fling ;  
 And now they bloom the tropic Summer-spring.  
 A ceaseless flood of joy their eyes have wept,  
 Till twice the moon hath waked, and shone, and slept.  
 The kind Sultana decks with diamonds gay  
 By night her rival, Sultan-deck'd by day !  
 Unjealous still she shines with sweetest sheen,  
 Pure as the purest sigh of love serene.  
 Attendant Venus, † prodigal of light,  
 Leads to her couch the lady of the night.

ONE lovely season calendars the year ;  
 Unfading Summer dreads no Autumn-sear.  
 Summer and Spring united hand in hand—  
 The nymphs of Tempe with their choral band.

\* The nymph that nursed the infant Bacchus.

† That planet is remarkably bright in the West—appearing to supply the place of the moon. Indeed the deficiency of twilight is amply compensated by the brilliancy of all the heavenly bodies, whose rays find a ready transmission through the clear serene atmosphere of the islands.

Fragrance bedew'd the lily and the rose  
 In jealous beauty, ne'er their eyelids close.\*

THE virgin jasmine woo'd by evening gales,  
 Opes her sweet breast, the lover's bliss exhales.  
 Whilst constant Heliotrope † with anxious eye  
 Pursues her fickle swain, and droops to die !  
 'Tis woman's unrequited love ! she swore  
 In bliss ; deserted,—still she loves the more !

HERE teeming Nature wreathes her smiles. From  
 [trees,  
 From shrub, from vine—the land, the living seas,—  
 She generously stores her lap. The vine  
 Drips rosy dew-drops from her pendant bine :  
 Ananas ‡ yield their perfumes to the sky,  
 Their nectar to the feast of Luxury.

IMMORTAL Plantain ! first a fragment clove, §  
 Becomes a tree, and then a thick-set grove !  
 The parent dies, the axe must cleave the stem,  
 All useless now—but needs no requiem—  
 She dies like Phœnix ! sprouts unnumber'd rise—  
 To grow, to teem, to die their destinies !

\* Blooming all the year.

† The sun-flower—it closes and droops in the evening.

‡ Pine-apples—in the islands they grow in open fields.

§ Plantains are propagated by small sprouts being cloven from the trunk.

And milk for man, whilst Theobromas \* still,  
 Manioc † transforms her poison into meal !  
 Guyava ‡ spares the dairy-maid's employ,  
 Yields triple sweets, lest daintiness should cloy.

CRESTED, in rank and file, substantial Maize ! §  
 Man's body-guard,—her trust she ne'er betrays.  
 Nor thou unsung, soft vegetable thread ! ||  
 Here Nature spins thee, Winter's fleece instead ;  
 And wayward Taste shall stranger charms bestow,  
 Madder, and chilka, fustic, indigo. ¶

\* The Coco-trees, whence chocolate, the portable soup of travellers between the tropics. *Theobroma* is the botanical name (Θεος god ; βρωμα food)—in fact it is but another name for *Ambrosia*, the food of the gods, as *Nectar* was their drink.

† The *Cassava*, or *Cassada*. Such is the poisonous nature of its juice, that it has been known to destroy life in a few minutes. The Indians used it to poison their Spanish persecutors ; but when it is subjected to the action of heat, it becomes a very wholesome food in the shape of *meal*. By boiling, the cassava-juice is also made into an excellent sauce for fish. Its botanical name is *Iatropa*.

‡ The Guava or *guyava* is about as large as a peach or small pear. It makes an excellent sweet soup or stew, marmalade, and jelly, which last is used like *butter*—a very good substitute in a climate where butter is almost always liquified by the heat.

§ The *Indian-corn*, or *Zea-mays*. Two crops are obtained in a season ; and six weeks are sufficient for the full growth of some of the species.

|| The Cotton-plant. " Cotton, though it differs but little from linen, approaches nearer to the nature of woollen ; and on that account must be esteemed as the next best substitute of which clothing may be made."—*Sir R. Phillips*.

¶ *Violet, green, yellow, blue*—the common dyes.

Whate'er thy dress, thine origin the same—  
 Thus Charity points to whence her blessings came.  
 Though man's best fig-leaf in his fallen state,  
 Like homely bliss, too *cheap* for rich or great !  
 Arise, Pimento \*—treasury of spice !  
 Pandora of the grove, without her vice.  
 Kiss every gale, and leave the fragrant kiss—  
 'T will spread unspent, not waste thy loveliness.

HERE blooms Cahouah, † Amalthea's breast,  
 The nymph by grateful Jove with plenty bless'd.  
 And here Nicotiana ‡—fume divine !  
 A gift of Nature—praise be therefore thine !  
 Abused (as Noah's wine) a secret foe—  
 But used (as friendship) yields a cheering glow—  
 Like soothing Melon, noon's delicious spring !  
 Here reigns the Western Palm § with spreading wing,  
 Whose juice is drink, whose jellied pulp is meat—  
 Whose interlacing leaves defend from heat,  
 And cleanly mats spread carpets for the feet.  
 Thine is the cable tugging 'gainst the gale,  
 Thy branch a mast, thy fibres weave the sail ;  
 A needle from thy kernel's bony rind

\* *Jamaica-pepper*, or *allspice*—*Eugenia pimenta*.

† The *Coffee-tree*. *Cahouah* is the original Arabic—it means *strength* or *vigour*.

‡ *Tobacco*.

§ The *Cocoa-nut-tree* ; all the uses of which are given in the text.



Shall sew it ;—cordage from thy husk shall bind—  
*Thyself* the bark !.... What fails thee but the wind ?

THERE the amphibious Mangrove\* drinks the brine,  
 Still green with healthy sap her branches shine !  
 Where oft the storm-chased Heron † shall recruit,  
 Whilst Jew-fish ‡ bank around her sea-girt root !  
 Lift it—behold the diver all bestrown  
 With suckling pearls,—adopted,—not her own !

HESPERIAN apples bloom, and bless the breeze,  
 But dragonless, nor need a Hercules—  
 The fenceless Orange waits the traveller's hand—  
 Pomona's emblem in her tropic land !  
 The gentle nymph disdains the cruel Cane,  
 In shape a skeleton, and oft a stain §

\* One of the most curious trees in this island (Jamaica) is the Mangrove. Its element is the ocean, along whose margin it grows, taking root in the sands, and shooting its numerous stems downwards, so as to form a thickly-planted natural palisado. The depth of water where it grows is sometimes from two to three feet, and its height from fifteen to twenty feet. Those parts of the stems which are below the water are often covered with a small species of oyster, which explains the paradox of *oysters growing upon trees*.—*Stewart*.

† An aquatic bird, that migrates in flocks from the island of Cuba. It is commonly called the white galding.—*Ibid*.

‡ I am not able to say what induced the islanders thus to christen (if I may so speak) those fishes; they are certainly among the “fattest of the land,” or rather of the sea.

§ In allusion to the red streak seen in the cane.

Of what seems streaking blood, she sees,  
 And shuddering departs to kinder trees.  
 And well she may! for in its drying straw  
 The hungry Chigoe \* broods, and sharps her claw,  
 To charnel-house the hapless pilgrim's feet,  
 Incautious treading where she waits her meat.  
 Nor lacks she speed—for creeping, frequent stride,  
 Though short, like whisp'ring Scandal, travels wide.

BUT roam the wild, to muse, to see, to hear  
 All Nature in her universal prayer!  
 The congregation of the bosky dell  
 That hath its king,† its preacher,‡ and its bell!§  
 Its sly assassin || in the moonlight clear—  
 Its living grave the tropic scavenger!¶  
 Or scent, or sight, unerring guides his way,  
 Or thou that art man's father, foul Decay! \*\*

\* A little insect, that pioneers her way into the flesh between the toes, on the hand, and in the soles of the feet. If neglected she soon multiplies, and a putrid sore is the consequence.

† The crested cassique, *Oriolus cristatus*.

‡ A South American bird, so called.

§ The *Campanero*, a bird that perfectly imitates the sound of a bell.

|| The owl, that preys in the twilight or during moonlight nights. It steals upon its victim unawares.

¶ The vulture, which performs important services in hot climates by devouring carcases that would otherwise be a source of offensive and noxious exhalations.

\*\* "I have said to Corruption, Thou art my father." Job, xvii. 14.

SOCIETY, whose wars are ever just,  
 Its love co-ordinate, and never lust.  
 Its laws unlearn't, still never disobey'd ;  
 Each lives for self, and still no trust's betray'd.  
 Distinct, or like,—still recognised by sight,  
 Or by a note of sorrow or delight.  
 Words they pronounce articulate and clear,  
 A moan—a call—a question to the ear !\*  
 But most are silent ; for to them belong  
 The blaze of Beauty, not the soul of Song.  
 When twilight whispers love, meek Nightingale !  
 What are their splendours to thine artless tale ?  
 Thus woman's beauty paints a heartless toy,—  
 A leaf of gold on weightless base alloy !

THE cunning builders shine their life away,  
 All rainbow-spectres of the solar ray !  
 Aye fancy revels o'er thine elfin wing  
 Unearthly Colibry ! the mine shall bring  
 To thee its ruby, topaz, every gem—  
 Humming the while upon thy aloe-stem.†

\* A moan—"Weep-poor-Will," is the note of the *caprimulgus grandis*.—A call—"Will-come-go," is the call of the *caprimulgus acutus*.—A question—"Who are you?" is the cry of the *caprimulgus guianensis*.

† The *Humming-bird*. Trinidad is famous for the number and variety of its humming-birds. I think thirty-nine varieties have been collected, from the size of the humble bee to that of the sky-lark, and of the most gorgeous and splendid colours that light and shade can produce."—*Halliday*. They prefer the *aloe-tree*.

Complacent suns shall burnish all, and Jove,  
Meekly disguised,\* shall woo thee in the grove!

THUS Nature blessing, gaily walks the land—  
Strewing her blessings, still she fills her hand!  
What though the Sun, her minister to all,  
Obedient scorches, reckless, vertical?  
Her other minister, the cooling Deep,  
Fans gentle zephyrs till her evening sleep.  
Then warmer grown herself, she sleeps in calm,  
Whilst grateful Earth administers the balm.  
For God who gave a colder clime to find  
Where He a comfort for the hearth design'd,—  
Set free, himself, “with healing in its wing.”†  
The sea and land-breeze, 'neath the burning Ring!‡

## V.

THUS Nature bless'd—but Sin hath curst the West—  
Transform'd her garden to a house of pest!  
What seems so fair—the Dead Sea's apples dead—  
That Hunger grasps, but finds them dust, not bread!

\* The disguises of Jupiter in his amours were very numerous. Perhaps the most interesting was the one he assumed to woo the diminutive daughter of an Asiatic king: viz. the form of an ant. Her name was Clitoris.

† Mal. iv. 2.

‡ The equatorial regions enjoy the perpetual alternation of breezes, blowing from the sea by day, and from the land by night. The phenomenon is explained in the Notes.

Thousands deceived—deceived are thousands still,  
 Seeking the god of gold ! Perverted will  
 Bridges the deep—and soon the pilgrims hail  
 His luring shrine—they breathe the incense-gale—  
 The golden shower falls ?...Go—see their grave !  
 'T will tell you, Be content with what you have !  
 The digger there (he digs for worms to reap)  
 Shall catalogue the sleepers sound and deep—  
 Shall catalogue the picture's *other* side—  
 'T is more than other *half* when sorrows tide !  
 Shall tell you, *once* dread Dysenteries \* gloom  
 For warning—*twice*, forbode thy coming doom !  
 Shall warn you,—if a thorn your flesh divide,  
 The fest'ring wound deep spreads its poison wide,  
 And wasteful gangrene then, bespeaks your bier—  
 Your friends afar, impatient strangers near !  
 Ague, catarrh, swell'd limbs, foul leprosy—  
 But all are mercies, pest of pests to *thee* !  
 From marshes where the venom'd viper sleeps,  
 Exterminator, YELLOW FEVER, leaps !

His helmet is a crannied skull, upon  
 Whose hairless arch is seen a vulture darting—  
 Flapping his wings, the carrion banquet done,—  
 When the keen nerves have ceased their stubborn  
 [smarting,  
 And the reluctant soul from flesh is parting.

\* That disease rarely attacks oftener than twice ; the second attack is generally fatal.—See the Notes.

And beaming o'er his outstretched neck, a crown  
 Begemm'd and gorgeous—whilst the proud enheart'-  
 [ning

Motto, blazing the night, proclaims RENOWN

UNTO THE CONQUEROR!....A bitter, ghastly frown  
 Falls from his visage—'t is the freezing chills,

Shot from a cloud where broods the pregnant Pest  
 Arching the tropics—when the seaman feels

The stagnant blood around his heartstrings press'd,  
 And urgent Death to Fever bares his breast.

Dark booming o'er the land, Death strikes his prey,

Whilst men are sleeping in a fatal rest,  
 As Egypt when the angel pass'd—and day  
 Burthens the weeping paths, that wend to Golgotha!\*

WHAT friend will shield thee from the conqueror's  
 [might?

Thy *gold*, in life deem'd firmest, first in flight!

Thy kin, companions, leave thee at the grave!

Thy works alone, if proof, stand fast, and crave

(Ne'er lost, but gone before) thy Maker's grace.

To *them* in life or death, he turns his face.

THEN wilt thou speed to stranger climes afar?

Presume to mount a Phaeton's devious car?

Flying from Poverty, thy Pride disdains;

Scorn what thou hast—thy frugal honest gains—

\* Which is, being interpreted, the place of a skull.—St. Mark, xv.

Let Passions be thy steeds, thy car Desire—  
 Drive trackless, and unmapp'd, through fields of fire—  
 Thy stars are bright ! Grow rich at once ! Command  
 Ships on the sea, and slaves upon the land—  
 Have power, and wealth to purchase smiles from all,  
 And parasites to crowd thine open hall !  
 Art thou content ? Is not thy pride the same ?  
 Nay, loftier risen on the prop of fame !  
 Aye there thy misery began, and there  
 It ends in hopeless, canker'd, bleak despair !  
 But grant thy griefs are many, pleasures few—  
 Thy lot is *man's*, if what's reveal'd be true !  
 Hast pined like Job ? Behold his sorrows end :  
 Hast wept like Mara ? \*—God will give a friend ! †

THOU art a little fish to swim the deep  
 Where mightier ones invade, but God shall keep ;  
 Shall screen *thy* helplessness, or blast *their* wrath  
 Maelstroms for them, for thee a Red-Sea path !  
 A bird He fledged, but gave thee not to know,  
 (Else than his general Providence may show)  
 Whether on hill, in dale, on ocean, stream,  
 Thou mayst *be* better, though it better seem.

\* “ And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi ; call me Mara : for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.”  
 Ruth, i. 20.

† “ And the woman said unto Naomi, Blessed be the Lord, which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel.”—Ibid. iv. 14.

Hear not the Syrens of deceitful Pride !  
 Lash thyself fast, the captain by thy side,—  
 Contented Reason—where thy God shall dwell,  
 And Tobit's \* incense dissipate the spell.  
 Asmodeus shall fly before thy face,  
 If Sarah's humble worth thy pride replace.  
 An humble worth, that builds no human hope,  
 As avalanche above an Alpine slope.  
 Virtue and toil—the surest alchemy,  
 If but contented with thy God's decree :  
 Millions and Vice will leave thee very poor,—  
 Thy millions cannot buy Remorse a cure !

Go ! ask the Slaver—ask the Planter—ask  
 His jovial sons—Ah ! what they *feel* they mask !  
 Shall Bacchanalian rout—the fatal dice,  
 And loveless concubines, shall these entice ?

OH ! better be the Slave, to toil forlorn,  
 Than live thy Passion's slave—thy Reason's scorn !  
 Be born to eat, to drink, to sleep, to lust—  
 Then as a lamp extinguish'd by a gust !  
 Thine earth unknown, the wisdom of the sky—  
 Thyself still more—thy duties,—destiny—  
 And most thy God, who, tuning sky and earth,  
 Finds thee a screeching discord from thy birth !

\* As this name occurs in that portion of the Scriptures which is considered Apocryphal by some, the text will be fully explained in the Notes, should the allusion be not understood.



By thee, perverted all his gifts! in streams  
 Earth blasted, pestilential poison teems!  
 Gold! Gold thine aim! for gold is life betray'd  
 To ceaseless, racking toil; her sweets delay'd  
 Till thou art *rich enough*—thy fortune made!

BUT when the stalk its heaviest load shall bear,  
 Glitt'ring its brightest—Summer's scythe is near:  
 The reaper comes! will prayers—will tears avail?  
 Its very fulness dooms it to the flail!

THE harvest is, as it has grown—or chaff,  
 Or bread,—man's footstool, or his pilgrim-staff.

STILL thou art gather'd!....What hast left behind?  
 Some gold—a manor, to the law resign'd—  
 A wife, perchance, (some venture on a wife—  
 For love, good Jacob—Socrates for strife—  
 A *Rachel*\* or *Xantippe*,† still *for life*!)  
 And children—granted—Nature's kindest gift!  
 Hast weighed the terms, perceived the scope, the  
 [drift?

\* "And Jacob loved Rachel; and said, I will serve thee seven years for Rachel thy younger daughter.—"Gen. xxix. 18.

† The wife of Socrates, remarkable for her ill-humour and peevish disposition, which have become proverbial. Some suppose that the philosopher was acquainted with her moroseness and insolence before he married her, and that he took her for his wife *to try his patience*, and to inure himself to the malevolent reflections of mankind!—a self-denial most philosophical, but certainly most unpoetical, and very *Christian* in a heathen.

Hast led them by the hand, to God on high—  
 In wisdom creeping, walking—now to fly  
 Without the parent-wing, alone, but strong,  
 'Mid stormy Poverty and crushing Wrong?

IF not—why hast thou lived—indulged a *crime*,  
 That *thou* in death, *they* must lament in time?  
 The innocents in mental blindness grope  
 Their friendless way,—and see each setting hope  
 Pass like the rainbow with delusive cheat—  
 Oft disappointed, still the spell repeat!  
 Hoping to-day, to-morrow, to be bless'd,—  
 A phantom born and dying in the breast!  
 As some poor maiden whose beclouded light,  
 Eclipsed too early by a mornless night,  
 Dreams of the firmament, its million eyes—  
 And hopes that they for her may some day rise;  
 Thinks of the fields, the flowers, and the streams,  
 If they are all so fair as oft she dreams—  
 Asks if the little birds that chirp in Spring,  
 Are all as gaily feather'd as they sing?  
 Thinks that the face of Friendship must be fair,  
 Since all her fond heart sees should mantle there!  
 Thus may they live, sweet Pity's cherish'd guest—  
 Or roam forlorn in early graves to rest!

THE father's folly punish'd in the child!  
 'Tis even so—God will not be reviled.  
 All Nature's bliss is based on laws fulfill'd—

Man's reproductive laws are not repeal'd.  
 The parents in the child regenerate live—  
 Both have a lasting heritage to give.  
 Co-operating in the scheme divine,  
 If they in Virtue, Wisdom, Health, combine :  
 But ruinously hostile to a law,  
 (In which no special pleading finds a flaw)—  
 When both, or one deficient, they presume  
 To curse with life, anathemas of doom !  
 Or else is wedlock but a trade—its bliss  
 A sensual pastime—Prostitution's kiss !

THE end of holy wedlock is not self—  
 A pleasure to be sold and bought by pelf ;  
 But 'tis a contract Nature signs with thee,—  
 And as 'tis worded shall thy children be.

SHAME of Humanity—Nature's disgrace,  
 The Libertine shall run his lustful race ;  
 Desires sated generate disease—  
 His mind a wreck—wasted his energies—  
 And then shall wed—to germ a Socrates !....

THE father must be sound—the mother too—  
 This Nature needs, to prove her wisdom true.  
 For Socrates beheld his sons despise,  
 As erring satellites *his* brilliant skies.  
 Was it the luckless turning of the dice ?  
 No ;—'t was Xantippe gave them all her vice.

MAN cannot change man's nature. Nature's rule  
 Obey'd or spurn'd, she yield's a sage or fool,  
 (Vice is but folly) and a tree or dog—  
 Man *breeds* a hound or cur—and shapes a log ;  
 But more he cannot do, e'en should he please !  
 The fool, the vicious are imperfect trees,  
 Or curs, with more or less of this or that—  
 Too dry, too moist, too meagre, or too fat.  
 Instruction modifies, Religion clips—  
 Still in her stubborn torpor Nature sleeps !  
 Then see a Jerome raging 'gainst himself—  
 Or Ananias satanized by pelf—  
 And heartless Judas !....

STILL did CHRIST endure  
 The man that preaching miracles could not cure !  
 And God had spared a Sodom, had there been  
 But ten just men exempt from Sodom's sin !

EXAMPLES speak. Perchance these clearly tell  
 That vice is not a mere magician's spell  
 That we may break or counter-charm by lips—  
 "So be it;—it is done !" the serpent slips ;—  
 Hands cannot hold it;—round the neck, the legs,  
 Living it glides, escapes, and drops its eggs.  
 Through generations battling, never slain—  
 Its steadfast arsenal, the human brain !  
 "Society lives on," the worldly-wise  
 Exclaim !—Nay, only *seems* to live, and dies—

Like rotten stems, with branching foliage bright,  
Where congregate the prey-birds of the night !

BUT Nature needs the Good—a living prayer,  
Their deeds mount up to Heaven—blossom there—  
And shed their fragrance o'er their brothers here.  
Egypt had Joseph—Christendom has CHRIST.

WHEN good men fail, all Nature is chastised.  
Her harmony is marr'd, and Discord rules  
The motley concert of misguided fools.  
Ambition, Avarice, lawless Pride invent  
The score of each discordant instrument—  
Whilst Mammon stands aloof, and waves his wand,  
The Corypheus of the Bedlam-band !

THEN must we banish to the Poet's dream  
The *fact*, that Nature's bliss was once supreme ?  
That God seem'd *all* good once, as He remains,  
In spite of fancied and of real pains ?  
Reader of Nature ! 't is from nature's *health*,  
Not her *disease*, the child of Pride and Wealth,  
That thou may'st learn the destiny of Man—  
*Fallen*, but still of God, as he began !  
Turn to the fields, the skies, the sea;—confess  
That the Divinity *design'd* to bless.  
Nay, what shall seem a curse, his blessing is—  
A medicine to cure thy maladies.  
Expand the noble mind—expand the heart—

See Love and Reason link'd in every part !  
 In every part whereon *their* pillars rise,  
 Support God's temple 'neath its roof, the skies.  
 Man, the great Pontiff—Love, the holocaust—  
 Good deeds, the incense, burnt, but never lost !  
 Since to Creation's *least*, recorded where  
*Deeds* are the best, the most efficient prayer.  
 Preserving and preserved, God's will for all—  
 Consuming and consumed, the humbler call  
 Of creatures reasonless that live to die—  
 Their life a sunbeam, and their death a sigh !  
 Still needed in their little way—to sing,  
 To glitter, feed, and serve—Eternal Ring,  
 Whose centre and circumference is God !

HE frowns !—the lightning strikes—the mountains  
 HE smiles—all creatures bless his holy name. [nod !  
 Some scathed—some spared—still all must bless  
 [the same.

The *means* exhibited, the *end* conceal'd—  
 If we were God, the end would be reveal'd.  
 But circumscribed in knowledge as in power,  
 Whilst daisies sip, but know not whence the  
 [shower—  
 Whilst daisies thirst, but know not whence the  
 [drought—  
 Still Man can pinnacle aspiring thought,—  
 And trace dispensing God to whence he streams  
 The blessing shower, and the parching beams.



Poor in the things that Misers may demand—  
 But rich in thoughts of good, my soul ! expand.  
 Be thine to love thy fellow-man—to shed  
 The tear of sympathy—to share thy bread  
 With all that's Man—and *thus* to love thy God—  
 To bless Humanity, as rain the sod ;—  
 Or as a softly flowing spring that stills  
 Where oft the thirsty pilgrim leans, and fills,  
 From out its silent but refreshing stream,  
 His little shell beneath the noonday-beam.  
 Thus, thus may'st thou the Christian's pledge redeem.  
 Open thy hand, thy God above shall see—  
 Shall bless the deed, approve thy Charity ;  
 Like the Samaritan unknown, unseen,  
 Be Charity thy beacon and thy screen.  
 If Man's ingrate, Humanity is not—  
 Ingratitude's by selfishness begot.  
 Seek not for gratitude—but seek a friend ;—  
 That friend, Humanity, her aid shall lend,  
 When he that stings or blesses thee may fail !  
*Her* voice will mount, and with thy God prevail.  
 Then Angels shall thy deeds in triumph sing—  
 And thy reward from the Approver bring.

His eye discerns who charitably give  
 From those who yearn, Man's praises to receive.  
 Be thine to think thy good deed *Providence*—  
 'T is theirs to think their mock'ries heathen *Chance*.  
 'No ;—there are Angels walking Earth's expanse—



Some are to curse, but many more to bless—  
 God's own ambassadors to soothe Distress.  
 For if they scourge, we bless the scourging rod—  
 Since it is softened by the hand of God ;  
 And if ye bless us, Seraphim or Man !  
 It is from GOD alone that bless ye can.

PASS ON, proud Pharisee ! reserve thy deed  
 Till men can see and bless thee with its meed !  
 Despise the Beggar's blessing, or his curse ;  
 For Pomp and Flatterers reserve thy purse !  
 " He that pities the Poor, to Heaven lends "—  
 And thus, the Good Man makes the Poor his friends.  
 Be his the maxim, his the hope, the prize ;  
 Thine, both the prize and maxim to despise !  
 A day, a month, a year, *thy* triumph lead—  
 Eternity's the term for *his* decreed !  
 The Vain despised him ; still he walk'd his way,  
 And treasured deeds he knew would not decay.  
 He flung his bread upon the running stream,\*  
 Truth told him 't would return—it proved no dream.  
 Just, merciful, he firmly look'd on Death—  
 Angels were near, received his parting breath.  
 In probity tho' frail—still based above,  
 Soaring with love reflected, still with love—

\* " Cast thy bread upon the waters ; for thou shall find it after many days. Give a portion to seven, and also to eight ; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth."—Eccl. xi. 1, 2.

He spurn'd the Miser's gold-concealing sod,  
 Resign'd the creature for the creature's God.  
 The World's applause he sought not ;—still his name  
 Like early love is sigh'd, thrills thro' the frame—  
 The sparkling tremor of a heart that feels  
 More than the eloquence of lips reveals—  
 When words fail thoughts, and only tears can speak,  
 And lend interpretation to the cheek  
 That glows and fades, and glows and fades again,  
 The heart thus alternating joy and pain !  
 The pain that grateful hearts must ever feel,  
 Since they can ne'er perform what prompts the will—  
 With generous envy of that noble heart  
 That God permits his blessings to impart !  
 Oh yes!—a good man is Religion's fence—  
 The *proof* that God exists,—of Providence.  
 Hope then, forlorn of Earth ! be cheer'd, poor Slave !  
 Earth has her Boaz \*—Abraham the Grave.†

\* “ And Boaz said unto her, At meal-time, come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar. And she sat beside the reapers; and he reached her parched corn, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left. And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not; and let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them; and rebuke her not.”—*Ruth*, ii. 14—16.

† “ And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.”—*Luke*, xvi. 22.

## VI.

EARLY a-field the Drivers lead  
 The Planter's slaves—unused to toil,  
 Save in the dear paternal mead.  
 God's evening dewdrops bless'd the soil—  
 It gave them fruit. He said "'t was good :"  
 And they were free to sleep and sing,  
 And eat God's frugal Manna-food,  
 And kiss their babes, and join the ring,  
 And trip the merry hours away—  
 In dark or sunshine—Virtue's day.

For God can bless a wilderness !

Where'er Love builds her humble cot  
 Kind Heaven gives the Savage bliss—  
 Love and his food denies him not.  
 Ah ! we have known that heavenly treasure !  
 Tho' poor still happy in the wild—  
 'T was Heaven's own teeming, fullest measure  
 The love that then our toils beguiled !  
 It is not love we feel in *thee*,  
 Cruel, unjust captivity !  
 Oh ! give us to the wild again !  
 The River's bank—the roofless plain,  
 With love enjoy'd in Liberty !  
 It was barbaric ; still 't was true,—  
 For Nature breathed its extasies !  
 Root, branch, and stem unscathed it grew—

It was the ivy 'neath the skies,  
 That shares with its loved parent-tree,  
 The raging blast, the friendly calm :—  
 Earth's least alloy'd felicity,  
 Beneath our centenary Palm !

Nor guided by the Whiteman's light,  
 (All clouded by his love for gold)  
 Belike we walk'd in savage night ! . . . . .  
 Still, still by Nature's laws controll'd,  
 Accordant with our Fathers' creed :  
*They* said not, " As we *say*, do *you*—  
 But as we *do*, do *not* ! " . . . their deed,  
 Their faith and hope were like in hue.  
 Ye darken'd on our fated coast,  
 Led by the ruthless Fury that pursues  
 All Nations like a haunting ghost,  
 When Guardian Angels aid refuse.  
 Ye taught us to enslave—to sell  
 The captive of the Victor's bow—  
 Ah ! had we known your distant hell—  
 We never would have spared the blow !  
 But ye instill'd your Avarice deep,  
 As poison from the silent steel.  
 Ye soothed our consciences to sleep  
 Beneath the magic of the seal  
 Your Gold stamp'd on the savage breast—  
 And then could justify the deed,  
 Self-styled the *friends* of men distress'd,

Who otherwise, in death would bleed !  
 How felt the Slave that *knew* her fate ?  
 Clogg'd with her chains, she spoke by sighs,  
 The tears down gushing as she sate—  
 Till frantic grief burst into cries,—  
 “ *There* is my country ! ”—hers no more !  
 “ *There* I was born ! ” . . . . . The evening fell,  
 The night-wind howling from the shore,  
 As Fatherland's lamenting knell.

STILL 't was a hope to Memory dear,  
 Tho' doom'd so far to roam !  
 That soon the long-wish'd dawn would cheer  
 The exiles from their home !  
 The Brother's ardent wish, the tear  
 That Sisters shed as Autumn-sear !

STILL 't was a hope, a soothing dream,  
 By fond affection fed—  
 Aye, 't was the hope of Summer-gleam  
 Ere Winter's frost has fled !  
 'T will flow at last the gladsome stream,—  
 And all the land with joy shall teem !

STILL 't was the hope of steadfast love,  
 Tho' distant, still 't was near !  
 Nor winds, nor seas, as Love can rove  
 For those we hold most dear !  
 E'er by their side, at each remove—  
 In rest, in watching, like the Dove !

O MEMORY of better days !  
 Why lingerest thou, enduring spell !  
 Can thought supply past Summer's rays  
 To them that in North Winters dwell ?  
 Wherefore recall a bliss that's fled ?  
 'Tis strewing flowers on the dead—  
 'Tis watering a wither'd tree—  
 To dream of bliss in misery !

AND yet what sorrow can efface,—  
 Poor Mother of that hapless race !—  
 That memory so sweet, so dear,  
 That once thy little ones were near—  
 Were thine ; and thus were happy, free !  
 Slept on thy breast, play'd on thy knee—  
 Hung on thy lip,—their father nigh,  
 His arm all insult to defy ;—  
 His heart, a father's, to provide,  
 To love, instruct, to cheer, to chide !  
 But spare the vain delusive sigh,  
 Its echo will be mockery !  
 Tell weeping angels all thy woe—  
 Tell kindly spirits as they roam  
 What time the midnight lamp shall glow—  
*They* will lament thy ruin'd home.  
 But let thy master ne'er descry  
 Thy falling tear, nor hear thee sigh.—  
 Poor captive bird ! of freedom dream,  
 Then wake and weep the real tear !

Aye, 't is like thine, *her* requiem !  
*Her* lot is thine—for should she rear  
 Her little comforts 'neath her wings—  
 And fill their open beaks, and hear  
 Their grateful chirp for what she brings,  
 Each, ere it cease to need her wing—  
 Ere it hath learnt its note to sing—  
 Each, one by one, is torn away !  
 Disjointed love !—one member here—  
 Another there, and everywhere  
 But 'neath *her* wing, where it was bless'd  
 With love and care,—its mother's breast !  
 Aye, thus to thee, a mother's name  
 All joyless, hopeless, never brings  
 A charm, as tho' from God it came !  
 It yields what e'en the father stings,—  
 To expiate its parents' blame !  
 Breathed with a curse, its fatal breath,  
 Maranatha ! from birth to death !

O MOTHER'S love ! tho' ills betide,  
 Blessing and blest—the mother's pride !  
 Thy well-known hand, thy melting eyes  
 That sweetly soothe thine infant's cries—  
 Thy sweet lips quivering as they speak—  
 Thy care, pale, tear-dew'd, anxious cheek—  
 Thy throbbing heartstrings' fitful beat,  
 That echo from thy love's retreat !  
 Sweet guardian angel Nature gave

My cradled helplessness to shield,  
 Singing the while a soothing stave,  
 'Till all my little woes were heal'd.  
 Thine own blest milk indulged, to prove  
 That thou wouldst merit all my love.  
 Nor fear'd that God would fail to give  
 Strength for the strength I did receive.

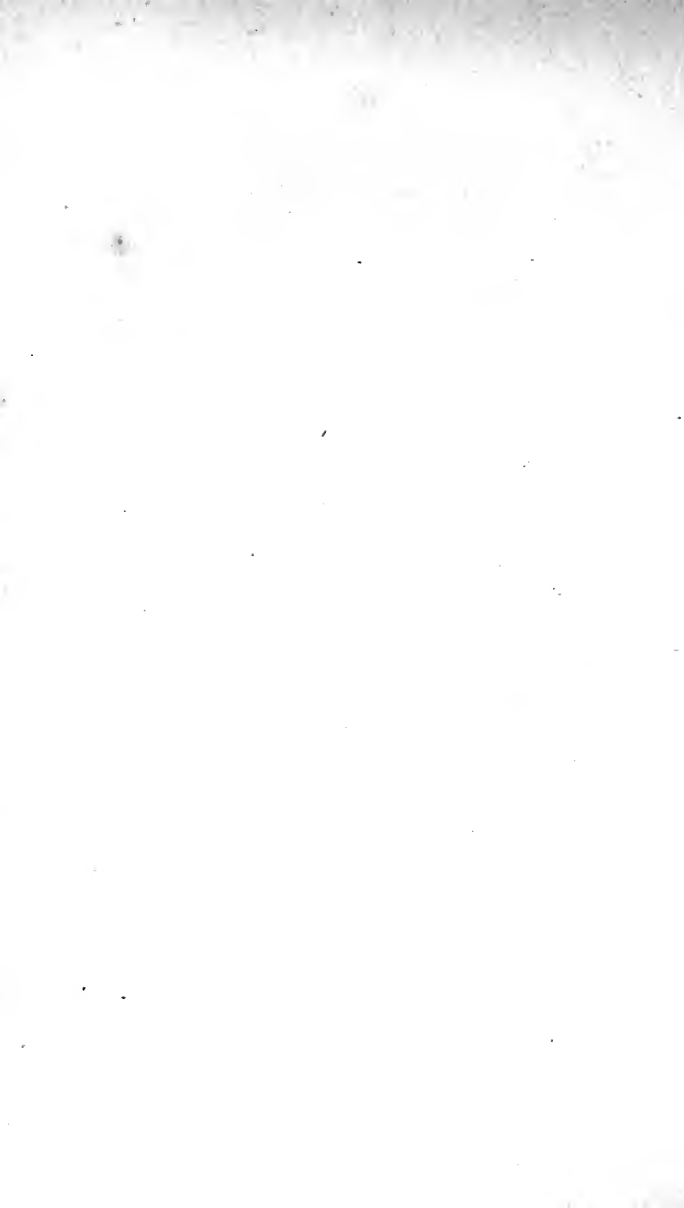
OH! those dear eyes were like the rays  
 Of calm clear Moon, 'mid stars above—  
 What time her full bright orb displays,  
 Brilliant, 'mid brilliancy, her sheen.  
 Their brightness, love; in bliss, serene—  
 Unchanged in grief—but then unseen,  
 The tear-drops telling how they glow'd—  
 Tho' all beclouded, overflow'd!

O MOTHER'S love—mysterious tie—  
 Stronger than Death! to thee I cling  
 With firm, with soothing memory,  
 'Mid all the shafts mishap can fling!  
 Remember'd, oft remember'd still,  
 If thy sweet name is e'er forgot!  
 Dreams, blessed dreams oft bring thee near—  
 I see thee stand beside my cot—  
 I see thy smile, thy voice I hear,  
 And feel thy hand that often bless'd  
 Me, ere I laid me down to rest.  
 Sweet words thou speakest—till the night



My only day, dawns vacant light !  
 Far, far away, I heard thee not,  
 Resign'd in death to Heaven's will—  
 When love restored its treasured thought,  
 And thy blest fervent lips pronounced  
 The Orphan's blessing ! . . . 't was announced  
 By strangers, in a stranger land !  
 Ah ! was it not thy last command,  
 " That I should love my God—be just,  
 " And thus in Heaven's protection trust ! "

To thee my soul in anguish flies ;  
 For thou canst soothe my miseries.  
 To think of thee can bring relief ;  
 At thy remember'd smile, my grief,  
 By Hope's anticipation, dies—  
 Hope pointing to yon better skies—  
 To be with thee, and led by thee,  
 With angels in Eternity !



## CANTO IV.

## I.

THEY cry to thee, O God! the mother cries—  
 Her children and their father cry to thee:  
 Help! help! O Lord! from thy all-pitying skies,—  
 In Man they find nor help nor sympathy!

Now upon yon burning hill,\*  
 Marshall'd at the Driver's will,†  
 Spreads the Gang ‡ in rank and file—  
 Hark! the crackling whip the while!

\* These verses describe a scene which the author contemplated from the sea, whilst sailing to one of the islands. He was then but a child of fourteen, and eleven winters have passed away: but he still remembers what he felt when he beheld the African in the land of bondage, bearing the burthen and the heats for the cruel Egyptian.

† The *driver* was the leader of the slaves at work. He was generally a *negro* selected cunningly for the strength of his arm and his want of sympathy for his fellow-sufferers. When such unnatural savageness is its consequence, can Slavery find an advocate?

‡ A band of Negroes was called a *gang*.

THERE they toil and melt away  
 On that scorch'd Aceldama.  
 Chieftains of Mandingo's court,  
 Now a menial's mangled sport!  
 Men whose stalwart arm in war  
 Made the mother quail afar  
 For her sons that braved their might,—  
 Whose toil in Freedom was delight,  
 To wield the spear in chase or fight—  
 Now turn the glebe with spade and hoe,  
 Writhing the while beneath the throe  
     Of the man-debasing scourge!  
 And women too! they sing the dirge  
 That Exiles sing to solace pain  
 When Home will ne'er be seen again!  
     Tender maidens, children, all—  
     All that blackness with its pall,  
     'To the Whiteman's fiendish eye—  
     Shrouds with the badge of Slavery!

'Tis not the burning hill, the field,  
 The spade we are compell'd to wield,  
 That we lament; for toil is meet:  
 Contentment makes its bitter, sweet;  
 But that we toil—for ever toil—  
 Another comes and reaps the spoil!

To-DAY we see the Whiteman poor—  
 To-morrow dawns—he leaves the shore,

With coffers full, and freighted ships!  
*We* sow'd, and *he* the harvest reaps!

WHAT solace soothes the broken slave?  
 What blessing that man's Maker gave  
 To be a compromise for pain  
 Till man be justified again?  
 To live for toil, by toil to die!  
 And still what hope in yonder sky?  
 He lives not as his fathers lived—  
 He cannot hope to be received  
 With welcome in *their* home on high!  
 What have ye left him then? To sigh  
 Thro' life in hopeless agony—  
 Then, with the Christian's *name* appear,  
 The Christian's penalty to hear  
 For deeds undone, committed sin!  
 Oh! may he thus his conscience screen?  
 "By day the drought, by night the chill\*  
 "I bore, and did my Master's will.  
 "Each hour of the live-long day  
 "I toil'd for *him*—what time to pray?  
 "For sleep, for food, short time he gave;  
 "To pray I durst no moment crave;  
 "The Driver's bell would be obey'd—  
 "Or else the lash was not delay'd.

\* "In the day the draught consumed me, and the frost by night; and my sleep departed from my eyes."—*Gen. cxxxix.* 40.

- “ Six days it rang—the seventh ceased—  
 “ Then from the field I was released.  
 “ I heard the Church-bell’s sound—to me  
 “ It was a sound of mockery !  
 “ Six days were his—the Parson’s one—  
 “ The Slave’s, from birth to death, was none !  
 “ From toil the beast was respited—  
 “ He laid him on his grassy bed ;  
 “ He could enjoy that Sabbath-rest—  
 “ For one day’s peace his Maker bless’d.  
 “ And thus I was !\* Like him I fared—  
 “ The Sabbath to my cot repair’d—  
 “ Forgot my master and his rod—  
 “ What did I know of THEE, my God !  
 “ True it was man that me oppress’d,  
 “ But then I saw my tyrant bless’d !  
 “ As tho’ his crime was no offence—  
 “ A cherish’d child of Providence !  
 “ I thought him so. In ignorance  
 “ Of Truth, Religion, and of THEE,  
 “ I envied his prosperity !  
 “ I saw no difference between  
 “ Me and the Whiteman but the skin.  
 “ If I was lustful—so was he—  
 “ My wife, my daughters, forced from *me*—  
 “ Without remorse or penalty !  
 “ He was the sampler of my pride—

\* “ Thus I was.”—*Gen.* xxxi. 40.

" But all *his* claims were ratified.  
 " And Avarice! ah! 't was *his* sin—  
 " Or else a Slave I ne'er had been!  
 " O let the woes of Slavery,  
 " Merciful God! now plead for me.  
 " I err'd—but mine not all the blame!  
 " To me thy Gospel never came—  
 " I knew not that my Saviour died  
 " For crimes my master justified!  
 " Thy *wrath* was all I ever knew—  
 " All else appear'd but words not true!  
 " If e'er thy holy Name I heard,  
 " 'T was coupled with a cursing word—  
 " He call'd on thee to curse my soul,\*  
 " Whilst he my body could control!  
 " My will was his, and his was mine—  
 " All that I was, forced to resign—  
 " He was my god, as gold was *his*—  
 " *He* knew, not *I*, thy dread decrees!"

## II.

'T IS sunset. Twilight's interlude  
 Hath waked the Cricket from her noontide dream.

\* In allusion to the common formula of a *curse* :

" There is a prurience in the speech of some—  
*Wrath* stays him, or else God would strike them dumb:  
 His wise forbearance has their *end* in view—  
 They fill their measure, and receive their due."

Now swarms the pestilential brood,\*  
 Rising as exhalations from the stream—  
 The lancet-insects of the night ;  
 The Fire-flies † in bridal ardours gleam ;  
 Now glads the Owl, returning sight  
 'Mid brooding darkness round. 'Tis like the beam  
 Of hope, that lends an hour its light !

AND now the Vampire ‡ flaps his hungry wing—  
 The clotted gore befouls it still ;  
 He meditates what fare this night shall bring  
 On stream, in dwelling, or on hill.

Now from his lair the Jaguar § howls,—  
 The thickets tremble, and the weak ones shrink ;  
 They ken the Prowler's warning scowls.  
 The Crocodile || hath left the river's brink,  
 And lives his other life once more—  
 Half in the stream, and half on shore.

\* The *Mosquitoes*. They are very partial to the human blood, which seems to be their chief support.

† The *Fire-fly* is a small beetle, which emits a beautiful phosphoric light from the under surface of the terminal segments of the abdomen. It may be called the Glowworm of the West.

‡ The South American *Bat*. It attacks both men and the lower animals, and sucks their blood during sleep.

§ The South American *Tiger*.

|| The *Alligator* or *Cayman*, which is *amphibious*, as expressed in the text.



'T is mingled strength and weakness all !  
 The hunter and the hunted—joy and woe—  
 Poison and bread, sweetness and gall—  
 Then death.—Behold, poor Slave ! thy world below !

MIDNIGHT hath brought his short reprieve ;  
 The million suns of other spheres arise,  
 To widow'd Night their glories give—  
 Distant, but real, as Virtue in the skies.  
 Remnants perchance of centric suns that were  
 To Planets from their centres rent—  
 Twinkling as dying lamps, from sphere to sphere,  
 Till all their energies be spent !  
 As care-worn vigils watch their hour,  
 They seem to weep their light upon the main,—  
 Belike a dear memorial shower,—  
 Till they shall sleep within her breast again.

THE waves flow on ; now swift, now slow—  
 A tuneful rippling, ceaseless wandering—  
 Whither they know not, still they flow—  
 Great fount of Life to every living thing :  
 Awhile they glitter as of silver bright ; \*

\* In most parts of the Atlantic, the waters become luminous at night, owing to the phosphorescence of certain animalculæ particularly the *Medusæ*. In the Gulph-stream this appearance is often continuous, but in the Caribbean sea it is so only at fixed seasons. Generally the waves exhibit that phenomenon only by being agitated—I have often seen the long furrow of the shark in his deadly chase.

A bubble bursts,—dim blue again!  
 There! see the famish'd Shark! rapid as light  
 He darts—the Tiger of the Main!

HARK!.... 't is the evening gale, whose symphonies  
 Prelude her concert with a key-note sweet;  
 The wood-nymphs wake, each from her day's retreat,  
 Charged with the fragrance of a thousand trees.

Sing on, sweet Minstrels, Nature's roundelay—  
 Sweet to the Mariner by calm delay'd—  
 Sweet to the Pilgrim on his lonely way;  
 'T is sweet to all, that welcome serenade—  
 E'en to the NEGRO in his cot!.....

FOR now, perchance, he dreams his short-lived dream!

The field, the lash, his chains forgot,  
 Once more his spirit, free as torrent-stream,  
 Roams as he dreams, in Fatherland!  
 The hunt, the evening-song, the feast, his home,  
 His spear, his bow, the warrior-band,  
 Once more are his! Now may the Hunter roam  
 In native nerve regenerate,  
 Thro' wilderness, where basks the forest-king,  
 His stripling cubs around him gamboling—  
 Unconscious of impending fate!

THE cry is up! with tempest-crash  
 He clears the thicket—lifts the ardent spear—  
 It twangs—he sees the deadly gash—

Shouts Victory !..... awakes a slave ! to hear  
 The Driver's bell—his curse—to *feel*  
 The cleaving gash his dreaming prowess gave !  
*Himself* the hunted,—and the steel  
 He *wing'd*, the lash,—his fury to the grave !

## III.

THE PLANTER too awakes ; thanks God for rest  
 That gives him strength to torture still—  
 The prey-bird rises from his gory nest,  
 Again his craving crop to fill—  
 He walks his field—surveys the mill : \*  
 Computes his promised treasure, counts his gains :  
 Dreams waking of his future wealth and fame,  
 When Gold's resistless charm, from princely reins  
 Shall crown him with a wife of titled name !....

WHAT tho' a beggar † he began ?  
 And voiceless murders still accuse !  
 He dies a wealthy, *proper* man !  
 His spendthrift sons his gold diffuse  
 With Retribution full and just.  
 One dies a villain—one a pauper dies ;  
 And not a " friend ! " shall strew the dust,  
 And say " God rest their souls ! " and close their eyes !

\* The Sugar-mill.

† This supposition, &c., are suggested by *facts*.

ANON God shatters with the lightning's fire ;  
 But offer as a sapping rill—  
 Silent, but sure, his deeply delving ire  
 Scoops out the under-fabric, till  
 A stretching cobweb snaps,—it crashes down,—  
 And ruin epitaphs Belshazzar's crown !

JUSTICE exults, but Pity weeps ;  
 For human misery, tho' justly weigh'd,  
 Her sympathizing sorrow keeps.  
 'Tis Justice still—the Tyrant's debt is paid !  
 They drank a hatred of our race,  
 E'en with their mother's milk—all claim denied  
 Of kindred origin. The Gorgon's face  
 Had struck their stubborn hearts and petrified  
 The human sympathies !—we bled,  
 They joy'd !—we pined, they thrived !—we died,  
 The murder could be justified !  
 For Avarice is wise. They said :

“ 'T IS writ—'tis writ ! they are accursed !  
 “ CAM begot them, Vagrant erst.  
 “ Now they pay the penalty  
 “ For their Father's shameful sin.  
 “ They fulfil the prophecy—  
 “ Things must end as they begin !  
 “ Curst in mind no less are *they*,  
 “ Bound by laws not understood,  
 “ Unenlighten'd by the ray

“ Of that Grace, Christ’s saving rood,  
 “ Beam’d to change our night to day !  
 “ No !—they have no soul—they live,  
 “ They eat and drink, and profit give—  
 “ Like the herd—if they refuse,  
 “ We have treadmills and the whip—  
 “ Frequent stripe, and frequent bruise,  
 “ Scanty food, and scanty sleep !  
 “ If we err—we err by Fate—  
 “ Visiting God’s penal hate ! ”\*

## IV.

AND is it thus that God hath will’d to be  
 The creature quicken’d by his bounteous breath ?  
 Fore-destined to his blest felicity—  
 And dearly ransom’d by the Saviour’s death !  
 Lamb not despised by Him of Nazareth †—  
 Whose all-embracing love still craves that soul  
 For whom He bled, the Heathen’s lash beneath—  
 Captive and tortured in the Fiend’s control ‡—  
 The true Azazel, § doom’d for Man, from Pole to Pole !

\* Such are the opinions and sentiments which I have heard repeatedly alleged in extenuation of Slavery !—

“ So spake the fiend, and with necessity,  
 The tyrant’s plea excused his devilish deeds.”—P. L. IV.

† “ Of them which thou gavest me have I lost none.”—*John*, xviii. 9.

‡ “ This is your hour, and the power of darkness.”—*Luke*, xxii. 53.

§ The Aza’zel or Scape-goat, which was offered for the sins of the people,—evidently a type of Christ :—

“ And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the

CAPTIVE alike are we, and cruelly bound—  
 And scourged until the tortured soul hath fled  
 To where relief of agony is found—  
 In JESU'S breast, who for example bled,  
 And number'd was for Man among the dead!  
 Consoling thought! that God did not disdain  
 This poor fragility as man to wed.  
 O sweet example of enduring pain!  
 Unrecognised among his own—betray'd, and slain!

AND still what meek forgiveness he display'd!  
 He that was God—obey'd by Cherubim—  
 In all the majesty of God array'd—  
 Crown'd King upon the eternal throne, whose brim  
 Is pillar'd on Infinitude! the theme  
 Of whose immensity all angels sung  
 Ere Earth began—ere Sun and Stars could gleam  
 Glory accumulate his works among—  
 And wonder of wonders, Man, upon his Earth was flung!

IN splendours of the Saints, ere light begot—  
 God of great God, by angels first adored—  
 Beneath the angels now in humbler lot,

live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness.

“ And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness.”—*Levit. xvi. 21, 22.*

Beneath his own created, He is lower'd,  
 Who above Seraphim in arduours soar'd,  
 Towering in dread ubiquity sublime,  
 And where none else could see his glories stored  
 Now comes, the pure ineffable 'mid crime—  
 Now comes a weeping man, a helpless thing of Time !

IMAGINATION stands aghast—her wing  
 Is paralyzed ! for on the gaping brink  
 Where shuddering Nature trembles for its being,—  
 She stands. One step beyond—her wing shall sink  
 Annihilate ! there ends the finite link—  
 Beyond is GOD !.....

And why do I now see  
 A God, flesh as my flesh,—in pain to shrink—  
 To hunger as I hunger—and to be  
 As I, the scorn of Man, of Hell a mockery,—

AND cavern'd in the doleful shades of Death ! . . .  
 'T is writ : “ For love of me ! ” \* . . then I adore  
 In love, and love in adoration. Breath !  
 Give words ; wing them ye Seraphim from shore  
 To shore—SAVIOUR, MY GOD ! FOR EVERMORE !—  
 I sat in sorrow and the paths of night—  
 Was bound in chains, an exile spurn'd, and sore

\* “ Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”—*John*, xv. 13.

With many wounds! Pitying thou didst alight,  
To save, and I was blind, thou gavest my eyes their sight!

THYSELF with me wouldst grieve, or cure my grief,  
And I was guilty—thou wouldst bear my sin!  
Where was my woe, thou didst not bring relief?  
God of the Publican and Magdalen—  
Of her who an adulteress had been—  
Of him who cruelly denied thee thrice—  
Of him who kill'd thy sheep with reckless spleen—  
Of him expiring with the stain of vice,  
But penitent, rose bright with Thee to Paradise!

AND what has Man return'd for all his love?  
God gave the bird its nest, the fox its hole—  
Man sends his God a wanderer to rove—  
Denies him food—cheers not his pining soul,  
When the big blood-sweat-drops of anguish roll  
A down his shrinking flesh! He sees him ta'en  
With a perfidious kiss—in stern control  
Of cruel men, that bind his limbs in pain,  
Thirsting to drink each drop that leaves its ebbing vein!

HE sees him dragg'd as culprit, guilty, foul,  
Thro' those same streets where he triumphant came.  
He hears the rabble's angry changeling howl,  
Erewhile they sang Hosannah to his name!  
Oh! what a thing is Man's deceitful fame!



And on that night, meek Heaven! what things befel!  
 They veil'd his face, they struck, they spurn'd, O shame!  
 Where wast thou on that bitter night? O Hell!  
 Hadst thou, in holyday, set free thy myriads fell?

AND what a morning came! In mock debate,  
 Proofless condemn'd; the guiltless yields, they bind;  
 Weak Pilate strives to compromise his fate—  
 To shield himself, the innocent resign'd!  
 The Lictors scourge until no strength they find  
 To wield the insatiate remorseless lash—  
 Only necessity can make them kind!  
 And then the shatter'd remnant down they dash—  
 An universal bruise—an universal gash!

WHO but a God could suffer with such strength!  
 Such fortitude—such meekness! Oh! the peace  
 That sleeps upon that forehead's breadth and length!  
 The resignation craving no release—  
 Nay, rather supplicates to feel more pain!  
 For suffering boundless proves his boundless love—  
 His eagerness the Father's will to please!  
 He is oppress'd—no lips of anger move—  
 He is reviled and scoff'd—but He doth not reprove!

As some meek dove from off her little brood,  
 When captived by the fowler's hand, nor strives  
 Nor screams, but freely bleeds her guileless blood,  
 When to her heart the hungry knife he drives—

As voiceless lamb that by its mother thrives,  
 The butcher to the slaughter drags it, kills,  
 Disparts it to be gash'd by other knives—  
 Thus is He struck, and thus his life-blood stills,  
 His flesh a feast—for all that thirst or hunger feels !

“ BEHOLD the Man !” weak Mercy cried. The thorn  
 Deep in his temple dives. In tatter'd shred  
 Of purple—sceptred ; then the words of scorn :  
 “ Behold your King !” “ Away with Him they said,  
 “ Or thou shalt answer for the traitor's head !”  
 “ What hath he done ? His blood be far from me !”  
 “ Be it on us—our children !” . . . Forth they led  
 The sacrifice. A stranger bore the tree,  
 As Isaac, for the lamb they drive to Calvary.

BREAK forth, O Heaven ! a lamenting wail ;  
 A God—your God ! is dying on the tree.  
 They drive—they drive the sinew-cleaving nail—  
 Hear the fell blasphemy of fiendish glee—  
 They revel in his torments cruelly !  
 List the rude shock, as in the hole it falls !  
 Hasten, ye Powers ! fly—fly—to Calvary—  
 “ My God ! my God !” a God for succour calls—  
 In vain ! an echo mocks from cruel Zion's walls !

His head lay on his breast,—his breath was fled !  
 The sun drew back his light,—the temple rent  
 Its shuddering veil,—the Grave gave up her dead,

And to behold their God her spectres sent—  
 They stood aghast in dread bewilderment.  
 The Earth crept trembling thro' the troubled space,  
 As tho' her strength was paralyzed and spent !  
 But God in Heaven beam'd a smiling face,  
 For He was satisfied—ransom'd the captive race !

GENTILE, rejoice ! the chosen are despised,  
 And thou shalt have their great inheritance !  
 Rejoice—the prophecies are realized !  
 As wide as universal Earth's expanse,  
 The glories of thy Saviour's cross shall glance,  
 And thou art chosen bearer of his Name.  
 His mighty name shall be thy conquering lance—  
 Thy bolts of war, his own pure virtue's flame—  
 Thy battle-field, the land of Israel—Wodin—Brähm.

ARCHANGELS bear upon triumphant wings  
 Now the glad tidings, Fatherland, to thee !  
 Christ Jesu from the opening Heaven brings  
 Redemption—and proclaims the just decree  
 To all the bondsmen of his family.  
 Wake, now thy debt of woe is duly paid,  
 Paid like thy Saviour's, vast in misery !  
 And now thy lash, thy cross, and thorns are laid  
 On Calvary, beside his own thrice-hallowed !

FRIENDS of Humanity, the Blackman's Friends !  
 Ye that with toil 'mid Persecution's rage,

An Eastern Star from every region sends,  
 Redemptive war 'gainst Afric's foes to wage—  
 Your Hope's in Heaven, for Man your pilgrimage !  
 Like his,\* who with his God thro' kingdoms ran,—  
 Darting with eagle-glance thro' every age,—  
 With Love's deep, high, long, broad, immortal span†  
 Eager to grasp, where'er 't was found, whate'er was Man!

GRANVILLE and WILBERFORCE ! Angels on high,  
 That chorus round God's everlasting throne,  
 And from the realms of immortality,  
 Can pity as ye hear the Exile's moan—  
 The chain-clogg'd Captive's sigh, the widow's groan  
 Swell the Hosannahs of your evening lay,  
 And let *their* names the melody intone ;  
 They fought, and won the well-contested day—  
 Ramparts of Freedom—friends of hapless Africa.

REGENERATE in their Followers they rise—  
 Tripled and quadrupled, in firm array—  
 Resistlessly they move. And now the skies  
 O'er promised Canaan brighten into day—  
 A veteran Patriarch ‡ still points the way,  
 Directs the battle-field. Denied the spear

\* St. Paul. "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."—1 Cor. ix. 22.

† Eph. iii. 17, 18.

‡ CLARKSON in the GRAND CONVENTION.

Like Israel's Chief in reverend decay,  
 He now beholds, from Pisgah, Jordan near,  
 Sees Judah's Lion\* couch till Shiloh shall appear.

THE distant vision his—be thine the boon,  
 Auspicious Youth! † to see the Nation rise,  
 High in ascendant, Orb with Belt, and Moon,  
 As Jove imperial. In Council wise,  
 A realm united by fraternal ties—  
 The Stranger's homage, and her children's love—  
 Establish'd Peace, the prop of just emprise—  
 Peace, from the Deluge of her thrall—the Dove,  
 Whose olive-branch shall bloom, and shade Religion's grove.

SUCH was the land pre-eminently free! ‡  
 What is her Freedom now? A Comet's beam—  
 A Madman's frenzy—idiot's mockery—  
 A shadow flickering o'er the sleeping stream,  
 A nothing, like the tinsel cheat of dream!  
 Or a tyrannic, treacherous, tiger's rage,  
 Whose blood-stain'd eye-balls o'er the Blackman gleam,  
 Whose fangs have gnaw'd his heart from age to age,  
 Crushing alike the hand that would his pangs assuage!

\* "Judah is a lion's whelp, &c. he couched as a lion, and as an old lion &c. The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, &c., until Shiloh come." &c.—*Gen.* xlix. 9, 10.

† Mr. Clarkson was accompanied by his grandson.

‡ The United States of America.

SUCH is the land that Freedom, as her child,  
 Nurtured and cherish'd from its cradle-hour :  
 Or as an Eagle, to its flight beguiled  
 Her thriving scion, then unfledged, with power,—  
 But soon with conscious might usurps her dower,  
 Supreme in wide indisputable reign,  
 Afar from Winter's ice-battalion'd tower  
 To the low deep, where, in his storm-domain  
 Intrench'd and castled, rolls her king, Leviathan !

THE land of Forests, pillars of the sky—  
 Children that saw their mother-nature's birth,  
 Doom'd not until with dying Time to die,  
 Ne'er scarr'd by steel since the first day of Earth,—  
 Whose pedestals primeval rocks begirth,  
 Uplifting giant-like their heads on high,  
 Making of terror-brooding tempests mirth,  
 And gamboling with thunderbolts that fly  
 Around their adamant. They wait Eternity !

THE land of Streams,—if such a pigmy name  
 Can designate those realm-dividing seas,  
 That brotherhood with nought in Nature claim—  
 Time-honour'd, mock their flood-born semblances,  
 Flowing their mightiest with the tempest-breeze !  
 For there Missouri lifts his awful wave,  
 Usurps the tumbling torrents Winter frees—  
 In wild omnipotence his billows rave—  
 Scatters his flood-gates ; dams, rocks, mounds, man's cot, field, grave,

HE shoulders, sweeps them to the Main ! nor heeds  
 Man's shrieks, wail, tears, and wringing hands—away,  
 A way the abysmal devastation speeds,  
 Strong in his gaunt unconquerable sway—  
 God's breath directs, man's arm shall ne'er delay !—

. . . . .  
 Such was your Freedom's morning fight ! the field  
 Was spread beneath just Heaven's approving ray—  
 The twilight Stars\* reflected deck'd your shield  
 Freedom's eternal grant was then by Heaven seal'd.

BUT not, alas ! for them whose skin was black !  
 These bless'd thee not, fair Freedom ! thou for *them*,  
 Didst legalize the thong, the chain, the rack—  
 The slave in torture, Patriots in their dream !  
 'T was then we saw the woes of thralldom teem,  
 The brimming cup of Slavery to fill—  
 As million tyrants in their wrath would deem  
 Expedient to their thirst for Gold ! the will  
 Curst with the power to maim, to torture, and to kill !

THE battle-field—as patriots to fight,  
 And bravely perish in our country's cause—  
 The gift of Reason,—Man's eternal right,  
 To frame, to ratify protecting laws—  
 Fame's melody, Posterity's applause—

\* In allusion to the "Star-spangled Banner," their national flag ; alternate stripes of red and white, and white stars on a blue ground.

The joys of Home, the fruits of Industry,  
 All, all to them a gaping void—the clause  
 Writ by Oppression's hand indelibly:

“God made ye *black*, Fate made ye *slaves*, so live, and die!”

WE fought your battle—aye the Blackman's bones  
 Propp'd the proud pinnacle when Freedom's smile  
 Seem'd like a babe's, for all—till by his groans  
 Her pedestal is shaken, and the pile  
 Crumbles to crush the prostitute whose guile  
 Deceived, then ruin'd....*used* us in her need,  
 And then *abused*—bethought her 't would defile  
 Her evil-fame to grant an equal meed

To them that *honor'd* her when frail,—a lonely reed!

YES! we stood forth, bound by an oath of God  
 To free Columbia—and we saw her free:

The Blackman's arms were grounded on the sod  
 Where WASHINGTON proclaim'd that Liberty,  
 Which ye abuse and dandle on the knee!

The smoke of Glory then eclipsed her light—

We read a doom—the skies, the silent sea

Grew dark, and pregnant storm usurp'd the night,

To war the trumpet sounds; prepared, ye rush to fight!

AYE, in a battle where *ye* have the blade,

And *we* the flesh to writhe, the blood to flow!

Ye gave us once the sword, but now the spade—

Then we could give, but now receive the blow!



Then we could hope that every human woe  
 Was destined to be soothed by Freedom's hand—  
 We shared your victory,—and ye now bestow  
 (Ye need us not to save your Fatherland!)  
 The lash of outrage—Scorn's annihilating brand!—

O WASHINGTON! by Nations all revered!  
 For thine was not the Tyrant's haughty neck,  
 Content that men should hate thee, if they fear'd!\*  
 When skies were bright, *he*† bask'd on Fortune's deck  
 Voracious sharks around, but held in check  
 By magic circumstance. Awhile in sport  
 Boldly he revell'd with Death; but sudden wreck  
 O'ertook him in his dream—anchor'd in port—  
 Close by his arsenals—defended by his fort!

SCATTERING dismay that made the foeman quail,  
 Still clean of hands—a conqueror without blame!  
 Like Cyrus sent, *thy* mission could not fail,  
 But gain'd the *hallow'd* attribute of Fame;  
 For blessed Peace with Freedom was the aim,  
 Thy Christian soul proposed. No widow's sigh  
 Haunted thy march—for Freedom's equal game  
 Perill'd thyself—could *they* their sons deny?  
 Not for a Tyrant's throne they fell, but Liberty.

\* *Oderint modò metuant.*

† It is scarcely necessary to state that the career of Napoleon is figured by the following verses.

THERE\* sleeps the Hero. No escutcheon-brass—  
 Nor arch-triumphal numbers whom he *slew*.  
 He sleeps as dew-drop on the blooming grass,  
 Blessing the bosom where its blessing grēw.  
 Seek ye an Epitaph? “The sword he drew  
 “For Freedom;—won the day, resign’d the blade,  
 “Like Cincinnatus: for the Christian knew  
 “His Mission was fulfill’d—and God repaid,—  
 A calm, an infant’s sleep, beneath the willow-shade.”

As far as Fame’s loud clarion hath reach’d  
 Peerless renown his worth and prowess reap—  
 His sceptre bless’d by all, and unimpeach’d—  
 His people’s father, Shepherd of his sheep,  
 Smiles when they smile, and weeps whene’er they weep.  
 Wise for his trust, not for himself—to wield  
 The sword of vengeance ’gainst the foe,—to keep  
 The while, for them a broad protecting shield—  
 Mentor in Council-hall, Achilles in the Field.

No war of aggrandizement known to wage,  
 Nor bought a peace with his own country’s shame:  
 But strove to leave for Truth’s historic page  
 That something reverend, a *good* king’s name—  
 Rare precious jewel in the niche of Fame!  
 Not ALEXANDER’S—’tis a schoolboy’s theme—  
 Not CÆSAR’S—’tis a cripple, limping, lame—

\* Mount Vernon; Washington’s villa.

Nor thine NAPOLEON ! Fortune's reckless whim,  
But thine, great WASHINGTON ! Fame's loftiest Pæan hymn !

THY name survives ; thy Wisdom, now no more,  
Beams freedom-crested in the council-hall :  
No more is heard that welcome, grateful roar,  
That well responded to thine earnest call,  
" Columbia's Flag is Liberty to all ! " \*  
The sons of Patriots that fought by *thee*,  
That bled to rescue them from goading thrall,  
Now Spartan-like, curst inconsistency,  
Boast with thy hallow'd name, their chains and Slavery.

SHALL Clio, deed-immortalizing Muse,  
For ever seek a compromise in vain ?  
Hopeless, struck dumb as by a stern Meduse,  
Whene'er she sings her praise-awarding strain,  
COLUMBIA ! and leave the Atlantic Main  
To men that have forsworn humanity ?  
Thy glory set, and ne'er to rise again,  
Hail'd with the blessings of the wise and free !  
Hast thou pronounced upon thyself the dread decree ?

\* " The charter of American Independence declares all men born equal : but there is a stronger word :—it declares that all men have the same inalienable right to liberty ; yes, *inalienable* is the word. That is the sacred basis of American independence ; it is not confined to caste, colour, sect, or creed."—*O'Connell's Speech at the Convention.*

A THOUSAND fervent voices answer—NO !  
 The swift winds hear them, and the vaulting sail,  
 The spreading Eagle, and the stars that glow  
 Spangling thy Banner, glad the rising gale—  
 The young Croisade with emblem-cross and mail,  
 For God and suffering Man, is on the Main—  
 Once more a fiercer Paynim shall assail,  
 And conqueress, the Dragon routed, slain,  
 Establish Freedom o'er the Universe again !

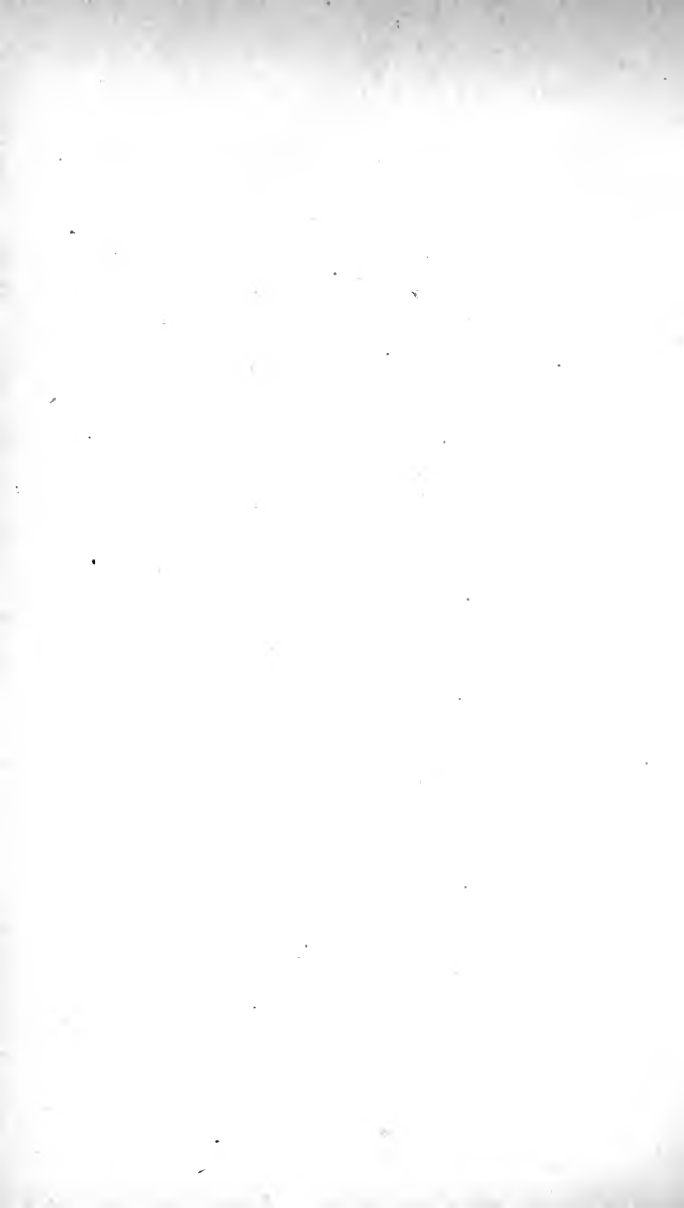
O WOMAN, bliss of Heart, and heart of bliss !  
 Spirit God sent to cheer Man's misery—  
 Thou art Life's ever-blooming Oasis—  
 Man never loves but when he loves like thee !  
 Thou, too, hast raised thy tender hand to free  
 The grateful slave. Oh ! yes—it grieves *thee* not  
 That he is black—thy keen-eyed charity  
 Dives to his heart, and prejudice forgot,  
 Finds Virtue, Love, and Truth, beside the poor man's cot !

ANGELICA ! \* aye, angel be the name !  
 Descending angel of Bethesda's well—  
 Thy cruel countrymen may scoff or blame,  
 But scoffs or blame shall never woman quell !

\* One of the best friends of the Negro. " You all remember Angelica Grimké, and her zeal in the cause of abolition, for which you owe a deep debt of gratitude."—*O'Connell's Speech on the Convention.*

Sweet words shall conquer, thunders ne'er compel.  
Oh! if thy name breathed gratefully repay,  
Or symbol what no spoken words can tell,  
Nor thine, nor Esther's name shall fade away—  
Esther to Israël, and thou to Africa!

END OF CANTO IV.



## CANTO V.

FORCED by his crimes, his lust for gold, the dread  
 Of senseless Persecution far to speed,—  
 The Whiteman launch'd upon the Ocean's bed  
 His bark adventurous, where Fate should lead.  
 By argument of arms his right decreed  
 Where MANITOU had planted his domain,  
 Protecting God of Nature's simple creed.  
 The Heirloom was usurp'd—the First-born slain—  
 His name became an Echo where his bones remain !

THERE by thy banks, thy tributary streams,  
 Great Mesachebe ! there he loved to dwell :  
 The rolling Prairie where the Bison teems.  
 His wigwam tented in thy merry dell,  
 Rising as by a charm, a Fairy-spell !  
 Child of young Nature—suckling of her breast,  
 She gave him all he needed—and full well  
 She timed his daily toil and evening rest—  
 That craftless alchemy of Health, by Heaven bless'd.

VALOUR his Nature's virtue—Cowardice  
 To man or beast—in battle-field or chase,  
 Taught to despise as manhood's foulest vice.  
 Strength of the arm, bow slung, and nimble pace—  
 Equipp'd the warrior of the Indian race.  
 Free as the air he breathed, and free to roam  
 O'er his gigantic common's boundless space—  
 He had nor palaces, nor rock-built dome—  
 God's heaven was his roof, and every sod was home.

HIS forests gave him food, the quivering flesh  
 (The conquest of his strong unerring arm)  
 Of Elk or Bison ta'en by bow, not mesh.  
 What time the camp sets up the glad alarm,  
 Snatching their sleeping bows, the warriors swarm,  
 As storm-clouds from its lull awake the wind—  
 The keen eye flashes, and the spirits warm,  
 Impatient till the flying rout they find  
 And strike the River-king—vast, gasping, left behind!

THE Hunt, the wigwam, toil, renewing rest,  
 The tenor of his days—Economy,  
 By Nature shielded from the social pest  
 Of Politics perverse, whose pedigree  
 Is womb'd in bloated wealth and slavery—  
 A Python from Corruption sprung, and fed  
 Like Baal, hungry god!.... We bend the knee,  
 Adore;—his high-priests leave their midnight-bed,  
 In harpy vigil round the teeming monster tread.



GYMNASIUM of Cunning, where the Bold  
 Resign the field, the spear, the sheen of day ;  
 And learn to cringe. By promised self controll'd,  
 Friends, kindred, creed, and country they betray,  
 As those that train them are prepared to pay !  
 Virtue and Wisdom patronless remain :  
 In vain they blaze—they flicker, die away,  
 Like thoughts of charitable deeds that pain  
 The Good Man's weeping heart : but Pity weeps in vain !

WE boast the light of Heaven. From the skies  
 A God came down and taught us how to live :  
 We bear his Name—his wisdom makes us wise ;  
 And still where are the proofs that we believe ?  
 Where the examples deedless Faith can give ?  
 Reproaching Heathens for their lies, we lie—  
 The widow, orphan, and the virgin grieve,  
 We pass them by, and wonder why they cry !  
 The poor ! we scout them ; they may bless their God and die !

AND then with *sympathizing* bosoms send  
 Our holy things to them that heed them not !  
 Since, whilst a listening ear the Heathens lend,  
 They see the threadbare motives that have brought  
 The followers of Christ ! *His* cause forgot,  
 We dig the mine—we plant the cane—we burn  
 The heathen's forest where he hung his cot,  
 Sent with his wives and little ones to mourn  
 Our tender mercies, Creed and Charity forsworn !

THUS hand in hand go Mammon and the Cross !  
Tho' disunited by a God's decree.

We soothe the Savage for his country's loss,  
His liberty, his forests, land and sea,  
With *after-hopes* of gain'd Eternity !—  
Then seize his kingdom for our recompense !—  
The Earth for *us*, and Heaven above for *thee*,  
Poor Savage ! 'tis a scriptural \* pretence,  
The Christian's Avarice expounds, to drive thee hence !

SUCCESS hath crown'd us ! Citadels arise  
Upon the Delaware's † sepulchral mound—  
The giant tomb for Fame to memorize :  
For there his war-tramp shook the plain around—  
The warriors' spirits, waken'd by the sound,  
Revived, commingled in the Pyrrhic dance,  
Alas ! as snow, spring-melted from the ground,  
They were, but are not ! buried, as in trance  
Beneath your feet ! Ye press their sons' inheritance !

CHRIST'S latest wish, "Love, as I you have loved," ‡  
Forgot—Christian by Christian fell. The goal  
They craved, was as Ambition, Avarice moved :  
Ambition, Avarice, Lust, subscribed the scroll,

\* Matt. v. 5.

† The most powerful of the Indian nations in former times.

‡ "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you."—*John*, xiv. 12. These words were spoken on the eve of the Passion.

That binds all Nations in their wide control !  
 All painted playthings for a Tyrant's game—  
 Mere images of men without a soul,  
 That ne'er shall redden with the blush of shame !  
 Then Freedom ! what art *thou* ? the Protocol of Fame ? ...

THE covenant of God—the Cherub's eye  
 That first beheld the Godhead face to face :  
 Primeval breath, by the Divinity,  
 Breathed with his blessing in the new-born race.  
 Boundless, as where He walks, infinite space !  
 The fairest mantle of Man's glories all—  
 Nature's ennobling, Soul's adorning grace—  
 Nerve of Man's power, and the rampart-wall,  
 Where Patriots rally, fight—to conquer or to fall !

THINE are the living energies that flash  
 Unearthly vigour from the warrior's eye ;  
 When the resounding battle-axes clash,  
 Or cannons roar, he bids the red balls fly !  
 By thee, the Patriot pants to fight, to die—  
 And gasps his soul, tho' agonizing, free ;  
 Whilst at his gory post all mangled lie  
 The remnants of his brave humanity,—  
 His godlike soul still lives, exulting flies to thee !

WHATE'ER the land where God has will'd his birth,  
 On the cold Common of Kamtschatka's wild,  
 In the hot realms by Torrid Zones begirth,

Or where gaunt Chimborazo God hath piled ;  
 On Niger's banks the Desert's truant child,  
 Or where the reverend Ganges, sacred flood,  
 Rolls expiation thro' the land defiled ;  
 Where'er the feet of Man shall press the sod,  
 Let them in Freedom roam, as destined by his God !

IN whelming splendours like the sun at noon,  
 ATHENS arose, intrench'd by Freedom's throne !  
 And Fame awards her dearly purchased boon,  
 By Heaven design'd, by Valour bravely won,  
 On Persia's grave, the field of Marathon.  
 When a barbarian tempest-cloud was spread,  
 'Mid whose dim shade the Persian's spear-steel shone  
 As lightning in the dark—but soon it sped  
 Away, as drizzling rain, and day beam'd overhead !

ATHENS arose, as often from his nest  
 The stripling Eaglet, down-wing'd, boltless, weak,  
 (What time his mother with maternal breast  
 Is ravaging for food the distant creek)  
 Bethinks him of his race : he scales the peak  
 Where clings the Prowler of the Hebrides,  
 Midway abash'd, 'twixt Death and billows bleak :  
 Sudden he stuns the trembler—screams—and sees  
 Him fall from crag to crag deep down the gored abyss.

THUS battled Athens on that holiday !  
 Thus joy'd when Persia's myriads were slain,

Then deck'd with *their* barbaric spoil's array—  
 A NEMESIS upon the bloody plain,  
 That mothers, seeing, might assuage their pain :  
 Then grappled for the sceptre of the deep.  
 The Invader from his throne beside the Main  
 Beheld Disaster Ruin's harvest heap  
 Along the Ægean shore, for waves and winds to reap !

A GERM of every clime, finds sap in all—  
 Spreads redolent with blossoms, teeming fruit ;  
 Ne'er Autumn-stripp'd—if e'er thy leaflets fall,  
 Fair Freedom ! others live, perennial shoot  
 Regenerate scions round about thy root.  
 Wisdom, and Eloquence, and Poesy,  
 Beneath thy shade, high arguments to moot  
 Shall come—the Theban Swan,\* the Attic Bee†—  
 Clio,‡ Calliope,§ and crown'd Melpomene.||

WHEN Genius, friendless ever, poor, despised,  
 Fate-bound and homeless, wander'd o'er the earth,  
 ATHENS the child of Heaven patronised,  
 And placed him near her gods, beside the hearth—  
 He was divine—she recognised his birth.  
 Sweet Nymph of Nissa, with a mother's care  
 She nursed an infant-god ! Her songs of mirth

\* PINDAR.

† PLATO.

‡ History.

§ Heroic Poetry.

|| Tragedy.

Around him breathed a cheerful, soothing air ;  
 Enharmonizing well the discord of Despair.

AND art thou fallen too ! Shall Memory stray  
 Among the ruins of thy destinies,  
 As guideless traveller that lacks his way  
 Beneath a winter of the starless skies ?  
 Weeping a hopeless tear, for thee she sighs :  
 Arts, Sciences, War, Wisdom, hail thy name,  
 And flowers strew to grace thy exequies—  
 Thou hast enough, the plenitude of Fame !  
 And still, a Cenotaph thou art, a fleshless frame !

A CENOTAPH ! Oh no ! the universe  
 Is thine imperial tomb. The names, the deeds  
 Of all thy Heroes, Sages, Bards, disperse—  
 As far as ocean rolls and storm-wind speeds,  
 Thy epitaph enduring Memory reads.  
 It is the signal of the Wise, the Brave—  
 To Liberty or Death on laurell'd meads !  
 When Glory's trumpet sounds o'er Freedom's grave,  
 The Tyrant trembles, lest it rouse the sleeping Slave !

BUT still it is an unsubstantial fame !  
 A scoffing echo near a sepulchre,  
 That hears unmoved, nay mocks the dearest name  
 Which oft we think, and breathe, and sigh, with tear  
 And pang, till wretched life is parch'd and sear !

Oh! could we quench the soul's immortal fire!  
 Or give her wings to be for ever near  
 Her other half! But 'tis a vain desire—  
 And we must live a half, flesh soulless, stringless Lyre!

THE Chisel and the Pencil now no more  
 Display the majesty of mind. The hand  
 Of god-creating PHIDIAS as of yore,  
 No longer wields the life-inspiring wand.  
 No Zeuxis culls the beauties of the land  
 To deck a Helen, Ilium's curse restored!  
 The Patriot, the Orator\* to stand  
 'Gainst Macedon—when brandishing the sword  
 Thy fickle sons rush'd forth, and fought with one accord

Is heard no more! His enviable throne,  
 His honour'd PNYX,† the threats of Time defies.  
 Aye, still it stands—a proud immortal stone,  
 Exulting for its pass'd resplendencies—  
 Emblazon'd by a fame that never dies.  
 Ruin 'mid ruins, lo! the Patriot brings  
 His only *willing* tribute, weeping eyes!  
 And solitary winds droop on their wings  
 Waking a melody of sad Æolian strings.

MELPOMENE is thine, and thine alone—  
 Peerless as Queen of Woe, her weeping eyes

\* DEMOSTHENES.

† The place whence the orator addressed the multitude.

Pierce to the Stranger's heart—and groan for groan  
 She wrings, when THEBES a resting-place denies  
 The poor blind King that Heaven and Earth chastise !  
 The Father's\* soul unbending to the blast—  
 The Daughter's love, the Sister's † sympathies—  
 Praying to Heaven for ever overcast !  
 In voiceless grief—betwixt the future and the past !

THINE is the BARD ‡ that on the Thespian gale  
 Outspreading lordly wings the spheres among—  
 'Mid thunders, lightnings, sleet, descending hail,  
 In reckless dithyrambics rolls along—  
 Sweetly melodious, majestic, strong ;  
 Heavenward he wends his flight for evermore,  
 And from his zenith streams the flood of song  
 Down raining melody on every shore—  
 He storms, he lulls ; he wakes, obedient torrents roar !

How grew to Fame the first historic tree ? §  
 Dew'd by thy smiles—for thy delighted ear  
 Quaff'd sweetly his Ionian melody,  
 And seem'd the Muses all, at once, to hear !  
 Thy voices welcomed with an ardent cheer  
 The homeless Patriot to thy gods and home.  
 Athena's Bee|| would roam in long career,  
 Sweets culling whilst he hums, ne'er wearisome :  
 Heaven bless'd him with its Truth to cheer the  
 Heathen's gloom !

\* ŒDIPUS. † ANTIGONE. ‡ PINDAR.

§ HERODOTUS. || PLATO.



AND he was thine adopted child—the King \*  
 Of mind ; in Science, whose ubiquity  
 Pursued with indefatigable wing  
 Things human and divine, Earth, Sea, and Sky—  
 Found all but God—lived anxious—feared to die !  
 And SOCRATES was thine, the pure, the mild,  
 Who died for Truth—thine was the penalty !  
 He left thee to thy fate ! by crime defiled,  
 To selfish Demagogues and Freedom helmless, wild !

UNCHANGED duration of eternal day  
 Is God's alone ! All else resistless Time  
 Confounds. Earth's fruitfulness, man's strength decay ;  
 Faith fails, and Perfidy sprouts up sublime !  
 In friends, in cities of a kindred clime,  
 Selfsame and lasting Friendships ne'er remain ;  
 Now Virtue triumphs, now ascendant Crime.  
 To some 't is pleasure past, to others pain—  
 Sweets change to gall, and then renew'd, to sweets again !

IN THEE, great God ! we hope—in THEE alone !  
 As slaves to weep if we be destined still,  
 Still doom'd a satisfying curse to moan,  
 Teach us a sweet submission to Thy will !

\* ARISTOTLE. His universal genius is proverbial. His opinions of the Deity were ever various and conflicting. His last words were : “ Impure I entered this world—I lived in anxiety ; and I depart in agitation—Cause of Causes, have mercy on me ! ”

Lead us, like Abram, up the fatal hill :  
 Ourselves, our children, all we yield to Thee.  
 Thy Mercy may forbear, thy Justice kill,  
 Thy Wisdom still makes Death a clemency,  
 And rebel Pride compels to bless the wise decree !

IF sorrow be thy children's lot below,  
 Whence thy Elect transplanted to the skies,  
 From Saloe's brook, immortally shall grow—  
 Then we submit, and bless our destinies !  
 Thou wilt accept the tears, and hear the sighs  
 Of poor benighted Africa, and bless  
 The Slave redeem'd, that Christ will not despise.  
 He came to soothe the Captive's long distress,  
 To change man's long-wept tears to smiles of happiness.

'T WAS out of bitter Egypt, through the wild,  
 Despite opposing foes, that Thou wouldst lead  
 The inheritors of Canaan. Long exiled,  
 Condemn'd to toil uncheer'd, and hopeless need,  
 The builders of a Pharaoh's Pyramid !\*  
 Oh ! thus we toil ! the Whiteman reaps the price ;  
 We see his fortunes rising like the reed,  
 Whose juice, mix'd with our blood, yields Avarice  
 Her promised boon—the curst omnipotence of Vice !

\* There is an opinion, which is at least probable, that the Israelites were employed during their sojourn in Egypt to build the Pyramids.

GREAT Israël ! was ever Nation bless'd  
 Like thee ! Cradled in his own breast—a child—  
 God saved thee, nursed, defended, and caress'd,  
 When thou wast held in bondage and reviled,  
 And cruel Egypt burthens on thee piled !  
 In battle gave thee victory—then peace  
 Amid thy ruthless foes, and nations wild,  
 Whose vineyard's bloom, whose teeming flock's increase,  
 To thee He gave—a bless'd, a long-enduring lease.

OH ! if we bear the penalty of Sin,  
 Let centuries of penal pain avail,  
 Offended Justice ! Now look down serene !  
 Breathe from propitious skies a wafting gale,  
 Thyself direct the helm and trim the sail—  
 And to its destined haven guide the bark !  
 Guide the meek harbinger where blooms the dale—  
 The sea grows calm, the lowering sky less dark—  
 Vouchsafe an Ararat—unseal the Christian's ark !

THE cloudy ignorance of them who deem  
 Oppression guiltless by the colour'd skin—  
 Dispel, great Architect of man !—the dream !....  
 Was it denied us, the erected mien—  
 The aspiring brow to meditate the scene  
 Of peopled worlds on high, that bow to Thee ?—  
 From GOD shall VIRTUE gain a seraph's sheen,  
 Man's deeds distinguishing by just degree—  
 As star from star\* distinct, they'll shine as He shall see.

\* 1 Cor. xv. 41.

O VIRTUE, bliss of Earth, reward of Heaven !  
 For God has nothing more in store for man :  
 Since when to man Himself God shall be given,  
 He is but Virtue free from Vice's ban.  
 Virtue is Love's extremest, widest span—  
 Love, the beginning of our life, the end—  
 Love, that e'er Time, with timeless God began,  
 To Man was given at Freedom's birth, to blend  
 Freedom and Virtue—one inseparable friend !

GENIUS of Africa ! awake and sing \*  
 The coming glories of thy Fatherland ;  
 Behold the vale of vision opening—  
 Arise ! shine forth, thy glory is at hand !  
 Lift up thine eyes around,—the thronging strand  
 The distant isles shall people ! from the West  
 Thy sons shall come, a renovated band,  
 To live their youth once more, Redemption-bless'd,  
 The Father to its home, the Child its Mother's breast.

CHORUS OF AFRICAN WOMEN.

STROPHE.

No more shall we curse  
 The day thou wast born,  
 Sweet bud of the fruitful womb !  
 For thou art no more  
 The Whiteman's scorn !

\* In this stanza and the chorus that follows, several predictions, &c. are applied from Isaiah lx.

No more shall he count  
 From his wicked purse,  
 For thy flesh the amount,  
 On thy Country's weeping tomb !

OH ! he forced us to hate  
 What a Mother should prize !  
 For we bore the Whiteman's slave !  
 Oh ! how could we love  
 What man would despise,  
 And doom to the fate  
 Of the orphan-dove,  
 Ere its mother was deep in the grave !

WE beheld it arise  
 Like the little wave  
 That grows with the growing wind—  
 But is doom'd to sleep  
 In the distant cave,  
 Where a silent gloom  
 Shall be its tomb—  
 A draught for the Summer's thirst !  
 When in childhood it play'd,  
 And its arm grew strong,  
 Its prowess brought to mind,  
 How its brother was ta'en,  
 As in sport he delay'd,  
 His companions among  
 By the brim of the Main—  
 He was borne to the bark accursed !

WE heard not his cries,  
 As he struggled in vain,  
 With the Whiteman's stronger chain !  
 And we heard not his voice  
 In the merry strain,  
 He would sing when the skies,  
 With their smiling eyes,  
 Saw the mother rejoice,  
 As the Earth 'neath the suckling rain.  
 For he was gone !—  
 Doom'd ne'er to return,  
 In his Fatherland to rest !

STILL we hoped that he lived !—  
 Till the Wolf came again !  
 Then the Mother believed  
 That her child was slain !  
 But he scorn'd her moan,  
 And as storm-wind stern  
 On the hopeless Main—  
 The Father he gagg'd,  
 To the slave-ship dragg'd,  
 And bade me preserve the babe at my breast !  
 Oh ! whence was the stone  
 That made the heart  
 The Whiteman brought from the West ?  
 Was he father or son,  
 Who the mother could part  
 From her husband and child ?  
 And left her to moan

For the coming fate  
 Of the babe at her breast!  
 Disconsolate—  
 Distracted—wild—  
 With despair that knew no rest!

## ANTI-STROPHE.

BUT no more shall we curse  
 The day thou wast born,  
 Sweet bud of the fruitful womb  
 For thou art no more  
 The Whiteman's scorn!  
 No more shall he count  
 From his wicked purse,  
 For thy flesh the amount,  
 On thy Country's weeping tomb!

THE night is past,  
 The twilight speeds,  
 And day breaks bright o'er the land!  
 The sons of thy foe,  
 In penitent weeds,  
 Are come at last,  
 With bosoms that glow,  
 And tears that stream,  
 Their sins to redeem!  
 The pangs of the past  
 Shall be forgot,  
 And Hope her wings shall expand!

Then rest in thy cot,  
 And thy mother beside  
 Shall bewail thee not,  
 As the hours glide,  
 With a song of woe—  
 Doom'd a Slave to go  
 To the Whiteman's home!  
 For behold! they come  
 With hands of love—aye, as friends they come!  
 The Mother shall joy,  
 And the Father smile!  
 For not to destroy,  
 Nor in fiendish guile—  
 No! they come as a friend  
 To soothe the distress'd.  
 Thy brothers they send  
 From the cruel West.  
*There*, the chains they leave—  
*Here*, shall cease to grieve!  
 For the gladsome strand  
 Of Fatherland,  
 Shall greet them to welcome home.

## EPODE.

As the sky when the blast  
 Hath ceased its career—  
 Like the sea, storm pass'd,  
 When the ship may steer  
 To the haven of rest—  
 Oh! thus are we bless'd!



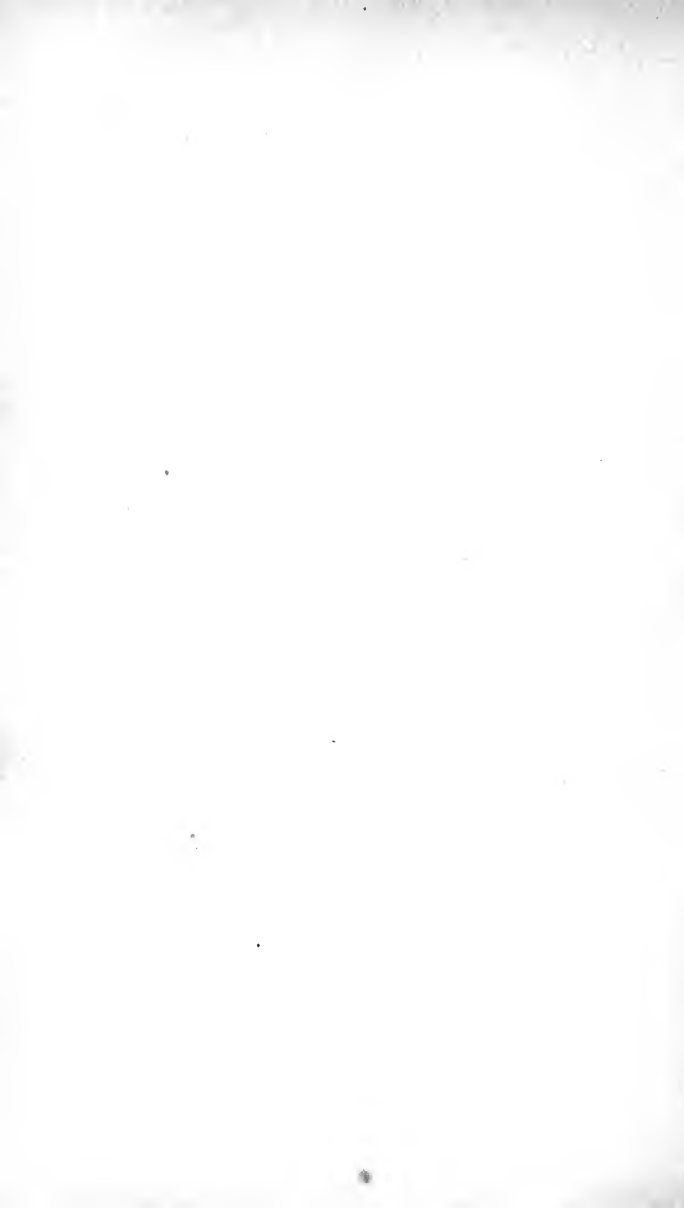
Our field shall we sow,  
 And shall reap the fruit  
 That God will bestow,  
 Our strength to recruit—  
 For the scourge of his wrath in mercy shall cease.

ARISE! shine! for thy light  
 Is come! through the midnight dark  
 Flies the kindling spark!  
 Awake! prophetic sight!  
 God shall teach us the way  
 To his home in the skies,  
 Where a nightless day  
 Shall for ever arise!  
 The name shall we bear  
 Of his children bless'd,  
 And his Faith shall cheer  
 The weak, the distress'd,  
 Or a blessed Death in the Lord bring release!\*

\* Rev. xiv. 13 :—" THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS; AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."—*Ibid.*



# NOTES.



# NOTES.

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## NOTES TO THE PROLOGUE.

(<sup>1</sup>) WILLIAM TELL, a peasant of Burgeln, near Altorf, in the Canton of Uri, celebrated for his resistance to the tyranny of the Austrian governor Gessler. To the most profligate tyranny Gessler added a singular extravagance of vanity. He caused a pike to be erected, surmounted by his cap, and issued a general mandate, that all who passed it should uncover their heads as to himself in person. Tell, who was ignorant of the order, observed the idol with astonishment, and went by, laughing. But the tyrant's minions accused him of the treason, and being brought into the presence of Gessler, he was condemned to shoot an apple off the head of his child. This mode of punishment was adopted because Tell was a well-known marksman. Amidst the imprecations of all around, the tyrant came to enjoy the sight; and Tell, raising his hands to heaven, exclaimed: "Do thou, O just God! guide the stroke!" With a firm hand he seized the bow—fixed the arrow: it fled, and the apple was borne away, the child scarcely feeling a hair displaced.

Tell having with him another arrow, the tyrant inquired the use he intended to make of it: "To shoot *you*, had I

shot my son," was the father's reply. His boldness cost him his liberty; and was subsequently to be punished with death. But Tell escaped, and being pursued by Gessler himself, he pierced him at the very moment when the implacable despot was vowing vengeance against the fugitive, who was near enough to hear him without being observed. "Thus fell this inhuman, this terrible example to cruel men! and on the spot where he fell, as also upon the rock where Tell had escaped, two chapels were built, standing to the present day—a perpetual memorial." After the expulsion of the governors and the demolition of their castles, it became customary among the Swiss to make pilgrimages to the place where Tell had leaped ashore in his flight from his oppressor; and the Canton of Uri caused an eulogy to be pronounced every year in memory of the hero.—See *Nov. Moral.* and *Bellchamb.*

*Trophied on a Marathon.*—p. 2.

Marathon was a village of Attica, in ancient Greece, ten miles from Athens, celebrated for the victory which the 10,000 Athenians and 1000 Plateans, under the command of Miltiades, gained over the Persian army, consisting of 100,000 foot and 10,000 horse; or, according to Val. Maximus, of 300,000; or, as Justin says, of 600,000, under the command of Datis and Artaphernes, on the 28th of September, 490 B. C. In this battle, according to Herodotus, the Athenians lost only 192 men, and the Persians, 6300. Justin has raised the loss of the Persians in this expedition and in the battle to 200,000 men.\*

(<sup>2</sup>) The character of WASHINGTON will be given in the fourth Canto. There is an anecdote of that great man which I have heard, to the effect, that, riding on one

\* Lempr.

occasion with another officer, a Negro saluted him with a very respectful bow; Washington returned the salute by taking off his hat; the officer expressed his surprise at this unusual condescension to a Negro,—when Washington observed, that he should be sorry to have less politeness than any man, and a Negro was certainly one!

“The following are a few of a multitude of illustrations, which might be adduced, showing that “prejudice against colour” found slight encouragement among the fathers of the republic. Washington himself set an example of courteous respect for people of colour, which reflects the deepest shame upon his degenerate countrymen. The following letter addressed to Phillis Wheatley, *a native African, and a slave*, is found in his published correspondence.”

“CAMBRIDGE, February 28, 1776.

“Miss Phillis,—Your favour of the 26th of October did not reach my hands till the middle of December; time enough, you will say, to have given an answer ere this—Granted—but a variety of important occurrences continually interposing to distract the mind and withdraw the attention, I hope will apologize for the delay, and plead my excuse for the seeming but not real neglect. I thank you most sincerely for your polite notice of me in the elegant lines you inclosed; and however undeserving I may be of such encomium and panegyric, the style and manner exhibit a striking proof of your poetical talents; in honour of which, and as a tribute justly due to you, I would have published the poem, had I not been apprehensive, that, while I only meant to give the world this new instance of your genius, I might have incurred the imputation of vanity. This, and nothing else, determined me not to give it place in the public prints.

“If you should ever come to Cambridge, or near head-

quarters, I shall be happy to see a person so favored by the Muses, and to whom Nature has been so liberal and beneficent in her dispensations. I am, with great respect, your obedient, humble servant,

“GEORGE WASHINGTON.”\*

(<sup>5</sup>) The name of DESSALINES stands convicted of many cruelties : but before we condemn him, let us hear him in his own defence:

“Jean Jaques Dessalines, Governor-General, to the inhabitants of Hayti—Liberty or Death !

“Crimes the most atrocious—such as were until then unheard of, and would cause nature to shudder—have been perpetrated. The measure was overheaped. At length the hour of vengeance has arrived, and the implacable enemies of the rights of man have suffered the punishment due to their crimes. My arm raised over their heads has too long delayed to strike. At that signal, which the justice of God has given, your hands righteously armed have brought the axe upon the ancient tree of Slavery and prejudice. In vain had time, and more especially the infernal politics of Europeans surrounded it with triple brass. You have stripped it of its armour: you have placed it upon your heart, that you may become (like your natural enemies) cruel and merciless. Like an overflowing, mighty torrent that tears down all opposition, your vengeful fury has carried away everything in its impetuous course. Thus perish all the tyrants over innocence—all oppressors of mankind ! What then ? Bent for many ages under an iron yoke—the sport of the passions of men, mutilated victims of the cupidity of white Frenchmen, after having fattened with our toils these insatiate blood-

\* See SLAVERY, &c. in the United States, p. 220.



suckers, with a patience and resignation unexampled, we should again have seen that sacrilegious horde make an attempt at our destruction without any distinction of age or sex ! and *we*, men without energy, of no virtue, of no delicate sensibility—should we not have plunged in their breast the dagger of desperation ? Where is that evil Haytian, so unworthy of his regeneration, who thinks that he has not accomplished the decrees of the Eternal, as the Israelites of old, by exterminating their blood-thirsty tigers. If there be one, let him fly ! indignant Nature discards him from her bosom—let him hide his shame far from hence : the air we breathe is not suited to his gross organs—it is the pure air of Liberty, august and triumphant. Yes, we have rendered to these true cannibals war for war, crime for crime, outrage for outrage. Yes ; we have saved our country—we have avenged America. The avowal that we make of it in the face of Earth and Heaven constitutes our pride and our glory. Of what consequence to us is the opinion which contemporary and future generations will pronounce upon our conduct ? We have performed our duty. We enjoy our own approbation—for us that is sufficient. But what do I say ? The preservation of our unfortunate brothers, and the testimony of my own conscience are not my only recompense. We have seen two classes of men, born to cherish, assist, and succour each other ; mixed, in a word, and blended together, crying for vengeance, and disputing the honour of the first blow ; Blacks and Mulattoes, whom the refined duplicity of Europeans has for a long time endeavoured to divide, you who are now consolidated and make but one family—without doubt it was necessary that our perfect reconciliation should be sealed with the blood of your butchers. Similar calamities have hung over your proscribed heads—a similar ardour to strike your enemies has signalized you—the like

fate is reserved for you, and the like interests must therefore render you for ever indivisible and inseparable. Maintain that precious concord—that happy harmony amongst yourselves; it is the pledge of your happiness, your safety, and your success—it is the secret of being invincible. It is necessary, in order to strengthen these ties, to recall to your remembrance the catalogue of atrocities committed against our species: the massacre of the entire population of this island, meditated in the silence and *sang-froid* of the cabinet—the execution of that abominable project, *to me unblushingly proposed*, and already begun by the French, with the calmness and serenity of a countenance accustomed to similar crimes. Guadaloupe pillaged and destroyed—its ruins still reeking with the blood of children, women, and old men put to the sword. Pelage (himself the victim of their craftiness, often having basely betrayed his country and his brothers) the brave and immortal Delgresse, blown into the air with the fort which he defended, rather than accept their proffered chains. Magnanimous warrior! That noble death, far from enfeebling our courage, serves only to rouse within us the determination of avenging or of following thee. Shall I again recall to your memory the plots lately formed at Jeremie—the terrible explosion which was to be the result, notwithstanding the generous pardon granted to these incorrigible beings at the expulsion of the French army—the deplorable fate of our departed brothers in Europe, and (dread harbinger of death!) the frightful despotism exercised at Martinico? Unfortunate people of Martinico! Would that I could fly to your assistance, and break your fetters! Alas! an insurmountable barrier separates us! Perhaps a spark from the same fire which inflames us will alight into your bosoms—perhaps at the sound of this commotion, suddenly awakened from your

lethargy, with arms in your hands, you will reclaim your sacred imperscriptible rights.

“After the terrible example which I have just given, I trust that sooner or later divine Justice will unchain on Earth some mighty minds, above the weakness of the vulgar, for the terror and destruction of the wicked. Tremble, ye tyrants, usurpers, scourges of the new world!—our daggers are sharpened—your punishment is ready. Sixty thousand men equipped, inured to war, obedient to my orders, burn to offer a new sacrifice to the manes of their assassinated brothers. Let that nation come who may be mad and daring enough to attack me. Already at his approach, the irritated Genius of Hayti, arising out of the bosom of the wave appears; his menacing aspect throws the universe in commotion, excites tempests, and with his mighty hand disperses ships, and dashes them in pieces. To his formidable voice the laws of Nature pay obedience. Diseases, Plague, Famine, Conflagration, Poison, are his constant attendants. But why calculate on the assistance of the climate and the elements? Have I forgotten that I command a people of no common cast—brought up in adversity—whose audacious daring frowns at obstacles, and increases by dangers. Let them come then, these homicidal cohorts—I wait for them with firmness, and with a steady eye. I abandon to them freely the sea-shore and the places where cities have existed: but woe to those who may approach too near the mountains! It were better for them that the sea received them into its profound abyss, than to be devoured by the anger of the Children of Hayti! War to death to tyrants!—this is my motto. Liberty and Independence!—this is our rallying cry.” &c. &c.

It will readily be granted that this is a most remarkable composition for a *Negro*: but it exhibits at the same time a detail of the crimes which were only *imitated* by the

“rebels” of Hayti. Nothing can entirely justify the atrocities of Dessalines against the French; but as it is certain that the latter set him the example, we are surely not wrong in giving the uneducated Negro the benefit of whatever palliation may be admissible. This is the view I have taken of the subject; and influenced by this opinion I penned the subsequent stanzas. I consider the defence given in his own words sufficient to convince any man that the conduct of the Negroes in that war of independence was mainly, if not entirely the result of what they themselves had experienced, and what is more, knew would be their fate in the event of defeat.

“Jean Jaques Dessalines, emperor of Hayti, was a slave in 1791, when the insurrection of the Blacks occurred in that island. His talents for war, his enterprise, courage, and unscrupulous conduct, raised him to command among the insurgent Negroes; and, when Leclerc invaded the island, in 1802, Dessalines, and Christophe, stood next in reputation and rank to Toussaint-L'Ouverture. After the deportation of the latter by the French, Dessalines, Christophe, and Clervaux took the command, and maintained a desperate and sanguinary warfare against the French, until the latter evacuated the island. This happened in November, 1803, and the black chiefs having proclaimed the island independent, they nominated Dessalines governor-general for life, with absolute power. In October, 1804, he assumed the title and state of *Emperor of Hayti*; his reign, however, was brief; for the people, aided by the troops, sick of his atrocities, and wearied out by his suspicious and vindictive conduct, conspired against his life, and he was killed, Oct. 17th, 1806, when thus ended a despotism stained by every barbarous enormity.”—*Belchamb.*

Candour will, perhaps, admit that DESSALINES, in military tact and successful achievement, may be compared

to BUONAPARTE ; and that the latter in “ barbarous enormity ” of crime fell short of the former only by the deficiency of *means*, and the circumstances by which he was, fortunately for his slaves and the world, perpetually held at bay.

*Tortured on the wrenching wheel.*—p. 5.

This is literally true. (See *Pamphleteer*, vol. iv.) It is also a fact that the Negroes “ were carried by shiploads to sea, stowed like sheep in a pen, and heard of no more.” Dead bodies floated to the shore.—*Ibid.*

“ The Consul (Buonaparte) had fully resolved that when he should have got the chiefs of the free Negroes in the West Indies into his power either by force or fraud, they should not live to oppose his tyranny in future. Witness his treatment of Pelage, the Toussaint of Guadaloupe, who joined the French General Richepouse, and by prodigies of valour at the head of his black troops, reduced the island to submission, relying on the solemn promises of the Consul, to maintain the general freedom of the Blacks. Yet his reward was to be seized by surprise with all his brave officers, and either sold as slaves for the Spanish mines in Peru, or, as is more probable, drowned at sea.”—*Ibid.* The same author relates a fact witnessed by Bryan Edwards\* (a Planter and slave-holder, and an

\* The author of “ The History of the West Indies.” He was a member of the British Parliament, and one of the most virulent opponents of Wilberforce. On one occasion “ he facetiously recommended that excellent man to employ his benevolence at home—and take under his protection the race of blacks, which might be found in the streets of London under the name of *chimney-sweepers!*” This will serve to shew the value of that author’s opinions, when he affects to *sympathize* with the slave. It is also asserted that he either wrote or revised

enemy to Negro-emancipation—the opponent of Wilberforce). The French had broken a Negro on the wheel, and left him to linger in his torture, when some English sailors came up, and dispatched the poor wretch, in mercy. This took place in the presence of the French ladies, who joined the torturers in scouting the kindhearted Englishmen for their interference ! I have before me many more extracts detailing similar atrocities on the part of the French—but these details can serve for no other purpose than to excite disgust. Enough perhaps has been said to justify the words of the text—not denying what is there implied, viz. that the Negroes made an adequate return of vengeance : the aggressors and the avengers were equally atrocious, but not equally guilty. Humanity must side with the oppressed ; and where is the nation that has been oppressed like the African ?

(4) “TOUSSAINT-L’OUVERTURE, the celebrated black chieftain, was born a slave in the year 1745, at St. Domingo:” or, as it is more probable, a freeman, in Africa.\* “His amiable deportment as a slave, the patience, mildness, and benevolence of his disposition, and the purity of his conduct amid the general laxity of morals which prevailed in the island, gained for him many of those advantages which afterwards gave him such absolute ascendancy

“Park’s Travels in Africa.” There is certainly apparent a great similarity of style ; but the suspicion is strengthened by the 22nd chapter, where the benevolent traveller pretends to discover, that slavery existed at all times in Africa, evidently with the intention of palliating the injustice of the slave-trade. By a man’s actions must his principles be tested. “Hypocrisy delights in the most sublime speculations ; for never intending to go beyond speculation, it costs nothing to have it magnificent.”

\* Pamphl. vol. iv. Hist. of T. L’Ouvvert.

over his insurgent brethren. His good qualities attracted the attention of M. Bayou de Libertas, the agent on the estate, who taught him reading, writing, and arithmetic—elements of knowledge which hardly one in ten thousand of his fellow-slaves possessed. When the general rising of the Blacks took place, much solicitation was used to induce Toussaint to join them: but he declined until he had procured an opportunity for the escape of M. Bayou and his family to Baltimore, shipping a considerable quantity of sugar for the supply of their immediate wants. In his subsequent prosperity, he availed himself of every occasion to give them new marks of his gratitude.

“ Having thus provided security for his benefactors, he joined a corps of Blacks, was soon raised to the principal command, and by his general intelligence, education, prudence, activity, address, and bravery, immediately attained a complete ascendancy over all the black leaders. From 1798 until 1801, the island continued peaceable and tranquil under the government of Toussaint, who adopted and enforced the most judicious measures for healing the wounds of his country, and restoring its commercial and agricultural prosperity. His efforts would have been attended with much success, but for the ill-judged expedition which Buonaparte sent against the island, under the command of Leclerc. This expedition, fruitless as it was in respect of its general object, proved fatal to Toussaint, solely in consequence of the sincerity and good faith which marked his character. Toussaint was noted for private virtues; among the rest warm affection for his family. Leclerc brought out from France Toussaint's two sons, with their preceptor Coisson, whose orders were to carry his pupils to Toussaint, and make use of them to work on the tenderness of the Negro chief, and induce him to abandon his countrymen. If he yielded, he was to be

made second in command to Leclerc: if he refused, his children were to be reserved as hostages of his fidelity to the French. Notwithstanding the greatness of the sacrifice demanded of him, Toussaint remained faithful to his brethren. We pass over the details of the war, which at length ended in a treaty of peace, when Toussaint retired to his plantation, relying upon solemn assurances that his person and property should be held sacred. But notwithstanding these assurances, he was treacherously seized in the night, hurried on board a ship of war, and transported to Brest. He was conducted first to a close prison in the Castle of Joux, and thence to Besançon, where he was plunged in a cold, wet, subterranean prison, which soon proved fatal to a constitution used only to the warm skies and free air of the West Indies. He languished through the winter of 1802—1803; and his death which happened in April, 1803, raised a cry of indignation against the government, which had chosen this dastardly method of destroying one of the best and bravest men of the Negro race.”—*Belchamb.* Chateaubriand and other writers insinuate that more violent means were taken by the Consul to get rid of this unfortunate man.

*God can dash the towering down &c.*—p. 6.

“*Valet ima summis*

*Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,*

*Obscura promens.” &c.*—*Hor. Carm. xxxiv. Lib. I.*

“ The atrocious cruelty of the French in their subjugation of St. Domingo, equalled (it could not have surpassed) that of the barbarous Negroes \* whom they opposed; but was heard of with disgust and horror, such as no excesses

\* The converse would be nearer the truth.



of mere savages could have excited. As if Heaven had been moved by these bloody deeds of vengeance, disease broke out in the camp; thousands died, and among them Leclerc himself, the leader of the expedition. For the last time, however, the French armament triumphed—and in the exultation of victory, the government at home had the extreme and seemingly purposeless ungenerosity to publish an edict, banishing all the Negro race from their European dominions! \* But the yellow-fever was already rapidly consuming the French army at St. Domingo; and its feeble remnant, under Rochambeau, having been at length expelled in November, 1803,—the Independence of HAYTI was formally proclaimed on the 1st of January, 1804.” †

*Of his children torn away*

*In captivity to pine, &c.—p. 6.*

TOUSSAINT had confided his two sons to the French government; “and it would move the coldest heart to

\* Hist. of N. B. vol. i. 261.—Where also is quoted a sonnet of Wordsworth, Sept. 22, 1802.

“ We had a fellow-passenger, who came  
From Calais with us, gaudy in array,—  
A Negro woman like a lady gay;  
Yet silent as a woman fearing blame;  
Dejected, meek, yet pitiably tame,  
She sate, from notice turning not away,  
But on our proffered kindness still did lay  
A weight of languid speech, or at the same  
Was silent, motionless in eyes and face.  
She was a Negro woman, driven from France—  
Not one of whom may now find footing there:  
Thus the poor outcast did to us declare,  
Nor murmured at the unfeeling Ordinance.”

† Ibid.

read the letter in which he anxiously recommended them to its care and protection. At every line one might imagine the fond father's tears dropping on the paper! Nor is its piety less striking than its tenderness; for the chief request made in the letter was that they might be brought up in the fear of God and the knowledge of religion. To take these youths from their studies, and send them out to inveigle their father was the project of Napoleon. He has no children,\* or his heart, cold and hard though it is, might have checked him in so vile a purpose. To feel its baseness fully, a fact should be known, which is true beyond all reach of doubt—that if Toussaint had yielded to the temptation, it would have been immediately fatal to him. The fixed design in that case was to tear him in a few days from these dear-bought children, and put him to death."

"The time was now come to try the force of corruption upon the mind of this African patriot. The first game had been played with success equal to the Consul's wishes, except that Cape François had been burnt. The chief posts on the sea had been surprised and taken, according to his merciless orders; the next point therefore, was to win over Toussaint, if possible, now that he could be treated with in safety.

"Accordingly an ambassador was sent to him from the smoking ruins of Cape François, and the person chosen for the errand was *Coisson*, the tutor of his sons. This man, as low in morals, as from his office we may suppose

\* This was written before the birth of "the King of Rome." He (Napoleon) saw his son playing one day, and said to a bishop who was present, "My Lord Bishop, do you believe that this creature has a soul?"—*Chateaubriand*. At all events he acted on the present occasion upon the supposition that the *Negro* entertained a better opinion of *his* children.

he was high in learning, was probably sent from France for this vile attempt on the father of his pupils. I doubt not that he had *his* lesson from the lips of the Consul himself. With him were sent the two youths, the one about seventeen, the other probably fifteen years of age. They had been separated seven or eight years from their affectionate parents; and were now doubtless improved, not only in stature, but every other point of appearance that could rejoice the eye of a father. Ignorant as the poor youths were of public affairs, they had been taught that it was for their father's good to comply with the wishes of the chief Consul; and Bonaparte himself had talked with and caressed them at Paris, in order to impress that opinion on their minds. With these innocent decoys, and with letters both to Leclerc and the Consul, full of the most high-flown compliments to Toussaint, and the most tempting offers of honours, wealth, and power—Coisson set out from the Cape, and proceeded to the place of our hero's usual abode.

“ His cruel orders were to let the boys see and embrace their father and mother, but not to let them remain. If the father should agree to sell himself, and betray the cause of Freedom, he was to be required to come to the Cape to receive the commands of Leclerc, and become his lieutenant-general: but, if he should be found proof against corruption and deceit, the boys were to be torn from his arms, and brought back as hostages. If nothing else could move him, the fears and agonies of a parent's breast might, it was hoped, be effectual to bend his stubborn virtue. A safe-conduct was obtained from Toussaint: and the sacred faith of a soldier, whose word had never been broken, was engaged for the return both of the envoy and his pupils.

“ Coisson proceeded with the boys to Toussaint's home

in the country. But on his arrival, the father was absent,—his urgent public duties having called him to a distant part of the island, where he was probably endeavouring to collect his scattered troops to make a stand against the invaders. The mother, however, the faithful wife of Toussaint was there; and we may imagine with what transports of tender joy she clasped her long-absent children to her bosom. The hard-hearted Coisson himself says: ‘This good woman manifested all the sentiments of the most feeling mother.’

“It was no hard task for the envoy to delude this tender parent. He professed to her, as he had declared to all the Negroes he met on the journey, (this he has not scrupled to confess under his own hand,) *that the Consul had no design whatever against their freedom, but wished only peace, and a due submission to the authority of the Republic.\** The fond mother was ready to believe all he said, ardently wished that it might be true, and that her husband might see cause to confide in these pleasing assurances. The envoy has, unluckily for the cause of his employer, made it clearly appear in his account of this embassy, that if Toussaint had any object beyond the freedom of himself and his brethren, it was unknown to, and unsuspected by his wife. She instantly sent off an express to let him know that the messenger from the Consul was come with the offer of peace, liberty, and their children.

“Toussaint arrived on the following night. The husband, the father, at length arrives, and rushes into the arms of his children. For a while he forgets that he is anything but a father. He presses first the elder, then the younger to his heart—then locks them both in a long embrace. Next he steps back for a moment to gaze on

\* *Report of the F. Minister. London Papers, April, 1802.*

their features, and their persons. Isaac, the elder, is so much grown that he is almost as tall as his father: his face begins to wear a manly air, and Toussaint recalls in him the same image that sometimes met his youthful eyes when he bathed in the clear lake among the mountains. The younger is not so near to manhood, but his softer features are not less endearing. The father sees again the playful child that used to climb upon his knees, and the very expression that won his heart in the object of his first affection.

“ The miscreant Coisnon seems to value himself upon his firmness in pursuing his game unmoved by so affecting a scene; for thus he writes of it to his employers:—‘ The father and the two sons threw themselves into each other’s arms. I saw them shed tears, and wishing to take advantage of a period which I conceived to be favourable, I stopped him at the moment when he stretched out his arms to me, &c.’

“ ‘ O they are villains every man of them—  
Fitted to stab and smile—to stab the babe  
That smiles upon them!’—

“ Coisnon retiring from the embrace of Toussaint assails him in a set speech, with persuasions to submit to the Consul, and to betray the cause of Freedom. He does not perhaps desire him in plain terms to permit slavery to be restored—on the contrary, he protests that there is no such design: but Toussaint knew too well the meaning of such professions: and that his discerning mind on this point should be so imposed on, after what had happened, could hardly be expected, either by the envoy or his masters. Toussaint was in effect desired to come to the Cape, and bring over his troops to the French standard. On this condition he was assured of ‘ respect, honours, fortune,

and the office of lieutenant-general of the island,' all in short that the *gratitude* of the Republic could offer, or his own heart desire. On the other hand, if he should refuse to submit, the most dreadful horrors and miseries of war are denounced against him and his followers. The implacable vengeance of the great Nation is threatened! Above all the father is desired to reflect upon the fate that awaits the hostage youths, so beloved, and so worthy of his affection. 'You must submit,' said Coisson, 'or my orders are to carry my pupils back to the Cape. You will not, I know, cover yourself with infamy by breaking faith, and violating a safe-conduct. Behold then the tears of your wife; and consider, that upon your decision depends whether the boys shall remain to gladden her heart and yours, or be torn from you both for ever.' The orator concluded, the youths themselves addressed their father—doubtless the mother joined in the supplication. During these heart-rending assaults on the virtue and firmness of Toussaint, the hero, checking his tears, and eyeing his children with glances of agonized emotion, maintains a profound silence. 'Hearken to your children,' cries Coisson; 'confide in their innocence—they will tell you nothing but truth.' Again the tears of the mother and her children, and their sobbing entreaties pour anguish into his bosom. He still remains silent. The conflict of passions and principles within him may be seen in his expressive features, and in his eager glistening eye. Coisson saw the struggle—he eyed it with a fiend-like joy, and was ready in his heart to cry out 'Victory!' when the illustrious African suddenly composed his agitated countenance, gently disengaged himself from the grasp of his wife and children, took the envoy into an inner chamber, and gave him a dignified refusal. 'Take back my children,'

said he, 'since it must be. I will be faithful to my brethren and my God.'"\*

This extraordinary man is to be classed with Washington. History records no act of cruelty or despotism of which he can be justly accused. We find in the History of Napoleon the following sentence: "The chief authority was by degrees vested in Toussaint L'Ouverture, a Negro, who during the war, displayed the ferocity of a barbarian, but after its conclusion, won the applause and admiration of all men, by the wisdom and humanity of his administration." Bonaparte likewise, it is well known, caused his menial press to traduce † Toussaint when he found flattery of no avail. With regard to the former remark, it will not bear the test of common sense—it is improbable from the very nature of the accusation and subsequent praise. Every other author that I have seen speaks in the highest terms of Toussaint, as a man of virtue, valour, and intellect. Indeed it was his moderation during the war that rendered him suspicious and hateful to *Dessalines*, as may be gathered from a remark in the proclamation of the latter, which has in part been quoted. Buonaparte accused him of "hypocrisy"! "But the strange vileness of Toussaint's *hypocrisy* consisted in this, that he was all along good in deeds as well as in words. So deep was Toussaint's hypocrisy, that the great Consul himself, though a messenger from Heaven, 'sent upon Earth, ‡ (as he tells

\* See Pamphl. Vol. IV. *Life of Toussaint*.

† Ibid.

‡ Tyrants of every nation are necessarily alike in many features. Speaking of the condemnation, through private motives, of the unfortunate Jane Shore, by Richard III., Sir Thomas More, in his interesting *Life of that tyrant*, thus speaks: "And for this cause, as a goodly, continent prince, clean and faultless of himself, *sent out of Heaven into this vicious world for*

us) to restore order, equality, and justice,' was grossly deceived by him; for he gave the highest praises to our hero, down to the very day of *setting a price upon his head*; and only found out his hypocrisy, when resolved upon putting him to death! The truth is, that of all the many virtues of Toussaint, his probity was the most distinguished. It was quite a proverb among our own officers, who long carried on war against him, and among the white inhabitants of St. Domingo, that Toussaint *never broke his word*. There cannot be a better proof that he possessed and deserved this fame, than the reliance which was placed on his promises in the nicest cases, by those who knew him best, and to whom his falsehood would have been fatal; and it is a notorious fact, that the exiled French Planters and Merchants did not scruple to return from North America, on receiving his promise to protect them. It is equally well known that not one of them ever found cause in his conduct to repent of such confidence."\*

"The person of Toussaint was manly. He was about the middle size, had a penetrating eye—a striking countenance, and manners alike calculated, as occasion might require, to conciliate affection, or command respect. Active in all his movements, he was an excellent horseman, travelled with astonishing rapidity, slept little, and indulged still less in the pleasures of the table. He had a strong memory, an acute understanding, indefatigable industry. Personal revenge for injuries done to himself he never gratified—he committed no acts of tyranny in his

*the amendment of men's manners*, he caused the Bishop of London to put her to open penance, going before the cross in procession upon a Sunday, with a taper in her hand!"

\* *Pamphl. Vol. IV.*—where is also related a case of unusual interest relative to General Maitland, an English officer, *whom he had been solicited by the French authorities to arrest!*



public character—perfidy he detested; and even his enemies were compelled to acknowledge that his word was always religiously held sacred.”\*

Toussaint L'Ouverture would have been an extraordinary man in any country: but, “an uneducated slave,” as he was, “he acquitted himself as a general and a statesman, in a manner that astonished and confounded those who maintained that Negroes were incapable of intellectual improvement.”†

*Brutus ! Rome was satisfied, &c.—p. 6.*

L. JUNIUS BRUTUS, son of M. Junius and Tarquinia second daughter of Tarquinius Priscus. The father, with his eldest son, were murdered by Tarquin the Proud; and Lucius, unable to revenge their death, pretended to be insane. The artifice saved his life; he was called *Brutus* for his stupidity, which he however soon after shewed to be feigned. When Lucretia killed herself, B. C. 509, in consequence of the brutality of Tarquin, Brutus snatched the dagger from the wound, and swore, upon the reeking blade, immortal hatred to the royal family. His example was followed; the Tarquins were proscribed by a decree of the senate, and the royal authority vested in the hands of the consuls chosen from patrician families. Brutus, in his consular office, made the people swear they never would again submit to kingly authority; but the first who violated their oath were in his own family. His sons conspired with the Tuscan ambassador to restore the Tarquins; and when discovered, they were tried and condemned be-

\* *Pamphl. Vol. IV.*

† *Stewart.* Many interesting particulars of the life of this great man have been necessarily omitted. The reader is referred to the Pamphleteer, Vol. IV.; the Supplement to Edwards' Hist. of the West Indies, and The Life of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

fore their father, who himself attended at their execution. Some time after, in a combat that was fought between the Romans and Tarquins, Brutus engaged with Aruns, and so fierce was the attack that they pierced one another at the same time. The dead body was brought to Rome, and received as in triumph: a funeral oration was spoken over it, and the Roman matrons shewed their grief by mourning a year for the Father of the Republic.\*

*Nero to the world!—p. 7.*

It were useless to enter into the details of all the extravagances and atrocities of this Roman Emperor. Many conspiracies were formed against him, but they were generally discovered, and such as were accessory suffered the greatest punishments. The most dangerous conspiracy against Nero's life was that of Piso, from which he was delivered by the confession of a slave. The conspiracy of Galba proved more successful, and the conspirator, when he was informed that his plot was known to Nero declared himself emperor. The unpopularity of Nero favoured the cause; he was acknowledged by all the Roman empire; and the senate condemned the tyrant that sat on the throne to be dragged naked through the streets of Rome, and whipped to death, and afterwards to be thrown down from the Tarpean rock, like the meanest malefactor. This, however, was not done; and Nero, by a voluntary death, prevented the execution of the sentence. He killed himself, A. D. 68, in the thirty-second year of his age, after a reign of thirteen years and eight months. Rome was filled with acclamation at the intelligence, and the citizens, more strongly to indicate their joy, wore caps, such as were

\* Lemp.

generally used by slaves who had received their freedom. The tyrant, as he expired, begged that his head might not be cut off from his body, and exposed to the insolence of an enraged populace; but that the whole might be burned on the funeral-pile. His request was granted by one of Galba's freedmen, and his obsequies were performed with the usual ceremonies. Though his death seemed to be the source of universal gladness, yet many of his favourites lamented his fall, and were grieved to see that their pleasures and amusements were stopped by the death of their patron of debauchery and extravagance. Even the King of Parthia sent ambassadors to Rome to condole with the Romans; and to beg that they would honour and revere the memory of Nero! His statues were also crowned with garlands of flowers, and many believed that he was not dead, but that he would soon make his appearance, and take a due vengeance upon his enemies. It will be sufficient to observe, in finishing the character of this tyrannical emperor, that the name of *Nero* is even now used emphatically to express a barbarous and unfeeling oppressor. Pliny calls him the common enemy and fury of mankind; and in this he has been followed by all writers, who exhibit Nero as a pattern of the most execrable barbarity and unpardonable wantonness.\* Bonaparte has been called by Chateaubriand, *homme de fer*, and it is on this feature of his character that I base the comparison. History is for the most part silent on the other features in which he had some resemblance to his pattern. But even in this 'bad eminence,' Buonaparte was not more immaculate than *Cæsar*—I have seen a *volume* on the subject entitled "Amours de Napoleon."

"*Exemplum in nostro tam detestabile sexu!*" †

\* Lemp.

† Juv. ii. 48.

*Heaven's scourge to sinning man—*

*All included in thy curse!—p. 7.*

—————“ Sæpe Diespiter

Neglectus incesto addidit integrum.”—Hor. III. 2.

Oft the Divinity neglected, strikes

The guiltless with the guilty.—

“ Πολλακι και ζύμπασα πόλις κακου ανδρος επαυρεϊ.” Hesiod.

Ofttimes the universal state must pay

The penalty of one delinquent.—

Again, “ Because Manasseh King of Judah hath done these abominations . . . . . Therefore thus saith the LORD God of Israel, Behold, I am bringing such evil upon Jerusalem and Judah, that whosoever heareth of it, both his ears shall tingle.”—2 Kings, xxi. 11, 12.

*Slanderer of her Hero's fame.—p. 8.*

“ This great man was also prepared for public by a good quality more important than all others put together—he was a devout man and a sincere disciple of Christ. His oppressors have called his religion, hypocrisy: but it is not to those impious men who profess themselves Mahometans in Turkish countries, that we shall trust for the character of *Christians*. They were bound to revile his noble heart before they destroyed him; and they had no course left to take with his known piety, but to give it that odious name. Toussaint had nothing to gain but the favour of God, by openly giving him glory; for his Negroes had been taught little religion, and the people of France who had sided with them, were, for the most part, sworn enemies of Christianity. The bitterest enemies of Toussaint have confessed that he had no share with the crimes which attended the Revolution. This has never

been denied by his enemies; and to shew how clear his innocence is, I will here quote the words of an author who is one of his bitterest defamers. *Dubroca*, who was employed by Buonaparte's government to slander the unfortunate Toussaint, in a libel called his *Life*, published in Paris, while they were offering rewards for his head at St. Domingo, thus writes: "Far from taking any part in the movements which preceded the insurrection of the Negroes, he seemed determined to keep aloof from all the intrigues and violence of the times; and certain it is, that history has not to reproach him with taking any share in the massacre of the white people, in August, 1791." This unwilling justice ought to have been extended to the whole term of the wars in which he afterwards engaged, during which not a single act of cruelty can be alleged against him."\*

*If repentance touch'd thy breast,  
Ere the moment of thy doom, &c.—p. 8.*

"He also gave directions to the priest Vignali, as to the manner in which he wished his body to be laid out in a *chambre ardente* (a state-room lighted with torches). 'I am neither an atheist,' said Napoleon, 'nor a rationalist. I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of that Church, and receive the assistance she administers.'

"On the 3rd of May it became evident that the scene was near its close. The attendants would fain have called in more medical men; but they durst not, knowing his feelings on this head: 'Even had he been speechless,' said one of them, 'we could not have brooked his eye.' The last sacraments of the church were now administered

\* *Pamphl. Vol. IV.*

by Vignali. He lingered thenceforth in a delirious stupor. On the 4th, the island was swept by a tremendous storm, which tore up almost all the trees about Longwood, by the roots. The 5th was another day of tempests; and about six in the evening, Napoleon—having pronounced the words ‘Tête d’armée,’ passed for ever from the dreams of battle.”\*

N.B. Five stanzas of the Prologue were published at the time that I composed them, a few years ago, in the *Morning Advertiser*, under the title of “Ode to Liberty; or Sigh of the American Slave.”

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## NOTES TO CANTO I.

*Order rules the starry vault.*—p. 7.

Intending to exhibit *Slavery* as a derangement or discord in Creation, I have contemplated the Order or Harmony which exists *intrinsically* in every other part of Creation, but Man. By Harmony or Order, I mean that consent of parts which co-operates to one great end. The text is meant to imply all the revelations of Astronomy.

“ Wide open to mine eyes Thy glories all!  
 Majestic in eternity of years—  
 Of Power, of Love, God will’d the rolling Ball  
 Of universal Worlds—vast spheres in spheres  
 Enchained still vaster; and Himself appears  
 Amidst, yet vastest, greatest! and to Him

\* *Hist. of Nap. Fam. Lib.*

Concentric, bowing adoration, rears  
 Each Might of World, His universal beam  
 Reflected from His face! Meanwhile the grateful theme

“Of all His glories sing they, unison  
 Complete. No discord knowing—in sublime  
 Immortal Diapason they begun—  
 In harmony revolving. Jarring chime  
 Self-moving, know they not—until He time  
 Their periodic downfall. Harmony  
 Were Discord then! they crash, they reel, they rhyme  
 Unto his Will disastrous! Whilst on high  
 Great GOD is glorified—unshaken Majesty!”\*

The first object is to establish the harmony of *irrational* Creation. Not that “whatever is, is right” because it *is* or *exists*—nor that “all partial evil is universal good:” but that the former is right, because God has willed it to be as it is. We can form no notion of a better ordinance.

*Smiles unnumbered—ανηριθμον γελασμα.—p. 12.*

Æsch. Προμ. Δεσμ.

(<sup>5</sup>) *Cruel means, by ends amended.*

Geology and Chemistry exhibit the *Ends* of Death resulting from natural decay, and from violence, in the lower order of animals, as demonstrations of creative and preserving Power. It is known that simplicity of structure characterized the animals and plants of early creation. “Gradually as we advance through the higher strata, or, in other words, as we proceed through this record of progressive creation, we find animals and plants of higher and higher structure; till at last we come to the superficial strata, where there are kinds approximating to the highest of all animated tribes, namely, man himself.” Destruction and Death were the order of the day throughout the era of

\* *From an unpublished Poem by the Author.*

each successive stratification. Plants were of speedy growth and rapid decay—they perished. The atmosphere that surrounded them, by the very principle which accelerated their growth when living, accelerated their decay when dead. Their decomposition added to the crust of the Earth that then was. The time of preparation continued. Every stratum has its peculiar plant—its peculiar constituent of Earth. Animals also existed—and were characterized in the same manner,—rapidity of growth—rapidity of decay. The work of *deposition* progresses—mass upon mass—the Planet is forming. *Density* is to compensate with velocity, for the vastly superior *quantity* of matter in its attracting centre. Its velocity was in proportion to its want of density—hence its seasons must have differed in duration with its *increasing* density, and consequently *decreasing* velocity, and inclination to its axis—till by a succession of deaths, decays, and reproductions, the existing superficies was numbered the last stratum, and the existing orders of animals sprung to life at the bidding of the Creator, and MAN appeared.

Death still administers to life. Plants find their food in the soil and the air that surround them; these in their turn yield subsistence to numerous tribes of animals which are their nearest kindred in creation. But even in these tribes annihilation has its ministers in the shape of insects, beasts, and birds, which all prey and are preyed upon—the strong displaced by a stronger,—when MAN, bringing to his aid the powers of combined wants, keen acquisitiveness, and the destructive engines of violence and craft, devised and multiplied by intellect in combination with the animal of his nature—takes the field as the arch-exterminator in creation. Cruelty is the characteristic of man. No other animal tortures before it kills, except the domestic *cat* in some instances, when it retains its destructiveness



transformed into a semblance of man's cruelty by the natural wants of hunger, being pampered and accustomed to food which is preferred for its delicacy. Insects, birds of prey—the lion and the tiger, inflict the death of an instant. Co-ordinate selfishness directs them—they cooperate instinctively in the economy of creation—

“Cruel means by ends amended.”

But those means are only seemingly *cruel*. We constantly apply that epithet—but it is by *comparison*. We tacitly accuse the Wisdom of God—we arraign divine Providence. Whence is the error? Man's destructiveness is the result of unbridled passions—and we conclude that of the lower animals to be the same! But, it is the result of *wants*, real wants, essential to the happiness of all God's creatures—wisely, then, ordained—benevolently supplied. The surplus of vegetable and of animal life is thus restricted. Hence the instinct of destructiveness appears with a fury increasing with the necessity of extermination. The natural history of the East and the West witnesses this fact in the most striking manner. The economy of the irrational members of Earth's family is, therefore, proved to be wisely established. Providence is justified.

*No discordant Passions mar, &c.—p. 13.*

“In sailing over the sea of life, the passions are the gales that swell the canvas of the mental bark; they obstruct or accelerate its course, and render the voyage favourable or full of danger, in proportion as they blow steadily from a proper point, or are adverse and tempestuous. Like the wind itself, they are an engine of high importance and mighty power. Without them we cannot proceed; but with them we may be shipwrecked and lost.

Reined in, therefore, and attempered, they constitute our happiness ; but let loose and at random, they distract and ruin us.

“ How few beneath auspicious planets born,  
With swelling sails, make good the promised port,  
With all their wishes freighted ! ” \*

“ Perhaps the oldest, simplest, and most universal passion that stirs the mind of man, is—**DESIRE**. So universal is it, that I may confidently ask, where is the created being without it ? And Dryden is fully within the mark in attesting, that

“ ‘ Desire’s the vast extent of human mind.’ ”

“ All the passions have their use ; they all contribute to the general good of mankind ;—and it is the abuse of them, the allowing of them to run wild and unpruned in their career, and not the existence of any of them, that is to be lamented. While there are things that ought to be hated, and deeds that ought to be bewailed, aversion and grief are as necessary to the mind as desire and joy. It is the duty of the judgment to direct and to moderate them ; to discipline them into obedience, and attune them to harmony. The great object of moral education is to call forth, instruct, and fortify the judgment upon this important science ; to let it feel its own power, and accustom it to wield the sceptre intrusted to it with dexterity and steadiness. Where this is accomplished, the violent passions can never show themselves—they can have no real existence ; for we have already produced evidence that they are nothing more than the simple affections, discordantly associated, or raised to an improper pitch. Where this is accomplished, the sea of life will, for the most part, be tranquil and sober ; not from indifference, or the want

\* Young.

of active powers, but from their nice balance and concord; and if, in the prosecution of the voyage, the breeze should be fresh, it will still be friendly, and quicken our course to the desired haven. Finally, wherever this is accomplished, man appears in his true dignity—he has achieved the great point for which he was created, and visions of unfading glory swell before him, as the forthcoming reward of his present triumph.”\*

“All violent passions are evil, or in other words, produce, or tend to produce unhappiness; for evil and unhappiness are only commutable terms.”†

“Strong passion, under the direction of a feeble reason, feeds a low fever, which serves only to destroy the body that entertains it. But vehement passion does not always indicate an infirm judgment. It often accompanies and actuates, and is even auxiliary to a powerful understanding; and when they both conspire and act harmoniously, their force is great to destroy disorder within, and repel injury from abroad.”‡

(<sup>6</sup>) *Thou hadst high Reason, symbol Speech,  
And inborn sense of Right and Wrong.*—p. 13.

“Man surpasses all other animals in the height and proportions of the forehead, and in the comparative mass of brain in the upper part of the skull. In the human head the lower parts of the face bear a smaller proportion to the forehead than in the brutes. The face is placed in nearly a perpendicular line with the forehead, instead of projecting outwards into a snout, as in the lower animals. The brute face is merely suited for the purpose of animal wants and for defence; the jaws are long and

\* *Mason Good.*

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Burke.*

narrow, supplied with thick, strong muscles, and short teeth ; there is not the elevated nose, which in man forms a distinguishing feature,—the arched eyebrows—the exquisitely formed lips, and the rounded chin ; above all, there is not that play of varied expression, that air of intelligence, and that indescribable emanation of a RATIONAL MIND, that ray of divinity, at the appearance of which the most wild and ferocious of the brute creation are awed and subdued. But, besides, the Creator seems to have allotted characteristic external signs to express the passions of the mind, that in social life man might not easily impose on his fellow-man ; for the various muscles of the face express the several passions of the mind so faithfully, that they may be even represented in painting. This is said to be the natural expression, and would appear to be understood even by the lower animals ; for a dog, on looking to the countenance of his master, easily recognises the mute expressions either of commendation or dissatisfaction. From the action of these muscles, so often repeated, physiognomy arises : the action of the prevailing muscles fixes an enduring expression on the features ; and traces of frequent anger often remain in the countenance after the passion itself is gone off. With the power of speech and reason, man has also the means of expressing his feelings and passions by laughter and weeping, manifestations which are not found in the lower animals.” \*

\* *Chamber's Information for the People. (The Human Body.)*—A most excellent work, combining *cheapness* with neatness of form, and a treasury of knowledge, useful, if not necessary to all. Even to those whose industry has been employed in studying more elaborate and lengthy treatises, it will serve to refresh the memory, but too apt, in the most capacious minds, to betray its trust. Mothers and fathers would do well to place its weekly numbers within the reach of their children, instead of the useless and ridiculous trash, commonly called “ tales for the young.”

*Symbol speech.*—“ Shortly after the commencement of our intimacy, Herder told me, in confidence, that he was writing for the prize, proposed by the Academy of Berlin, for the best treatise on the origin of languages. It was not long before he shewed me his Manuscript written in a very neat hand. I had never reflected on the subject of which he treated. I was too deeply plunged in the study of languages to think of seeking their origin. The question also appeared to me in some degree idle. In fact, if God created man complete, he must have endowed him with language as well as other faculties. In the same manner, as man must soon have remarked that he was able to walk and to make use of his hands, to seize the objects within his reach, he must also have perceived that he could make use of his throat to sing, and modify his tones by the help of his palate and lips. In admitting the divine origin of man, it was necessary to admit the same origin of language; and if man, considered as one of the parts of the great work of nature, was a natural being, language also was natural. My mind was as far from separating these two things, as the soul and body. *Silberschlag*, mingling a sort of material doctrine with these arguments, had advocated the divine origin of language, that is to say, that, according to him, God had been the preceptor of the first man. *Herder* ascended still higher in his treatise. He showed how man, with the faculties he possessed, might and must have created a language for himself by his own efforts. I read this treatise with great pleasure and benefit. But I was neither learned, nor profound thinker enough, to make up my mind very readily.”\*

\* GÖTTE—*Mem.* This opinion of Göthe is adopted, and well developed by Ugo Foscolo in his “Discorso sulla Origine e sull’ufficio della Letteratura. *Ediz. del Prof. G. Caleffi*, vol. i.

*Inborn sense of Right and Wrong.* The first command given to the creature presupposes this: a command forbidding or enjoining necessarily implies a sense or apprehension, that obedience would be right, disobedience wrong—in the subordinate. Now it would seem that disobedience, or wrong, could not be presented to the conscience of a being that could not possibly have any notion of it from experience—but, on the contrary, possessing every motive to *obedience* or *right*. I answer, unless it was *inborn*—coexistent with that of *right*. In effect, the finite creature could distinguish nothing but by a direct or indirect comparison. What notion could he have of *length*, but by *comparing* it with *breadth* or *height*? No notion can occupy the mind positively *simple*—every notion is the result of comparison. Let the experiment be made—this interesting *phenomenon* of the mind will be evidenced. Then, from his notion of *right*, man had the notion of *wrong*. May we not, therefore, conclude that a *conflict* was *predestined*? that man was to have implanted in his breast the desire of happiness—that ample means were to be given to him—ample and adequate to ensure it—that, besides this preliminary happiness, a *present* good, was to be additionally rewarded with a *future* of increased beatitude? Does not the definition of *virtue* hinge on this supposition? Do the lower animals experience this *conflict*? And still they perform actions which correspond wonderfully with those of man in *seeming* morality—but these are not the result of *virtue*, because not the result of a triumph in *conflict*—in *them* every deed results from a primitive and positive bent or instinct. This seems to be the destiny of man—a mighty conflict—ample means of victory. “The heart perpetually demands that its pleasures be increased, or its griefs bewailed; it demands to be agitated and to agitate, because it feels that motion consists in life, and tranquillity

in death ; and finds its only aid in *speech*, which it warms with desire, and adorns with hope, and compels others to tremble at its fears, and weep at its tears : all affections which, without this outlet, would burst forth in wild gesture and desperate groans. Meanwhile the imagination of man, restless and ever credulous to the blandishments of a felicity which he follows side by side, step by step to the grave—the imagination, attracting from the secrets of memory the phantoms of things, and reanimating them with the passions of the heart, embellishes whatever it has admired and loved ; represents lost pleasures which are sighed for ; offers to hope, to foresight, the goods and the evils that glimmer in the future ; multiplies at once both the semblances and the forms which nature models for the imitation of man ; and tries to see beyond the veil that envelopes the creature. As it were to compensate to the human race for the destinies by which it is condemned to remain a perpetual slave to the impostures of opinion, and to the key of power, imagination creates the divinity of the Beautiful, the True, the Just, and adores it—she creates the Graces, and caresses them—she eludes the laws of Death, and interrogates and interprets its frozen silence—she outstrips the wings of Time, and to the flying moment which is present, she unites the space of ages without number, and aspires to Eternity. She disdains the Earth, flies beyond the shores of the Ocean, beyond the fires of the Sun, builds a kingdom in the Heavens—there she establishes man, exclaiming: *Thou shalt pass above the stars !*”\*

\* Ugo Foscolo (*Sul. Orig. dell. Letter*). One of the most powerful writers and ablest critics of the Italian language. His “Dante Alighieri e il suo Seculo” is a masterpiece. We have to lament that he did not publish an edition of that Author. It must however be observed that Foscolo is a man of *antiquity*.

*Nimrod, first man-hunter, crushing  
As he trod, the Earth.—p. 15.*

“ And Cush begat Nimrod : he began to be a mighty one of the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the LORD : wherefore it is said, Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter, before the LORD. And the beginning of his Kingdom was Babel,” &c.—*Gen. x. 9, 10.*

He was the first who began to monopolize power on the earth, and gave occasion to the proverb, “ Like Nimrod, the great hunter before the Lord.” His hunting was not only of wild beasts, but also to subdue men, to reduce them under his dominion. Indeed the text above seems to apply the word “ hunter ” in the figurative sense only ; for “ the beginning of his kingdom ” is immediately mentioned. It may further imply the utter recklessness of *means* employed by the first tyrant. Ezekiel (xxxii. 30. *Vulg.*) gives the name of hunters to all tyrants. The foundation of the empire of Nimrod was at Babylon ; and

Escaping from the “ impostures of opinion,” he sought and imagined that he found in antiquity, “ the semblances and the forms which nature models for the imitation of man.” His sentiments are correct in general, but his hopes are ill-founded perpetually. This misfortune originates in the state of Society wherein he was placed. His pride of mind discarded all things, and found nothing instead. He has contributed another dirge to the misfortunes of genius—a life of tumult and the death of loneliness. The benevolent Hudson Gurney, who had in life cherished the unfortunate child of genius, gave him a resting-place, and a simple inscription in the cemetery of Chiswick. The writer of his life exclaims :—“ Chi avrebbe mai potuto immaginare che colui che con versi degni del cedro pregava a tutti onorevoli mausolei, dovesse poi in un estraneo cantuccio della terra giacere senza uno condegno almeno del suo chiaro nome!—umana sorte! ” . . .



very probably he was among the most eager undertakers of the tower of Babel. He built Babylon at or near that famous tower, and thence he extended his dominion over the neighbouring countries, "and Erech," &c. When Nimrod had established the beginning of his empire in Babylon, and in the land of Shinar, he advanced towards Assyria, where he built powerful cities, as so many fortresses, to keep the people in subjection.

Some have confounded Nimrod with Belus, founder of the Kingdom of Babylon, and with Ninus, founder of that of Nineveh: but these are much later than Nimrod. Profane authors have embellished the history of *Bacchus* with several circumstances taken from that of Nimrod. The name *Nebrodeus*, or *Nebrothus*, given to Bacchus, is evidently derived from *Nembrod* or *Nimrod*, though the Greeks derive it from a *goat-skin*, with which they pretend Bacchus was clothed. The name of *Bacchus* may also be derived from *Bar-chus*, "son of Cush;" because Nimrod was, indeed, the son of Cush. The Greeks gave to Bacchus the name of "hunter," just as Moses gives it to Nimrod. The expeditions of Bacchus into the Indies are formed on the wars of Nimrod in Babylonia and Assyria. To Nimrod is imputed the invention of *idolatrous worship paid to men*.\*

*O'er the earth its branches spread,  
High,—as low in hell its root—*

—————" *quæ quantum vertice ad auras  
Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.*"

Virg. Georg. II. 291.

\* Calmet.

*By Man's lust, ambition fed,  
Gave him carnage for its fruit.—p. 16.*

“What are the eternal causes and ends of the universe, it is not permitted to us mortals to know nor investigate: but their effects are here exhibited, ever certain, ever continuous; and if at times we may lament them, we often find, in our experience, amends of consolation.” We are now contemplating the effects of primitive disobedience—man, a rebel—earth, the field of the passions, in lawless career. Sad is the contemplation: but replete with interest. It tacitly develops truths the most striking, at least, even if we are *not* able to reconcile them with the wisdom and justice and bounty of the Creator—a proposition which is not to be admitted. “Man disturbs with fears the pleasures of the hour that is flying away, or despises them for the hopes which deceive him.—We are tired of life, and fear to lose it—we pant to perpetuate it in death—never-ceasing undulation of hopes and of fears, agitated more and more by the impulse of desire and the blandishments of imagination! Such is the will of Nature, which has annexed inquietude to the very existence of man, who perpetually aspires to repose, precisely because he can never attain that state of rest. For, if the passions languish, the motion of the vital powers are retarded—if motion cease, life ceases; and all our tranquillity is nothing but the prelude of the supreme and perpetual silence of the Grave. True, there may be, and are (alas! too many) in the profligate, passions without reason: but reason, without the affections and the charms of fancy, would be an inactive faculty. All Philosophy will suggest sublime contemplations to the man that reflects—useful applications to him that is able to turn them to the good account of

humanity: but it will be unintelligible, unjust to those who feel passions which should be curbed. Besides, as Nature has not equally distributed power to all, so she has not armed all with an equal vigour of reason,\* and without such an inequality and blindness of judgment—what real good would induce men to make one common cause in the field of battle? to imbrue each other with blood for the possession of the earth, most abundant for all—and what good more dear than peaceful liberty? But, by immutable decrees, the generality of men can neither be at rest nor free. Insatiable in their desires, blind in their means, unequal in their faculties, ever in doubt respecting, and for the most part unfortunate in, events—they were compelled, in spite of themselves, to choose the lesser bereavement, renouncing the guidance of their passions to the mind of the wise, or the power of the strong. Hence the human race is divided into *many slaves*, who resign the command of their own powers the more absolutely, in proportion as they are less capacitated to turn them to their own advantage—and, a *few masters*, who, fomenting the passions of others with the fears and rewards of earthly justice, and with the promises and

\* Des Cartes lays down as an axiom—“that nature has endowed all men with an equal faculty of reason. (Dissert. de Meth.) Rousseau begins his Social Contract with this sentence: “Man is born free:” both errors most disastrous continually to philosophy and to government.—*Foscolo*. The former is proved false by common experience and common sense—I apprehend that the latter, to be true, needs but this distinction, *as man*. Man, as man, is born free—but being destined for *society*, he must subserve, to be subserved in turn—this principle should be the basis of legislation—that is, it should endeavour to prevent *crime*, not by penalties, but by making *virtue* the object of reward. Agricola pursued this plan, and succeeded.

threats of heaven—have the art and the power to make them promote the welfare of the public.” \*

*Arch-plague in Adrasta's car,  
Arm'd with stern Medusa's crest.—p. 16.*

The *Furies* of the ancients were three in number; Tisiphone, Megara, and Alecto, to which some add *Nemesis*; more properly, however, the goddess of vengeance. Plutarch mentions only one, called *Adrasta*, daughter of Jupiter and Necessity. They were supposed to be the ministers of the vengeance of the gods, and therefore appeared stern and inexorable; always employed in punishing the guilty upon earth, as well as in the infernal regions. They inflicted their vengeance on earth, by wars, pestilence, and dissensions, and by the secret stings of conscience; and in hell, they punish the guilty by continual flagellation and torments.

*Medusa* was one of the Gorgons. They came into the world with snakes on their heads, instead of hair, with yellow wings and brazen hands. Their body was also covered with impenetrable scales, and their very looks had the power of killing, or turning into stones. Perseus, a celebrated hero, rendered his name immortal by the conquest of *Medusa*. He cut off her head, and placed it on the *Ægis*, or shield of *Minerva*, the goddess of Wisdom, which he had used in his expedition. The head still retained the same petrifying power as before.

If we judge from the symbols by which they were represented, it will seem that the ancients were not left without the hopes of reward and the fears of punishment. As far as these are concerned, the “inborn sense of right

\* *Ugo Foscolo.*

and wrong" has been at all times, and in every nation, most fruitful in devising allurements to virtue and preventives to vice. The Mythology, or Fable of the ancients, is a perfect illustration of the remarks in the preceding note. Indeed, much may be learnt from this Mythology. It has been accused of gross licentiousness; but the grossness may be in the accusers. It contains the sum of ancient opinions respecting the formation of the earth, the constituents of things, their changes and destinies, and the social economy as it should be, in accordance with the then supposed constitution of heaven. It is never to be understood in the literal sense, although the keenest ingenuity will, in many points, fail to unravel the mystery. But we should not blame the ancients too severely for the figures or symbols they have used to express, perhaps a *general providence*, in the "propensities" of Jupiter, so universal in their objects, nor for the *adjuncts* with which they are embellished or degraded, since those who have handed them down may have "added to the text." Meanwhile, however, it may be observed, that those who do not object to the language of *Botany*,\* cannot consistently discard that of *Mythology*. This topic suggests many reflections, but want of space compels me to dismiss them for the present.

*Front to front, and hand to hand,  
Lowering rush the fiends of war.*

Μᾶλλον δὲ στιχες ἄρθεν, ἐπει βασιλῆος ἀκουσαν....

Ὡς ἄραρον κορυθες τε καὶ ἀσπίδες ομφαλοεσσαι

Ἀσπις ἀρ' ἀσπίδ' ἔρειδε, κόρυς κορυν, ἀνερα δ' ἀνηρ.

Il. xvi. 211.

\* The *Song of Solomon* might also be mentioned.

Τῶν δὲ στιχῆς εἶατο πυκναί,  
 Ἀσπισὶ καὶ κορυθῆσσι καὶ ἐγχεσὶ πεφρικυῖαι.

Ib. vii. 61.

*When all is lost, or nought remains  
 But life in hopeless slavery,—  
 The victor's pity and his chains!*—p. 17.

Nimrod, profiting by the veneration which his courage had produced, and the fear inspired by his power, was the first of mortals that exacted the obedience of men. He abused their credulity, to play the part of mediator between God and his creatures: he was the first king. The scattered people sought refuge under the protection of that mighty man, who, terrified by the numerous population that surrounded him, employed so many idle retainers in the construction of the Tower of Babel. The fear of a second Deluge animated their zeal. This important epoch of primitive times gives us an idea of the first foundations of principalities. Mankind, for several ages separated, had already created different languages; the confusion of these languages, still rude and uncultivated, produced a new separation. The tower of Nimrod was not finished: but that destroyer of liberty was to leave to the world traces not to be forgotten of his ambition and his daring. Babylon rose on the ruins of Babel. About the same time, Assur, son of Shem, gives laws and his name to the Assyrians. Ninus, or Ninveh, his son or nephew, founds Nineveh: whilst Menes or Misraïm, son of Cham, embanks the Nile, builds Memphis, and reigns over the Egyptians: Chus, another son of Cham, and father of Nimrod, is established in Ethiopia. The empire of China, which vies in antiquity with that of the Assyrians, begins at this time to date more positive annals. Yao, her first

legislator, reigns : with him begins the dynasty of *Via*.\*  
But all is obscure—nothing certain, but the loss of liberty  
in the *many* and tyranny in the *few*!

*Revered the foe whose bosom burn'd*

*With stubborn fire unconfin'd, &c.—p. 17.*

“The fame of Caractacus had already crossed the seas ; and the natives of Italy were anxious to behold the man who had braved for nine years the power of Rome. As he passed through the imperial city, he expressed his surprise that men, who possessed such palaces at home, should deem it worth their while to fight for the wretched hovels of Britain. Claudius and the empress Agrippina were seated on two lofty tribunals, with the pretorian guards on each side, and the senate and the people in front, as witnesses of the spectacle. First were borne the arms and the ornaments of the British prince ; next followed his wife, daughter, and brothers, bewailing with tears their unhappy fate ; lastly came Caractacus himself, neither dispirited by his misfortunes, nor dismayed by this new and imposing scene. Claudius, to his honour, received him graciously, restored him to liberty, and if we may credit a plausible conjecture, invested him with princely authority over a portion of conquered Britain.”—*Lingard's Hist. of England.*

*And Pagan Athens would defend*

*The Anathema of cruel Fate, &c.—p. 17.*

“The condition of Slaves, (among the ancients,) and their personal treatment were sufficiently humiliating and grievous ; and may well excite our pity and abhorrence.

\* *Vanderb. and Veim.*

They were beaten, starved, tortured, and murdered at discretion ; they were dead in a civil sense ; they had neither name nor tribe ; they were incapable of judicial process ; and they were, in short, without appeal." How well have the moderns succeeded in giving the same features to Slavery in *Christendom* ! "To this cruel treatment, however, there were some exceptions. The Egyptian slave, though perhaps a greater drudge than any other, yet, if he had time to reach the temple of Hercules,\* found a certain retreat from the persecution of his master ; and he derived additional comfort from the reflection that his life could not be taken with impunity. But no place was so favourable to slaves as Athens, when declining. Here they were allowed a greater liberty of speech ; they had their convivial meetings, their amours, their hours of relaxation, pleasantries, and mirth ; they were treated in such a manner as to warrant the observation of Demosthenes, in his second *Philippic*, ' that the condition of a slave at Athens was preferable to that of a free citizen in many other countries.' And here, if persecution exceeded the bounds of lenity, they had their temple, like the Egyptian, for refuge, where the legislature was so attentive, as to examine their complaints, and to order them, if these were founded in justice, to be sold to another master. Besides, they were allowed an opportunity of working for themselves ; and if their diligence had procured them a sum equivalent to their ransom, they could immediately, on paying it down, demand their freedom for ever. To this privilege Plautus alludes, in his 'Casina,' where he introduces a slave, speaking in the following manner :

" Quid tu me vero libertate territas ?  
 Quod si tu nolis, filiusque etiam tuus,  
 Vobis *invitis*, atque amborum *ingratis*,  
*Unâ libellâ liber possum fieri.*"

\* *Herod. II. 143.*



“ Thus we find, to the eternal honour of Egypt and Athens, that they were the only places, if we except the cities of the Jews, where slaves were considered with any humanity at all. The inhabitants of all other parts of the world seemed to vie with each other in the debasement and oppression of these unfortunate people.”\*

*Once more remembers home—and dies.*

—“ *et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*”—Æneid x. 782.

*She was herself enslaved! &c.*—p. 18.

The period was now come for the intervention of a foreign power, which was to reduce all under its wide-spreading dominion. The Romans were at this time the most powerful of all the contemporary nations. The people of Ætolia, attacked by the Macedonians, with a rash policy, besought the aid of the Romans, who, eager to add to their dominion this devoted country, cheerfully obeyed the summons, and speedily accomplished the reduction of Macedonia. Perseus, its last sovereign, was led captive to Rome, and graced the triumph of Paulus Æmilius, 167 B. C. From that period, the Romans were hastily advancing to the dominion of all Greece; a progress in which their art was more conspicuous than their virtue. They gained their end by fostering dissensions between the States, which they directed to their own advantage; corrupting their principal citizens, and using, in fine, every art of the most insidious policy. A pretext was only wanting to unsheathe the sword; and this was furnished by the Archæan States, who insulted the deputies of imperial Rome. This drew on them at once the thunder of the Roman arms. Metellus marched his legions into Greece, gave them battle, and entirely defeated them. Mummius,

\* *Encycl. Londin.*

the consul, terminated the work, and made an easy conquest of the whole of Greece, which from that period became a Roman province, under the name of Achaia, 146 B. C.

Rome had acquired from her conquests a flood of wealth, and began now to manifest a taste for luxury and a spirit of refinement. In these points Greece was to her conquerors an instructor and a model :—

“ Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes  
Intulit agresti Latio.” \*

Hence, even though vanquished, she was regarded with a species of respect, by her ruder masters.†

*Her birds are stolen—they unlearn  
Their notes ; or warble still to cheer  
And humanize the Prowler stern  
That wept for GREECE the Victor's tear!*—p. 18.

Since composing these verses I have met with the following passage in the “ Voyage de Polyclète ; ou, Lettres Romaines ”—a work evidently designed by its author, the *Baron de Théis*, to exhibit the manners and customs, &c. of the *Romans*, as the “ Voyage du jeune Anacharsis,” by *Borthélemy*, has portrayed those of the *Greeks*—nor with less success.

“ Aussitôt que nous y fûmes entrés : ‘ Jeune homme,’ dit-il, voici votre logement : vous y trouverez tout ce qui peut vous être nécessaire ou agréable, et un esclave y sera toujours à vos ordres ; je le choisirai moi-même, avec soin, parmi les nombreux serviteurs de cette maison ; et je ferai en sorte de placer près de vous un sujet dont vous soyez content.’ ‘ Qui êtes-vous ? ’ demandai-je, ‘ et quelle sorte

\* *Horat. Epist. II. 1, 156.*

† *Tytler.*

de fonction remplissez-vous près du Consul ? ' ' Moi-même, je suis esclave,' repondit-il ; ' des services déjà anciens, un attachement sincère, une éducation supérieure à ma fortune, m'ont obtenu la confiance de mon patron. Il m'a chargé de l'éducation d'un fils qu'il chérit, et qui annonce des vertus ; je dirige la conduite de ce jeune homme, je surveille ses maîtres, et je lui apprends ce que des Romains ne pourraient lui montrer. Le Consul veut que je partage mes soins entre vous et le jeune Lucius : je serai votre interprète, jusqu'à ce que vous connaissiez la langue de Rome ; je vous accompagnerai en tout lieu ; je vous expliquerai ce que vous desirerez connaître ; heureux si, pour prix de mon zèle, vous daignez quelquefois vous souvenir que nous avons une même patrie.'

“ Je fus touché de ces soins généreux ; je le fus davantage quand je connus celui qui en était chargé. Né dans une condition honnête, jeté dans l'esclavage par le droit de la guerre, il avait adouci son sort en communiquant à ses maîtres l'instruction qu'il avait acquise pour lui-même.....

“ Que de bonté, que de grandeur ! Eh quoi ! les mêmes hommes pourraient-ils être à la fois injustes et magnanimes ? Serrai-ils en même tems d'une avarice insatiable, et d'une générosité \* sans bornes ? Non : croyons

\* To the reflecting reader it must be often a source of wonder, whilst he meditates the histories of nations, how man resembles man in every clime. Frequently we have but to change the names of the actors, (whether ancient or modern), and the tragedy remains the same—the catastrophe unchanged. So, relatively to the point in question, the condition of the slave in Rome was exactly what it was in the West Indies, and is in America ; and the master, or the *Planter*, in the three several instances are equally celebrated for “generosity” to all—except the slave ! This apparent contrariety of feature ceases, however,

plutôt que la nature, qui place les plantes salutaires auprès des plus dangereux poisons, s'est plu à faire naître un modèle de vertu parmi tant d'êtres barbares. Cette idée est chère à mon cœur : elle me permet de me livrer à toute l'étendue de ma reconnaissance pour Cneius Octavius, et de haïr sans réserve le reste des Romains !.....

“ Ce matin, Syrus, cet esclave grec dont je vous ai déjà parlé, m'a conduit vers son jeune maître : nous le trouvâmes occupé à traduire un paragraphe d'Isocrate. A peine eut-il appris qui j'étais que, se levant avec vivacité, “ O Polyclète, ” me dit-il en langue grecque, ‘ que de grâces j'ai à rendre aux Dieux qui ont amené près de moi un habitant d'Athènes, de cette ville célèbre qui a produit tant d'hommes illustres ! puisse l'amitié que je m'empresse de vous offrir, suspendre en vous les regrets de vous voir éloigné de votre patrie ; et puissé-je m'instruire près de vous de ces sciences que chérissent les Grecs ! ’ Touché de cette demande, je serrai, avec émotion, cette aimable jeune homme entre mes bras : ‘ Oui, ’ lui dis-je, je serai votre ami ; nous travaillerons ensemble, et je serai heureux de contribuer à vos succès, autant que ma propre instruction pourra me le permettre ! ’ Alors il me pria de lui tracer quelques mots grecs, afin de lui montrer, disait-il, nos caractères dans toute leur élégance. Pour lui complaire, j'écrivis ces vers de Sophocle, sur ses tablettes qu'il me présentait :

“ Hélas ! où suis-je infortuné, où vais-je ? en quel lieu

to surprise, when we reflect that there is a generosity of the heart, and also a generosity of *ostentation*. To the exacting shrine of the latter we daily see hundreds of pounds offered without reluctance : but the former has taken refuge in those, and, perhaps in those only, who are but a little less wretched than the poor man with whom they share their bread. This topic is touched upon in the third Canto, p. 86.

“ irai-je perdre mes plaintes et traîner mes malheurs ?  
 “ O jours heureux ! qu’êtes-vous devenus ? ” \*

“ Jugez de ma surprise, lorsque, saisissant le style avec promptitude, il traça sur-le-champ ce passage d’Eschyle, au-dessous de celui que j’avais cité :

“ Mars lui-même donne à ceux qui échappent aux combats, un asile respecté des Dieux. Tout notre cœur se doit à Jupiter. Quoique sa lumière éclat en tous lieux, jusque dans les ténèbres, les événemens de la vie n’en sont pas moins impénétrables pour nous ; mais, quelque obscures que soient les voies de Jupiter, tout ce qu’il a déterminé d’un signe s’accomplit. ” †

“ Charmé d’une application aussi heureuse, ‘ Apprenez-moi, ’ lui dis-je, ‘ comment, dans un âge aussi tendre, vous avez acquis assez de perfection dans une langue étrangère, pour en citer les meilleurs auteurs avec autant de justesse ? ’ ‘ Vous voyez, mon maître, ’ répondit-il, en me montrant Syrus ; ‘ Il sera le vôtre également ; il vous fera connaître les Romains, comme il m’a fait connaître les Grecs. Combien de fois ne m’a-t-il pas transporté par la description de ces fêtes brillantes, où tant de nations assemblées se disputent le prix des beaux-arts ! Mon père en fut le témoin, lorsque, dans ses premières années, il porta les armes contre la Grèce. Malgré son amour pour sa patrie, il sentit la supériorité de la vôtre, et il voulut qu’un jour son fils ne fut pas étranger à ses nobles travaux. Peut-être me sera-t-il permis plus tard d’aller m’instruire dans Athènes même ; puissé-je y retrouver Polyclète, heureux au sein de sa famille, et puisse-t-il s’y ressouvenir, dans la prospérité, de ceux qui furent ses amis dans l’infortune. ’ ”

\* *Soph. Œdip. Act V.*

† *Æschyl. Suppl. Act I.*

*The final triumph of her King,  
Ere Grace emancipated all.—p. 19.*

The battle of Actium decided the fate of the commonwealth; and Octavius, now named Augustus by the senate, and invested with the title of Imperator, was master of the Roman empire. He died at Nola, in Campania, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and forty-fourth of his imperial reign, A. D. 14. At the time of his death the empire was bounded by the Atlantic Ocean on the West, the Rhine and Danube on the North, the Euphrates on the East, and the deserts of Arabia and Africa on the South; and these boundaries he recommended in his testament to be considered as the natural limits of the empire.

A considerable part of the lustre thrown on the reign of Augustus is owing to the splendid colouring bestowed on his character by the poets and other authors, who adorned his court and repaid his favours by their adulation. Assuredly other sovereigns of much higher merits have been less fortunate in obtaining the applause of posterity:

—————“*Illacrymabiles  
Urgentur, ignotique longâ  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.*”

One great event distinguished the reign of Augustus—the birth of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, which, according to the best authorities, happened in the 754th year, A. U. C., and four years before the vulgar date of the Christian era.\*

\* *Tytler.*

## SLAVERY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

Before we proceed to the contemplation of that system of Slavery which has surpassed all others in enormity, I have thought it advisable, in order to give completeness to the work, to conclude the notes on the first Canto with a short account of Slavery among the ancients.

In the preface I have touched on the improbability that anything like Slavery in the strict sense of the word was predicted against Ham or Cham. Inferiority in the sight of Heaven, (on account of crime,) or something analogous, that prediction may imply; but assuredly anything but *Slavery* fell to the lot of Ham's descendants. The family of Ham produced the first absolute tyrant—NIMROD! The founder of the Egyptian dynasty was from the same stock; and Canaan, "the land flowing with milk and honey," fell to the lot of these primitive *Slaves*. As it were to give the lie to the narrow-minded interpretation, the very next chapter of the sacred book enumerates the growing kingdoms of the "cursed Canaan." Nay, it was their blessed brethren who were the first to be "led into captivity!" The Egyptians, the Philistines, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Romans, successively shook the whip of scorpions over the descendants of Abraham! That the stock of Canaan never enjoyed the "liberty of the sons of God" in the most extended social and moral sense, may be, perhaps *is* true—but that it was blasted with Slavery in the same extended sense, I believe to be false and inconsistent with the justice of God.

I. The HEBREWS had *slaves*. The sources which supplied the people of God with slaves have been enumerated in the preface. Their condition may be inferred from the sacred text: "If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years he

shall serve, and in the seventh, he shall go out free for nothing." (*Exod. xxi.*) "He shall have at going out the same clothes (i. e. quantity and quality) he had at coming in, and his wife shall go out with him." The Hebrew original means, "If he came in by himself (with his body) he shall go out by himself, if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master hath given him a wife, and she hath borne him sons or daughters; the wife and the children shall be her master's, and he shall go out by himself (with his body). If the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children, I will not go out free; then his master shall bring him unto the judges (*Heb. Gods*;) he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door-post, (of his master's house,) and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl, and he shall serve him for ever." (*Deut. xv. 17.*) According to the commentators, till the year of jubilee; *for then all slaves, without exception, recovered their liberty. The Rabbins add, that slaves were set free also at the death of their masters, and did not descend to their heirs.*

"If a man sell his daughter to be a maid-servant (or a slave) she shall not go out as the men-servants do," &c. (*Exod. xxi.*) The laws just mentioned do not concern her. There is another kind of jurisprudence for Hebrew girls, than for men or boys. A father could not sell his daughter for a slave, according to the Rabbins, till she was at the age of puberty, and unless he were reduced to the utmost indigence. Besides, when a master bought an Israelite girl, it was always with the presumption *that he, or his son, would take her to wife.* Hence Moses adds, "If she please not her master," and he does not think fit to marry her, he shall set her at liberty; or according to the Hebrew, "He shall let her be redeemed." *To sell her into a strange nation he shall have no power, seeing he hath dealt deceitfully*



*with her,*" as to the engagement, implied at least, to take her to wife. "If he hath betrothed her unto his son, *he shall deal with her after the manner of daughters.*" (*Exod.* xxi.) He shall take care that his son uses her as his wife, that he does not despise or maltreat her. If he make his son marry another wife, he shall give her her dowry, her clothes, and compensation for her virginity; or, according to the Hebrew, "If he make his son marry another wife, he shall not diminish the clothes, the maintenance, or the habitation of the former;" intending, it is thought, that the master who bought her, and made his son marry her, if his son marries a second wife, he shall take care that he treats this first woman as his wife; that he allow her food and raiment, and perform the duties of marriage to her, as to his true wife; if he do not, "then shall she go out free without money." If the father of a family who had bought an Israelite maid, did not marry her, nor make his son marry her; or, if he would dismiss her after he had kept her for some time, he was bound to find her a husband, or to sell her to another *Hebrew* master, on the same conditions that he had taken her himself; giving her a portion, her clothes, and the price of her virginity, agreeably to custom: or, as regulated by the judges.\* Such were the restrictions on the tyranny of masters among the Hebrews—restrictions so ample, that we cannot but conclude that all their *privileges* were successfully nullified. In these privileges the Hebrews followed the rules common to other nations—but we have every reason to believe that no masters were ever as humane as those of the people of God. Let those, then, who justify slavery by scriptural authority, contemplate the model. Let the hypocritical Americans who do this wickedness, give their

\* Calmet.

slaves the *Slavery-code* of Moses—we shall be content with that for the present—more we shall have when the day arrives that God has appointed.

II. The connection between victory and servitude, which prevailed among the nations of antiquity, has uniformly existed in one country or another. Accordingly, the first class of *involuntary* slaves included those who were “prisoners of war.” The practice of reducing prisoners of war to the condition of slaves, subsisted both among the eastern nations, and the people of the West, as the very name\* announces. The *Helots* became the slaves of the Spartans merely from the right of conquest; and prisoners of war were reduced to the same condition by the other inhabitants of Greece. The Romans, also, were actuated by the same principle; and all those nations which contributed to overturn the empire adopted a similar custom; so that it was a general maxim in their polity, that those who fell into their power as prisoners of war, should immediately be reduced to the condition of slaves.

The slaves of the Greeks were generally, or very commonly barbarians, and imported from foreign countries.

By the civil law, the power of making slaves is esteemed a right of nations, and follows, *jure gentium*, as a natural consequence of captivity in war.—*Just. i. 5, 6.*

This is the first origin of the right of Slavery, assigned by Justinian. (*Just. i. 3, 4.*) Whence slaves are called *mancipia, quasi manu capti.*

The Lacedæmonians, say some, or as others say, the Assyrians, first introduced the practice, which the Romans not only approved of, but they even invented new manners of making slaves: for instance, a man born free among

\* See note in the Preface.

them might sell his freedom, and become a slave. This voluntary Slavery was first introduced by a decree of the senate in the time of the emperor Claudius, and at length was abrogated by Leo.

The Romans had power of life and death over their slaves, which no other nation had, except, perhaps, the Jews;\* but this severity was afterwards moderated by the laws of the emperors; and by one of Adrian it was made capital to kill a slave without cause. The slaves were esteemed the proper goods of their masters, and all they got belonged to them: but if the master were too cruel in his domestic connection, he was obliged to sell his slave at a moderate price. The custom of exposing old, useless, or sick slaves in an island of the Tiber, there to starve, seems to have been pretty common in Rome. But whoever recovered after having been exposed, had his liberty given him by an edict of the emperor Claudius, in which it was likewise forbidden to kill any slave merely for old age or sickness—a prohibition which evidently supposes the prevalence of the crime. Nevertheless, it was the professed maxim of the elder Cato, to sell his superannuated slaves for any price, rather than maintain what he deemed a useless burthen. The *ergastula*, or dungeons, where slaves in chains were forced to work, were very common all over Italy. Columella advises that they be always built underground; and recommends it, as the duty of a careful overseer, to call over every day the names of these slaves, in order to know when any of them had deserted. Sicily was full of *ergastula*, and was cultivated by labourers in chains. Eunus and Athenio excited the servile war, by breaking up these monstrous prisons, and giving liberty to 60,000 slaves.

\* Calmet.

The Romans prided themselves on the number of their slaves—some possessed upwards of a thousand. They were distinguished into three classes: 1st. Captives in war, who were sold by auction, after having been arranged under a pike sunk in the ground, as an emblem of the rights of war;—2nd. Those who were bought from merchants. They were made to walk in the public places, with a crown of flowers on their heads, to give notice that their qualities, expressed on a scroll, were guaranteed. Others had no crown, but only a hat, because the seller did not answer for the talents which they arrogated;—3rd. The last class comprised those who were born in the house of their master. The condition of the last was somewhat softened; a long habit of servitude destroyed, as far as possible, in them, the impression of Slavery. They were more nearly allied to their patron, and were, in some respects, a part of his family.

The Roman slaves were sometimes made free: but they were not even then assimilated to the true Romans. Although they enjoyed the most important rights, public opinion lowered them much beneath the lowest of the citizens. They could not aspire to the most unimportant functions in the state; they were not admitted into the legions; even their children were excluded, and they could serve only in the navy. They were enrolled in the lowest tribes, and there only could they give their votes in the assemblies of the people. Every provision made for them, was calculated to remind them of their former degradation. Even their liberty was precarious; the freedman was ever bound to show his respect towards his old master—he was compelled to strip himself of his possessions in order to relieve him, if his master fell into poverty! If he failed to perform these duties, he was driven into bondage again, or sent to work in the mines. Infine, he could, in

no instance, marry the daughter of a Roman by birth ! This exception was alone sufficient to exclude him from the ancient citizens.

Now, let us remember that these men were *white*—at all events of the same *family* of mankind as the Romans were—say the *Caucasian* ; and still, because enslaved according to the rights of war or by other means—we find them exactly in the condition of the *Ethiopic* or *Black* family of man, in the West Indies and the United States of America. How then will those profound divers into mysteries reconcile these facts, when they tell us that there is a *prejudice* implanted in the breast of different families of the human race against each other, and based on the *complexion*, and that it is this complexion which is the motive of “prejudice against colour ?” These facts need no argumentation—they speak for themselves. I will put a case. Supposing one of those *slaves* had in different circumstances settled in Rome, and obtained the rights of a citizen—would he have been looked upon with the same contempt ? Decidedly not—History proves the contrary—one of the early speeches \* of Cicero was for the very purpose of gaining those privileges for a citizen of Greece, whence slaves had been procured according to the rights of war. We read of no “prejudice of colour” against the tawny Africans, amongst the Romans. As amongst the moderns the colour of their gold was the chief tariff of respect when a foreigner visited Rome in her latter days. Now I will put another case. Supposing an *African*, or a *white* man allied in the ten thousandth degree to the African, and *known* to be so, were to arrive in America—rich as a *Cræsus*—would he be received into the society of the whites even of the lowest class, with respect ? Here is the answer—“These

\* *Pro Archid.*

persons, (blacks and coloured,) though many of them are possessed of the rights of citizenship, are not admitted into the churches which are visited by the whites. There exists a penal law, deeply written in the *minds* of the whole white population, which subjects their coloured fellow-citizens to unconditional contumely and never-ceasing insult. No respectability, however unquestionable; no property, however large; no character, however unblemished, will gain a man, whose body is (in American estimation) *cursed* with even a twentieth portion of the blood of his African ancestry, admission into society ! ! ! They are considered as mere *Pariahs*, as outcasts and vagrants upon the face of the earth ! I make no reflections upon these things, but leave the facts for your consideration." I have copied these words *verbatim* from Fearson's Journey through the American States, in 1817—subsequent notes will evidence that twenty years have not modified this "prejudice against colour" in the slightest degree. To what is it owing? Not surely to any *inborn abhorrence* of the complexion of man against man; for if so, the feeling would be common to all nations, which is not the case, for instance, in Englishmen. We have proved that a like prejudice existed in the Romans against their *white* slaves, and the *cause* was in *Slavery* itself. They were despised because they were slaves, or had been slaves. This is the fulcrum of prejudice in America. Abolish Slavery, and there will be no *caste*. Already we see these effects in the West Indies. Thirty years hence there will be no "prejudice against colour" in the West Indies. A few other remarks bearing on this subject will be found further on, when discussing the extermination of the Indian tribes of America by the Whiteman.

I trust that sufficient has been said to give the reader an idea of Slavery among the ancients. It may be further

remarked that *piracy* was also a means of obtaining slaves in early times as among the moderns. Egypt is represented in the book of Genesis, as a market of slaves, and in Exod. ch. i. as famous for the severity of its servitude. Homer also, (Odys. xvii.) points out Egypt as a market for the human species, and by the epithet of "bitter Egypt," alludes in the strongest manner to that severity and rigour, of which the sacred histories transmitted to us the first account. Many of the Ægean islands and the continent of Greece furnished pirates in this nefarious trade. Tyre and Sidon, as we learn from the book of Joel, (iii. 3, 4, 6,) were notorious for the prosecution of this trade. This custom appears also to have existed among other States: it travelled all over Asia; it spread through the Grecian and Roman world; it was in use among the barbarous nations, which overturned the Roman empire; and was therefore practised, at the same period, throughout the whole of Europe. However, as the northern nations were settled in their conquests, the Slavery and commerce of the human species began to decline, and on their full establishment they were abolished. Some writers have ascribed their decline and abolition to the prevalence of the feudal system; whilst others, much more numerous, and with less strength of argument, have maintained that they were the natural effects of *Christianity*. The advocates of the former opinion allege, that "the multitude of little States which sprung up from one great one at this era, occasioned infinite bickerings and matter for contention. There was not a state or seigniory which did not want all the hands they could muster, either to defend their own right, or to dispute that of their neighbours. Thus every man was taken into the service: those whom they armed, they were obliged to trust; and there could be no trust but in *free* men. Thus the barrier

between the two natures was thrown down, and Slavery was no more heard of in the West." The latter opinion I have adopted in the Poem—true or false, it is indeed sweet to owe "the liberty of the children of God" to the Cross.\*

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### NOTES TO CANTO II.

Silence is the best chronicle of the four hundred years that elapsed from the final triumph of the Roman arms. Rome had laid the basis of tyranny—it was a gestation whence the Earth was to be convulsed, and inundated with afflictions of every kind. A few lines will suffice to fill the blank of time between the events which have been described and those which are to follow in the page of Slavery.

The new empire which Constantine had founded, rapidly changed the face of the earth. Men were living in Slavery: in the name of a poor and humble God, equality and a future state of bliss was preached to them—Christianity was embraced by all. But when shall human nature be at rest? A lamentable fact is our only consolation! Three several attacks have been made on the Christian church. The first was the Sword of Persecution—the second, laxity of discipline and morals—a third has been suggested, *heresy*, a term for which so many definitions may be given,

\* The preceding account of Slavery has been condensed from the *Encycl. Lond.*; *Le Voy. de Polyc.*; and *Calmet, Dict.*



that we may doubt, at the present day, whether it be possible for heresy to exist at all! Still the history of this "plague" ascends high in antiquity. Ebionites, Gnostics, Arians, and a host of other *dissenters*, were of early growth. The South of Europe took fire at their bidding,—and men began to persuade themselves that it was lawful to kill each other for the sake of subtle *dialectics*! Sacerdotal interests soon mingled with those of Religion. Councils (there *must* be wisdom in a multitude) completed a religious system; a hierarchy was established—the people enslaved—and the dignitaries of the Church progressively laid the foundations of a theocratic power, which subsequently undertook to rule the universe. The political condition of Rome divided into two empires, the Eastern under Valens, the Western under Valentinian, contributed wonderfully well to the progress of ecclesiastical influence.

Jerome, in his retreat at Bethlehem, had been satisfactorily triumphant over his Roman passions; and had scarcely finished his pure and harmless meditations, when Innocent the First was wielding the sacerdotal power, like a tyrant, and had excommunicated, that is, rejected from the bosom of the church, the son of an Emperor, and an Emperor himself, Arcadius, the son of Theodosius.

A new feature is given to war—the name of the Eternal and the Good becomes the signal of slaughter. But Vengeance has been brooding in the North—Goths, Vandals, Huns, a barbaric inundation gathered together, fell and broke on the capitol, the common enemy of mankind, like the thundercloud of Heaven. It broke; but in shattering, it was itself shattered—it fulfilled a mission—but the name of Attila is remembered, strong in its pride—the Scourge of God!

*Rome, Peter's chair in pastoral domain,  
Realms to her arms denied, her keys retain.—p. 21.*

*Sedes Roma Petri, quæ pastoralis honoris,  
Quicquid non possidet armis nunc Religione  
Tenet.—*

I am unable to state whose verses these are—having seen them in a *controversial* work, in early life. I think they were attributed to *St. Prosper*. Since composing the Poem, I have found in a writer before quoted, viz. Ugo Foscolo, the following passage, which, I doubt not, will be found in unison with the meditation that precedes the discovery of America. He is illustrating the epoch of the *Divina Comedia*, the divine comedy of Dante. Whatever interpretation we give to that title, its application is just and certain to the age of “Hell,” “Purgatory,” and “Heaven.”

“In their profound ignorance and misery, men, at that period, had but one consolation—religious faith. Menials pinned down to the soil, slaves, they scarcely dared to raise their heads: the feudal lords recognised but one true master and sovereign, God; and the terror inspired by the bolts of Heaven was the only counterpoise to their tyranny. Force reigned in its revolting nakedness—power constituted right. Shadows of monarchs sat upon perilous and tottering thrones; and in every direction, trampled upon by their great vassals, they obeyed instead of commanding. Meanwhile this social organization, which was fundamentally but an armed aristocracy, recognised another sovereignty, that of Religion. The Clergy, who were the depositaries of the canonical laws, soon felt that they were the masters; and that these kings, these vassals, these knights, these subjects, these slaves who trembled at the

name of Christ<sup>1</sup> and his celestial Mother, constituted but one Christian people, whose movements the ministers of the Most High could direct as they pleased."

—————*The Moor*

*Is driven from Alhambra's hall, &c.*—p. 22.

In the midst of disorder internally, and ceaselessly agitated from without by the ever-growing pretensions of the Spaniards, the Moors lost town after town in Spain; and at length Grenada, their last stronghold, fell beneath the superior arms or fortune of Ferdinand and Isabella, whose union in marriage had consolidated the different kingdoms of the Peninsula. They were expelled from the country which they had adorned and ennobled for ages, and driven back to the cradle of their race, to transmit down to the latest posterity the rancour of long-remembered defeat, and the panting thirst for vengeance indiscriminately wreaked on all that bear the name of Christian.

The misfortunes of kings yield salutary instruction to all but those who wield the sceptre after them. Boabdil surrendered by capitulation the Albayzin and the Alhambra, and delivered up to Ferdinand the keys of Grenada, A. D. 1492. Pity had presided over the fate of the fallen monarch—a few miles of territory were conceded by the *generous* Spaniards to the proud Moor of Grenada and its dependencies. Accompanied by his family and a small band of his followers, he departed for his mock-kingdom. Hereached Mount Palud, whence Grenada was seen stretching in the distance beneath the Christian's triumphant banner. He suddenly stopped—the tears bathed his countenance. "My son," said to him his mother Aïxa, "you have reason to lament like a woman the loss of a throne which you have not been able to defend like a man."

Boabdil found it impossible to live as a vassal in a country where he had reigned as a king: he soon took refuge in Africa, where he died, fighting on the field of battle.\*

—————Free—————

*The Russ, she licks her cubs.*—p. 22.

Mankind cannot be reminded too often of the Muscovite, his existence, his meditations. But who can hear that execrable name without heaving a sigh for the fate of Poland? . . . .

*A Borgia dims the Papal throne!*—p. 22.

History relates with horror the crimes of Pope Alexander VI., and his illegitimate son Cæsar Borgia, their murders, robberies, profanations, incests. They compassed their ends in attaining every object of their ambition, but with the universal abhorrence of mankind; and finally met with an ample retribution for their crimes. The pope died by poison, prepared, as was alleged, by himself for an enemy; and Borgia, stripped of all his possessions by Pope Julius II., and sent prisoner to Spain by Gonsalvo de Cordova, perished in miserable obscurity.†

It will be evident from a subsequent note, that the name of this pope was forced upon me in the contemplation which preludes the discovery of America. However, as individuals do well to remember from time to time, what causes have produced disease in the system—so must bodies of men, likewise, bring to mind the past, and provide against the future. Even Borgia, then, may have been of service to the world. The crimes of the oppressor as ef-

\* See *Florian, Precis. Hist.*

† *Tytler.*

fectually contribute to freedom, as the virtues of the oppressed. Meanwhile, I trust that the remarks which are to follow in these notes, concerning some of the greatest topics that fix the attention of man, will be received with forbearance, and judged with candour. I may be wrong in the view which I have taken of things—but I am sincere in my convictions. What benefit to the individual—what benefit to mankind—what glory to God? these are the three questions that have directed my pursuits; and the “Voice in Ramah” gives throughout the sum of my conclusions. I respect the opinions of all—I hear them patiently—may I not hope to experience the same moderation from others? In the Poet, thought and feeling must ever be intimately allied—the heart and the mind must be in harmony, or rather in unison—they must be *one* in action. Their vibrations are produced in accordance with the will of Heaven if the poet be truly a prophet; and then the poet will be first to derive benefit from the strains which he is called upon to sing—for is not God their source beginning, and their object ending?

*But in a nightmare dream, &c.—p. 22.*

We are now contemplating the age immediately preceding that of LUTHER. It is not difficult to discover, in every direction, the beginning of an insatiable spirit in the heart of Catholicity, variously modified, but acting ever reckless of means, and tending wildly to its end—it was Science—it was Avarice—it was Ambition. Already was the mind of man awaking from its centenary slumbers,—and human nature, shaking off the ignominious bonds which her own supineness had thrown round about her, was preparing “like a giant to run her course.”

It was at the very foot of the papal throne that the mine

was sprung. Italy pioneered the way to the human mind escaping from its fastness. Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Poggio construct a language for Italy : Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Ghirlandajo the master of Michael Angelo, produce models of painting for the world. Popes and kings unite to patronize the arts, sciences, and literature, as far as their influence extends ; and navigation, emboldened by the mysterious magnet, is eager to spread over the whole world the light of genius. Everywhere the ancients were consulted ; their works were read with ardour, and laboriously enriched by commentaries ; and whilst men appreciated their merits, they learnt *to think for themselves*. Learning and the Arts fixed the attention of Europe. The art of Printing was invented—Gunpowder was discovered ; these two agents changed the face of the world. Countries, hitherto unknown, were explored by the Portuguese ; and, at the solicitation of the adventurous Henry their king, the Pope of Rome, Eugene IV. in the plenitude of his apostolic power, granted them an exclusive right to all the countries they should discover, from Cape Non to the continent of India ! \*

*Then sped the mighty traveller,  
By opposition fired—p. 24.*

Columbus's offers were declined successively by Charles VII., Henry VII. (of England), Emmanuel of Portugal, and also by Ferdinand of Spain. But he subsequently found a friend in Isabella the consort of the last, who was forced to dispose of her jewelry to meet the expenses of an expedition, destined to cover her country with gold. It is said that the avaricious Henry VII. had already des-

\* See *Robert. B. I.*

patched messengers, acceding to the proposition, when the pleasure of the Spanish sovereign was made known to Columbus. Imagination may here expatiate on the probable consequences of South America, instead of the Northern portion of the continent, having fallen to the lot of England. But we have no time to dwell on conjectures when the most appalling facts are crowding to the mind and the heart.

*His rudder lost, &c.*—p. 24. See Robert. Hist. of America, B. II. for a full account of the voyage.

*Give me three suns—no more I demand,  
To find Cathay, or veer to the land! &c.*—p. 26.

A friend has sent me the following quotation from “Rogers’ Voyage of Columbus,” which possibly may be supposed to have originated the description in the text. But I beg distinctly to state that I never read that work. Besides, it is morally impossible for two writers treating the same subject, not to have some points of resemblance, particularly when a fact of historical record is concerned. Further, without insinuating any disparagement, I may be permitted to observe that my pursuits in poetry have been exclusively directed to the ancients. The first poetry I ever read was in a Roman classic, and my first experiment of the moderns did not induce me to change the predilection, which has still the same bias. Among the ancients I include MILTON and POPE, for reasons which must be evident. To these two poets I confess my gratitude.

The passage in question is as follows :

“*Grant but three days’—he spoke not uninspired,  
And each in silence to his watch retired.*”

Again,—

“ Chosen of men ! ’t was thine at noon of night,  
 First from the prow to hail the glimmering light ;  
 ( Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray  
 Enters the soul, and makes the darkness day ! )  
 Pedro ! Rodullo ! there methought it shone !  
 There in the west ! and now alas, ’t is gone—  
 ’T was all a dream ! we gaze, and gaze in vain !  
 But mark and speak not—there it comes again !  
 It moves ! what form unseen, what being there,  
 With torch-like lustre fires the murky air ?  
 His instincts, passions—say, how like our own ?  
 Oh ! when will day reveal a world unknown ! ”

I have copied the above from a letter, and have not the poem in my possession—but, should there seem to be any resemblance in this or any other passage of the preceding description to passages in the said poem, I hope that the reader will exonerate me from the accusation of plagiarism or imitation.

*Mere sight the claim that chains, &c.*—p. 27.

“ But formidable and well provided as this fleet was, Ferdinand and Isabella did not rest their title to the possession of the newly-discovered countries upon its operations alone. The example of the Portuguese, as well as the superstition of the age, made it necessary to obtain from the Roman pontiff, *Alexander VI.*, a grant of those territories which they wished to occupy.” \*

*Her vassals rise*—p. 28.

The separation of the colonies from Spain is too well known to require a detail in this place : suffice it to say

\* See *Robertson*, B. II.



that she has not at present an inch of ground on the continent of America, North or South.

*Why have Christians murdered millions?—p. 30.*

See Robert. (B. II.) for an account of the general conduct of the Spaniards to the Indians and the systematic cruelties they practised against them.

*Frank'd by Faith's o'erflowing merits.—p. 30.*

“The only obstruction the Spaniards met with was from Hatuey, a cazique, who had fled from Hispaniola, and had taken possession of the eastern extremity of Cuba. He had stood upon the defensive at their first landing, and endeavoured to drive them back to their ships. His feeble troops, however, were broken and dispersed; and he himself being taken prisoner, Velasquez, according to the barbarous maxim of the Spaniards, considered him as a slave, who had taken arms against his master, and condemned him to the flames. When Hatuey was fastened to the stake, a Franciscan friar labouring to convert him, promised him immediate admittance into the joys of heaven, if he would embrace the Christian faith. ‘Are there any Spaniards,’ says he, after some pause, ‘in that region of bliss which you describe?’—‘Yes,’ replied the monk, ‘but only such as are worthy and good.’—‘The best of them’ returned the indignant cazique, ‘have neither worth nor goodness. I will not go to a place where I may meet with one of that accursed race.’” \*

*Vain the voice, and vain the tear &c.—p. 32.*

“In order that he might not seem altogether inattentive

\* *Ibid.* quoting *Las Casas*.

to the rights of humanity, he published an edict, in which he endeavoured to provide for the mild treatment of the Indians," &c.

"But the Dominicans, who, from their experience of what was passed, judged concerning the future, soon perceived the inefficacy of those provisions, and foretold, that, as long as it was the interest of individuals to treat the Indians with rigour, no public regulations could render their servitude mild or tolerable. They considered it as vain to waste their own time and strength in attempting to communicate the sublime truths of religion to men whose spirits were broken, and their faculties impaired by oppression. Some of them in despair, requested the permission of their superiors to remove to the continent, and to pursue the object of their mission among such of the natives as were not hitherto corrupted by the example of the Spaniards, or alienated by their cruelty from the Christian faith. Such as remained in Hispaniola continued to remonstrate with decent firmness against the servitude of the Indians." \*

*Better far the Blackman's arm—*

*Afric's stronger son's than theirs!—p. 32.*

"The impossibility of carrying on any improvements in America, unless the Spanish planters could command the labour of the natives, was an insuperable objection to his (Las Casas) plan of treating them as free subjects. In order to provide some remedy for this, without which he found it was in vain to mention his scheme, Las Casas proposed to purchase a sufficient number of Negroes from the Portuguese settlements on the coast of Africa, and to transport them to America, in order that they might

\* Robert. Herrera, &c.

be employed as slaves in working the mines, and cultivating the ground. One of the first advantages which the Portuguese had derived from their discoveries in Africa, arose from the trade in slaves. Various circumstances concurred in reviving this odious commerce, which had been long abolished in Europe, and which is no less repugnant to the feelings of humanity, than to the principles of religion. As early as the year 1503, a few Negro slaves had been sent into the New World. In the year 1511, Ferdinand permitted the importation of them in greater numbers. They were found to be a more robust and hardy race than the natives of America." \*

*Likest Satan fury-driven, &c.—p. 33.*

“ Into this wild abyss, the wary fiend  
 Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd awhile  
 Pondering his voyage ”——MILTON.—B. II.

*'Mid redoubled human woes.—p. 34.*

The persecution of the Moors in Spain is here implied as contemporary with the extermination of the Indians. Of the former, Florian thus speaks in the work before quoted : † “ The successors of Ferdinand, Charles V., and particularly Philip II., inflicted fresh torments on the Moors: the edicts of Charles, renewed and rendered still more severe by Philip, entirely changed the manner of living of that unfortunate nation. They were compelled to adopt the dress and the language of Spain—their women were forbid the use of the veil—they were denied the use of the baths—the dances of their country ; and it was ordained that all their children, from five to fifteen years

\* See Robert. B. III.

† *Precis. Hist. to his “ Gonzalve de Cordoue.”*

of age, should be registered to be sent to the catholic schools, &c. The Inquisition was established at Grenada. Terror, desolation, torments were employed to convert them. Their children were torn from them to be brought up in the faith of a God who has ever denounced violence, who preached only peace. They were deprived of their possessions—they were accused on the slightest pretext.”

*Now no longer on that shore,*

*Where Loango meets the deep, &c.—p. 37.*

I have thus begun the lament of affliction with a prelude of hope. Confidence in the power of this great nation, a power physical, moral, and intellectual,—and in God, the Disposer of events—raises the soul to hope even in the midst of despair.

Loango is but a portion of the immense territory of Africa, which European cupidity has blasted with the curse of Noah. The slave-trade, at the time of its subsistence, may be said to have begun at the great river Senegal, and to extend to the farther limits of Angola, a distance of many thousand miles. On the rivers Senegal and Gambia, the Europeans proceeded in their ships till they came to a proper station, and then sent out their boats armed to different villages; and on their approach to them, fired a musket, or beat a drum, to apprise the inhabitants that they were in want of slaves. The country people supplied them in part, and they also procured them from the canoes of the *black* traders from the interior.\* This lamentable fact is adverted to in the third Canto,† and will be considered in a note to the passage. The Moors who inhabit the left bank of the river Senegal, are notorious for depredations of this sort. They cross the river without any

\* *Encycl. Lond.*

† *Page 90.*

previous provocation, and make war upon those on the other side of it, and bring them in as prisoners, and sell them at Fort St. Louis for slaves. Mr. Kiernan has seen the remains of villages, which they had broken up in such expeditions.

The number of slaves that have been annually transported from the African coast has fluctuated according to circumstances. In the year 1768, 104,000 natives of Africa were taken from their own continent; and it continued much the same for the next five years. During the American war, it was diminished. In the year 1786, the numbers may be stated at 100,000; and the ships that conveyed them to the colonies at 350. The trade, before the abolition, was confined to the English, Dutch, Danes, Portuguese and French. England, in 1786, employed 130 ships, and carried off about 42,000 slaves. These ships were fitted out from the ports of London, Bristol, and Liverpool; the latter of which alone sent out 90 vessels."\*

*Shall the execrated prore*

*Evening watch in ambush keep, &c.—p. 37.*

“In the daytime, when they approached a village, they lay under the bushes; but at night flew up to it, and seized every one they could catch.” The first villages at which they arrived were immediately surrounded and afterwards set on fire; and the wretched inhabitants seized as they were escaping from the flames. These, consisting of whole families, fathers, brothers, husbands, wives, and children, were instantly driven in chains to the merchants, and consigned to slavery! Many other persons were kidnapped, in order to glut the avarice of their own countrymen, who lay in wait for them; and they were after-

\* *Encycl. Lond.*

wards sold to the European merchants: while the seamen of the different ships, by every possible artifice, enticed others on board, and transported them to the regions of servitude." \*

*As when wolves in watchless field, &c.—p. 39.*

“Ως δὲ λύκοι ἄρνεσσιν ἐπέχραον ἢ ἐρίφοισιν  
Σίνται ὑπ’ ἐκ μηλων αἰρευμενοι, αἴτ’ ἐν ὄρεσσιν  
Ποιμενος ἀφραδιῃσι διετμαγεν.”—*Iliad. xvi. 352.*

*To the bark the captives borne, &c.—p. 39.*

“When the slaves are conveyed to the sea-shore, they are carried in boats to the different ships whose captains have purchased them. The men are immediately confined two and two together, either by the neck, leg, or arm, with fetters of solid iron. They are then put into their apartments; the men occupying the fore-part, the women, the after-part, and the boys the middle of the vessel. The tops of these apartments are grated for the admission of light and air, and they are stowed like any other lumber, occupying such room as has been allotted to them. Many of them, whilst the ships are waiting for their full loading, and whilst they are near their native shore, from which they are to be separated for ever, have manifested great appearance of depression and distress; and in some cases have recurred, for relief, to suicide: others have been affected with delirium and madness; others, again, have been actuated by a spirit of revenge, and have resolved on

\* *Encycl. Lond.* I shall have occasion to quote this authority again; and perhaps it is well to state that the account of the Slave-trade there given is drawn up from evidence given to the Parliament in the years 1791 and 1792.

punishing their oppressors at the hazard of their own lives. In the daytime, if the weather be fine, they are brought upon deck for air. They are placed in a long row of two and two together, on each side of the ship; a long chain is then passed through the shackles of each pair, by which means each row is at once secured to the deck. In this state they take their meals, which consist chiefly of horse-beans, rice, and yams, with a little palm-oil and pepper."

*Soon the human freight complete, &c.—p. 39.*

"When the number of slaves is completed, the ships weigh anchor, and begin what is termed the *Middle* passage, to carry them to their respective colonies. The vessels in which they are transported are of different dimensions, from eleven to eight hundred tons, and they carry from 30 to 1500 slaves at a time. The height of the apartments is different according to the size of the vessel, but may be stated to be from six feet to less than three; so that it is impossible to stand erect in most of the vessels that transport them, and in some scarcely to sit down in the same posture."

*Confined in the Whiteman's ship—p. 40.*

"When the vessel is full, their situation is truly pitiable. A grown-up person is allowed, in the best regulated ships, but sixteen English inches in width, two (English) feet eight inches in height, and five feet eleven inches in length. Surgeon Falconbridge declares, that he has known slaves go down apparently in health, and brought up dead in the morning! He once opened one of them surgically, to discover with certainty what was the cause of his death; and found from the appearance of the thorax and the abdomen, that it was from suffocation. He says, that once on going

below, he found that twenty of the slaves had fainted. He got them instantly hawled up on deck, but notwithstanding the quickness of his movements on this occasion, two or three of them died. And once, though he was only fifteen minutes in their room below, he became so ill himself, that he could not get up again to the deck without help ; and he never was below many minutes together, but his shirt was as wet with perspiration as if it had been dipt in water. He says, also, that as the slaves, whether well or ill, always lie on the bare planks, the motion of the ship rubs the flesh from the prominent parts of their body, and leaves the bones almost bare. And when the slaves have the flux, which is frequently the case, the whole place becomes covered with blood and mucus like a slaughter-house ; and as they are fettered and wedged close together, the utmost disorder arises from endeavours to get to three or four tubs, which are placed among them for necessary purposes ; and this disorder is still further increased by the healthy being not unfrequently chained to the diseased, the dying, and the dead. Dr. Trotter, speaking on the same subject, gives us an equally melancholy account. When the scuttles, says he, in the ship's sides are obliged to be shut in bad weather, the gratings are not sufficient for airing the rooms. He never himself could breathe freely below, unless immediately under the hatch-way or opening of the hold. He has seen the slaves drawing their breath with all that laborious and anxious effort for life, which are observed in expiring animals subjected by experiment to foul air, or in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. He has also seen them when the tarpaulings have been thrown over the gratings, attempting to heave them up, crying out, "We are dying." Most of them have been recovered by being brought on deck ; but some have perished, and this entirely by suffocation.



During the time that elapses from the slaves being put on board on the African coast, to the time when the receivers leave the colonies, after having disposed of their cargoes, about one-fifth, or nearer one-fourth of the number put on board are destroyed.”\*

*When the Whiteman forlorn, &c.—p. 41.*

“ I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree ; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable—for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain—and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting amongst its branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her ; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of

\* *Encycl. Lond.* .

her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: "The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor whiteman, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.*—Let us pity the whiteman—no mother has he," &c. &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her." \*

*Plague and Famine's agony.*—p. 42.

From the description of the slave-ship before given, no one can reasonably doubt the probability of disease on board the vessel in the middle passage. In effect, when young and residing in the island of St. Bartholomew, I remember seeing the sailors of a slave-ship, which, after having discharged her cargo in one of the French colonies, came to that island to refit. They were brought into the surgery of a medical friend of mine, who had to prescribe for them. I was struck with their wan and hideous ap-

\* Mungo Park's Travels, Chap. XV.

pearance. Some were suffering from cutaneous diseases, particularly the *itch*—others from complaints of the bowels, and many from *fever*.

With regard to the description that follows, it may be observed, that it is in accordance with the notorious atrocity which it is meant to preface. Continued calms necessarily cause a deficiency of provisions of every kind on board; and, although the case described is an extreme one, there cannot be a doubt, that calamities of that description may have happened to *slave-ships*, as well as to others serving a less criminal purpose. But it was besides absolutely necessary to suppose the fact in the present instance, having to describe the murder of the Negroes in the middle passage, an act of barbarity which is well attested.

When provisions fail, and the ship has still a considerable distance to run, some effectual means must be taken to diminish the number of consumers; and of course, the Negroes are the victims. Having resolved upon the number to be sacrificed, a plank is fastened by one end to a rope, which is made to pass through a block at the extremity of one of the lower yards; and the other end rests upon the edge of the deck or gunnel of the ship. A sailor with a musket is stationed beside this scaffold. The Negroes are brought one by one from the hold, and compelled to walk on the plank, which, at the word of command is suddenly dropped into the sea, and the unfortunate wretches upon it sink for ever. This species of murder is called "walking the plank." I have described it exactly as narrated to me; and not many months ago, a friend to whom I read the passage in the poem, told me that he had lately heard the horrible fact from a Naval Officer, who had been engaged in capturing *slave-ships*. It is also described in a life of Wilberforce, which I have read, but cannot

refer to at present, having forgotten the name of the author.

*Gold gives beauty every grace,  
Gold can mantle in the face.*—p. 46.

“ Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et amicos,  
Et genus, et formam, regina Pecunia donat;  
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.”

Horace, Sat. I. 6.

*Gold—the balm for every pain, &c.*—p. 45.

The Slaver's song is intended to give the opinions of those, who, seeking to accumulate gold as an *end*, have been most reckless of the *means* which they have employed. It is not the miser only who considers gold as an *end*. That infatuation is evinced in more “honourable men”—those who know that they have few other claims on the world's respect than that which their money procures them—who, perhaps unfortunately placed in a profession, which, by its very nature brings them in contact with all the villany of mankind, have reached the grand climacteric of worldly wisdom, which is, to suspect all—to trust none—to seek their own interest in all things—and to look upon the unfortunate as victims of their own imprudence, as strangers to whom they have no inclination to be introduced—and, whilst they keep aloof from such crimes as would compromise their “character,” their “standing in society,” riot in the good things of this world, and—but here they have all their reward—their deathbed turns over another page—but it is in a language which they have forgotten or never learnt, and have no time to learn when the great secret is about to be revealed. They

run whilst the fluid of life revels in their veins; they endeavour to leave monuments of their career: but in the hey-day of hope, the supply of life is withheld—suddenly, like the exhausted gas-tube, they feel the want—they twinkle—they make a few useless struggles—pray to be replenished—and drop into the grave!

*How fares the night?—p. 48.*

I have availed myself of the common superstition of sailors to exhibit the tortures of conscience. The ancients, with their usual strength of conception, invented *Furies*: but men are virtually the same in every age—and it may be asserted that there is not a man guilty of any heinous crime, who is not perpetually reminded of his guilt—this is the *fact*,—what matters it how that fact is represented or figured? Providence is justified. This is the simple view of the question. But there are evidences on record, and in the traditions\* of men, which should compel the philosopher, as on many other points of human uncertainty, to suspend the judgment of unbelief. We have made rapid progress in the investigation of nature, but the supernatural will ever elude research. Agreeably to our finite notions, we have circumscribed the regions of heavenly bliss to an imaginable *locality*, whilst it is evident that heaven is where God is, and God is everywhere! No imagination then is equal to the conception of Heaven, since it must be infinite; if infinite, those that enjoy heaven, must enjoy infinitude. How this is effected, God only knows; for it is not necessary that those even who enjoy it, should be made acquainted with the eternal cause. If, then, spirits are everywhere, why may they not

\* Particularly among sailors, from whom I have heard many a marvellous narrative of the midnight-hour.

have their agencies to perform everywhere? why may not bad men have their flagellating angels, as well as good men their consolers and approvers?—This view of the question seems to be presented by the doctrine of Providence, which is essentially remunerative and castigatory in its universal application.

*Round the ship the waters rot, &c.—p. 50.*

“ Upon which, all the sea became so replenished with various sorts of jellies and forms of serpents, adders, and snakes, as seemed wonderful; some green, some black, some yellow, some white, some of divers colours, and many of them had life; and some there were a yard and a half, and two yards long; which, had I not seen, I could hardly have believed. And hereof were witnesses all the companies of the ships which were then present; so that a man could hardly draw a bucket of water clear of some corruption.” \*

After having been becalmed for a week or ten days on the Atlantic, I have more than once perceived an odour rising in the evening, like that on the sea-shore, after the mosses are dried up by the sun. Upon remarking this to the mate of the ship, he told me that one of the ships of the Navy was becalmed for three weeks or a month in the warm latitudes; and that the water round her entirely corrupted, so as to be utterly unfit for use in washing the decks, &c.

These calms usually prevail just before the commencement of the Trade-wind, and which often begins with a sharp squall as described in the subsequent verses to the one in consideration. In general, however, white fleecy clouds are seen for several days rising in the East—then a sail or

\* *Hawkins.*

two in the distant horizon—the sea in the same quarter becomes dimly blue—more sails appear—they are coming up to us, whilst we are motionless in calm—their hulls are visible—a shower of rain descends, and as it were from its bosom, the Trade-wind is born again with redoubled strength and gladness.

The text describes a squall which I experienced on the coast of America some years ago. “Helm down! Stand by the mast!” was the cry of the skipper, and I shall never forget the scene that struck my eyes on rushing to the cabin-door. “Bring up the hatchet!” was next heard, whilst obedient to the helm, the brig shot to windward, diving, as it were, into the destroyer. The vessel was entirely enveloped in spray as the waves dashed past, awfully roaring. Every sheet was let loose, and the sails shivered in the wind. “Steady!” whispered the captain, “Steady! Sir,” returned the helmsman, and the ship was driven backwards by the gale with fearful rapidity. All was breathless expectation—when turning we beheld the squall, like a destroying angel careering astern. “Safe!” exclaimed the captain—“Thanks be to God! I thought it was all over with us!” The whole scene passed in about *four minutes!* There was a small schooner in sight before the squall: but we never saw her after.

*But now as swan with bosom sleek, &c.—p. 51.*

There is no object in nature to which a ship in full-sail can be so appropriately compared as the swan. The swan is a mythological bird. Many ancient heroes have been changed into a swan. Among the rest we find *Cygnus*, a son of Sthemelus, King of Liguria, whose capital was Genua, now Genoa, from all times a great *sea-port*. *Cygnus* was so affected at the death of his friend and relation,

Phaeton, that he gave way to the most dismal *lamentations*; and, in the midst of these, he was changed into a swan :—

“Carmina jam moriens canit exequialia Cynus—”

says Ovid. I therefore venture the supposition, that the story refers to the hero, who, like the *swan*, was fond of the Ocean, where he had appeared most beautiful in his ships, like the swan; and his dying accents “most musical, most melancholy,” have been transferred in the *nova forma*, into which fancy, by a sweet allegory, supposed him to be changed. Certainly a hiss is all that the Amnicola utters now-a-days :—

“Dat sonitum raucus per stagna loquacia Cynus.”

Luccock \* mentions, that a purple bird called a *Sabiar* was shot near St. Gonzales, and though badly wounded, immediately set up a full and melodious song, which continued until its latest moment.

*The rapid Dolphins round her fly.*—p. 51.

The Dolphin is a mythological fish, and has been alluded to before.† The story has been beautifully narrated by Herodotus and Lucian. Arion was a minstrel, a troubadour as it were, who met with favour in the presence of Periander, the king of Corinth. The king gave him plenty of money: but the poet's heart yearned for his country: he would return home, and the king consented. He preferred to sail in a ship of his own countrymen: but when they had made good half their way across the *Ægean*, in mid-ocean, they conspired against their defenceless passenger, to throw him into the sea, and take his money. Arion besought them to spare his life; but finding all his

\* *Notes on Rio de Jan.*

† *Page, 26.*



entreaties vain, he begged them, as a last favour, to permit him to put on his minstrel's dress, and sing his dirge. They consented. So he put on his dress, and harp in hand, he sung melodiously sweet—and leaped into the billow. But the Dolphins had heard his doleful song, and when they found the minstrel in the midst of them, one even kinder than the rest who pitied his fate, took Arion on his back, and carried him safe to Tænerus. Hence the Dolphin was always called a philanthropist, till the invention of harpoons and grains—both murderous weapons—steeled his heart against man, whom he now shuns as much as possible; and, like other philanthropists, when they have not received the good return they expected for their good deeds, his temper has become soured against his own fellow-fishes, as well as against man, and he seems to take a savage delight in pursuing the poor little Flying-fish, because the flying-fish sometimes visits the element of man, who has rewarded the good deed of Arion's friend by persecuting all his descendants. So great is the resentment of the Dolphins! Arion, would now-a-days sing in vain, albeit *πάνν λιγύρωσ*, very sweetly.

The Dolphin is called *Coryphæna* by naturalists. He swims with great rapidity, darting through the waves like a meteor; and when the sun is bright, he exhibits a most remarkable variety of splendid colours, seeming a rainbow of the sea. The Dolphin is celebrated for his change of colour when dying on the deck. He is a terrible Attila among the Flying-fish, whom he devours with extreme voracity. When the flying-fish is on the wing above the water, you can see the blood-hound flashing along the surface beneath the doomed fugitive, till it falls into his crushing fangs.

*Now throng the Dancers of the deep, &c.—p. 51.*

The Porpoise or Porpus, or sea-hog, is of the same tribe

as the preceding, but much larger, and does not prey on the flying-fish. Indeed he seems nearer allied to the whale, for I believe he does not live on animal food (his flesh may be an evidence of this,) and is in his habits, not unlike Leviathan. This fish does really seem always in a good humour except when floundering on the deck. Nothing is more inspiring than a shoal of Porpoises vaulting over the billows. They seem to love a fresh gale, and you may see them in their Pyrrhic dance, all rising and sinking together, and the sound seems as of one vibration. They sometimes approach very near the ship in pairs, for they are very gregarious, and are evidently very friendly to each other as long as life lasts : but should one be struck by the harpoon and escape, he is immediately devoured by the rest—perhaps by his own children, like a certain nation among the ancients, and I believe in New Zealand when first discovered, who considered it a sacred duty to eat their parents as soon as they died.

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### NOTES TO CANTO III.

*Still they'd have us bless the hand . . . .*

*Thus their mercy hath decreed, &c.—p. 55.*

I propose in the following note to consider the “set off” which was thrown in the face of the Abolitionists as conclusive in favour of Slavery. A few concessions must, however, be premised. 1. That the Negro was unjustly enslaved. 2. That no treatment, however kind, would be deemed, morally or legally, an excuse for enslaving an

European. 3. That this "kind treatment," in its most extended sense, and consequently, *real* sense, was dependent on the *will* of the Planter—for no legislature can change the heart, nor deprive a bad man of every means of doing evil. 4. That there have been Planters who treated their slaves with mercy, I frankly admit: but where *tyranny* is the order of the day, *mercy* treads her path only in the twilight hour.

"It may truly be said," says Mr. Stewart, "that the treatment of the slave depends in a great measure upon the character of his master or manager. How ineffectual to the slave are humane and judicious laws, if a barbarous master or overseer has it in his power to evade them in various ways. There can be no hesitation in saying, that the slave who lives under the immediate superintendence of a humane and considerate master, enjoys a life of as much comfort and contentment as the condition of a slave is capable of. This perhaps is the utmost that can be said; for though the wants of the slaves may be supplied by the beneficent provision of such a master, and he may consequently be said to be *so far* more desirably situated, than many of the poorer peasantry of Great Britain; yet to argue, generally, that he is *happier* than they—an assertion which one frequently hears—is certainly saying too much. The situation of the two classes can admit of no other comparison than as to the *physical* wants of our nature. The being who toils by the compulsion of a master, and whose servitude, whether oppressive or otherwise, ceases only with his life, is, on the scale of moral and social happiness, far beneath him who labours voluntarily, and can choose whom he pleases as his master or employer.

"With respect to interest prevailing over a disposition to oppress, while we allow all due weight to this motive in the prudent and judicious owner, it will not always

counteract the petty injustice to which the slave is subject from ignorant masters and unfeeling overseers. A slave may complain, and justly complain, that he is made to labour at unreasonable hours, and on days which the law allots to him, and that he is neither fed nor clothed as the law directs; but who is to prove these transgressions? The slave cannot; for the law does not recognise the validity of his testimony against a whiteman. If the master were put upon his oath, equally nugatory would be this expedient; for the man who wants rectitude and feeling to be just to his slaves, will hardly scruple to serve his ends by perjury. Again, if a slave is punished or beat with improper and illegal severity, or even cut and maimed—not to mention the numerous acts of petty tyranny to which he is subject under a cruel master—and there is no legal evidence to prove those enormities, the offender cannot be convicted by them. He may then go on with impunity in this system of oppression as long as he can contrive to keep without the reach of the laws. Extreme cases of this nature, it may be said, seldom occur: but such a supposition is no argument that the law should not provide effectually against them. Even murder may escape condign punishment, while this defect in the slave-laws is suffered to exist.”

Such are the opinions of one who resided in Jamaica, and made it his business to investigate the condition of the colony in every department. He professes, and I believe maintains, the greatest impartiality. Hence he candidly expresses his fears of immediate emancipation, but gives the best reasons in the world for that apprehension—the self-interest of the whiteman, and the sufferings of the blackman. The author wrote in 1823. He thus concludes, after expressing the fears aforesaid: “But though such would be the awful consequences of a

too precipitate emancipation of the slaves, let no one draw from thence an argument in favour of the perpetuation of slavery. It is clearly repugnant to the immutable principles of reason and justice, as well as to the mild spirit of Christianity; and those who endeavour to justify or excuse it, by telling us that it has prevailed from the remotest times, and existed among all the great nations of antiquity—the Greeks, Romans, &c. and under the Jewish and Christian dispensations—merely inform us that a great moral evil was suffered to exist in those times, and among those nations. Bryan Edwards, one of the most able and zealous champions of the West Indies, speaking of Slavery abstractedly, says, ‘After all, I will not conceal that I am no friend to slavery in any shape, or under any modification.’ If then a West-Indian, holding large properties in one of the islands, makes this candid avowal, what shall we think of those who gravely set up a defence of slavery, and would justify its indefinite continuance? Nothing surely can be more revolting than the thought that a state of degrading bondage (for such slavery at best must be considered) shall be handed down from generation to generation,—to beings yet unborn, on whom the morn of freedom shall never dawn!”\*

*And now the mart of fellow-man.—p. 56.*

“Very affecting scenes often occurred of negro-sales during the existence of the slave-trade. Groups of slaves were seen with their arms entwined round each other’s necks, waiting, with sad and anxious looks, the expected moment of separation. Perhaps they were sisters and friends—perhaps a mother and her children—perhaps a husband and wife. In vain was the endeavour to separate

\* See his work on *Jamaica*, &c. chap. xiv.

them; they clung closer together, they wept, they shrieked piteously, and, if forcibly torn asunder, the buyer had generally cause to regret his inhumanity; despair often seized on the miserable creatures, and they either sunk into an utter despondency, or put a period to their lives.”\*

*Thus fades, as fades the passing day, &c.*—p. 61.

*Così trapassa al trapassar d'un giorno  
Della vita mortale, il fiore e' l verde :  
Nè, perche faccia indietro April ritorno,  
Si rinfiora ella mai, nè si rinverde !*

TASSO, *Gerus.* Lib. xvi.

*Not violent assault, but toil,  
And patient mining heap'd the spoil, &c.*—p. 63.

According to the hypothesis which I am about to offer, the islands in both hemispheres have been formed, chiefly by the movements of the Ocean, through countless ages—these movements being the effect of the Earth's equatorial motion, but in a contrary direction, and with respect to the poles, viz., borne to, and reflected from, the tropic of Cancer and the tropic of Capricorn alternately.

The Earth, as is well known, in her diurnal motion, leaves, as it were, the waters behind. From the western hemisphere, the waters flow in an easterly direction; and westerly from the eastern: this is partly the result of the earth's rotatory motion effecting the *Gulph-stream*.

But the waters in their general movement are influenced by the Sun also, in the Ecliptic, and there is an influence resulting from the inclination of the Earth's axis also,—

\* *Ante* chap. xv.

so that, beginning (for instance) from the Western hemisphere, their motion is North *Westerly*, (the Northern determination being of the Sun, &c.) until the Sun has reached and left *Cancer* : and South *Westerly* (the Southern determination being of the Sun, &c.) until he has reached and left *Capricorn*. From the same cause the waters from the poles have a perpetual flow towards the Equator, which is the centre of the Sun's influence on the fluids—(atmosphere and water)—which invest the globe as a garment, loose, light, and flowing—that is, comparatively so.

Now, if we look on the map, or consult any work on Geography, we find, 1st, both hemispheres stretching into points or capes, in a *Southerly* direction—in this respect the appearance of both hemispheres is strikingly similar. 2nd. Besides these capes, both have *islands* to the *East* of them—the Western, to the *North* of the Equator—the Eastern, to the *North* and *South* : but, let it be observed, that the Western *continent* extends more Southerly, and thus supplies the deficiency of *islands*. *Australia* is but the remnant of the Southern continent of the Eastern hemisphere. 3rd. All these islands lie in a North westerly or South easterly direction, respecting their extremities or capes—they are, with scarcely half-a-dozen exceptions, *oblong*—they diverge to capes or points, at both extremities.

Admitting, then, the equatorial motion of the waters (as left behind by the Earth's motion) from East to West—all that remains to be accounted for, is, in fact, the northerly and southerly bias of the sun's attraction. This being supposed, what follows? The waters, (according to the resolution of forces,) pursuing the *diagonal*, have flowed towards and upon the Southern and Eastern shores of Asia, until the Sun has arrived at *Cancer*, and some

time after, till the influence being changed in direction, they have flowed with the new impulse towards, and have dashed against, the Southern and Eastern shores of America—one impulse from the South, northerly—the other from the North, southerly.

This operation has been—from the *beginning*—constant and perpetual. The waters have operated upon the component substances of the globe—on granite or primitive rock—on transition or secondary stone—and on alluvial deposit. The first, immovable as the earth on its foundations, has withstood their mining; but the transition stone and alluvial deposit have been swept away to an extent, in the lapse of ages; they have been slowly but effectually eaten away by the Ocean, which has left, as it were, the remnant of his meal—*islands, capes, gulph-lines, bay-enclosures, and promontories.* We have thus the islands of the North Pacific, or Polynesia; and the devouring waters have continued in their northerly course, until become weak by the cessation of attraction in that direction, they have been arrested by the narrow neck of land at the north of the Red Sea, or the isthmus of Suez—and tumbling thence, by the southerly attraction towards the Capricorn, they have feasted on the middle continent of America, scattered their remnants on the Atlantic, and have formed the *West Indian Islands.* Their strength being once more exhausted, they have been arrested by the narrow neck of land called the isthmus of Darien. This hypothesis seems to be supported by the correspondence or similarity of the islands, (as before remarked,) in both hemispheres. We behold Sumatra in the Eastern, contiguous to that ridge of land which might be called Cape Malaya; and we have the island of Cuba contiguous to that ridge which might be named Cape Florida, &c. &c. In fact, there is a general resemblance between the islands of both



hemispheres, in extent, appearance, and position. Similarity of form, &c. induces us to presuppose a similarity of cause—it is not in nature that we are to find similar effects independent of similar causes. The course of the *Gulph-stream* is but a *reaction* of this motion, from the shores of Africa and Europe, and again from the shores of America; but this is only a *partial* movement, when compared to that of the whole Ocean itself. Again, the islands of Europe, according to the same hypothesis, are the result of the flow of waters from the pole—hence their figure, *oblong* still, great Britain particularly—the correspondence of the coasts of Britain and France in composition and vegetation &c., favours the supposition.

But how account for the existence of volcanoes, and their effects, in several of the islands? 1st. They may have existed on the respective *part* of the *continent* which those islands *represent*, and thus, they continue to act, or their former effects have remained. 2nd. We are unacquainted with the real causes of volcanoes, or rather, with their *basis* in nature. But, supposing this basis to exist in those islands, may not the surrounding *pressure* of the waters be calculated to result volcanoes? However, to say that the islands were *produced* by volcanoes seems tantamount to say, that the *Andes* were thrown up by the same agencies, for *there* volcanoes have existed, and do exist. Islands have been produced by volcanic agency—but what are such islands but portions of the continent (with a volcanic basis) covered with water, and striving to get free once more, with the aid of the volcanic basis, vivified by superincumbent pressure?

In conclusion, I offer this hypothesis with due deference—if worthy of consideration, others better qualified will make it more intelligible.

*Peace treasures rest for man, and Earth supplies,  
Untaxed, his barns, &c.—p. 65.*

—————“ *Sine militis usu  
Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes.  
Ipsa quoque immunis rastroque intacta, nec ullis  
Saucia vomeribus, per se dabat omnia tellus.*”

Ovid. Met. I. 3.

*She moults no leaf, until its brotherhood  
Peep imminent, as babes from mother's arms, &c.—p. 66.*

“ Here, even in the midst of December, are seen trees with both blossoms and fruit at once, suspended from their branches—the rivalship of Flora and Pomona, so common in the torrid zone :

“ Another Flora here of bolder hues,  
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,  
Plays o'er the fields, and showers, with sudden hand  
Exuberant spring.” \*

*Here reigns the Western Palm, &c.—p. 78.*

It supplies the Indians with almost whatever they stand in need of ; as bread, water, wine, vinegar, brandy, milk, oil, honey, sugar, needles, clothes, thread, cups, spoons, basons, baskets, paper, masts of ships, sails, cordage, nails, covering for their houses, &c.—RAY.

*With suckling pearls,—adopted,—not her own.—p. 71.*

“ *Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.*”

Virg. Georg. II. 82.

\* Stewart.

*In shape a skeleton, and oft a stain*

*Of what seems streaking blood, she sees, &c.—p. 72.*

I find that it is the Ribbon species of the sugar-cane which is alternately variegated with stripes of crimson and pale yellow, whence it takes its name.

*That hath its King.—p. 72.*

The Oriolus Christatus, or Crested Cassique. Cassique or Cazique, was the name of the Indian Kings when the Spaniards first took possession of the continent and islands.

This bird is thus playfully described by Waterton: "The Cassique is larger than the Starling. He courts the society of man, but disdains to live by his labours. When Nature calls for support, he repairs to the neighbouring forest, and there partakes of the store of fruits and seeds which she has produced in abundance for her aërial tribes. When his repast is over, he returns to man, and pays the little tribute he owes him for his protection: he takes his station on a tree close to his house, and there, for hours together, pours a succession of imitative notes. His own song is sweet, but very short. If a Toucan be yelping in the neighbourhood, he drops it, and imitates him. Then he will amuse his protector with the different cries of the woodpecker; and when the sheep bleat, he will distinctly answer them. Then comes his own song again; and if a passing dog or a Guinea-fowl interrupt him, he takes them off admirably; and by his different gestures during the time, you would conclude that he enjoys the sport."—See *Wanderings in S. A.*

*And its bell.—p. 72.*

"The Campanero never fails to attract the attention of the passenger. At a distance of nearly three miles, you

may hear this snow-white bird tolling every four or five minutes, like the distant convent-bell. In the midst of these extensive wilds, generally on the dried top of an aged Mora, almost out of gun-reach, you will see the Campanero," &c.—WATERTON.

*Its living grave the tropic Scavenger!*—p. 72.

“Naturalists are a good deal divided as to the faculty by which these birds are enabled to discover, in a most surprising manner, a dead or dying animal, at the distance of even many miles. In travelling over the immensely wide deserts of Africa, where there is not a blade of grass to tempt a living bird or animal, and no inducement, therefore, for birds of prey to scour those vast wildernesses in search of game; should a camel or other beast of burden drop under its load, in the train of a caravan, in less than half-an-hour there will be seen, high in the air, a number of the smallest specks, moving slowly round in circles, and gradually growing larger and larger, as they descend in spiral windings towards the earth: these are the vultures, but whence they come, or by what sign or call they are collected, at a height beyond the reach of the human eye, is still a mystery; though we are much inclined to suspect that they derive their information from an inconceivable keenness of *sight*, rather than, as some suppose, from an extraordinary sense of smelling, which has been attributed to them. When within a few yards, the spiral motion is changed for a direct line; then they alight on the body, and tearing it in pieces, feed upon it with greediness.”\*

The Vulture, like the Eagle, floats on its prey in the

\* *Stanley.*

ocean, but of a very different description. In the rivers of the East, says a traveller,\* one is constantly shocked with the sight of a *floating corpse*, with a Vulture perched upon it, and expanding its wings to cause it to land, that it may devour its horrid meal in leisure. Of this fact I have made use in Canto II. p. 23. The Vulture is common in South America, Trinidad, Jamaica, &c. where its life is protected by the law, on account of its utility.

*Words they pronounce articulate and clear,  
A moan—a call—a question to the ear!—p. 73.*

“ Four species of the Goat-sucker articulate some words so distinctly, that they have received their names from the sentences they utter, and absolutely bewilder the stranger on his arrival in these parts. The most common one sits down by your door, and flies and alights three or four yards before you, as you walk along the road, crying, —‘ Who-are-you, who-who-who-are-you?’ Another bids you ‘ Work-away—Work-work-work-away.’ A third cries mournfully, ‘ Willy-come-go, Willy-willy-willy-come-go.’ And high up in the country, a fourth tells you, ‘ Whip-poor-Will—whip-whip-whip-poor-Will.’

“ Ovid has told thee how the owl once boasted the human form, and lost it for a very small offence; and were the poor poet alive now, he would inform thee that ‘ Whip-poor-will,’ and ‘ Willy-come-go,’ are the shades of those poor *African* and *Indian slaves*, who died worn out and brokenhearted. They wail, and cry, ‘ Whip-poor-will,’ ‘ Willy-come-go,’ all night long; and often when the moon shines, you see them sitting on the green turf, near the houses of those whose ancestors tore them from the bosom of their helpless families, which all probably

\* Transatl. Sketches—Ibid.

perished through want and grief, after their support was gone.”—WATERTON.

*But most are silent ; for to them belong*

*The blaze of Beauty, not the soul of Song.*—p. 73.

“ But though Nature has not bestowed so melodious a pipe on the birds of this region, with the remarkable exception mentioned,\* as on the feathered inhabitants of more temperate climes, she has, as if to compensate for this deficiency, decked them out in the most gay and brilliant colours :

—————“ For Nature’s hand  
That with a sportive vanity has deck’d  
The plummy nations, here her gayest hues  
Profusely pours. But if she bid them shine  
Array’d in all the beauteous beams of day,  
Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song.” †

*Set free Himself, “ with healing in its wing,” ‡*

*The sea and land-breeze ’neath the burning Ring !*—p. 74.

This phenomenon is thus explained in the periodical before quoted, viz. Chambers’ Information for the People, Part VII. p. 407.

“ In most countries near the shores of the sea, but particularly in tropical climates, there are periodical winds, called sea and land-breezes ; they occur in the following manner :—During the day, the wind blows for a certain number of hours from the sea to the land ; but when the evening arrives, it changes its direction, and blows as

\* Doubtless the author means the bird which has been described, viz. the Crested Cazique, for he calls it “ a species of the mock-bird.”

† *Stewart.*

‡ *Mal. iv. 2.*

many hours from the land to the sea. In some countries the sea-breeze sets in about seven or eight in the morning, and is strongest at noon, but continues very sensible until three o'clock, when the surface of the sea will be observed to exhibit ripples of a deep blue colour. After this, at six in the evening, the land-breeze commences. The sea now assumes a greenish hue; and the breeze continues until eight the next morning. The cause of this alternation may be readily explained. During the day, the air over the surface of the earth is more heated by the rays of the sun than that over the surface of the sea; because the earth, from its greater density, comparative state of rest, and numerous elevations, reflects the sun's rays sooner, and with more power, than they are reflected from the sea, which, from its state of constant motion and transparency, imbibes the warmth very intimately, though more slowly. Accordingly, when the sun, having risen above the horizon, has, by the reflection of its rays, thus imparted a sufficient degree of warmth to rarify the body of air over the land, the air so rarified, ascends into the higher regions of the atmosphere; while that over the surface of the sea, being scarcely at all rarified, rushes in to supply its place. Hence, a sea-breeze or current of air from the sea to the land at this time prevails; but when the sun again begins to sink below the horizon, the body of air over the surface of the land becomes rapidly cold, and the earth itself, by radiation, parts very quickly with the warmth it absorbed. Then the land air, being below the temperature of the sea air, rushes in to supply its place, and thus during the night, a land-breeze, or a current of air from the land to the sea, is produced."

*Ague, Catarrh, swell'd limbs, foul leprosy.*—p. 75.

"The most common diseases in Barbadoes," says Sir

Andrew Halliday, and we may add, all over the West Indies more or less, “are chest-complaints and dysentery, with inflammation of the eyes, from the reflected glare of the sun, and the quantity of finely-pulverized chalk always floating in the atmosphere. There is a horrid and loathsome species of Elephantiasis, vulgarly known as the Barbadoes-leg: it was formerly far more severe and common amongst the Negro and coloured population than it is now; still we cannot walk half-a-mile without seeing some cases of it,—some poor wretch trailing a limb larger than the body, and covered with excrescences and ulcers.”

*From marshes where the venom'd viper sleeps, &c.—p. 75.*

The same writer says: “I have perfectly satisfied myself that the purely remittent and intermittent fevers in the West Indies are, as in Europe, the genuine offspring of a subtle something, which the medical writers have called the ‘Marsh-poison,’ and are not contagious. But that in any country, and more especially within the tropics, if the wards of an hospital, the rooms of a barrack, or even the quarters of a garrison, become crowded with cases of these fevers another disease is speedily generated, and is so highly contagious, that it will carry destruction throughout a whole colony; hence the propriety of inculcating separation and dispersion, whenever agues or remittent fevers become prevalent or epidemic amongst a body of troops, or in a crowded community.”

Speaking of Trinidad the same author observes:

“The mountain of TAMANA, which rises nearly in its centre, to a great height, has scarcely ever been visited by man. No human footsteps, so far as I could learn, has ever reached its summit; for, if ever it was attempted, no one has returned to tell his discoveries: yet this mountain is



only a few miles from the sea-coast. It might be possible for a man, by care and watchfulness, to escape the Boa and the Tiger-cat, and every other living monster, whether of the land or the water; but he cannot guard against the deadly poison of the marsh, or the noisome atmosphere which is generated by the decaying, and protected by the rank, living vegetable matter, with which the half-formed land is literally overloaded. So deadly is that atmosphere, that in a few hours it will destroy life, even at noon-day, whilst during the night two or three inhalations will destroy the strongest and most healthy negro." "It is a remarkable fact in the history of these marsh poisons, that they creep up to the tops of the highest mountains with great rapidity, where their virulence or noxious influences upon the human constitution are increased, or, as it may be considered, concentrated."

*Thy gold, in life deem'd firmest, first in flight, &c.—p. 76.*

*Suggested by the "DREI FREUNDE," of Herder. Drei Freunde hat der Mensch in dieser Welt; wie betragen sie in der Stunde des Todes, wenn ihn Gott vor Gericht fodert? Das GELD, sein bester Freund, verlässet ihn zuerst und gehet nicht mit ihn. Sein Verwandten und Freunde begleiten ihn bis zur Thür des Grabes und Kehren wieder in ihre Häuser. Der dritte, den er im Leben oft am meisten vergast,\* sind seine wolthätigen Werke Sie allein begleiten ihn bis zum Throne des Richters sie gehen voran, sprechen für ihn und finden Barmherzigkeit und Gnade."*

*And Tobit's incense dissipate<sup>†</sup> the spell, &c.—p. 78.*

*Asmodeus* is considered an impersonation of "The Pride

\* It will be observed that I have given another turn to that thought, in the text.

of Life and Sensuality.” He haunted *Sarah*, the daughter of Raguel and Anna, who repulsed him, not affecting gaudy apparel, &c. Sarah being a fortune, was sought after by those over whom this demon of showy dress had power, that is, *fortune-hunters*. They were successively destroyed on the night of marriage: but *Tobit* was provided with a certain *incense*, [virtuous intentions and good deeds,] which protected him on the same occasion.\*

*Their founts, above where endless rivers flow.*—p. 63.

Ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαί.—Eurip. Med. 412.

———or *Xantippe, still for life.*—p. 79.

“The first and most important female quality, is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to the female sex insinuation and persuasion in order to be surly: it did not make them weak in order to be imperious: it did not give them a sweet voice in order to be employed in scolding: it did not provide them with delicate features in order to be disfigured with anger. A wife frequently has cause to lament her condition, but never to utter bitter complaints. A husband too indulging, is apt to make an imperious wife; but, unless he be a *monster*,

\* See *Calmet*, in voce *Ash*; and the Book of *Tobias*, for the interesting narrative, which, however little claim it may be supposed to have to be numbered in the canon of the Scriptures, conveys a most wholesome moral; and seems to have been a favourite topic with the ancient Fathers of the Church. It may be also observed by the way, that the book of *Tobias* was considered canonical by the third Council of Carthage, A.D. 397. Dean *Prideaux*, however, treats it with as little ceremony as *Luther* dismissed the Epistle of *St. James*.

sweetness of temper in his wife will restore him to good humour, and sooner or later triumph over him.”

*The father must be sound—the mother too—*

*This, nature needs, to prove her wisdom true.—p. 81.*

In effect, why should this condition be deemed essential in the procreation of the horse, the sheep, and the dog, and be totally disregarded in that of man? Why must it be true, that we are most successful breeders of cattle, and such notoriously bad breeders of men and women? Is the subject beneath our notice, or is it above our comprehension? Not the latter, certainly, for who has tried it? but the fact is too evident, that any and every motive influences marriage but the right one. Still, whoever has eyes to see, and a mind to think, will observe the lamentable consequences of this degradation of the destiny of man and woman. The child is a physical, intellectual, and moral *compound* of its parents, as these are of their progenitors, and so on through past generations. How much of this compound is of either parent, is frequently evident to the close observer of nature; and it has been remarked, that one may commonly know the vices of the parents by the peculiarities of the child.

“Let any intelligent and candid father and mother, at the time they are contemplating the punishment of a child, look back to their own conduct at the same period and under similar circumstances, and they will be astonished to trace a resemblance so minute and circumstantial. They may hesitate to acknowledge this, but that only proves their dispositions to be worse than they imagine; and the consequence of this want of honourable candour will be displayed in injustice to the child. Strongly impressed with this identity of organization and conduct in

parents and progeny, a friend of mine very philosophically terms his children his 'future states.' Can anything, then, be more ignorant and savage than parents punishing the errors they have not only themselves committed, but have bequeathed to their children; for, giving their organization, their actions were *inevitable*—similar causes have similar effects."\* No doubt habitual intercourse has much to do with those peculiarities—no doubt it may be true that "we give our children bread with one hand, and poison with the other;" that "we teach them virtue by *theory*, and vice by *practice*:" that we exhibit to their ever-observing eyes all our petty failings—our propensities to detract and calumniate—giving vent to our most rancorous indignation against those persons (in their absence) to whom we cringe and offer compliments when they stand before us—that we do all these things, and still are most punctilious in the external forms of religion, as if thereby to satisfy *them* and ourselves that we are *Christians*! We must grant the influence of all these causes, in unravelling the peculiarities of the child. But, are they not also *born* with natural predispositions? Shall the fruit of the tree be peculiar to the natural or artificial state of the tree, and the child be totally independent of the same state of the parents? Apply the comparison to every animal that man has learnt to rear with the most unerring precision, as to spirit, strength, and even *colour*: shall the child of man alone be the result of *fate*, *chance*, or *ill-luck*, or any other representative for the *perverse designing* of fathers and mothers? What is the consequence of this infatuation? 1st. *The fruit is of the tree*, viz., hereditary diseases are transmitted with redoubled energy;

\* See Walker's work on "Woman, as to Mind, Morals," &c. p. 360.

not as *diseases*, but as predispositions of the system, which will not fail to exhibit them in due time. This is a portentous chapter of human misery! Some of these predispositions are from the father, others from the mother. Some are internal, others external: would that they were all so! to serve as signs to humanity, when the designing seek to conceal them. To what shall we compare this fiendish crime? 2nd. *The fruit is of the tree*, viz., deficiency of mind, deficiency of moral sentiment. Common opinion verifies this fact,—“*she* is like her father,” “*he* is like his mother.” Fearful of this result, many apply a species of mechanical means to hinder the resemblance, by sequestration from the contaminating influence of those whose example *might* do as much as the natural tendency in the parent, to transmit the predisposition. And with what success? The machines are moved by the parents as long as they are under control, but no longer. It is an effort to be artificial—it is easy to be natural—it is difficult to go against the stream—but easy to sail with its current.

We are bound to take every means in our power to give health, strength, mind, and a moral feeling to our children. It follows, then, that he who exposes himself to fail in either of those transmissions by marrying disease, imbecility, and vice, commits a flagrant crime against his offspring, consequently against society, and can he be guiltless in the sight of God? What are these means? Precisely the same as those which we take with the lower animals.

“The principle of improving the breed of animals by *crossing* is now fully appreciated. This principle applies to man as well as to inferior animals; and carried still further, it explains the reason of the *horror* which all men, except princes, feel at the *intermarriage of near relations*.”\*

\* Walker.

Shall we be asked, as was observed relatively to Mr. Walker's work on the subject we are discussing, "But is there no such thing as love in this world?" that is to say, will not love be strong enough to counteract the determination to be wary in selecting the mother of our children? The answer is obvious. If by love is meant animal appetite, it will be: but if love is a rational sentiment, a moral sentiment, far from counteracting, it will become the most efficient means of ensuring the happiest results, to which, as men and women, we are bound to aspire. But how change the opinions of society on this subject? How can we induce men and women to believe that *money* ought not to be the *first* subject of their first inquiry when they are to marry, or of parents when they "contract" for the husbands or wives of their children? It were futile in the extreme. Such a *reformation* could not be effected even by a *Luther*! But cannot individuals cease to cry out "How?" and begin themselves? If one man produces three sound children, that is, sound in body, morals, and mind, these children will, in all probability, produce each as many more, and so on, we shall soon have an *effectual* reformation. It were easy to trace the effects of such a state of things, if carried out with *individual* determination. Church, Law, State, Medicine, every department would be more or less purified according to present necessity, &c. &c. &c. We shall then select professions for our children according to their physical, intellectual, and moral capacities, not according to the dictates of avarice or ambition. We shall then educate them according to our means, not according to the standard that such a one, or such a one, may be supposed to represent; and above all, we will order things so as to give them a certain means (as far as *human* means may go,) of obtaining a livelihood when we are no more. It is said, that, in some parts of

Germany, even princes were taught a trade, as a precaution against the casualties of fortune. It was a wise ordinance, worthy to be imitated in every country, for the sake of health, mind, and morality; for wealth and idleness are the parents of woes innumerable to the individual, and to society.

“Genius,” observes Mr. Walker, “which is whetted by adversity, soon becomes blunt, in the bosom of ease; and mediocrity of talent, when so circumstanced, becomes absolute imbecility. Men, entitled by the mere accident of birth to a monopoly of honours and indulgences, need make no effort to obtain them. Such trouble is unnecessary: and not one in ten thousand bestows it. Intellectual power, therefore, is gradually lost, and the man is at last utterly debased.

All history accordingly shows, that those princes, nobles, &c. who have gained the admiration of mankind, have almost always either been the first of their race who reached that rank of society, or have suffered from an adverse fortune, which elevated rank cannot always prevent; and that as uniformly the children of these persons who were born to honour, affluence, and indulgence, have been far their inferiors in intellectual attainment. As in ancient times, we know that some of the greatest men in Greece were of the obscurest origin, and that *foreign female slaves* gave birth to many of them. A Carian was the mother of Themistocles; a Scythian was that of Demosthenes; and a Thracian gave birth to Iphicrates and Timotheus! On the other hand, it is certain that the children of Socrates and Pericles were destined to stupidity and obscurity!”

The conclusion to which the preceding remarks are intended to lead, is, that parents transmit to their children the seeds of virtue or vice, of disease or health, of mental

vigour or imbecility ;\* and therefore, that the parents are themselves the greatest blessing or the greatest curse to their children, who, in the one instance are endowed with the best of fortunes, without which no other is available ; and in the other, are blasted with the worst of maledictions, to which the largest fortune brings no compensation. Parents feel these things—they lament them with the burning tears of solitude ; every feeling heart sympathizes with them. But let them become wiser by experience. Let them beware of the future, whilst they remember the past and the present. Let them bring all the weight of their authority to stay the curse of nature whilst it is in their power, and not produce by their influence an accumulation of misery on mankind, on generations after generations, aye, to the “third and fourth.” Positive disease will infallibly produce a positive tendency or aptitude to disease in the offspring. Nay, even a great disparity of years in a couple determines a particular class of diseases, producing bodies without the full complement of manhood or womanhood—utterly unfit to reproduce men or women—mere “expletives in creation.” There is one reflection, which few will make without “fear and trembling.” Nature requires that we be uniformly obedient to her laws. The laws of nature are linked with those which we distinguish as of God. Both must be obeyed to insure happiness to ourselves ; health, virtue, and mind to our children. It is from non-uniformity in this obedience, *the result of an evil hour*, that healthy, good, and wise parents, have given birth to diseased, perverse, and imbecile children. But how can this be otherwise, when *one* is absolutely deficient ? Health and virtue are absolute essentials in the parents—in both : the former

\* See page 81.



may be restricted to functional integrity, freedom from hereditary taint of disease, malformations, and total deficiencies. The latter is absolute; no gradation can be admitted in virtue. But mind is essential to virtue, which is the result of conviction, and how attain to this conviction without *mind*? Virtue is the triumph of mind over the animal cravings of our system, and whence are the arms by which, and with which we triumph, if not from this mind which God himself has surrounded, as it were, by a castle of defence, where he makes known his commands, which he enlightens with his presence. Has the idiot virtue? Has he *mind*? We know not what connexion there exists between the soul and the brain of man, but we know that the deficiency of *mind* in the *born*-idiot is attended either with a positive deficiency of the volume of the brain, or evident organic disease, or in the *insane* of every degree, we can investigate evident causes, which leave no doubt that the various phenomena of hallucination proceed from organic derangement of the brain in part, or as a whole, by hereditary predisposition, individual imprudence, or accident. Brain is then essential to the operation of mind, which is the result of the soul in action through its medium. This medium is material, as the hand, the feet, the eyes, the ears, whose uses are intimately connected with the application of other functional activities. If then this brain is material, its rudiments are in the *germ* as certainly as those of the hands, the feet, the ears, the eyes; and if so, dependent, in the first instance, on the source whence their formation, for their aptitude to expand into the fulness of organic structure, which capacitates the individual to be (I use the term in its most extended sense) a *Christian*. But here I must not be misunderstood. Whilst contending for unlimited soundness of the animal functions and the moral medium,

it is not to be inferred that an equally capacitated medium of *mind* is essentially necessary. By no means. Justice, aye mere justice, demands that we should give our children a healthy frame—higher motives still combine with justice in forbidding us to entail upon them propensities to vice: but as the sum of mind necessary for the *understanding* of every Christian duty is that which is possessed by every individual who is not insane—the lowest standard of mind may be taken. We must endeavour to transmit the soundest organic health, the soundest moral medium, and also mental aptitude, but the former are to be ensured, the latter not neglected. We must ensure, (as far as we are concerned,) the happiness of health, the happiness of virtue here and hereafter—moderate mental capacity is all that is required with those essentials.

Nature, then, expects that we should be uniformly virtuous ourselves, or she inflicts the penalty: \* on ourselves if we are single; but if we are likely to be fathers or mothers, our criminality being doubled, she transmits the penalty, to be transmitted in succession, and thus every succeeding generation is worse than the former. † This is, indeed, a dreadful contemplation! To think that when we shall stand and pledge ourselves to take a woman “for better and for worse,” we are swearing to the Almighty to do our best to vitiate the creature, which he has made to his own image and likeness—virtually, in a word, to do our best to accumulate the misery of mankind! But meseems I hear it objected, “Would you have us reject a woman or a man, because he or she has such an hereditary taint—such a disease,” &c. &c. &c. The reply is at hand. Ask the *dog-fancier*, the *sheep-breeder*, the *horse-breeder*—

\* See page 85.

† See page 82, last paragraph.

and if you think it less important to have a good race of men than of dogs, sheep, and horses, disregard his example.

It will be evident that Mr. Walker's work on Marriage and Intermarriage, excellent as far as it goes, leaves much to be said, or rather to be investigated. The law of hereditary transmission is a subject which is, by its very nature, connected with that of Anatomy, Physiology, and Nosology. It is allied to Education; and to Legislation it must be indebted for a peremptory obedience, when Society shall be so constituted as to admit its certainty. But shall Legislation be ever permitted to forbid individuals from marrying, or becoming fathers or mothers, when manifestly labouring under any of the forementioned disabilities? This question can be answered by another. Can legislation forbid certain individuals from practising the law, or medicine, &c. &c., when labouring under the disqualification of having *no credentials*? Indeed, there seems to be a remarkable inconsistency in the thing: no man can *practise* (however qualified otherwise) without *credentials*; but any one may marry (however disqualified otherwise) with the publications of banns, or a license! But I forget—the legislature permits quacks to drug the public, only the nostrum must be *licensed* or stamped! doubtless *marrying* quacks (of both sexes) should be *licensed*: *they* will *stamp* their children with a vengeance;\*

\* It can, indeed, be only passion, venality, or pride, that can prevent man from doing for his own offspring, that which natural and universal laws permit him to do for the progeny of every domesticated animal. The only reply that, under these circumstances of actual and daily demonstration, he can make to the invitation of nature and of science is, that he prefers a blind passion to an enlightened one,—brutal indulgence, succeeded by life-long disgust, to exquisite enjoyment, and perma-

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?  
 Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit  
 Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
 Progeniem vitiosorem!—Hor. Carm. Lib. III. 6.

*Then see a Jerome raging 'gainst himself.—p. 82.*

He describes his condition thus: “O quoties ego ipse, in eremo constitutus, et in illâ vastâ solitudine, quæ, exusta solis ardoribus, horridum Monachis præbet habitaculum, putabam me Romanis interesse deliciis. Sedebam solus, quia amaritudine repletus eram. Horrebant sacco membra deformia, et squalida cutis sitim Æthiopicæ carnis obdurat.

“Quotidie lacrymæ, quotidie gemitus! et si quando repugnantem somnus imminens oppressisset, nuda humo ossa vix hærentia collidebam. De cibis vero et potu taceo . . . Ille igitur ego qui, ob Gehennæ metum, tali me carcere ipse damnaveram, scorpionum tantum socius et ferarum, sæpe choris intereram puellarum! Pallebant ora jejuniis, et mens desideriiis æstuabat in frigido corpore, et ante hominem suum jam carne præmortuâ, sola libidinum incendia bulliebant.”

ment happiness,—or money, a mere means of pleasure, at the cost of domestic misery—perhaps of conjugal, or filial insanity, to actual pleasure to himself and all around him, as well as the progress of children in intellectual improvement and honourable arts—the sole means of abiding fortune or rank, from which he may look up to those above, who despise and spit upon him, because he would vainly overtake them in their idiot scramble for a bubble, and down on those below, who therefore naturally hate him for his insolent assumption.”—*Walker on Intermarriage.*

*Or as a softly flowing spring that stills, &c.—p. 86.*

Suggested by these verses of Ramler :

“Auf einen Feldbrunnen.”

“Immer rinnet diese Quelle,  
Niemals plaudert ihre Welle.  
Komm, Wanderer, hier zu ruhn!  
Komm, lern’ an dieser Quelle,  
Stillschweigend Gutes thun.”

*Seek not gratitude, but seek a friend.—p. 86.*

Suggested by this sentence of Solis : “Y partia con sus compañeros cuanto adquiria, con tal generosidad, que sabia ganar amigos sin buscar agradecidos.” “Whatever he gained he shared among his companions with such generosity, that he knew how to gain friends without seeking for grateful dependents.” The above is one of the items which that author has enumerated in his splendid character of Cortez, when about to embark for the conquest of Mexico. It was the intention of Solis to portray a *perfect hero* in Cortez, and he very consistently concludes his work at the *conquest of Mexico*. Other writers have delineated the exterminator.

*If man’s ingrate, Humanity is not, &c.—p. 86.*

It is related that Aristotle, the great philosopher of the *Heathens*, once gave a small sum of money to a beggar. A bystander observed, that the object of his charity was a worthless fellow, who had brought his afflictions upon himself by his extravagance. “What of that?” replied the philosopher, “what I gave was given to *humanity*, not

to man." This is likewise a rebuke to those, who in benefiting the unfortunate, seem to claim a right to treat them with indelicate slights or open contempt, as occasion may offer: but surely, if these "charitable" Samaritans had never stopped and soothed the miserable with their balm, the latter might have died, but they could not in that case have been more wretched than they are doomed to be, under the perpetual influence of the "proud man's contumely!"

*How felt the slave that knew her fate?—p. 91.*

I am about to quote a passage from the Narrative or Journal of Messrs. R. and J. Lander, the African Travelers. It is painful to observe the dark contrast between the character of these gentlemen and that of the unfortunate Mungo Park. In all their observations on the natives whom they visit, you would fancy that the Brothers were quizzing the affectation and display of the French or the English in their coteries. It is to be regretted that, constituted as they were, they had not confined themselves to the simple statement of facts, without the erroneous commentaries with which they have obscured their original. That this remark is not unjust, will perhaps be shewn by the following incident, as narrated by these witnesses of affliction. The cruel alternation of burlesque and real sorrow, which are blended together by a perpetual attempt in these writers to be merry at the expense of their humanity,\* will, I doubt not, in spite of themselves, awaken a sympathy in those who have hearts to feel, as

\* "The most ludicrous or depreciating point being selected, and presented to the mind by some tart remark or ridiculous image."

well as minds to reflect. Here is the tragi-comedy of Mr. Lander.

“Among the Damuggo slaves is a middle-aged, short, fat woman, having a broad, mournful kind of countenance; in fact, there were two of them, so very much alike in all respects, that they might be taken for sisters. As she sat with the goats, whose society, by the by, was extremely disagreeable to her, inasmuch as they committed various misdemeanours, to her great annoyance, she fetched one of the deepest and most dismal sighs that I ever heard. This attracted my attention, for she was seated so near me, that from the motion of the canoe, I was not unfrequently jostled against her naked person, which was by no means agreeable, for she was a dirty woman. She had been slowly masticating, with apparent disrelish, part of a boiled yam, which appeared to be cold and dry, and which was now laid aside. She was in deep meditation; tear-drops were in her eyes, ready to fall, as she gazed earnestly at a spot of land on the eastern bank, which was fast receding from her view. Her closed lips, slightly upturned and with quivering emotion, the usual prelude to more violent grief, gave an expression of sadness and silent sorrow to her countenance, which language can but ill express. Nothing could be more touching than this tranquil face of woe. Loud bursts of lamentation, and other vehement expressions of passion, would not be half so eloquent. I imagined that the poor creature was bewailing her hard fate in the ill-usage which she had received from her guardians, one of whom had not long before applied a paddle to her head and shoulders; or she might, I thought, be in want of water, which was beyond her reach; but to satisfy my doubts, I addressed her, and demanded the cause of her emotion. On this she turned her head round, and bestowing a violent thump on the

nose of a goat, which had discovered her broken yam, and was nibbling it fast away, she replied, pointing with her finger to the spot on which she had been so anxiously gazing, '*There I was born.*' The chord was touched; she had striven to repress her feelings before, but she could no longer command them; she became more agitated, and wept bitterly as she faltered out, '*That is my country!*' I was softened and moved at the woman's distress, and should doubtless have felt still stronger compassion, if I had not observed her, in the midst of her tears, inflicting the most vigorous chastisement on her brute companions, in the most unmerciful manner. The kids and goats had, in their playfulness, been gamboling about her feet and legs, and bespattered them with a little dirty water from the bottom of the canoe; and I thought to myself, that if a female could behave with cruelty to a companion, being herself in distress, that little pity or gentleness could dwell in her bosom. However, be this as it may, she was greatly afflicted," &c. How differently would Mungo Park have narrated this affecting incident! Would he have stopped to inquire the amount of pity that was to be found in the breast which was a prey to such emotions? A man of feeling would have seen nothing but the affliction of the poor slave, or would have attributed her irritability to the intenseness of her grief. On whom has not violent grief this effect? What would the moralist have remarked on the following incident in the life of Byron by Galt. Speaking of the burial of the Poet's mother, he concludes thus: "Having declined to follow the remains himself, he stood looking from the hall-door at the procession, till the whole had moved away; and then, turning to one of the servants, the only person left, he desired him to fetch the sparring-gloves, and proceeded with him to his usual exercise. But the scene was impressive, and spoke eloquently



of a grieved heart. He sparred in silence all the time, and the servant thought that *he hit harder* than was his habit ; at last he suddenly flung away the gloves, and retired to his own room.”

*Oh! give us to the wild again. &c.—p. 89.*

“ But of all countries in the world, their own appears to them as the best, and their own people as the happiest ; and they pity the fate of other nations, who have been placed by Providence in less fertile and less fortunate districts.” \*

*Still, still by Nature's laws controll'd,  
Accordant with our Father's creed.—p. 90.*

“ Some of the religious opinions of the negroes, though blended with the weakest credulity and superstition, are not unworthy attention. I have conversed with all ranks and conditions upon the subject of their faith, and can pronounce, without the smallest shadow of doubt, that the belief of one God, and of a future state of reward and punishment, is entire and universal among them. It is remarkable, however, that except on the appearance of a new moon, as before related, the pagan natives do not think it necessary to offer up prayers and supplications to the Almighty. They represent the Deity, indeed, as the Creator and Preserver of all things : but in general they consider him as a Being so remote, and of so exalted a nature, that it is idle to imagine the feeble supplications of wretched mortals can reverse the decrees, and change the purposes of unerring wisdom. If they are asked, for what

\* Park.

reason then do they offer up a prayer on the appearance of the new moon, the answer is, that custom has made it necessary; they do it because their fathers did it before them.”\*

*Self-styled the FRIENDS of men distress'd,  
Who otherwise in death would bleed.*—p. 91.

I have heard it alleged that the Africans sell each other, and that, if the prisoners of war were not sold, they would be put to death, or kept to live in bondage. This of course justifies their being carried into a foreign country, and used as beasts of burthen!

*Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim*

is a very trite saying; but with regard to the Africans in this respect, it should be translated, out of Purgatory into “the lower still in the lowest deep.”

“The most atrocious slave-dealers are the Portuguese and Spaniards. One vessel, in 1818, took on board 1100, 500 of whom perished in the short passage to Brazil, and other 300 in landing. Driven from the Western coast by the British cruizers, the dealers have removed to the eastern, and the isle of Zanguebar has become their depôt. A Spanish schooner of 90 tons was lately intercepted, which had 250 slaves on board, wedged together between decks, just as monsters pack lobsters, with an allowance of a pint of water per day. Such being the treatment of blacks by the Christians, when they obtained the ascendancy in Hayti in 1791, in two months 2000 whites were massacred, and 180 sugar plantations and

\* See Park's Travels, c. xx. and xxi. &c. A cheap edition is published by Chambers, called the ‘People's Edition.’

900 coffee, cotton, and indigo, &c. destroyed.”—*Sir R. Phillips.*

*Ye darken'd on our fated coast, &c.*—p. 90—91.

“ Within two centuries after the suppression of Slavery in Europe, the Portuguese, in imitation of those piracies which existed in the uncivilized ages of the world, made their descents on Africa; and committing depredations on the coast, first carried the wretched inhabitants into Slavery. This practice, thus inconsiderable at its commencement, became general; and our own ancestors, together with the Spaniards, French, and most of the maritime powers of Europe, soon followed the piratical example: and thus did the Europeans, to their eternal infamy, revive a custom which their own ancestors had so lately exploded,\* from a consciousness of its impiety. The unfortunate Africans fled from the coast, and sought, in the interior part of the country, a retreat from the persecution of their invaders: but the Europeans still pursued them; they entered their rivers, sailed up into the heart of the country, surprised the Africans in their recesses, and carried them into Slavery.

“ The next step which the Europeans found it necessary to take, was that of settling in the country, of securing themselves by fortified posts; of *changing their system of force into that of pretended liberality*; and of opening, by every species of *bribery and corruption*, a communication with the natives. Accordingly they erected their forts and factories; landed their merchandize, and endeavoured, by a peaceable deportment, by presents, and by every appearance of munificence, to allure the attachment and confidence of the Africans.

\* See page 19, *Canto I.*, and *Notes to the same.*

“ The Portuguese erected their first fort at D’Elmina, in the year 1481, about forty years after Alonzo Gonzales had pointed out to his countrymen the Southern Africans, as articles of commerce. The scheme succeeded : an intercourse took place between the Europeans and Africans, attended with a confidence highly favourable to the views of ambition and avarice. In order to render this intercourse permanent as well as lucrative, the Europeans having discovered the chiefs of the African tribes, paid their court to these ; and at length a treaty of peace and commerce was concluded ; in which it was agreed, that the kings, on their part, should, from this period, *sentence prisoners of war and convicts to European servitude* ; and that the Europeans should supply them, in return, with the luxuries of the North. This agreement immediately took place, and laid the foundation of that horrible commerce, which is not yet abolished.

“ As if this trade were not in itself sufficiently criminal, its abettors added to it hypocrisy—the ostensible reason for introducing the Africans, in particular, as labourers into the newly discovered parts of the Western world, and placing them under European masters, being *the duty of converting the heathen!* A system of severity sprung up, as it related to their treatment, which became by degrees still more cruel and degrading ; so that when in aftertimes the situation of master and slave came to be viewed as it existed in practice between the two, the masters seemed to have attained the rank of monarchs, and the slaves to have gone down to the condition of brutes. Hence, very early after the commencement of the Slave-trade, the objects of it began to be considered an inferior species, and even their very colour a mark of it.\* ‘ The punishments

\* “ The white labourers,” says Halliday, “ were soon found

for crimes of slaves,' says Sloane (1707), are usually, for rebellions, *burning* them, by nailing them down on the ground with crooked sticks on every limb, and then applying the fire by degrees from the feet and hands, burning them gradually up to the head, whereby their pains are extravagant. For crimes of a lesser nature, gelding, or chopping off half of the foot with an axe. These punishments are suffered by them with great constancy.' The author proceeds as coolly to describe 'usual' whipping and other punishments, and concludes thus: 'After they are whipped till they are raw, some put on their skins pepper and salt, to make them smart; at other times their masters will drop melted wax on their skins, and use several exquisite torments.' " &c.—See *Encycl. Lond. in voce*, 'Slave.'

*Each, one by one, is torn away*

*Till all are gone! and SHE must stay!—p. 93.*

The practice alluded to in this section of the Poem, although common in the West Indies during the times of Slavery, assumes an aspect of ten-fold horror in America.

"On reaching the destined market, the slaves are kept in chains, and sometimes in close confinement, until the day of sale. During the interval, they are exposed to the unequal to the fatigues of agriculture in a hot climate, and it therefore became necessary to procure Africans. These, at their first importation, were actually considered an equivocal race between man and monkey, &c. "The reader may smile at this assertion; but the subject was seriously discussed, both at home and in the colonies, and it was decided at one time, that they were unworthy of receiving baptism, and ought not to be allowed to enter where the word of God was preached. In confirmation of this, I have only to refer to the early history of Barbadoes, and Godwin's Slave's Advocate."

inspection of any who may wish to make purchases. Persons are urgently invited to call and make their own selections. Due time having been granted for these examinations, which are conducted with a minuteness, as disgraceful to the examiner, as it is humiliating to the subject, and the time and terms of sale having been made as public as newspaper advertisements and handbills could make them, the whole gang are knocked off one by one to the bidder. These human auctions furnish scenes which are beyond description—a fit winding up of the horrible process which we have just traced, step by step, to its tragical close. Here all the remaining ties of kindred, which survived the first sale and the ‘middle passage,’ are broken up for ever. Here, too, the last sentiments of manly respect and female delicacy, which may have outlived the indignities of breeder and driver, are tortured by brutal and licentious jests, cruel taunts, and shameful exposures of the person before an assembled multitude. The coarse cry of the auctioneer, the eager bidding of the emulous purchasers, the loud shouts of the rabble at the ribaldry with which the crier intersperses his vociferations, the exulting laugh of the successful bidder, the guillotine-fall of the auction-hammer, the fiendish clutch of the new owners upon their trembling prey, the groans, shrieks, tears, and last embraces of the slaves, as they are torn violently apart by their several purchasers, form a mixture of wickedness and woe to be found nowhere else this side of perdition. We quote some accounts of slave-auctions, given by eye-witnesses.”

““ Mr. Stone witnessed a sale of slaves, in Charlestown, South Carolina, which he thus describes :

“ I saw droves of the poor fellows driven to the slave-markets, kept in different parts of the city, one of which I visited. The arrangements of this place appeared some-

thing like our northern horse-markets, having sheds or barns in the rear of a public-house, where alcohol was a handy ingredient to stimulate the spirit of jockeying. As the traders appeared, lots of Negroes were brought from the stables into the bar-room, and by a flourish of the whip were made to assume an active appearance. 'What will you give for these fellows?' 'How old are they?' 'Are they healthy?' 'Are they quick?' &c., at the same time the owner would give them a cut with a cowhide, and tell them to dance and jump, cursing and swearing at them if they did not move quick. In fact, all the transactions in buying and selling slaves partake of jockeyship, as much as buying and selling horses. There was as little regard paid to the feelings of the former as we witness in the latter. From these scenes I turn to another, which took place in front of the noble 'Exchange buildings' in the heart of the city. On the left side of the steps, as you leave the main-hall, immediately under the windows of that proud building, was a stage built, on which a mother with eight children were placed, and sold at auction. I watched their emotions closely, and saw their feelings were in accordance with human nature. The sale began with the eldest child, who, being struck off to the highest bidder, was taken from the stage or platform by the purchaser, and led to his waggon and stowed away, to be carried into the country; the second and third were also sold, and so until seven of the children were torn from their mother, while her discernment told her they were to be separated probably for ever, causing in that mother the most agonizing sobs and cries, in which the children seemed to share. The scene beggars description: suffice it to say, it was sufficient to cause tears from one at least 'whose skin was not colored like their own,' and I was not ashamed to give vent to them."

*Maranatha! from birth to death!*—p. 93.

Maranatha is a form of threatening, cursing, anathematizing among the Jews. It means “the Lord comes”—St. Paul pronounces Anathema Maranatha, against all who love not our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 *Cor.* xvi. 22.

Facts relative to the reflection in the foregoing verses, will be found in the notes to the next Canto.

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#### NOTES TO CANTO IV.

*They cry to thee, O God! the mother cries, &c.*—p. 97.

*Gridan: O Signor nostro aità aità! Petrarca, Canz. Indir.*  
a Cola di Renzo.

*Chieftains of Mandingo's court*—p. 98.

This is not a mere assumption. It was not uncommon to see Negroes who were looked upon with more than usual respect by their “ship-mates” or companions of the middle-passage. If the “tattooing” of the Africans has any reference to dignity, as that of other uncivilized nations, it is impossible to doubt that many of the Negroes in the West Indies had been “chieftains” in Fatherland. I have seen a woman, who was reported to have been a “princess” in Africa. She was a native of Manding, for



which I have used the word *Mandingo* in the text,—properly, an *inhabitant* of Manding. Park's account of this people is very flattering on the whole: other travellers speak in like terms of them. If I remember rightly, *Fox*, in one of his speeches in Parliament, adduced some instances of Negro princes, chieftains, and, I am sure, “a philosopher” of the *benighted land*, who had been kidnapped and sold into Slavery.

*But that we toil—for ever toil—  
Another comes and reaps the spoil!*—p. 98.

“*Sic vos non vobis,*” &c.—*Virg.*

*Made the mother quail afar*—p. 98.

—————“*Illum ex mœnibus hosticis  
Matrona,*” &c.—*Hor. Car. III. 2.*

*What have ye left him then? To sigh  
Thro' life in hopeless agony.*—p. 99.

After detailing the multiform cruelties to which the poor slave is exposed in the northern *breeding States*, the Report continues—“We pass to consider the features which arise from the breeding, rearing, and selling of slaves. This system bears with extreme severity upon the slave.

First: It subjects him to a perpetual fear of being sold to the “soul-driver,”\* which to the slave is the realisation

\* “This horrible, expressive appellation is in common use among the slaves of the breeding States.”

of all conceivable woes and horrors, more dreaded than death. An awful apprehension of this fate haunts the poor sufferer, by day and by night, from his cradle to his grave. *SUSPENSE* hangs like a thunder-cloud over his head. He knows that there is not a passing hour, whether he wakes or sleeps, which may not be *the last* that he shall spend with his wife and children. Every day or week some acquaintance is snatched from his side, and thus the consciousness of his own danger is kept continually awake. 'Surely my turn will come next,' is his harrowing conviction; for he knows that he was reared for this, as the ox for the yoke, or the sheep for the slaughter. In this aspect, the slave's condition is truly indescribable. *Suspense*, even when it relates to an event of no great moment, and 'endureth but for a night,' how hard to bear! But when it broods over all, absolutely all that is dear, chilling the present with its deep shade, and casting its awful gloom over all the future, it *must* break the heart! Such is the suspense under which every slave in the breeding States lives. It poisons all his little lot of bliss. If a father, he cannot go forth to his toil without bidding a mental farewell to his wife and children. He cannot return weary and worn from the field, with any certainty that he shall not find his home robbed and desolate. Nor can he seek his bed of straw and rags, without the frightful misgiving that his wife may be torn from his arms before morning. Should a white stranger approach his master's mansion, he fears that the *soul-driver* has come, and awaits in terror the overseer's mandate, 'You are sold; follow that man.' There is no being on earth whom the slaves of the breeding States regard with so much horror as the *trader*. He is to them what the prowling kidnapper is to their less wretched brethren in the wilds of Africa. The master

knows this, and that there is no punishment so effectual to secure labour or deter from misconduct, as the threat of being delivered to the 'soul-driver.' " \*

*By day the drought, by night the chill*

*I bore, and did my Master's will, &c.—p. 99.*

"The ways in which the slaves suffer are almost innumerable: we can specify only those which are most prominent. They suffer from being overworked—from hunger—from want of sleep—from insufficient clothing—from inadequate shelter—from neglect in the various conditions of feebleness and sickness—from lust, and from positive inflictions.

"1. The slaves suffer from being overworked. It has been stated that hard labour was the *object* for which they were originally bought, and amassing wealth the *end*. Now, since the more labour, (if within the limit of human endurance,) the more wealth, *overworking* is in the planting States a matter of course; and since to the desire of wealth there is no bound to the exactions of toil, there will be no bound but human possibility.

"Mr. Dickinson stated as a fact, that the sugar-planters upon the sugar coast in Louisiana had ascertained, that as it was usually necessary to employ about *twice* the amount of labour during the boiling season that was required during the season of raising, they could, by excessive driving day and night during the boiling season, accomplish the whole labour with *one set of hands*. By pursuing this plan, they could afford to *sacrifice a set of hands once in seven years*. He further stated, that this horrible system was now practised to a considerable extent! The correct-

\* *Slavery, &c. in the United States*, by the American Anti-Slavery Society.

ness of this statement was substantially admitted by the slave-holders then on board."

In fact, "the laws of South Carolina permit the master to *compel* his slaves to work FIFTEEN HOURS in the twenty-four in summer, and FOURTEEN in the winter—which would be in winter from day-break in the morning until *four hours* after sunset!"—See 2 *Brevard's Digest*. 243.

"The other Slave States, except Louisiana, have *no laws* respecting the labour of slaves; consequently, if the master should work his slaves day and night without sleep till they drop dead, *he violates no law!*"

"The law of Louisiana provides for the slaves but TWO AND-A-HALF HOURS in the twenty-four for rest!"—*Martin's Digest*.

"2. The slaves suffer greatly from hunger. This is the certain consequence of the planting policy, as has been shown. To suppose an opposite effect would be wholly unreasonable. From the following testimony it will be seen, that, in respect both to quantity and quality of food, the planters conform to the most rigid requirements of avarice." [Then follow numerous statements with the names and addresses of witnesses to the fact.]

Take the following:—"I received my information from a lady in the west, of high respectability and great moral worth, but think it best to withhold her name, although the statement was not made in confidence.

"My informant stated, that she sat at dinner once in company with General Wade Hampton, and several others; that the conversation turned upon the treatment of their servants, &c.; when the General undertook to entertain the company with the relation of an experiment he had made in the feeding of his slaves on *cotton-seed*. He said that he first mingled one fourth cotton-seed with

three-fourths corn, on which they seemed to thrive tolerably well; that he then had measured out to them equal quantities of each, which did not seem to produce any important change; afterwards he increased the quantity of cotton-seed to three-fourths, mingled with one-fourth corn, and then he declared, with an oath, that '*they died like rotten sheep!*' It is but justice to the lady to state, that she spoke of his conduct with the utmost indignation; and she mentioned also that he received no countenance from the company present, but that all seemed to look at each other with astonishment. I give it to you just as I received it from one who was present, and whose character for veracity is unquestionable."

I shall here make such extracts as bear upon the first section of Canto IV.

The word "coffle" has been mentioned. "The slaves in these coffles are so firmly secured by handcuffs and chains, that they seldom even attempt to rescue themselves. From one to three men, armed as usual, will drive a gang of hundreds in safety. It is not improbable, however, that difficulties occur more frequently than is commonly supposed. It would be surprising indeed if men and women, frenzied with the loss of their relatives, goaded to desperation by the lash of the driver, and knowing the frightful oppressions to which they were tending on the plantations of the South, would not rise, even in their chains, and crush their merciless tyrants. [An instance is given.] The subjoined account is of a female—a coloured girl, named Mary Brown, who was freeborn, but kidnapped a few years since, and sent to the south in a coffle, *chained to a man-slave.*

"Mary says that she frequently waded rivers in her chains, with water up to her waist. It was in October.... After travelling thus twelve or fifteen days, her arms and

ankles became so swollen, that she felt she could go no further. Blisters would form on her feet . . . They had no beds, and usually slept in barns, or out on the naked ground—was in such misery when she lay down, that she could only lie and cry all night. Still they drove them on for another week. Her spirits became so depressed, and she grieved so much about leaving her friends, that she could not eat, and every time the trader caught her crying, he would beat her, accompanying it with dreadful curses. The trader would whip and curse any of them he found praying. One evening he caught one of the men at prayer; he took him, lashed him down to a parcel of rails, and beat him dreadfully. He told Mary that if he caught her praying, *he would give her hell!* (Mary was a member of the Methodist church in Washington.) There was a number of pious people in the company, and at night, when the driver found them melancholy and disposed to pray, he would have a fiddle brought, and make them dance in their chains. It mattered not how sad or weary they were, he would whip them till they *would* do it. Mary at length became so weak, that she could travel no further . . . . . the trader fearing that he should lose her, carried her the remainder of the way in a waggon. When they arrived at Natchez, they were all offered for sale, and as Mary was still sick, she begged that she might be sold to a kind master. She would sometimes make this request in presence of purchasers, but was always insulted for it; and after they were gone, the trader would punish her for such presumption. On one occasion he tied her up by her hands, so that she could only touch the end of her toes to the floor. This was soon after breakfast; he kept her thus suspended, whipping her at intervals during the day. At evening he took her down. She was so much bruised that she could not lie down for more than a week after-

wards. He often beat and choked her for another purpose until she was obliged . . . . .

“ She was at length sold to a wealthy man of Vicksburgh, for 450 dollars, for a house-servant ; but he had another object in view. He compelled her to gratify his licentious passions, and had children by her. This was the occasion of so much difficulty between him and his wife, that he has now sent her up to Cincinnati to be free.”

*The Driver's bell would be obey'd, &c.—p. 99.*

The *Overseer* in America seems to discharge the office of the *Driver* in the West Indies in the day of Slavery : but whatever was the obduracy of the latter, it fell far short of the fiendlike recklessness of the *American Overseer*. “ Another feature of the planting policy is to employ overseers, and arm them with every instrument of torture necessary to compel the utmost amount of labour. The planter, as lost to humanity as to honesty, not only denies his slaves just wages, but consigns them to the discretionary management of the vilest monsters that ever wore human form. ‘ Overseer ’ is the name which designates the assemblage of all brutal propensities and fiendish passions in one man. An overseer must be the lowest of all objects, consenting to be loathed and detested by the master who employs him ; and at the same time he must be the most callous of all reprobates in order to inflict tortures, from the sight of which the planter himself sometimes recoils with horror. He must find his supreme delight in human torture ; groans must be his music, and the writhings of agony his realisation of bliss ! He must become that unspeakably vile thing, a scullion of avarice, wielding the clotted lash for another's wealth, contented himself to re-

ceive a petty stipend as the reward of his execrable vocation. But a description of the southern overseer has already been drawn by a master hand, that of the Hon. William Wirt, late Attorney-General of the United States, a Virginian and a slave-holder. 'Last and lowest, a feculum of beings, called 'overseers'—*the most abject, degraded, unprincipled race*, always cap in hand to the dons who employ them, and furnishing materials for the exercise of their *pride, insolence*, and spirit of domination. Such is the monster to whose unlimited control the planter commits his hundreds of slaves. One injunction only is laid upon him, and that is, to make the largest crops possible. The planter himself generally resides at a distance from his estate, or if he lives upon it, rarely interferes with the management of affairs. He usually disregards the slaves' complaints of cruelty; since to notice them, and interpose between the parties, would lessen the authority of the overseer, and hazard the reduction of his crops. Consequently, the slaves have, for the most part, no appeal from the outrages of a brutal overseer.

"It is a dreadful reflection, moreover, that the overseer is strongly tempted to cruelty by appeals to his selfishness. His reputation is graduated by the amount of his crops. If they are large, his character is established, and his situation made permanent, with an increase of salary. But to make great crops he *must drive the slaves*. Besides, the wages of overseers are generally either in proportion to the crop which they raise, or a stipulated portion of the crop itself. Thus the overseer's interest conspires with that of the planter to perpetuate a system of hard driving, which is carried out by the incessant application of the lash."



*True it was man that me oppress'd—  
But then I saw my tyrant bless'd, &c.—p. 100.*

I can bear testimony to the truth of the following opinion of the Negroes, as recorded by *Stewart*. "But, above all, they cannot reconcile it to *fairness* that the Supreme Ruler of the universe should have shown so marked a predilection for the whites, as to give dominion to them, while he placed the blacks, *who have no wish to offend him*, in a state of perpetual bondage under them. They have not yet learned" (how could they have learned?) "the doctrine of unrepining submission to the will of Providence; though such among them as boast of being Christians, when they meet with crosses and vexations, usually exclaim, 'The Lord's will be done!'"

*My wife, my daughters, forced from me,  
Without remorse or penalty!—p. 100.*

"The slaves suffer from the outrages of lust. The misery endured from this one source must be inconceivable. It is, moreover, an evil to which every slave, husband, father, and brother, is subject. There is not a wife, daughter, mother, or sister, who is not completely at the disposal of the master, the master's sons, and the overseer. No husband can feel the least assurance that his own bed will remain undefiled. The parents have no guarantee that their daughters will reach the earliest years of womanhood, without falling victims to prowling lust. Testimony on this point is quite superfluous." Again, "Another consequence of this system (slave-breeding) is the prevalence of licentiousness. This is indeed one of the foul features of slavery everywhere: but it is especially prevalent and indiscriminate where *slave-breeding* is conducted

as a business. It grows directly out of this system, and is inseparable from it. In the planting States, licentiousness is a passion, but in the breeding States it is both a passion and a pursuit : in the former it is fostered by lust—in the latter by lust and cupidity : there it is a mere irregularity ; here it is a branch of a flourishing trade—a trade made more flourishing by *its* prevalence. The pecuniary inducement to general pollution must be very strong, since the larger the slave-increase, the greater the master's gains, and especially since *the mixed blood demands a considerably higher price than the pure black*. This is a temptation which often overcomes both the virtue and the pride of white men ; *so often*, that it is to be doubted whether, as touching this matter, there be much left." I refrain from quoting the *means* employed to this end. Pagan Rome in her greatest licentiousness was never a more abandoned prostitute than Christian America in her slave-breeding States ! But the *Satyre of Juvenal* must be reversed there—"prowling lust" seeks, but is not sought after ; its aim is not to be gratified merely, but to *profit* by the sacred economy of nature ! Its endeavour is not to prevent, but to ensure the result. And here is another source of affliction to the slave. It seems that every law, social, physical, and divine, is enlisted to crush the miserable race ! "Where *fruitfulness* is the greatest of virtues, *barrenness* will be regarded as worse than a misfortune—as a *crime*, and the subjects of it will be exposed to every form of privation and infliction. Thus a deficiency wholly beyond the slaves' control, becomes the occasion of inconceivable suffering." A mother lost her child. "After its death the planter called the woman to him, and asked how she came to *let the child die* ; said it was owing to her carelessness, and that he meant to flog her for it. She told him with all the feeling of a mother, the circumstances of its

death. But her story availed her nothing against the savage brutality of her master : she was severely whipped. A healthy child, four months old, was then considered worth 100 dollars in North Carolina." Another instance is given of an owner, who ordered his women or harem into a barn, and actually whipped them, "because," said he, "you don't breed ; I have not had a young one from one of you for several months." It is indeed to be wondered at that the poor creatures *can* become mothers when exposed to such a dreadful abuse of the laws of nature.

*I err'd—but mine not all the blame ?*

*To me thy Gospel never came.—p. 101.*

"Their religious privileges are but little superior to their educational [which shall be given further on]. Religion seems to be regarded as a foe, not less dangerous to slavery than education itself. We quote the following abstract of the principal laws of the Slave States, pertaining to the religious privileges of the slaves, from Joy's Inquiry, pp. 136, 137.

"In vain has the Redeemer of the world given the command to preach the Gospel to every creature ; his professed disciples in the Slave States have issued a counter order ; and, as we have already seen, have, by their laws, incapacitated 2,000,000 of their fellow-men from complying with the injunction, 'Search the Scriptures.' Not only are the slaves debarred from reading the wonderful things of God, they are practically prevented, with a few exceptions, from ever *hearing* of them. In Georgia, any justice of the peace may, at his discretion, break up any religious assembly of slaves, and may order *each slave* present to be corrected without trial, by receiving, on the

bare back, twenty-five stripes with a whip, switch, or cow-skin.'

"In South Carolina, slaves may not meet together for the purpose of 'religious worship' before sunrise, or after sunset, unless the *majority* of the meeting be composed of white persons, under the penalty of *twenty lashes well laid on*. As it will be rather difficult for the slave to divine, before he goes to the meeting, how many blacks, and how many whites will be present, and of course which colour will have the 'majority,' a due regard for his back will keep him from the meeting.

"In Virginia all evening meetings of slaves at any meeting-house\* are unequivocally forbidden, &c.

"On this, as well as on every other subject relating to slavery, we would rather fall short of, than exceed the truth. We will not assert that there are no Christians among the slaves, for we trust there are some. When, however, we recollect that they are denied the Scriptures, and all the usual advantages of the Sunday-school, and are forbidden to unite among themselves in acts of social worship and instruction, and that almost all sermons they hear are such as are addressed to educated whites, and of course above their own comprehension, we may form some idea of the obstacles opposed to their spiritual improvement. Let it be recollected, that every master possesses the tremendous power of keeping his slaves in utter ignorance of their Maker's will, and of their own immortal destinies. And now with all these facts, and their consequences and tendencies in remembrance, we ask, if we do not make a most abundant and charitable allowance when we suppose that 245,000 slaves possess a saving knowledge of the religion of Christ? And yet after this admission—

\* All churches or chapels in America are called *meeting-houses*.

one which probably no candid person will think too limited, there will remain in the bosom of our country TWO MILLIONS of human beings, who, in consequence of our laws, are in a state of *heathenism* !”

I cannot pass by one more extract. A writer in the Lexington Western Luminary remarks : “ I proclaim it abroad to the Christian world, that *heathenism* is as real in the Slave States as it is in the South Sea islands, and that our negroes are as justly objects of attention to the American and other boards of foreign missions, as the Indians of the western wilds. What is it that constitutes heathenism ? Is it to be destitute of a knowledge of God—of his Holy Word—never to have heard hardly a sentence of it read through life—to know little or nothing of the history, character, instruction, and mission of Jesus Christ—to be totally devoid of moral knowledge and feeling—of sentiments and probity—truth and *chastity* ? If this constitutes heathenism, then there are thousands—millions of heathens in our own beloved Land. Gracious God ! merciful Redeemer ! shall thy Word and thy Gospel be proclaimed in simplicity and truth to one portion of our population, and shall another be born, and live, and die, where the Sun of Righteousness shines freely and fully, and never receive more than a dim and wandering ray of his light and glory ? ”

“ This testimony, it will be borne in mind, is from the heart of Kentucky, a State which has the reputation of granting greater religious privileges to its slaves, than any other in the Union.” \*

\* So likewise in Jamaica, in former times. A writer quoted by Stewart, says : “ To my knowledge some curates have applied to many proprietors, trustees, and managers of properties, expressing not only their willingness, but their desire to be called upon to discharge the active duties of their office in the instruc-

*Thy WRATH was all I ever knew!*—p. 101.

“At night we all lay down on the naked floor to sleep, in our hand-cuffs and chains. The women lay on one side of the room, and the men who were chained with me occupied the other. I slept but little this night, which I passed in thinking of my wife and little children, whom I could not hope ever to see again. I at length fell asleep, but was distressed with painful dreams. My wife and children seemed to be weeping and lamenting my calamity; and beseeching and imploring my master, on their knees, not to carry me away from them. My little boy came and begged me not to go and leave him, and endeavoured, as I thought, with his little hands, to break the fetters that bound me. I awoke in agony, and cursed my existence. I could not pray; for the measure of my woes seemed to be full, and I felt as if there was no mercy in heaven, nor compassion on earth, for a man who was born a slave.”—“*Narrative of the Life, &c. of Charles Ball,*” —for forty years a slave.—p. 36. See *Report*, p. 59.

*Remnants, perchance, of centric suns that were, &c.*—p. 103.

The stars are suns like our own, and doubtless, like that luminary, centres of so many worlds which they vivify. They are distinguished from the planets by their twinkling, the latter shining with a steady light. The different *magnitudes* enumerated (15) are to be considered as indicative of their *brightness* only; for their disks, seen through the most powerful telescopes, *are merely luminous points without sensible* tion of the ignorant slaves, *but in no single instance have their services been accepted, &c.* p. 293. This was a general feature of Slavery in the West Indies, as the Methodists can testify.

*dimension*.\* Part of the text was suggested by the well-known phenomena of the "changing or changeable stars." Some have suddenly appeared, increased in brightness, diminished, and then disappeared entirely. Historians tell of brilliant stars which have astonished the world: one appeared at the birth of Christ. In 389 a star was seen, which shone with the splendour of the planet Venus for three weeks, and vanished for ever, &c. &c.

Other stars have periodic variations in the intensity of their light. These are very numerous, but the periods of only *thirteen* have been recognised. Some stars are gradually increasing in light, whilst others are diminishing. What are the causes of these great phenomena? It is supposed with probability, that vast conflagrations have destroyed the stars which have suddenly been seen, and disappeared, when their enduring *light* (which is all that was seen) has passed beyond the range of man's vision—

Twinkling as dying lamps from sphere to sphere,  
Till all their energies be spent!

*Hark! 'tis the evening gale, &c.—p. 105.*

If there be any melody in this description of the *land-breeze* in the West Indies, perhaps its key-note is to be found in those beautiful verses of Dante,

"Era già l'ora che volge il disio  
Ai naviganti." &c.

which have been almost as beautifully translated by Byron:

"Soft hour, which wakes the wish," &c.

\* *Ajasson de G., Astron.*

But, very little *imagination* was required to describe so lovely a reality as an evening in the Isles. Every circumstance in the text is necessary to the description. I have added nothing.

————— *We died—*

*The murder could be justified.*—p. 106.

“The master may, at his discretion, inflict any punishment upon the slave. By this it is not meant that there are no laws professing to protect the life and limbs of the slave: but that the slave derives no actual protection from such laws.

“After declaring that he who is ‘guilty of wilfully and maliciously killing a slave, shall suffer the same punishment as if he had killed a freeman;’ the act (of North Carolina) concludes thus: ‘Provided always, this act shall not extend to the person killing a slave *outlawed* by virtue of any act of Assembly of this State; or to any slave in the act of resistance to his lawful overseer or master, or to any slave dying under *moderate correction.*’ Reader, look at this proviso. 1. It gives free license to all persons to kill *outlawed slaves*. Well, what is an outlawed slave? A slave who runs away, lurks in swamps, &c., and kills a *hog* or any other domestic animal to keep himself from starving, is subject to a proclamation of *outlawry*; (*Haywood’s Manual*, 521); and then whoever finds him may shoot him, tear him in pieces with dogs, *burn him to death over a slow fire*, or kill him by any other tortures. 2. The proviso grants full license to a master to kill his slave, if the slave *resist him* . . . . . also for *offering* to resist. (*Stroud’s Sketch*, 37.) If, for example, a slave undergoing the process of branding should resist by pushing aside the burning stamp; or if wrought up to frenzy by the torture of the



lash, he should catch and hold it fast; or if he break loose &c., or *refuse* to be flogged—or struggle to keep his clothes on &c.—or, if the master attempt the violation of the slave's wife, and the husband resist his attempts without the least effort to injure him, but merely to shield his wife from his assaults, this law does not merely permit, but it *authorizes* the master to murder the slave on the spot!"—*See Report*, pp. 176—184.

"If a wretch assail her, (a girl,) and attempt to violate her chastity, and the trembling girl, in her anguish and terror, instinctively raise her hand against him in self-defence, she shall, saith the law, 'suffer DEATH.'"—*Ibid.* p. 179. "Reader, this diabolical law is the 'public opinion' of *Georgia* and *South Carolina* toward the slaves."—*Ibid.*

After this account of matters in America, it were quite superfluous to give evidence of murders of slaves in the West Indies.

*What tho' a beggar he began, &c.*—p. 105.

"Most enormous fortunes," says Sir A. Halliday, "have been realised in British Guiana, and with a facility scarcely credible; *but I regret to have to add, that there are not many instances in which estates as yet have come down entire to the third generation.* I have heard it remarked in the colony, by more than one, that all who came to it with wealth, and had purchased estates on their arrival, were reduced to poverty; while those who came in poverty, had acquired, many of them, unbounded wealth. Some of the richest proprietors of the present day came to the colony within the last thirty years as merchants' clerks or overseers, and with no other property than the clothes they wore. Scotch economy and Scotch industry, were never

more successfully exerted than in Demerara ; and being in manners and feelings already half Dutch, they easily amalgamated with the original settlers, and appear very quietly to have stepped into their places." \*

*We have treadmills, and the whip.*—p. 107.

“On the mill there was a mulatto woman, perhaps about thirty, dreadfully exhausted ; indeed, she could not step any more, although she had been on only a few minutes. The driver flogged her repeatedly, and she as often made the attempt to tread the mill, but nature was worn out. She was literally suspended by the bend of the elbow of one arm, a negro holding down the wrist at the top of the mill for some minutes ; and her poor legs knocking against the revolving steps of the mill, until her blood marked them. There she hung, groaning, and anon received a cut from the driver, to which she appeared almost indifferent,” &c. “But she was not the only one who suffered ; a black girl, apparently about eighteen, was equally exhausted when we arrived. She was moaning piteously. Her moans were answered by the cut of the whip. She endeavoured again and again to tread the mill, but was unable. She had lost all power, and hung in the same helpless way with the mulatto woman, suspended by the left arm, held on by the wrist by the negro above. The bend of the arm passed over the rail, and the

\* *British Guiana*, p. 117. Relatively to this subject I may observe that the Scotch have almost universally succeeded in the West Indies also. A friend informed me that there is in Jamaica a grass or plant (I forget which) which is very hardy, *growing in any soil*. The Negroes call it *Scotchee* ; and if you ask them, why ? they will answer, “ ‘cause him tribe ebery ware,” (because it thrives everywhere).

wrist was held down tightly, so that she could not alter her position, or get the least ease by moving. It was affecting to hear her appeals to the driver. 'Sweet massa, do pity me—do, sweet massa, pity me—my arm is broke!' Her entreaties to be relieved were answered by cuts from the whip, and threats that, if, she did not cease to make a noise, he would have her down and flog her. The fear that he would carry his threat into execution, led her to suppress her feelings as well as she could. I then engaged the attention of the driver in a conversation, and managed to place him towards me in such a position, that he could not see the mill, and by a multitude of questions occupied about two minutes of the time, until the glass had run down; thus saving the poor creature any more flogging. When let go, she sank on the ground, exhausted, but managed to crawl away from the scene of her suffering."—See "*The West Indies in 1837.*"

*The Lictors scourge until no strength they find*

*To wield the insatiate remorseless lash, &c.—p. 111.*

"The slaves are suspended by the wrists, with their toes just touching the ground; their ankles having been tied, a heavy log or fence-rail is thrust between their legs. In this situation, naked, they are flogged with a cow-hide,\* till their blood and bits of mangled flesh stream from their shoulders to the ground. Again, they are stretched at full length upon the earth, their faces downwards, each of

\* "This is a strip of *raw hide*, cut the whole length of the ox, and twisted while in that state until it tapers to a point; when it has become dry and hard, it has somewhat the appearance of a drayman's whip, but the sharp edges projecting at every turn, cut into the flesh at every stroke; it is indeed a dreadful instrument of punishment."

their wrists and ankles is lashed to a stake driven firmly into the ground. Thus stretched, so that they cannot shrink in the least from the descending blows, they receive sometimes hundreds of lashes on their naked backs. So protracted is the flogging frequently, that the overseer stops in the midst of it to take breath, and rest his tired muscles, only to resume it with increased violence. In such cases the back of the slave presents to the beholder one mass of clotted blood and mangled flesh. Sometimes, instead of lashing the ankles and wrists to stakes, the overseer orders four strong slaves to hold the victim. The persons selected to do this are sometimes, through a refinement of cruelty, the relatives of the sufferer. Again, the slaves are stripped, and bound upon a log, and in this position they are tortured with heavy paddles, bored full of holes, each of which raises a blister at every stroke : or *infuriated cats* are repeatedly dragged backwards from the shoulders to their hips. After either of the foregoing modes of lacerating the flesh, spirits of turpentine, a solution of salt, cayenne pepper, or pulverized mustard, is rubbed into the bleeding wounds, to aggravate and prolong the torment. Woman, in her most delicate condition, is subjected to humiliation and suffering, by being driven up to the day, and sometimes to the moment of her delivery, to labour with the promiscuous gang, and to feel the overseer's lash in case she lags behind. When runaways are discovered and attempt to flee, they are fired upon, and maimed or killed. They are pursued by trained dogs, which worry them and tear their flesh, not unfrequently taking their lives. When retaken, though worn by their struggles, and faint with the loss of blood, they are attached by a long rope to their master's saddle, and furiously dragged homeward, while an attendant, riding behind, plies the bloody lash. They often fall dead on the

road in the midst of these forced marshes.”—p. 130, 131.  
 “In moments of passion the planter or overseer seizes any instrument within reach, after prostrating the slave at a blow; and then stamps upon him till his fury is spent. During these paroxysms of rage, the slaves frequently suffer the most frightful mutilations and fractures,” &c.—*Ibid.* “They are punished by confinements in loathsome dungeons, by starvation, by nakedness, by protracted watchings, by long separation from their companions night and day—as husband from wife—by being forced to flog the naked bodies of their own relatives—as sons their mothers, or fathers their own daughters!”  
 —*Ibid.*

*A stranger bore the tree.*—p. 112.

“And as they came out, they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name: him they compelled to bear the cross.”  
 Matt. xxvii. 32. Cyrene was a city in ancient Lybia—at present called Cairoan, in the kingdom of Berea—in Africa. Simon then was an African. Why should we disregard this circumstance in meditating on the Redemption of Man?

*Christ Jesu from the opening Heaven brings  
 Redemption—and proclaims the just decree  
 To all the bondsmen of his family.*—p. 113.

Slavery is inconsistent with Christianity—its effects are adverse to the accomplishment of the Christian’s duty, both to the master and the slave. This is no argument to the Americans. The American churches are directly or indirectly the defenders of slavery. “Ministers, doctors of divinity, professors in theological and literary in-

stitutions have outvied corrupt politicians, unprincipled demagogues and infidels, in fabricating ingenious sophistries to shield Slavery from the assaults of truth," &c. Again, "Professors of religion are slaveholders to as great an extent proportionally as the openly irreligious. There is no obstacle whatever to church-members holding slaves. With the exception of the Friends or Quakers, the Reformed Presbyterians or Covenanters, and three other small sects—the United Brethren in Christ, the Primitive Methodists, and the Emancipation Baptists—there is not a single denomination in the Slave States which forbids slave-holding amongst its members. So far from any obstacle being placed in the way, there is every encouragement held out to professed Christians to hold slaves. If any should feel conscientious scruples about it, the example of the *pastor* and the *church-officers*, amply satisfies him that his misgivings are the result of weakness. Or if this should not perfectly convince him, a lecture or sermon from his minister, proving Slavery a *divine institution*, cannot fail to do so."\* From numerous quotations giving the "Resolutions" of "Meetings" and "Conferences," &c., we shall extract the following, read by a Rev. J. C. Postell, a member of the S. C. Conference of "the Methodist E. Church"—to the citizens of "Orangeburgh, S. C."

"From what has been premised, the following conclusions result: 1. That Slavery is a *judicial visitation*. 2. That it is not a moral evil. 3. That it is supported by the Bible. 4. That it has existed in all ages." "It is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes." "And had it not been for the best, God alone, who is able, long since would have overruled it. It is by *divine appointment*."† In the

\* "Slavery in America, p. 147.

† Ibid. p. 152.

remarks which follow, I beg to be understood as addressing *Americans*, not Englishmen—it were an insult to suppose the latter capable of entertaining such “opinions” as have just been quoted.

With regard to No. 1, it is difficult to discover what is meant by *judicial visitation*. I shall therefore dismiss the absurdity with the question—what was the *crime*?—who was the *judge*?—where is the *judgment* recorded? . . . If “what has been premised” was based on the obsolete “curse of Ham” the irreverent son of Noah, let these blasphemous interpreters of the word of God remember that the very contrary to positive *Slavery* fell to the lot of his descendants, immediate and distant; and secondly, the by no means evident “proof” that the Africans *are* his descendants. But this subject is considered further on.

No. 2. That Slavery “is not a moral evil.” What do these slave-breeding Scribes and Pharisees understand by a *moral evil*? Is that not a moral evil which countenances, nay, induces the infringement of every commandment? This is, we grant, the *peculiar* feature of *American* slavery at the present day—and that such is the case will be evident from the details of these notes to all, except—but there can be no exceptions: for if Slavery in America is not manifestly a moral evil, even in the eyes of the vilest slave-breeder of the South, rape, infidelity, blasphemy, murder, are not moral evils, which possibly may be the decision of the Southern Lynch-law-mongers. But what is the argument adduced to prove that Slavery is not a moral evil? “The fact,” say these cannibals, “that Slavery is of *divine appointment*, would be proof enough with the *Christian* that it cannot be a moral evil!!!” “It is a *merciful visitation*! [Then follows the blasphemous application of the sacred text, quoted before.] “And had it not been for

the best, God alone, who is able, long since would have overruled it. It is by *divine appointment*."

Here we have one assumption to prove another: but we must not expect *logic* from the expounders of Lynch-law. We will now inquire into this "divine appointment." It is not necessary to inform the reader that every verse of the Scripture is not a divine command—that the Scriptures are *historical* as well as prophetic, &c. The historical fact that the patriarchs had "servants," as they are called in the text, or as the Americans would say "helps" is not more in favour of the practice than the equally certain fact, that they had many "wives." The Planter may just as well *prove* his right to his numerous concubines\* to be a *divine institution* from the Bible. The Hebrews (as is well known) were permitted by Moses to *follow the practice of other nations* with regard to their servants," over whom they had an absolute control, even to the penalty of death: but who does not perceive, from the many restrictions laid upon the Jews, that this absolute authority was most effectually nullified? I have shown elsewhere† that the Hebrew servant was to all intents and purposes *one of the master's family*; and every law relating to the treatment of servants, leads us to conclude that their condition was infinitely superior to that of servants in Christendom, or "helps" in America. But there are certain texts which the Americans will do well to consider and expound. In Deut. xxiv. 7, we find, "If a man be found stealing any of his brethren of the children of Israel, and maketh *merchandise* of him, or *selleth* him; then

\* It has been the case, that an overseer has been encouraged to make the whole posse his harem, and has been *paid* for the issue." --See the Report for the whole passage, p. 33. Is this a *moral* feature in Slavery?

† Page 199.



that thief shall die : and thou shalt put the evil away from among you.” This prohibition is particular : here is a general one : “He that *stealeth a man* and *selleth* him, or, if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death.” Exod. xxi. 16. Now what was the *source* of Negro-Slavery, but this *man-stealing*? and we find *death* to be the penalty : but of course, Moses was not a slave-stealer, a planter, a slave-breeder. The word *slave* occurs but twice in the Scriptures (as translated of course) —this is unimportant, for the word *servant* still conveys the fact. But it is remarkable nevertheless. Once in Jer. ii. 14, and in Rev. xviii. in the prophecy against “Babylon the Great,” whose multitudinous “merchandise” is detailed, and among the rest we find “SLAVES AND THE SOULS OF MEN.” The Southern Planter will perhaps shudder at these last words, when he calls to mind the “soul-driver”\* and his “coffe.”† Indeed, one would almost imagine that America was “the great Babylon” whose fall is predicted ; so applicable is the character throughout. There is perhaps no direct argument against Slavery or slave-dealers in the words of Ezekiel, xxvii. 16, (in the prophecy against Tyre)—“Javan, Tubal, Meschech, . . . .they traded in the persons of men—excepting the character of the nations who were at that time engaged in the traffic of human flesh. They were pirates on the ocean, and robbers on land. Waiving this subject for the present, and having treated of Slavery among the Jews in another place, and shewn that with the exception of their being bought, slaves among that people were in every respect differently circumstanced to those of other ancient

\* The Slave-dealer is so called in America.

† A number of slaves chained together, and driven across the country.

nations, and as the poles asunder, to those of the Americans—I shall confine myself to the point in immediate consideration, viz. the *divine appointment* of Slavery. Of course there is no *text* to that effect—then let us see if we can find in the *spirit* of *Christianity* proof to the contrary, in addition to the positive denunciation of one prominent class of those whose merchandise is “*slaves*” and the “souls of men.”

It will seem strange to most people that St. Paul’s epistle to Philemon is adduced or rather *referred to*, as an argument that he *approved* of Slavery—“the apostle Paul sent a runaway slave home to his master Philemon, and wrote a Christian and fraternal epistle to this slaveholder, which we find still stands in the canons of the Scriptures; and Slavery has existed ever since the days of the apostle, and does now exist.”\* I say *referred to*, for in that epistle we find quite *the contrary*. The master is, in plain terms, *required* to receive back the servant Onesimus—*meekly* we grant,—“for love’s sake,” says the Apostle, “I rather beseech thee,” &c.: but Philemon the master was left in no doubt concerning what was expected; for in the previous verse, he read: “Wherefore, though I might be much bold in Christ [or rather as the original has it, ‘having in Christ great freedom of speech,] to enjoin thee, that which is convenient,”† [in the original *επιτασσειν σοι*, to command thee, *το ανηκον* *what is to the purpose, befitting, quod ad rem pertinet*, says the Latin text.] And what is this *ανηκον*, this

\* See the Report, p. 153, where the preamble and Resolutions are given as having passed, “unanimously” in the “Harmony Presbytery of South Carolina.”

† This word, like many others in the sacred text, is to be understood in the Latin sense, not in the English, *i. e.* meaning fitness, suitableness, propriety—thus—“*Disciplinæ convenientissimæ vir.*” Paterc.

something to the purpose, befitting? How was this "run-away slave" to be received by his master? Positively "Not now as a *servant* (*ὄυκετι ὤς δουλον*); but above a servant, a brother beloved, *especially to me*, but how much more unto thee, both in the flesh and in the Lord? If thou count me therefore a partner, receive him as *myself*."—*Epist. to Phil.* Now what followed? "Philemon not only received Onesimus as a faithful servant, but as a brother and a friend; and after a little time, he sent him back to Rome, that he might continue his services to Paul, in his prison. From this time Onesimus' employment was in the ministry of the Gospel. The Apostolical Constitutions report that Paul made him bishop of Berea in Macedonia. The martyrologies call him apostle, and say he ended his life by martyrdom. The Roman martyrology mentions him as being made bishop of Ephesus by Paul, after Timothy."\* Such was the fate of a "runaway slave," in the times of the Apostles—what is it now-a-days in the times of "the Harmony Presbytery of South Carolina?" Here is an "advertisement" in the "Wilmington (North Carolina) Advertiser."

"Ran away, my Negro man Richard. A reward of twenty-five dollars will be paid for his apprehension, DEAD OR ALIVE. Satisfactory proof will only be required of his being *killed*. He has with him, in all probability, his wife Eliza."

"DURANT H. RHODES."

In the Macon (Georgia) Telegraph, May 28th, is the following:

"About the 1st of March last, the Negro man, Ransom, left me. I will give a reward of twenty dollars for said

\* Calmet.

Negro ; if taken *dead or alive*, and if *killed in any attempt*, an advance of five dollars will be paid.

“ BRYANT JOHNSON.” &c. &c.

“ Sometimes, on being closely pursued, the fugitives in their desperation *destroy themselves* to escape the torments which await them if caught. Instances occur of their leaping from boats, and drowning themselves ; of mothers killing their children, whom they are carrying with them, and then taking their own lives, and of suicides in every heart-rending form.” *Slavery is, however, not a moral evil*, because it is of *divine appointment*. Still can we complain of these scribes ? When his satanic majesty quotes scripture, he feels that he has a hard case in hand. I will now take leave of this Pandæmonium of the South, and visit a sweeter atmosphere, even if it be with the penalty of Theseus in similar circumstances.

I shall now quote from a work entitled, “ *Mores Catholici ; or, Ages of Faith* ”—whose author seems to have read every book in every language, except the despicable novels, romances, *et hoc genus omne* of the present guilt-soothing age.

“ From prisons let us pass to other scenes of woe, that we may contemplate the charity of the blessed merciful in the Ages of Faith. Nearest to where we stand at present are the SLAVES. Let us visit them, and mark how Catholicism alleviates their sorrows, and gradually accomplishes the glorious, godlike work of their moral and social enfranchisement.

“ How wide a field was here opened for the exercise of mercy may be inferred at once, if we only consider the fact, that those nations of antiquity whose manners approached the nearest to the virtue of the Christian discipline—as the Dorians generally, and above all, the

Spartans, were nevertheless precisely those that were distinguished for the obstinacy with which they retained Slavery. Humanity was not one of the Dorian virtues : but no nation, no philosopher, no legislator, no founder of any religious system, seems to have conceived the idea that it would either be possible or well to abolish such a custom ; so deeply and universally was it interwoven with the whole state and destiny of the human race.

“ To form a just estimate of the effects of Christian mercy in alleviating the misery of slaves, we should bear in mind what was the moral as well as social degradation of these wretched men in the ancient society. Plato puts the saying in the mouth of an Athenian, that there is nothing sound in the soul of a slave ; and that no man of sense will ever put confidence in any of the race.” \* As Moehler remarks, however, it is not strange that a legislator, who would recommend a government to banish or put to death weak or sickly children, should regard *slaves*, as being only half men.† Aristotle is most anxious to prove that slavery is all throughout conformable to nature. Hesiod says, that slaves are to the rich what oxen are to the poor.

“ But what a new era dawned upon the world when the voice of the Christian teachers preached faith and freedom to the servile races ! ‘ Some one may say,’ observes Lactantius, ‘ are there not amongst you, also, rich and poor—

\* De Legibus, lib. vi. As has been shown in a previous note, the conduct of the Athenians, with regard to their slaves, changed materially for the better subsequently. The author has done rightly in saying, that the opinion was “ put in the mouth of an *Athenian* ;” and what follows must be understood in like manner.

† Geschichte der Aufhebung der Sklaverei durch der Christenthum.

*slaves and masters?* Is there not a difference, then, between each? No! Nor do we, on any other account, style one another brethren, excepting that we believe ourselves to be all equal; for we measure all human things not by body, but by spirit; though there be a different condition of bodies, yet we have no *slaves*; since those whom we call brethren in spirit are our fellow-servants. For God who creates and inspires men, wished that all should be just—that is equal; that no one should be separated from his celestial benefits. With him no one is a slave—no one a master; for since he is the same father to all, by equal justice we are all his children.’” \*

“ St. Chrysostom concludes his admonitions with these words—most important, as Moehler remarks, in *judicial* history:—‘ Let there be a reciprocal, and in that manner, *no service*,—ἔστω δουλείας καὶ ὑποταγῆς ἀντίδοσις· ὅντω γὰρ οὐκ ἔσται δουλεία. Let the master attend to the wants of the servant. Does the master renounce his obligatory service? † Then in that case there is no law why the slave should be any longer a slave.’

“ But it was not deemed sufficient to lay down these principles. In one of his homilies, he blames those who proceed with a train of slaves to the market-place—and make the brethren of Christ, the temples of the Holy Ghost, mere ministers to the vainest pride. He says, that one or two slaves should be sufficient to the real wants of a rich master—nay, one slave can serve two or three masters. Whoever has more should cause them to be instructed in

\* Lact. Div. Instit. l. v.

† For the exemplification of this *condition*, see the Report from p. 78—105, where begins the detail of still more positive inflictions. It may be said, with truth, that there is no indirect or direct mode of torture from which the American slave has not to suffer.

some handicraft, and give them their freedom: nay, men should purchase slaves, and when they are well instructed in some trade by which they can gain a livelihood, set them free."\*

"The history of the middle ages supplies an interesting comment here; for Catholicism was not content with *destroying* Slavery, but, as De Coux remarks, 'It had secured by a thousand admirable modes of industry, the lot of the newly enfranchised; and so long as society remained faithful to its voice, it knew how to preserve it from those dissensions between the rich and poor, which were the disgrace and the scourge of the most flourishing republics of antiquity.'

"But to resume the discourses of St. Chrysostom. 'When the multitude of believers at Jerusalem had all things in common, there were certainly no members of that community, *who had slaves.*' He excuses *Abraham* by saying, that though he had a number of slaves, *he used them not as such.* In short this great father of the Eastern church went as far, in this respect, as it was possible for a bishop.

"Moehler proceeding to trace the operation of the same principles in the West, produces several remarkable passages from the writings of *St. Ambrose*, who shows how they are to be reduced to practice in many of his works—as when he treats on *Abraham*, on *Jacob*, and the *Blessed Life*; † and on the *Patriarch Joseph*. 'Slaves, therefore,' he says, 'have an origin whence they may glory. *Joseph* was a slave. They have whence they may be consoled; they have what they may imitate, that they may learn the possibility of a change of state, without a change

\* Hom. 40, in *Epist. ad Cor.*

† De *Jacob. et Vit. Beat.* l. 1, c. 34.

of manners, that there may be freedom and constancy in slavery.\* No condition causes an obstacle to the commendation of a man. Whether slave or free we are all one in Christ; and there is no greater dignity than to serve him, for this is the servitude in which Paul found glory. Is it not the highest glory to be estimated so high, that the blood of the Lord is the price of redemption?" †

"From the writings of *St. Jerome*, also, we can infer what multitudes of slaves were THEN receiving their liberty from rich families. *St. Melanæ the younger*, with the consent of her husband *Pinius*, discharged *eight thousand slaves*; and she presented to her brother-in-law *Severus*, many others who chose not to be free. She had also possessions in many parts of *Italy, Sicily, Gaul, Spain, Britain, and Africa*.

"The great philosophers and legislators of the middle ages transmitted these traditions, and continued to perfect the harmony between the external order of society, and the principles of faith. It would be curious to compare the language of popes and councils, respecting *slaves and savages*, with the solemn discourses of the philanthropical *Presidents of modern States, who avowedly consign whole nations to destruction in the name of humanity and universal benevolence*. *St. Thomas* showed that Christianity should necessarily induce freedom. He maintained that if a Jew who was a slave receive freedom, *he would become free without ransom, from that moment*. And in point of fact, we have seen, that the laws of *Constantine* had restored liberty to those who were kept in Slavery, and permitted their en-

\* This might, possibly, be the case in America but for the *legal restrictions* against the *religious* as well as *general* instruction of the Negroes. See Report from p. 194—204. Extracts will be found in the sequel.

† *Exhort. Virg. c. 1.*



franchisement in the churches, on the simple testimony of a bishop. Nevertheless, till so late as the 7th century, Slavery continued to exist in many parts of the old Roman world, for it was not possible that the church could at once extirpate it. Nay, it continued, as in the times of the Apostles, to be necessary to make no other opposition to it than by teaching the Christian doctrine, and leaving men to draw from it the *natural inferences*, and to exercise, of their own accord, the mercy which it was designed to inspire." \*

It is perhaps advisable to state when the fathers just quoted flourished, LACTANTIUS wrote about the year A. D. 300. ST. JEROME, A. D. 392. ST. AUGUSTINE, A. D. 420. ST. CHRYSOSTOM, A. D. 400, and ST. AMBROSE, A. D. 370.

Having seen the state of the case—here is the Bull of “the Harmony Presbytery of South Carolina—Resolution 2.”

“Therefore resolved,

“That Slavery has existed from the days of those good old slaveholders and patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, (who are now in the kingdom of heaven,) to the time when the apostle Paul sent a runaway slave home to his master Philemon, and wrote a Christian and fraternal epistle to this slaveholder, which we find still stands in the canons of the scriptures; and that Slavery has existed ever since the days of the apostle, and does now exist.”

*Answer.*—So it has, and so it *does*, and in so horrible a manner that your very hearts should weep blood! But you quote this fact in *extenuation*! boasting that Slavery has existed at all times, in Egypt, among the Jews, at Athens, and at Rome. What then? So has that *systematic*

\* *Mores Catholici*, or *Ages of Faith*, Vol. VII.

profligacy, in plain words—that public prostitution which disgraces the cities of Christendom—whose presiding demons are Lust and Gold—whose shuddering victim is woman—poor, debased, ruined woman—yearly, monthly, daily, hourly sacrificed on the altar of Lust. It existed in Egypt, among the *Jews*, at Athens; and at Rome; it is permitted in Great Britain and America: it is licensed, that is, legalized in France! If *precedent* is to be an excuse for “a moral evil,” of what use are the laws, the restrictions of society, the prohibitory mandates of Christianity? What do these precedents prove but “that a great moral evil was suffered to exist in those times, and among those nations?”\* Meanwhile, however, that the justice of God has not inflicted *ten plagues and a final drowning overthrow in the midst of the sea* upon all the taskmasters of old, upon the Planter, the Slaveholder, and the Slave-breeder, is no more to be wondered at, than the equally remarkable fact, that brimstone and fire have not fallen upon Egypt, Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, New York, London, and Paris—as upon Sodom, Zeboim, Admah and Gomorrha. Terrible examples of divine punishment, as of old, have become less frequent: but is there *no* penalty inflicted, therefore? Alas! Is it a greater penalty to be struck dead, than to be *delivered up to our criminal desires*? and what does the history of Slavery exhibit but *this* visitation of God’s most terrific retribution. Politicians can calculate the consequences of *Slavery* to Great Britain—political economists can measure the extent of her penalty *in quality and kind* adapted to her crime: but who shall catalogue the numberless *moral* inflictions entailed upon individuals, and thus upon society in the land of Slavery, by the direct and indirect penalties for the unscrupulous

\* *Stewart, Jamaica, &c.*

infringement of even one single commandment, viz., the *seventh*, in all its branches? Just Heaven! and is there no penalty for the crimes of the Slave-dealer, the Planter, the *Slave-breeder* in America!.....

*Crushing alike the hand that would his pangs assuage.*—p. 115.

“The first anniversary of this Society (American Anti-Slavery) held in New York in May, 1834, greatly aroused popular indignation. The daily, commercial, and political papers, backed by religious periodicals, continued thenceforward the most persevering attacks upon the principles and measures of the Society. These efforts to excite the mob effected their desired object. About two months after the Anti-Slavery anniversary an Abolition meeting was held in New York. The city papers redoubled the fury of their attack, and beckoned on the mob to crush this ‘treason in the egg.’ The mob accordingly assembled, and proceeding to the place of meeting, dispersed the assembly. Having once broken loose, they raged unchecked for several days. They sacked churches, broke into the houses of some of the most respectable citizens, dragged out their furniture, and burned it in the streets. They assailed the dwellings of the coloured people, demolished many of them, and sought the lives of some of the most prominent abolitionists, who were obliged to flee from the city.”—p. 237.

*The gift of Reason.*—p. 118.

“So far from any provision being made for the education of the slaves, it is either entirely prohibited, or universally discouraged.... It is effectually prevented by public opinion. ‘A law of South Carolina, passed in 1800, authorizes the infliction of twenty lashes on every slave found in an assembly convened for the purpose of ‘mental

instruction,' &c. Another law imposes a fine of £100 on any person who may teach a slave to write."

In North Carolina, to teach a slave to read or write, or to sell or give him *any* book (*Bible not excepted*) or pamphlet, is punished with thirty-nine lashes; or imprisonment if the offender be a free Negro, but if a white, then with a fine of 200 dollars, &c. &c. &c. "The reason honestly assigned is that 'teaching slaves to read or write tends to excite dissatisfaction in their minds, and to produce insurrection and rebellion'" &c. In plain English, education is regarded as positively *inconsistent* with Slavery, and its prohibition as *indispensable* to the continuance of the system!

"*God made ye black—Fate made ye slaves—so live and die?*"—p. 118.

"It is well known that there exists in the United States a ferocious prejudice against the coloured population. This feeling is, apparently, as virulent against those who have but a slight intermixture of African blood, as against the jet-black Negro; and if possible, even more inveterate in the *free* than in the Slave-States. It is called by those who entertain it 'prejudice against colour,' and not without a shrewd design. They seek thus to justify a most unchristian scorn by representing it as the spontaneous and irrepressible sentiment of the *mind, in view of contrariety of colour*. Accordingly it has been unblushingly upheld as a *proper feeling*, which it was duty to foster, and to extinguish which, if it were practicable, would be rebellion against the will of God, by whom it has been interposed as a permanent barrier between the two races. On the contrary, the friends of the Negro contend that this is not a prejudice against *colour*, that it is not an involun-

tary instinct of nature, whose existence is the voice of God, bespeaking its propriety, and demanding its perpetuity; but that it<sup>1</sup> is an incidental feeling, resulting from the *enslavement* of the Negroes, an aversion and disdain on account of their condition, which attach to their colour, only because the latter is in the mind associated with the former, and an index of it.\* They contend, moreover, that this prejudice is an outrageous insult toward a deeply injured class, whom it reproaches and spurns for a degradation which *those who cherish the feeling have caused*, and that it is a heinous sin against that God, who alike ordained the complexion of the black and the white man." In accordance with the stanza, the last line of which heads this note, I extract the following summary, which follows and precedes the details of "the prejudice against colour."

"First, it excludes coloured persons of both sexes, whatever their respectability or refinement, from the public *vehicles of travel*, or thrusts them into parts of them, designed expressly for the degraded. On this point there are facts innumerable.

"Second, it shuts against them all places of public exhibition and amusement, which are at all respectable" &c.

"It is unnecessary to specify all the privileges from which prejudice debars the coloured man in the United States. Suffice it to say, that there is not a single point within the entire circle of personal, social, religious, and political privileges, where the man of colour is allowed to occupy an equal footing with his white brother. We shall mention but one other instance—the existence of caste in the house of God. Humbling as is the acknowledgment,

\* See page 203.

truth impels us to declare that this hideous development of prejudice is almost universal. It is found in the city and in the country, and among all denominations. A folio would not contain the disgraceful and monstrous facts in illustration of this point. Religion hangs her head, and goes heartbroken from her temples, as she sees her sable children thrust into obscure corners, and separated from the whites as strictly as though they were infected with the leprosy ! ” And all this inveterate *antipathy* is a “ duty to God ! ” If this *antipathy* is really independent of the association of *enslavement*, how does it happen that any coloured man may pass respected through the Union, if he have money and keep his secret ? Again, how is it that Americans are not influenced by this antipathy in the West Indies, when they sit at the tables of “ coloured gentlemen and ladies ? ” How is it that they have even married so-called and so-considered “ ladies of colour ? ” Facts illustrative of these points I could detail ; but all who have visited the West Indies have had opportunities to remark the strange inconsistency in the working of this chromatic “ antipathy.”

*Nor thine, Napoleon ! Fortune's reckless whim !—p. 120.*

“ Bonaparte was certainly, as Sir John Carr called him, ‘ a splendid scoundrel,’ but he was a scoundrel still. If he had given the religion of the Scriptures to France, after she had renounced her own Antichristian apostasy, he would have immortalized himself ; but he knew nothing of it himself, and therefore had it not to give. ‘ The truth’ (as the revelation of Heaven is emphatically called) ‘ had never made him free, and he had no idea of its power to impart spiritual, mental, or corporeal liberty to others. His own unbelief did nothing to mitigate, but rather ag-

gravated the evils of that modification of infidelity which he found in the national creed. 'The child and champion of Jacobinism,' as Pitt called him; he was at once the idol and scourge of a people whom, in rescuing from a sanguinary revolution, he enslaved by a not less sanguinary despotism. His character presents scarcely any redeeming qualities; for although he was not without such a portion of extravasated talent, as enabled him to retain a blood-bought throne for a season, by the effusion of more blood, his memory will be eventually loathed even among the idolaters who have recently deified their own vanity by awarding him a public funeral. Without any regal blood in his veins, and without the education of a prince to fit him for a throne he had usurped, his unprecedented triumphs were only the result of the Divine counsels for the punishment of the corrupted religion of his own and of surrounding countries; and when he had accomplished the purposes of Providence, he was thrown aside, like an useless broom, and perished ignominiously on a foreign soil, the lawful prisoner of that very nation which he had never ceased to ridicule and despise, and which he had long been pledged to exterminate from the face of the earth." I found the above remarks a few months ago, in the "Times," and considering them perfectly in unison with the sentiments which influenced the composition of my Prologue and the other verses which relate to Napoleon, I have preserved them for the present occasion. I was glad to find that my opinions of the "Scourge of God" would be countenanced and approved by such an authority. Dazzled by his achievements in earlier youth, I had the temerity to praise, or at least to defend Napoleon Bonaparte. I wrote the apology before I was twenty-one, and published the same. I have since grown older, if not wiser, and reprobate every word of that defence. I have now the same opinion

of Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, as the Pirate had of the first and of himself.

*The sons of Patriots that fought by thee, &c.*—p. 121.

“ In the early days of the republic, when the national pulse beat strongly for universal liberty, this feeling was comparatively weak. Then Slavery had but a feeble existence. Its presence was regarded with jealousy, and tolerated only in the hope and expectation of its speedy extinction. The generous purpose that our land should be an asylum for the oppressed of all other lands, did not at that time overlook the slave ; he was, prospectively at least, included within its ample embrace.\*

“ We have evidence of the weakness of this feeling, during the early periods of our history, in the testimony of General Lafayette. It is said of him, ‘Lafayette in his visit to the United States, expressed his astonishment at the increase of prejudice against colour. He remembered, he said, how the black soldiers used to mess with the whites in the revolutionary war. The leaders of that war are gone where principles are all—where prejudices are nothing. If their ghosts could arise in majestic array, before the American nation on their great anniversary, and hold up before them the mirror of their constitution, in the light of its first principles, where would the people hide themselves from the blasting radiance ? ’ ”

*A thousand fervent voices answer—No !*—p. 121.

The three concluding stanzas of this Canto allude to the American Anti-Slavery Delegates, (and there were ladies

\* See Note (2), page 148.



among them), who came to England for the express purpose of being present at the General Convention. It was not my good fortune to hear those voices of the multitudes, united, and as one man, proclaiming to the world their determination to lend an arm and an axe to hew down the tree of Slavery. But my soul was with them. I contemplated in spirit the venerable Clarkson, accompanied by the youth destined to tread in the path his ancestor trod before him. Yes, he protested on that occasion "that if he had another life given him to live, he would devote it to the same object." \* His grandson was by his side. He seemed like the veteran Hamilcar (but in a better, far better cause) at the altar, receiving the oath of the young Hannibal, swearing eternal enmity against the foes of Carthage. We echo the hope expressed by Mr. Sturge, that "when many of us are removed to that bourn, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest; and where the distinctions of clime and colour will be swept away for ever, he (the young Clarkson) may see that the Divine blessing has rested upon our exertions, and behold that happy day when the sun shall cease to rise upon a tyrant, or set upon a slave." And what a life has been Mr. Clarkson's! "After travelling to all the slave-ports, obtaining, at incredible pains, histories of the voyages of the slave-ships, specimens of handcuffs, models of the construction of the vessels, &c., for the purpose of bringing the horrible details before the House of Commons, he proceeded to reduce to a legible form the whole mass of evidence, and published it. Not content with this, he actually set forth to wait personally upon every person in every county in the kingdom to whom the book had been sent, to get others of the town or neighbourhood to meet

\* Anti-Slavery Reporter, June 17th, 1840.

him there, to converse with them on the subject, to intreat their individual perusal of the abridgment, and their united efforts in lending it out judiciously, and in seeing that it was read; and he travelled 6000 miles in the execution of this plan!"\*

The labours of Wilberforce are well known—he still lives in the memory of the nation; and his name is enshrined in the heart of every African.—The names of Granville Sharp, Clarkson, and Wilberforce, I have selected as the *patronymics* of all who battled with the impious Titans of Slavery, *omne nefas animo moventes*. Granville's defence of a poor Negro, who was reclaimed by his master, after having been cast off by him in misery—and was in danger of being consigned once more to Slavery, even by an English tribunal, was the first note of freedom to the slave. "Having succeeded in the case of an individual Negro, he interested himself in the condition of many others who were wandering about the streets of London, and at his own expense collected a number of them, whom he sent back to Africa, where they formed a colony on the river Sierra Leone. He performed still more essential service to humanity, by becoming the institutor of the 'Society for the Abolition of the Slave-Trade,' which, after contending against a vast mass of opposition, at length (1807) gloriously succeeded, as far as this country was concerned, in abolishing the horrible traffic. He died, July, 1813."† The exertions of the SOCIETY OF FRIENDS are too well known to require comment—too generally applauded to need commendation in these pages. Mr. STURGE, one of the Negro's best advocates, is still ardent in the cause—witness his late remonstrance;‡ and

\* *Encycl. Lond.*

† *Ibid.*

‡ To a *slave-trader* in Baltimore.

Mr. Joseph John Gurney has lately given his powerful aid to the cause of Emancipation, by the publication of a work \* whose object is, to nourish the hopes of Humanity—of those, who “will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.” †

The American Abolitionists will find a tribute of gratitude in the Poem; and, eminently, Angelica Grimké. “Here the abolitionists are in safety, and more honoured for their exertions by the good; here they are encouraged and cheered by the smiles of the fair; they are bound together by a godlike truth. But far different is it with our friends in America; there they are vilified and insulted. Very lately did not a body of so-called *gentlemen*—men who would call any one out to try rifle-shooting, who denied them that cognomen—break upon the Ladies’ Anti-Slavery Society, and assault them in the most cowardly manner? and where did this happen? why in Boston, enlightened Boston—the capital of a non-slaveholding State!” ‡

In concluding the Notes on American Slavery, I cannot do better than to quote some of the suggestions of the American Anti-Slavery Society, “for the Extinction of the Slave-trade and Slavery.” Some have been given in the Preface: all should be known to the British public; but want of space will not permit their insertion.

“Great Britain is already regarded here as a nation of abolitionists, and her frown is greatly dreaded by the

\* “*A Winter in the West Indies*”—where the benevolent author expatiates on the happy results of Emancipation.

† Ps. lxxvii. 10.—Of course he does not believe that “large crops,” and “plentiful produce,” are the best signs of holy success, or happiness among the poor.

‡ *O’Connell’s Speech in the Convention:*

advocates of Slavery. If the impression could be made upon the British people at large, that they may do much towards the removal of American Slavery, this would be a great point gained. If they could be made to appreciate the mighty influence which they may wield by the bare expression of their public sentiment against our Slavery, this would be a still greater gain. If also the responsibilities of Englishmen visiting the United States were deeply felt, and if they were in all cases faithful in condemning our Slavery and prejudice, and all who uphold them, they would produce the happiest effects. How few Englishmen, visiting the United States, are faithful in this respect! How few sustain the reputation of their country as a nation of abolitionists! How many, who are regarded at home as abolitionists, come here only to weaken our hands, and strengthen those of slaveholders and their apologists! Again, the cause of American emancipation might be greatly promoted by communications from distinguished persons in Great Britain, prepared expressly for publication under their own signatures, in our most influential, moral, and religious periodicals. But little has been hitherto done in this way, but still enough to show the importance of this instrumentality. The letters of the Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, addressed to the editor of the New York Observer, were extensively read, and produced a most salutary impression. . . . Let such letters be multiplied a hundredfold. There are many names in Great Britain, both in Church and State, that are cherished in the hearts of multitudes of our countrymen, and communications signed by them would secure an extensive perusal. We need not say that the course here suggested would be wholly unexceptionable. American Slavery is a *public thing*—as much so as American liberty. It stands

out before the world, claiming to be 'the corner-stone of the Republic,' 'an essential element in a free government.' With such high pretensions it should surely seek to attract towards it the searching scrutiny of the master spirits of all lands. We earnestly solicit your attention to this as an important means of promoting the extinction of American Slavery; and trust that it will not be found impracticable to enlist many in this most promising agency. The Anti-Slavery cause in this country may also be greatly subserved by securing the general discussion of American Slavery by the British press—religious, literary, commercial, and political. All your ablest reviews are reprinted and widely circulated in all parts of the United States. Anti-Slavery articles published in them would reach every portion of the union. The friends of human rights in Great Britain could not more essentially promote the cause in this country, than by securing the co-operation of those pre-eminently powerful instrumentalities in holding up American Slavery to the scorn and indignant reprobation of the civilized world. The service which would hereby be rendered, may be inferred from the loud outcry of a prominent slaveholder, '*the literature of the world is against us.*' There is not, perhaps, in the world, a class of persons more sensitive to public opinion than slaveholders. Hence all their frenzied excitement because abolitionists will discuss Slavery. *It is not because they believe that their slaves will be instigated to rebellion, or that any compulsory measures will be used to effect the overthrow of Slavery; but simply because they foresee that the inevitable consequence of discussion will be the creation of a strong public sentiment at the north against their favourite system.* Regard for public favour—strong in every community—is doubly so among slaveholders, for with them it is an indispensable prop to a *misgiving con-*

*science.*” [What follows is applicable to slaveholders in every age and country—not excepting the “generous West Indian.”] “With the slaveholder, *accredited respectability* becomes a substitute for *self-respect*, which gradually abandons him amid the perpetual developments of passion and meanness. Hitherto the slaveholder has been *living upon his respectability*, and he has certainly had an unreasonable stock of it, both at home and abroad. But his glory is passing away. The disguises of generosity, hospitality, and chivalry, under which he has so long contrived to practise his impositions upon the world, are being torn off, and he must soon appear in his naked deformity—the abhorrence of mankind. To hasten this desirable consummation, we would enlist the British press widely in the discussion of American Slavery. Let American slaveholders feel not merely that the literature of the world is against them, but that the British press, with its piety, talent, learning, eloquence, and philanthropy, marshals and leads on the host. . . . Similarity of language, laws, manners, and pursuits, and the great and increasing intercourse between the two nations, give to Britons a moral hold upon our countrymen, which no other people on the globe possess. We entreat them not to be deterred from the most active advocacy of this cause by the consideration that Great Britain and America are distinct nations. What, though we are politically two people—are we not morally one? Are we not one brotherhood of human kind? Is it the nature of the geographical lines which separate the family of man into various nations and governments, to absolve one portion of that family from all obligation to exert a moral influence over others? We feel assured that such a sentiment will find no tolerance with British abolitionists.

Whether Americans *desire, deprecate, or defy* their rebukes, they will be uttered, and they WILL BE HEARD."

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### NOTES TO CANTO V.

*Forced by his crimes—his lust for gold.*—p. 123.

It is well known that North America was formerly the Botany Bay of Great Britain. How atrocious is the policy of sending to a land of heathens, criminals of the worst description to become the progenitors of races which are confessedly to bear the name of Christians! \* We cannot complain of the fruit when we know what tree we have planted. But there was another species of colonists. "After the discovery of America, we saw the folly, the injustice, and the avaricious spirit of individuals, who, thirsting after gold, threw themselves upon the first

\* A different system has been *forced* upon the Americans—their *State Prisons* cannot be sufficiently praised. The leading principle of these is, that those who have forfeited their civil liberty by crimes which aimed at the vitality of the State, must contribute by their *labours* to its future welfare. The prisoners support themselves, and benefit the country. What are our prisons? Receptacles of crime, laziness, and ignorance—until their inmates are draughted to contaminate a virgin people, whose land we have robbed, whose happiness we have destroyed.

countries to which their ships conveyed them. The more greedy they were, the more they separated themselves from each other—they wished not to cultivate, but to lay waste. Those indeed were not true colonists.”—*Talleyrand.*

*His name became an Echo where his bones remain!*—p. 123.

I beg to acknowledge the inaccuracy of this *Alexandrine*—admitting my inability to express the *identical* thought in more legitimate measure. Doctor Johnson criticising Dryden, observes, that the *Alexandrine* “is not always very diligently fabricated by him. It invariably requires a break at the sixth syllable; a rule which the modern French poets never violate, but which Dryden sometimes neglected:—

“*And with paternal thunder vindicates his throne.*”\*

*Great Mesachebe!*—p. 123.

The Indian, and therefore true name of the *Mississippi*—I believe the word *Mesachébe*, or *Mesciachebe*, means King or Father of the Waters, I am not certain which. The *Missouri* has been described in the preceding Canto. The *Mississippi*, itself 1200 miles in length, is a tributary of the *Missouri*, which flowing from the *Rocky Mountains*, is met by the former 3000 miles from its source; and by the time its primordial waters have reached the *Gulph of Mexico*, they have measured the enormous space of 4265 miles!

\* Life of Dryden.



*And strike the River-King.*—p. 124.

“In those endless planes are seen promiscuously wandering, herds of four or five thousand wild buffaloes. Ever and anon an ancient Bison swims across the stream, and lays him down at ease upon the luxuriant herbage of some island of the Mesachebe. From his brow, armed with two half-moons—from his ancient and muddy beard, you would imagine him the bellowing emperor of the Stream, who proudly casts a glance of complacency over the vast expanse of its waves, and the wild abundance of its banks.”\*

*A Python from corruption sprung.*—p. 124.

A vile monster produced among others, after the Deluge, by the grumbling earth *illa quidem nollet*. He was the most remarkable of all, *sed te quoque maxime Python tum genuit*—a terror to the natives, *populisque vovis*—an extraordinary foul beast, *incognite serpens!* Vast indeed was the space he occupied at one time, *Qui modo pestifero tot jugera ventre prementem*—but happily exterminated by Apollo, “*Stravimus innumeris tumidum Pythona sagittis.*”

————— *and fed,*

*Like Bāāl, hungry god! &c.*—p. 124.

The Chaldean Baal, or Bel. The word means *governor or lord*. It is not known whether it was the Sun or

\* Attala. I have translated the above from the Italian, not having the original. I think there is a slight difference in a few of the words.

Nimrod who was worshipped under that name. Daniel relates (Apoc.) his detection of the cheat of Bel's priests, who came every night through private doors, to eat what was offered to their deity.

The worship of Baal was common to many of the Eastern nations, particularly the Phœnicians and Canaanites. It prevailed in the *British islands*. The god's name in Britain was *Belin*—hence the euphonious *Belin's gate*, or *Billingsgate* at London. The god was imported into the British isles, most probably from the Phœnicians. Christianity has not succeeded in abolishing entirely the absurd practices that attended his worship. The subject is interesting, but irrelevant further than the allusion. Taylor's edition of Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, contains a full account of the god, with a most expressive engraving, viz. *bull's horns, ass's ears, low brow, grim look, and three stars to boot*.

*Resign the field—the spear—the sheen of day.*—p. 125.

*Cur apricum*

*Oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque solis ?*

Hor. Carm. Lib. I. 8.

*And still where are the proofs that we believe ? &c.*—p. 125.

“But woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men : for ye neither go in *yourselves*, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. “Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! for ye devour widow's houses, and for a pretence make long prayer : therefore ye shall receive greater damnation.” St. Matt. xxiii. 13, 14.

*Sent with his wives and little ones to mourn.*—p. 125.

—————*Pellitur paternos*

*In sinu ferens deos*

*Et uxor, et vir, sordidosque natos.*

Hor. Carm. II. 18.

*Then seize his kingdom for our recompense, &c.*—p. 126.

“It is only when the whiteman has destroyed, or debased a large portion of the inhabitants of the New World, that he begins to inquire with more eager interest into the character and history of his predecessors in the possession of the soil. Races of men have undoubtedly disappeared before the civilizing influence of the whiteman, even in Europe, and the same process has taken place in the New World, and is now taking place in Van Dieman’s Land. The whiteman covets the fertile lands which the native only roams over in pursuit of prey, or partially cultivates; and the process of the occupation of the land when once begun by the European colonists, especially those of the Teutonic stock, is only limited by the nature of the soil and the climate. The native gradually recedes and disappears, till the whiteman has reached the boundaries of agricultural occupation, or till climate arrests his progress. Thus in North America, where the *exclusive habits* of the white colonist *are intolerant of all modes of life but that which he prescribes*, the Indian and he are *mutual enemies*; and the disappearance of the aborigines has regularly continued, till, from the Atlantic to the Apalachian system, scarcely a vestige of the primitive races worth noticing is found: from the Apalachian to the borders of the lower Mississippi, the same history

is rapidly in progress, and the western limits of the whiteman's rule must be the rude plains which he cannot cultivate. The Indian has been preserved in the two Americas, only where he has mingled with the whiteman, and partly adopted his habits; or where impenetrable forests or cold inhospitable regions have protected, or where, as in the case of the Araucanos of Chili, his own courage has saved him from extermination. The islands of the Columbian Archipelago present the singular spectacle of a whole race of people that has disappeared within the limits of recent and authentic history: their place is occupied by the whiteman of Europe as the MASTER, and the blackman of Africa as the SLAVE;—and who can say what may be the future revolutions in the history of these new occupants? ”\*

*Alas ! as snow, spring-melted from the ground,  
They were, but are not !—p. 126.*

Such was the comparison used by one of the Indian chiefs in his eloquent expostulation with the Americans. The work of extermination is still progressing, and ere long will be completed. “On the following day, as the morning dawned, my entertainers left me in order to follow their path in the wilderness. The young men took the lead, and the wives closed the rear. The former carried the holy relics, the latter their little ones: the old men marched slowly in the centre, stationed between their ancestors and their posterity—between those who were not, and those who were not yet†—between remembrances and hopes—a country lost, and a country to come. Oh! how many tears embitter the wilderness when the exile leaves his natal soil, and from the top of the hill of

\* Penny Cycl. *in voce* AMERICA.

† Quelli che non erano ancora.

separation he beholds for the last time the roof where he was born, and the stream of his dwelling, which continues sorrowfully flowing through the solitary fields of his native land! Unfortunate Indians! You whom I have seen wandering in the wilds of the New World, with the ashes of your fathers! You from whom I have received hospitality, notwithstanding your wretchedness! I could not return that kindness to you, for I also, like you, am a wanderer—persecuted by men—and in my exile even less fortunate than yourselves, since I have not with me the bones of my fathers!”\*

*A Nemesis upon the bloody plain.*—p. 131.

“Of the marble which the Persians had brought with them to erect a monument in memory of their expected victory, the Athenians now caused a statue to be made by the celebrated sculptor Phidias, to transmit to posterity the remembrance of their defeat. This statue was dedicated to the goddess Nemesis, who had a temple near the place.”—*Goldsm.* See also *Rollin* and *Barthel.*, for a description of this battle, and the naval engagement alluded to.

*Her other half, &c.*—p. 132.

“ Ah! te meæ si partem animæ rapit  
Maturior vis,” &c.—*Hor. Carm. II. 17.*

\* CHATEAUBRIAND, *Atala*. He was then flying from the tyranny of Bonaparte. The reader will find much interesting information on the Indian nations, in *Murray's Travels*, and *Chateaubriand's Voyages, Atala, &c.*

————— *The hand*  
*Of god-creating Phidias, &c.*—p. 133.

“ Phidias is said to have excelled more in the sculpture of gods than of men ; but in ivory he was far above every rival, even had he produced nothing but the Athenian Minerva, or the Olympian Jupiter in Elis, whose beauty seems to confer additional authority on the established religion of the country—so well did the majesty of the representation image the original.”—*Quintilian Instit.* l. 12, c. 10.

*No Zeuxis culls the beauties of the land, &c.*—p. 133.

A celebrated painter. His “ Helen ” became famous. It was painted for the Agrigentines, but, according to Barthelemy was placed ultimately in the temple of Venus at Athens, whose suffrages he courted together with all the learned in the arts and sciences, who flourished about the time of the Peloponesian war. The Agrigentines, that he might not be without a model, sent him the most beautiful of their virgins. Zeuxis examined their native beauties, and retained five from whose elegance and graces united, he conceived in his mind the form of the most perfect woman in the universe, which his pencil at last executed with wonderful success.—*See Lemp.; and Barthel.* vol. I. p. 529, for the state of Greece at that time with regard to the arts and sciences.

*In reckless dithyrambics rolls along.*—p. 134.

“ Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos  
 Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur  
 Lege solutis.”—*Hor. Carm.* IV., 2.

I am compelled to omit several remarks intended as notes to this Canto. The classic reader will easily perceive

the allusions made in the text; and I trust that, with what is given in the notes, the general reader will see the object of those allusions and their scope. For the various opinions of the ancients on Pindar, see *Voyage d'Anacharsis*, vol. III. c. 34. *Thespia* was a town at the foot of Helicon, the mountain sacred to the Muses, who had a temple there.

*How grew to Fame the first historic tree?—p. 134.*

Herodotus, the father of history, was born at Halicarnassus in Asia Minor. He expelled the tyrant of his native city; but his patriotic deed, far from gaining the esteem of the populace, only served to irritate them, so that Herodotus was obliged to fly into Greece, from the public resentment. To procure a lasting fame, he publicly repeated at the Olympic games the history which he had composed in his 39th year. B. C. 445. *It was received with such universal applause, that the names of the nine Muses were unanimously given to the nine books into which it is divided.\**

*Heaven bless'd him with its Truth, &c.—p. 134.*

Plato's writings were so celebrated, and his opinions so respected, that he was called *divine*; and for the elegance, melody, and sweetness of his expressions, he was designated by the appellation of the *Athenian Bee*. His philosophy was universally adopted; and it has not only governed the opinions of the speculative part of mankind, but it still continues to influence the reasoning, and to divide the sentiments of the moderns.† *Fleury*, the church-historian, says, that Plato was the only ancient

\* *Lemp.*

† *Ibid.*

philosopher, whose writings seem to be inspired with Christian humility.

*The poor blind King that Heaven and Earth chastise.*—p. 134.

See the *Œdipus Coloneus* of Sophocles—one of the most affecting of his tragedies. Œdipus is introduced as an exile (voluntary, or as some say, banished by his own sons) poor and blind, led by his daughter Antigone to Colonus, an eminence near Athens, where there was a grove sacred to the Furies. Called by a prophetic voice, he walked, without the assistance of a guide, to the spot where he was to expire. Immediately the earth opened, and Œdipus disappeared.\*

*The Father's soul unbending to the blast.*—p. 134.

For he exclaims—

“Στέργειν γὰρ αἰ πάθαι με χῶ χρόνος ξυνων  
Μακρὸς δίδασκει, καὶ τὸ γενναῖον, τρίτον.”—Act I. Scene I.

*The Daughter's love.*—p. 134.

How tender the reply of the blind man's guide!

“Œd.—Καθιζε νυν με, καὶ φυλασσε τον τυφλον.  
Antig.—Χρονου μεν ὄυνεκ' ου μαθεῖν με δεῖ τοδε.”—Ibid.

*The sister's sympathies.*—p. 134.

For *Polynices* enters to share his father's and sister's affliction. He is now repentant—touched with pity, grief, fear, shame, and compunction.

\* This circumstance is alluded to in the last line of the stanza.



Then follows :

“ Polyn.—Εἰ χρη θανουμαι.

Antig.—Μη συ γ' αλλ' εμοὶ πιθου.

Polyn.—Μη πειθ' ἄ μὴ δει.

Antig.—Δυσταλαινα τ' ἄρ εγῶ,

Εἰ σου στερηθῶ.”—Act IV. Scene II.

*In voiceless grief.*—p. 348.

“ Παρέσχε φωνὴν τοῖς ἀφωνήτοις τινά.”—Ibid.

*Unchanged duration of eternal day, &c.*—p. 135.

I have given the reflections suggested by the foregoing topics, in the words of the tragic poet of Athens, delivered by Œdipus to Theseus, her King :—

“ Ω φίλτατ' Αἰγεως παί, μονοις ου γίνεται  
 Θεοις το γῆρας, οὐδὲ κάτθανεῖν ποτε  
 Τα δ' ἄλλα συγχεῖ πανθ' ὁ παγκρατῆς χρόνος.  
 Φθινει μεν ἰσχὺς γῆς, φθινει δε σωματος·  
 Θνήσκει δε πίστις, βλαστανει δ' ἄπιστια.  
 Και πνευμα ταντον ουποτ' ουτ' εν ανδρασι  
 Φιλοις βεβηκεν, ουτε προς πόλιν πολει.  
 Τοις μεν γαρ ηδη, τοις δ' εν ὑστερω χρονω  
 Τα τερπνα πικρα γίνεται, καῦθις φιλα.”

Act I. Scene VII. ŒD. COM.

*'Twas out of BITTER Egypt.*—p. 136.

That epithet is applied by Homer to the name of Egypt, as has been observed in a previous note, on account of her cruelty to the slave. We find it in the threat of Antinous :—

“ Μὴ ταχα πικρην Αἴγυπτον ἴδῃαι. Οδυσ. P.”

I find that I have been anticipated in the comparison and leading thought of this stanza.

“The *object* of procuring so many slaves implies a condition of hardship and suffering. They are not bought, like the house-servant, for light service, quickly done and allowing frequent intervals of leisure, but for severe unbending toil. They were not purchased as articles of convenience, but as beasts of burthen. A task is assigned them, interminable as the upheaving of Egyptian pyramids, the building of their masters’ fortunes; a task which the *insatiableness* of avarice makes endless, and its *remorselessness* unutterably cruel.”\*

*Was it denied us the erected mien, &c.*—p. 137.

“*Os homini sublime dedit,*” &c.—Ovid. *Metam.* l. I. 85.

*The cloudy ignorance of those who deem*

*Oppression guiltless by the colour'd skin, &c.*—p. 137.

“Nothing can exceed the disposition manifested by the Negro population, to acquire the comforts and even the luxuries of civilised life. The world has seen no example of so general and intense a desire for education and religious instruction, as has been shown by the apprentices on behalf of themselves and their children, within the last few years. Their conduct and their character are full of promise for the future; full of tokens of their capacity to become, when free, a well ordered, industrious, and prosperous community. Their oppressors continue to malign them, but the shafts of calumny have spent their force.

\* See *Report*, p. 75.

None of those dreams of danger and difficulty, which were put forth as pretexts for delaying the Abolition of Slavery, ever had any other basis than fraudulent design or guilty fear. From the time when it was maintained, that the Negro was of the lower creation, to the present day, when he is recognised as of the common brotherhood of man, every pro-slavery dogma respecting his character and capabilities has been disproved by experience; every pro-slavery prophecy has been falsified by the event. We are entitled, therefore, to doubt the intimate acquaintance of the Planters with the Negro character; to turn a deaf ear to their speculations on the future, and to listen to those reasonable considerations, which are deduced from the supposition, that the apprentices [now free] are governed by the motives and interests common to human nature, and which are in accordance with our experience of the past."

SUCH are the opinions, set forth among others, "in conclusion," of Messrs. Sturge and Harvey in their book entitled "The West Indies in 1837," and the authentic details of the volume justify that conclusion. It were useless to *prove* a claim when an irreversible possession is established, independent of *argument*, unassailable by *force*: still, notwithstanding the numerous facts, individual and collective, (of individuals and of tribes, organizations decisive of this prerogative,) which leave no doubt in the mind of the *true* philosopher (*a petitio principii*, I grant) and the *Christian*, respecting the claim of the Negro to a perfect equality with the white race, as *man*,—I shall state the case as it has represented itself to me after every historical and physiological argument had been duly considered, and found *not* wanting. In effect, what are all our learned researches, our imaginative disquisitions, if their strengthless shafts strike against the fundamental dogma

of Christianity? ALL Men have sprung from Adam and Eve—or they have not. If they have not *all* sprung from Adam and Eve, the stain of ORIGINAL SIN is not *general*. If the stain of original sin be not *general*, it is *partial*, if *partial*—so is the *Redemption*—then Christ has not died for ALL. Therefore, the doctrine of *universal Redemption* is conclusive in favour of the *unity* and *identity* of the human race.

This being admitted, all “differences in form and structure, that are observed in different nations, will be found to be such as we may reasonably suppose to have resulted from the influence of accidental causes upon one original species or family.”\* Without the conclusive evidence of the foregoing argument, I grant that the different families of men *may* argue different *creations*—I grant this, however, merely as a *possibility*, for where is the *effect* for which many *causes* may not be alleged? Is it in Physics, Morals, or Medicine? But, at the same time, I may be allowed to question whether such a supposition or hypothesis is in accordance with the almighty energy, which said “Let there be light—and there was light!” In a word, whether the Divinity is exhibited more in the production of many from *many*, than many from *one*.

*Niebuhr* is one of the advocates of this hypothesis. He succeeded in demolishing two hundred and fifty years of the Roman History, and has found out that the “origin of the human race lies beyond our comprehension.” Indeed, if I understand that most incomprehensible of authors (at least in his history) he does not allow *one* common origin to mankind.

Allied to this “hypothesis,” is the opinion of those, who, generalizing from what are termed ‘conclusive facts,’

\* MAYO, *Physiology*, Chap. XIV.

have pounced on the conclusion, that there is an insurmountable *barrier* betwixt different races—a barrier built up by the Creator. Then the destruction of the Indian and the African is in accordance with *nature*, and, therefore, “whatever is, is right!”—the effect for the cause!—A resident amongst the Indians of North America discovered a “fact” perfectly conclusive on this head. When he went forth in the village, the dogs began to bark, the children screamed, and the horses snorted and kicked at him. This was *innate antipathy* between the red man and the white man! Of course no European has ever been barked at, screamed at, snorted at, and kicked at, by dogs, children, and horses! The most apparent cause in the world would have sufficed in Europe, but because he was among “savages,” the barking, screaming, snorting, and kicking proceeded from the recondite antipathy of different races. Unfortunately, however, for these antipathetical *peripatetics* in the wilderness, it is but too well known that *amalgamation* was *desired* by many savage tribes. The story of Alexander the Great and the Queen of the Amazons, has been renewed “many a time and oft” in the wilds of America; and but for the savage passions of the white race, the happiest results would have accrued; for man, like the soil, is bettered by a right amalgamation—he is bettered physically, intellectually, and morally. The American slave-breeders know this by *experience*, and thus they say “*mulattoes are surer than pure Negroes* ;” and it may be true, that only amalgamation will re-establish the decaying organism of civilized races, age after age entailing upon themselves a frightful list of hereditary diseases and malformations. Of course this will never take place by argument: but if we can trace a moral cause operating towards mighty effects from the present to the future, perhaps the *civil* equalization of the Negro race,

now established by Great Britain, will soon be followed by a moral equalization. On this will be based the reunion of races of different capabilities, and the result cannot fail to benefit the human family.

Hitherto there *has* existed a terrific *antipathy* indeed—the antipathy betwixt life in the black and red man, and gunpowder or the lash, in the firelock, and in the hand of the white man,—intoxicating drinks,—and all the infernal diseases which Europeans have brought to exterminate the *savages*, particularly the *Indians*. We can trace upon the map of North and South America *where* these existed as flourishing, powerful, numerous tribes:—phrenologists are now engaged in *gathering their skulls*, and moralists in accounting for their destruction by *innate antipathy*.

Meanwhile the poor NEGRO exists—God be praised! Dying for three hundred years, Africa is still alive! It is indeed sweet to contemplate her immortality in death. What is her condition as a nation, independent of the slave-trade and its effects? her condition as a “nation in herself?” Not quite as bad as that of Great Britain eighteen hundred years ago. Compare savage Britain with Africa as she is.—I need not repeat what is to be found in every history of England—one thing, however, should not be forgotten, that the ancestors, or at least collateral ancestors of this humane nation, sacrificed human victims; in plain words, burnt men in large idols of wicker work, made so capacious as to contain a multitude of persons at once, who were thus consumed together.\* Civilization was then introduced by the Romans; and if we may believe the respectable historian Tacitus, the Britons endeavoured most heartily to copy the manners of their

\* See Goldsm.

masters, although they were most vilely calumniated now and then by the Romans, and made to bear all kinds of bad names, such as "hard," "ferocious," "horrible"—nay, I suspect that the celebrated verse of Virgil embodies an exclusive opinion of their *race* as well as their geographical position—"et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos," (*the Britons almost separated from all the world!*) \* And why? Because there were found among them tribes who would not be conquered: "*Te manet invictus Romaná Marte Britannus*"—(*the Briton waits thee, by the Roman arms, unconquered still!*) Thus they remained for ages, invaded from without, barbarous within, *forced slaves* in process of time, like the Africans, only *white*. I said *slaves*—in fact we read that the kindhearted Pope Gregory "chanced one day to pass through the *slave-market* at Rome, and perceiving some *children* of great beauty, who were set up for sale, he inquired about their country, and finding they were English *Pagans*, he is said to have cried out in the Latin language, '*Non Angli, sed Angeli forent, si essent Christiani!*' (they would not be English, or Angles, but angels, if they were but Christians!) From that time he was struck with an ardent desire to convert that unenlightened nation, and ordered a monk named Augustine, and others of the same fraternity, to undertake the mission into Britain."† These poor children were doubtless stolen, like the little negroes, from their parents; but, alas! how different was the result. The good pope made their misfortune reflect a blessing on

\* Croxall says: "It is to be feared he meant in point of *politeness and civility* as well as situation." See his Edition of *Æsop's Fables*—in the application of "*The Partridge and the Cocks*." His is certainly the best edition of that most instructive author.

† See Goldsm. Pinnock's edit.

their country: but the moderns at a similar spectacle became only more determined in the atrocious trade of man-stealing. Well, from that time Britain advanced, more and more civilized, till about the time that the Europeans began to enslave the Africans, England *began* to become what she now is perhaps, (all things considered,) the most civilized nation of the earth. Who would have predicted these results eighteen hundred years ago? Oh! but the Britons were a *different race* of men, *essentially improvable*, &c. &c. Wonderfully true! and whence do you conclude thus? Is it not from the *effect*? Is this not palpably tantamount to say, that Britain has progressed because she has progressed? Position, opportunities, nature of the soil, and a thousand other advantages may have favoured her, but these advantages, let it be remembered, are independent of her *men*. Place an African in England from birth, will he not *succeed* on the whole as well as a whiteman? This need not be dwelt upon, for all know that blackmen do succeed in England as elsewhere. Then if individuals have succeeded, tribes—nations could have succeeded—therefore the advance of men in the career of civilisation is dependent upon their geographical position, &c. as much as, if not more than, their individual organization. I grant the *present* inferiority of *African nations* to Europeans—but, arguing from self-evident analogy, the Africans may become what Europeans are, since Europeans *were* what the Africans *are*. There is very little doubt that the human *brain* is the grand medium—this is by its very nature capable of improvement—let us then (even merely for the sake of the experiment) take it for granted that the African's brain is essentially constituted like that of the European's, and only deficient here and there in *volume* and *texture*. Britain required eighteen hundred years with all her natu-



ral advantages. Let us then have a little patience with Africa. Britain can do more than any other nation for Africa; but not in the way hitherto followed. We must not try to teach them our religion by *word of mouth* only, and rest satisfied with "converting the heathen." We must not prey upon them, and expect money for civilisation—surely they have given us enough already! But there is still much obloquy cast upon the negro in the colonies—they say "he wont work." Well, this may be true to a certain extent since the emancipation: but in the name of justice! one would suppose from what he *has* done for his masters, that these would now give him a *retiring pension*, and let him rest his bones a little. Reader! perhaps thou hast children. Hast thou not experienced great difficulty in making them look into a book on a Saturday, after having been fagging under the rod of the schoolmaster for five heavy, long days? And oh! what a fagging has been that of the poor Negro! What a schoolmaster he has had! Surely, thy kind heart will say, it is but natural for the poor fellow (who is indeed a child not accustomed to think for the future) to crave a *holiday*, after all his fagging! For three hundred years he has toiled in that horrid school—and what has he learnt with much flogging, maiming, and buffeting? to hoe the ground, to plant the cane, to make sugar and rum—and thus has built up the *fortune* of his schoolmaster. If the planters don't make abundant returns of sugar and rum, &c. they cry out, "For this we must thank Emancipation!" But, as has been observed, "The production of excessive wealth in a slave community does not alleviate misery, nor lighten toil; it serves but to heighten the contrast between the splendour of the slave-master, and the wretchedness of the slave. In the British colonies, wealth has been the cause of *non-residence*, the origin of *mercenary*

*agency*, which has aggravated even slavery itself. The continuance of such vicious parts of a bad system is neither probable nor desirable in a state of freedom," &c. "The immense export of corn and cattle from Ireland, cannot be adduced as a proof that her peasantry are living in comfort and abundance; nor do the amount and value of the exports from the West Indies denote, under present circumstances, the happy condition of their agricultural population." In fact, kind Reader, if the freedom of the Negro was just in itself, what does this deficiency of "produce" prove against it? Who would for a moment hesitate which to prefer? I remember on one occasion, in the colonies, hearing this lamentation for deficiency of labourers, and consequently of "produce;" and then the Planter said, "We have to thank Emancipation for this!" I listened to him, and when he had concluded, and was soothing his sorrow with a pinch of snuff, I said to him, "Sir! if all the sugar and rum in the West Indies, or in the East Indies, were set in one basin of a balance, and the freedom of the poor Negro held the mass in equilibrium in the other—would *you* not be the first to kick the beam in favour of the unfortunate blackman?" He did not reply, but I think his heart said yes, for he was not really a bad man. I shall conclude these remarks with the words of a talented Physician, Dr. Forbes. "That even the external characteristics of the Æthiopian variety of mankind, as laid down by many writers, and mere caricatures, drawn from partial observation of exaggerated peculiarities, is now sufficiently established; and precisely the same may be said with regard to their *intellectual and moral capabilities*. The picture drawn by those who have only been acquainted with this unfortunate people, in the degraded position of slaves, and which portrays them as utterly vicious, malignant, perverse, and faithless, irre-

trievably subdued by indolence, incapable of improvement, and scarcely even deserving a place among rational creatures, is so palpably overcoloured, so evidently the result of prejudice and imperfect observation, as to deceive none who will examine the subject for themselves. The accounts of those enterprising travellers who have penetrated into the interior of Africa, are well known to be altogether different. These represent the African to possess, in full vigour, all the intellectual and moral qualities of his white brethren. It seems, however, to have been too generally overlooked by all parties, that there are distinct tribes among Negroes as among Europeans; and that, while some (those formerly most known) are very inferior, others more recently discovered, especially in the interior of Africa, are proportionably superior. The former clans have low heads and smaller brains, while the latter approach, both in brain and feature, the European standard. Another point of great importance, as influencing mental manifestations, has been overlooked by Tiedemann and most others, viz. the *quality* of constitution or temperament. Generally speaking, the European is finer in fibre than the Negro;\* and hence, with otherwise equal powers, the former would be more susceptible of polish and refinement. Why should all Negroes be alike any more than Europeans? The French brain is smaller than the English, as the French hatters experienced when they had to make blocks expressly for the English soldiers. This remark applies to Dr. Sims, and nearly all others who have weighed brains.

\* And to what must this be attributed, but his *mode of life* and want of *culture*? Who cannot observe the difference in this very respect betwixt the children of farmers or husbandmen, and those of others of less *animal* avocations?

How could the weight be uniform, when it is palpable to the eye, that, taken generally, both Irish and French brains are smaller than English and Scotch ; and, in some districts, all these are inferior to German and Swiss ? But then the Swiss, with their large heads, have slow, heavy temperaments, and are, consequently, frequently inferior in actual performance to those with feebler, but livelier powers. In this, as in every other inquiry, we must look about us, on all sides, if we would find truth ; we must not follow any one path only, merely because we have chanced to hit upon it. In investigating the physical and intellectual characters of races as of individuals, we must take Nature as she is ; and, with the more philosophic phrenologist, be careful not to mix the front and back, the top and base of the head, and one temperament with another, into one mass, and call it ' fact.' ”\*

“Men’s passions operate variously,” observes Addison, “and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it sometimes happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner ? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated ? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species ; that we should not put them upon the common footing of humanity ; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them ; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in

\* Medical Review for October, 1839, p. 383.

this; and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?"

One word more for the sake of the Chorus which concludes the Poem. "It cannot admit of a doubt," says Mungo Park, "that all the rich and valuable productions, both of the East and West Indies, might easily be naturalised, and brought to the utmost perfection in the tropical parts of this immense continent. Nothing is wanting to this end but example to enlighten the minds of the natives, and instruction to enable them to direct their industry to *proper* objects. It was not possible for me to behold the wonderful fertility of the soil, the vast herds of cattle, proper both for labour and food, and a variety of other circumstances favourable to colonisation and agriculture—and reflect, withal, on the means which presented themselves of a vast inland navigation—without lamenting that a country so abundantly gifted and favoured by nature, should remain in its present savage and neglected state. Much more did I lament, that a people of *manners and dispositions so gentle and benevolent*, should either be left as they now are, immersed in the gross and uncomfortable blindness of pagan superstition, or permitted to become converts to a system of bigotry and fanaticism,\* which without enlightening the mind, often debases the heart.†

*The name shall we bear*

*Of his children bless'd? &c.—p. 143.*

"It is impossible, however, to close this address, without again expressing, in the most emphatic terms, the conviction and earnest hope of all who have already attached themselves as members of this Institution, that

\* *Mahometanism.*

† Park's Travels, c. xxiii.

the measures to be adopted by them for the suppression of the traffic in slaves—for securing the peace and tranquillity of Africa—for the encouragement of agriculture and commerce—will facilitate the propagation and triumph of that faith, which one and all feel to be indispensable for the happiness of the inhabitants of that continent.”

—*Prospectus* OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE EXTINCTION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE, AND FOR THE CIVILISATION OF AFRICA.

THE END.









