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THE WEST INDIES,

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

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THE

WEST INDIES.

A POEM, IN FOUR PARTS.

Written in honor of the Abolition of the African Slave Trade, by the British Legislature, in 1807.

PART FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction; on the abolition of the Slave Trade....The Mariner's Compass....Columbus....The discovery of America....The West Indian Islands....The Charibs....Their extirmination.

THY chains are broken, Africa, be free! Thus saith the island-empress of the sea; Thus saith Britannia. O, ye winds and waves! Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves; Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia's side, And far as Niger roll's his eastern tide.(1)
WEST INDIES.

Through radiant realms, beneath the burning zone,
Where Europe's curse is felt, her name unknown,
Thus saith Britannia; empress of the sea,
Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free!

Long lay the ocean-paths from man conceal'd;
Light came from heaven, the magnet was reveal'd,
A surer star to guide the seaman's eye.
Than the pale glory of the northern sky;
Alike ordain'd to shine by night and day,
Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray;
Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
True as the sun is to the morning true,
Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.

Then man no longer plied with timid oar,
And failing heart, along the windward shore;
Broad to the sky he turn'd his fearless sail,
Defied the adverse, woo'd the favoring gale,
Bared to the storm his adamantine breast,
Or soft on ocean's lap lay down to rest;
While free as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
His white-wing'd vessels cours'd the unbounded deep;
From clime to clime the wanderer lov'd to roam,
The waves his heritage, the world his home.
Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weigh’d the sea and land;
The floods o’erbalanced:—where the tide of
light,
Day after day roll’d down the gulf of night,
There seem’d one waste of waters:—long in
vain
His spirit brooded o’er the Atlantic main;
When, sudden as creation burst from nought,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous
thought,
Light, order, beauty!—While his mind ex-
plored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored;
Where’er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face of God.

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye
O’er the wide ocean stretching to the sky;
In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind;
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory roll’d.

‘—Ah! on this sea of glory might I sail,
Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal
veil
That hides these lands, beneath Hesperian
skies,
Where day-light sojourns till our morrow
rise’d.’
Thoughtful he wander'd on the beach alone; 
Mid o'er the deep the vesper planet shone, 
The eye of evening, brightening thro' the west 
Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest: 
 Whither, O golden Venus! art thou fled? 
Not in the ocean chambers lies thy bed; 
Round the dim world thy glittering chariot drawn, 
Pursues the twilight, or precedes the dawn; 
Thy beauty noon and midnight never see, 
The morn and eve divide the year with thee.

Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia's slender bow 
Crested the farthest wave, then sunk below: 
Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night, 
Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight, 
What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn, 
What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn?

Now earth and ocean vanished, all serene. 
The stately armament alone was seen; 
Through the slow, silent hours, he watch'd the host 
Of midnight sunk in western darkness lost; 
Till Night himself, on shadowy pinions borne, 
Fled o'er the mighty waters, and the Morn 
Danced on the mountains;—Lights of heaven! he cried, 
Lead on;—I go to win a glorious bride; 
Fearless o'er gulfs unknown I urge my way, 
Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey:
'Hope swells my sail;...in spirit I behold
'That maiden world, twin-sister of the old,
'By nature nurs'd beyond the jealous sea,
'Denied to ages, but betroth'd to me.'(2)

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore;
Far in the west, array'd in purple light,
Dawned the new world on his enraptured sight:
Not Adam, loosen'd from the encumbering earth,
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth;
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within, and light without he found;
When all creation, rushing o'er his soul,
He seem'd to live and breathe throughout the whole.
So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,
The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty open'd on his view.
In that proud moment, his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sunder'd them before,
A bend of peace, uniting shore to shore.

Vain, visionary hope! rapacious Spain
Follow'd her hero's triumph o'er the main,
Her Hardy sons in fields of battle tried,
Where Moor and Christian desperately died,
WEST INDIES.

A rabid race, fanatically bold,
And steel'd to cruelty by lust of gold,
Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
The cross their standard, but their faith the sword;
Their steps were graves; o'er prostrate realms they trod;
They worshipp'd Mammon, while they vow'd to God.

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
How Cortez conquer'd, Montezuma fell;
How grim Pizarro'sussian arm o'erthrew
The sun's resplendent empire in Peru;
How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
Whose chilling waves recoil'd while he foretold
His country's ruin by avenging gold.

...That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
Thenceforth by righteous heaven was doom'd to shed
Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head;
For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away,...
His gold and he were every nation's prey.

But themes like these would ask an angel-lyre,
Language of light and sentiment of fire;
Give me to sing, in melancholy strains,
Of Charib martyrdoms and negro chains;
WEST INDIES.

One race by tyrants rooted from the earth,
One doom'd to slavery by the taint of birth.

Where first his drooping sails Columbus furl'd,
And sweetly rested in another world,
Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
A constellation of elysian isles;
Fair as Orion when he mounts on high,
Sparkling with midnight splendor from the sky:
They bask beneath the sun's meridian rays,
When not a shadow breaks the boundless blaze;
The breath of ocean wanders thro' their vales
In morning breezes and in evening gales;
Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
Ambrosial fruits, and amaranthine flowers;
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
In all the pride of freedom.—NATURE FREE
Proclaims that Man was born for liberty:
She flourishes where'er the sun-beams play
O'er living fountains, sallying into day;
She withers where the waters cease to roll,
And night and winter stagnate round the pole:
Man too, where freedom's beams and foun-
tains rise,
Springs from the dust, and blossoms to the skies;
Dead to the joys of light and life, the slave
Clings to the clod; his root is in the grave;
Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair,
Freedom the sun, the sea, the mountains, and
the air!

In placid indolence supinely blest,
A feeble race these beauteous isles possess’d;
Untamed, untaught, in arts and arms un-
skill’d,
Their patrimonial soil they rudely till’d,
Chased the free rovers of the savage wood;
Insnared the wild-bird, swept the scaly flood;
Shelter’d in lowly huts their fragile forms
From burning suns and desolating storms;
Or, when the haleyon sported on the breeze,
In light canoes they skimm’d the rippling
seas;
Their lives in dreams of soothing languor flow,
No parted joys, no future pains they knew,
The passing moment all their bliss or care;
Such as the sires had been, the children were
From age to age; as waves upon the tide
Of stormless time, they calmly lived and
died.

Dreadful as hurricanes, athwart the main,
Rush’d the fell legions of invading Spain;
With fraud and force, with false and fatal
breath,
(Submission bondage, and resistance death,)
They swept the isles. In vain the simple race
Kneel’d to the iron sceptre of their grace.
WEST INDIES.

Or with weak arms their fiery vengeance braved;
They came, they saw, they conquer'd, they enslav'd,
And they destroy'd; ....the generous heart they broke,
They crush'd the timid neck beneath the yoke.
Where'er to battle march'd their grim array,
The sword of conquest plough'd resistless way;
Where'er from cruel toil they sought repose,
Around the fires of devastation rose.
The Indian, as he turn'd his head in flight,
Beheld his cottage flaming through the night,
And, midst the shrieks of murder on the wind,
Heard the mute blood-hound's death-step close behind.

The conflict o'er, the valiant in their graves,
The wretched remnant dwindled into slaves;
Condemn'd in pestilential cells to pine,
Delving for gold amidst the gloomy mine,
The sufferer, sick of life-protracting breath,
Inhaled with joy the fire-damp blast of death:
Condemn'd to fell the mountain-palm on high,
That cast its shadow from the evening sky,
Ere the tree trembled to his feeble stroke,
The woodman languish'd, and his heart-strings broke:
Condemn'd in torrid noon, with palsy'd hand,
To urge the slow plough o'er the obdurate land,
The laborer, smitten by the sun's fierce ray,
A corpse along the unfinish'd furrow lay.
WEST INDIES.

O'erwhelm'd at length with ignominious toil,
Mingling their barren ashes with the soil,
Down to the dust the Charib people pass'd,
Like autumn foliage withering in the blast:
The whole race sunk beneath the oppressor's rod,
And left a blank among the works of God.

END OF THE FIRST PART.
ARGUMENT.

The Cane....Africa....The Negro....The Slave-carrying Trade....The means and resources of the Slave Trade.....The Portuguese,.....Dutch,.....Danes,.....French,.....and English in America.

Among the bowers of paradise, that graced Those islands of the world-dividing waste, Where towering cocoas waved their graceful locks, And vines luxuriant cluster'd round the rocks; Where orange-groves perfum'd the circling air With verdure, flowers, and fruit forever fair; Gay myrtle foliage track'd the winding rills, And cedar forests slumber'd on the hills; ....An eastern plant, ingrafted on the soil, Was till'd for ages with consuming toil; No tree of knowledge, with forbidden fruit, Death in the taste, and ruin at the root,
Yet in its growth were good and evil found,
It bless'd the planter, but it curs'd the ground;
While with vain wealth it gorged the master's hoard,
And spread with manna his luxurious board,
Its culture was perdition to the slave,
It sapp'd his life, and flourished on his grave.

When the fierce spoiler from remorseless Spain,
Tasted the balmy spirit of the cane,
(Already had his rival in the west,
From the rich reed ambrosial sweetness press'd;
Dark through his thoughts the miser purpose read,
To turn its hidden treasures into gold.
But at his breath, by pestilent decay,
The Indian tribes were swiftly swept away;
Silence and horror o'er the isles were spread,
The living seem'd the spectres of the dead.
The Spaniard saw: no sigh of pity stole,
No pang of conscience touch'd his sodden soul;
The tiger weeps not o'er the kid;...he turns
His flashing eyes abroad, and madly burns
For nobler victims, and for warmer blood;
Thus on the Charib shore the tyrant stood,
Thus cast his eyes with fury o'er the tide,
And far beyond the gloomy gulf descried,
Devoted, Africa: he burst away,
And with a yell of transport grasped his prey.
Where the stupendous Mountains of the Moon
Cast their broad shadows o'er the realms of
noon;
From rude Caffraria, where the giraffes browse,
With stately heads among the forest boughs,
To Atlas, where Numidian lions glow
With torrid fire beneath eternal snow;
From Nubian hills, that hail the dawning day,
To Guinea's coast, where evening fades away,
Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendor of the solar zone;
A world of wonders,....where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her dreams;
Great, wild, and beautiful, beyond control,
She reigns in all the freedom of her soul;
Where none can check her bounty when she
showers
O'er the gay wilderness her fruits and flowers;
None brave her fury, when, with whirlwind
breath,
And earthquake step, she walks abroad with
death;
O'er boundless plains she holds her fiery flight,
In terrible magnificence of light;
At blazing noon pursues the evening breeze,
Through the dim gloom of realm-o'ershadowing
trees:
Her thirst at Nile's mysterious fountain quenches,
Or bathes in secrecy where Niger swells
An inland ocean, on whose jasper rocks
With shells and sea-flower wreaths she binds
her locks:
She sleeps on isles of velvet verdure, placed
Midst sandy gulfs and shoals for ever waste;
She guides her countless flocks to cherished
rills,
And feeds her cattle on a thousand hills;
Her steps the wild bees welcome thro' the vale,
From every blossom that embalms the gale;
The slow unwieldy river-horse she leads
Thro' the deep waters, o'er the pasturing
meads;
And climbs the mountains that invade the sky,
To sooth the eagle's nestlings when they cry.
At sun-set, when voracious monsters burst
From dreams of blood, awaked by maddening
thirst;
When the lorn caves, in which they shrunk
from light,
Ring with wild echoes thro' the hideous night;
When darkness seems alive, and all the air
Is one tremendous uproar of despair,
Horror and agony;...on her they call;
She hears their clamor, she provides for all,
Leads the light leopard on his eager way,
And goads the gaunt hyæna to his prey.

(In these romantic regions Mang grows wild;
Here dwells the negro, Nature's outcast child;
Scorn'd by his brethren; but his mother's eye,
That gazes on him from her warmest sky,
Sees in his flexile limbs untutored grace,
Power on his forehead, beauty in his face;
Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,
The heart of friendship, and the home of love;
Sees in his mind where desolation reigns,
Fierce as his clime, uncultured as his plains,
A soil where virtue’s fairest flowers might shoot,
And trees of science bend with glorious fruit;
Sees in his soul, involved with thickest night,
An emanation of eternal light,
Ordain’d, midst sinking worlds, his dust to fire,
And shine for ever when the stars expire.
Is he not man, though knowledge never shed
Her quickening beams on his neglected head?
Is he not man, though sweet religion’s voice
Ne’er bade the mourner in his God rejoice?
Is he not man, by sin and suffering tried?
Is he not man, for whom the Savior died?
Belie the Negro’s powers:...in headlong will,
Christian! thy brother thou shalt prove him still;
Belie his virtues; since his wrongs began,
His follies and his crimes have stamped him Man.

'The Spaniard found him such:...the island-race
His foot had spurn’d from earth’s insulted face;
Among the waifs and foundlings of mankind,
Abroad he look’d, a sturdier stock to find;
A spring of life, whose fountains should supply
His channels as he drank the rivers dry:
She sleeps on isles of velvet verdure, placed
Midst sandy gulfs and shoals for ever waste;
She guides her countless flocks to cherished rills,
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His follies and his crimes have stamped him Man.

The Spaniard found him such:...the island-race
His foot had spurn'd from earth's insulted face;
Among the waifs and foundlings of mankind,
Abroad he look'd, a sturdier stock to find;
A spring of life, whose fountains should supply
His channels as he drank the rivers dry.
That stock he found on Afric's swarming plains
That spring he open'd in the Negro's veins;
A spring exhaustless as his avarice drew,
A stock that, like Prometheus' vitals, grew
Beneath the eternal beak his heart that tore,
Beneath the insatiate thirst that drained his gore.
Thus, childless as the Charibbeans died,
Afric's strong sons the ravening waste suppli'd;
Of harder fibre to endure the yoke,
And self-renewed beneath the severing stroke;
As grim oppression crushed them to the tomb,
Their fruitful parent's miserable womb
Teemed with fresh myriads, crowded o'er the waves,
Heirs to their toil, their sufferings, and their graves.

Freighted with curses was the bark that bore
The spoilers of the west to Guinea's shore;
Heavy with groans of anguish blew the gales
That swelled that fatal bark's returning sails;
Old Ocean shrunk as o'er his surface flew
The human cargo and the demon crew.
...Thenceforth, unnumbered as the waves that roll
From sun to sun, or pass from pole to pole,
Outcasts and exiles, from their country torn,
In floating dungeons o'er the gulf were borne;
....The valiant seized, in peril-daring fight;
The weak, surprised in nakedness and night.
Subjects by mercenary despots sold;
Victims of justice prostitute for gold;
Brothers by brothers, friends by friends betrayed;
Snared in her lover's arms the trusting maid;
The faithful wife by her false lord estranged,
For one wild cup of drunken bliss exchanged;
From the brute-mother's knee the infant boy,
Kidnapped in slumber, barter'd for a toy;
The father, resting at his father's tree,
Doomed by the son to die beyond the sea;
... All bonds of kindred, law, alliance broke,
All ranks, all nations, crouching to the yoke;
From fields of light, unshadowed climes that lie
Painting beneath the sun's meridian eye,
From hidden Ethiopia's utmost land;
From Zaara's fickle wilderness of sand;
From Congo's blazing plains and blooming woods;
From Whidah's hills, that gush with golden floods;
Captives of tyrant power and dastard wiles,
Dispeopled Africa, and gorged the isles.
Loud and perpetual o'er th' Atlantic waves,
For guilty ages, rolled the tide of slaves;
A tide that knew no fall, no turn, no rest;
Constant as day and night from east to west;
Still widening, deepening, swelling in its course,
With boundless ruin and restless force.

(Quickly by Spain's Alluring fortune fired,
With hopes of fame, and dreams of wealth inspired,)
Europe's dread powers, from ignominious ease
Started; their pennons streamed on every breeze;
And still where'er the wide discoveries spread,
The cane was planted, and the native bled;
While, nurs'd by fiercer suns, of nobler race,
The negro toiled and perished in his place.

First, Lusitania,...she whose prows had borne
Her arms triumphant round the car of morn,
...Turned to the setting sun her bright array,
And hung her trophies o'er the couch of day.

Holland,...whose hardy sons rolled back the sea
To build the halyon-nest of liberty,
...Shameless abroad the enslaving flag unfurled,
And reigned a despot in the younger world.

Denmark,...whose roving hordes, in barbarous times,
Filled the wide north with piracy and crimes,
Awed every shore, and taught their keels to sweep
O'er every sea, the Arabs of the deep,
...Embarked, once more to western conquest
By Rollo's spirit, risen from the dead.

Gallia,...who vainly aimed, in depth of night,
To hurl old Rome from her Tarpeian height.
(But lately laid, with unprevented blow,
The thrones of kings, the hopes of freedom low,)
...Rushed o'er the theatre of splendid toils,
To brave the dangers, and divide the spoils.

(Britannia,...she who scathed the crest of Spain,
And won the trident sceptre of the main,
When to the raging wind and ravening tide
She gave the huge Armada's scattered pride,
Smit by the thunder-wielding hand that hurled
Her vengeance round the wave-encircled world;
...Britannia shared the glory and the guilt.
By her were Slavery's island altars built,
And fed with human victims;...while the cries
Of blood, demanding vengeance from the skies,
Assailed her traders' grovelling hearts in vain,
...Hearts dead to sympathy, alive to gain,
Hard from impunity, with avarice cold,
Sordid as earth, insensible as gold.

Thus thro' a night of ages, in whose shade
The sanya of darkness plied the infernal trade;
Wild Africa beheld her tribes at home,
In battle slain; abroad condemned to roam
O'er the salt waves, in stranger isles to bear,
(Forlorn of hope, and sold into despair)
Thro' life's slow journey to its dolorous close,
Unseen, unwept, unutterable woes.

END OF THE SECOND PART
ARGUMENT.

The love of Country, and of Home, the same in all ages and among all nations...The Negro's Home and Country....Mango Park.... Progress of the Slave Trade....The Middle Passage....The Negro in the West Indies....The Guinea Captain....The Creole Planter....The Moors of Barbary....Buccaneers....Maroons....St. Domingo...Hurricanes....The Yellow Fever.

'There is a land, of every land the pride, Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside: Where brighter suns dispense serener light, And milder moons emparadise the night; A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth, Time-tutored age, and love exalted youth: The wandering mariner, whose eye explores The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;  
In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;  
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,  
The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend;  
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;  
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye  
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.  
(Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?)  
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;  
0, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

On Greenland's rocks, o'er grim Kamschatka's plains,  
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;  
When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,  
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
The rein-deer's spoil, the ermine's treasure shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of bears;
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main;
—His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky.
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace dome,
His cavern-shelter, and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden fields and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where winter from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone;
By the gay borders of Bermudas' isles,
Where spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink,
Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanish'd like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins, darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonored vales;
Where Albion's rooks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beauteous Isle of Liberty;
Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man; in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

And is the Negro outlawed from his birth?
Is he alone a stranger on the earth?
Is there no shed, whose peeping roof appears
So lovely, that it fills his eyes with tears?
No land, whose name, in exile heard, will dart
Ice through his veins and lightning through his heart?
Ah! yes; beneath the beams of brighter skies,
His home amidst his father's country lies;
There with the partner of his soul he shares
Love-mingled pleasures, love-divided cares;
There, as with nature's warmest filial fire,
He soothes his blind, and feeds his helpless sire;
His children, sporting round his hut, behold
How they shall cherish him when he is old,
Trained by example from their tenderest youth
To deeds of charity and words of truth. (1)
—Is he not blest? Behold, at closing day,
The negro-village swarms abroad to play;
He treads the dance through all its rapturous rounds
To the wild music of barbarian sounds;
Or, stretch'd at ease, where broad palmettos shower
Delicious coolness in his shadowy bower,
He feasts on tales of witchcraft, that give birth
To breathless wonder or ecstatic mirth;
Yet most delighted, when, in rudest rhymes,
The minstrel wakes the song of elder times,
When men were heroes, slaves to beauty's charms,
And all the joys of life were love and arms.

—Is not the Negro blest? His generous soil
With harvest plenty crowns his simple toil;
More than his wants his flocks and fields afford;
He loves to greet the stranger at his board:
The winds were roaring, and the White Man fled;
The rains of night descended on his head;
The poor White Man sat down beneath our tree,
Weary and faint, and far from home was he;
For him no mother fills with milk the bowl,
No wife prepares the bread to cheer his soul;
Pity the poor White Man who sought our tree,
No wife, no mother, and no home has he.
Thus sung the Negro's daughters; once again,
O, that the poor White Man might hear that strain!

—Whether the victim of the treacherous Moor;
Or from the Negro's hospitable door
Spurned, as a spy from Europe's hateful clime,
And left to perish for thy country's crime;
Or destined still, when all thy wanderings cease,
On Albion's lovely lap to rest in peace;
Pilgrim! in heaven or earth, where'er thou be,
Angels of mercy guide and comfort thee!

(Thus lived the Negro in his native land,
Till Christian cruisers anchored on his strand;
Where'er their grasping arms the spoilers spread,
The Negro's joys, the Negro's virtues fled;
Till, far amidst the wilderness unknown,
They flourished in the sight of Heaven alone.
While from the coast with wide and wider sweep,
The race of Mammon dragged across the deep
Their sable victims, to that western bourn,
From which no traveller might e'er return
To blazon in the ears of future slaves
The secrets of the world beyond the waves.

When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb;
When with the mother's pangs the expiring earth
Shall bring her children forth to second birth;
Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
With human relics, render up their dead:
Tho' warm with life the heaving surges glow,
Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,
In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
Of ocean-slumberers join their wandering hosts,
Along the melancholy gulf, that roars
From Guinea to the Charibbean shores.
Myriads of slaves, that perish'd on the way,
From age to age the shark's appointed prey,
By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
Or headlong plung'd alive into the main, (2)
Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,
And call down vengeance on their murderers' heads.

Yet small the number, and the fortune blest,
Of those who on the stormy deep found rest,
Weigh'd with the unremembered millions more,
That 'scaped the sea, to perish on the shore.
By the slow pangs of solitary care,
The earth-devouring anguish of despair, (3)
The broken heart which kindness never heals,
The home-sick passion which the negro feels.
When toiling, fainting in the land of canes,
His spirit wanders to his native plains;
His little lovely dwelling there he sees,
Beneath the shade of his paternal trees,
The home of comfort:—then before his eyes,
The terrors of captivity arise.
—'Twas night: his babes around him lay at rest,
Their mother slumbered on their father's breast;
A yell of murder rang around their bed; They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims fled; Forth sprang the ambushed Russians on their prey, They caught, they bound, they drove them far away; The white man bought them at the mart of blood; In pestilential barks they crossed the flood; Then were the wretched ones asunder torn, To distant isles, to separate bondage borne, Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief That misery loves—the fellowship of grief.

(The negro, spoiled of all that nature gave The freeborn man, thus shrunk into a slave, His passive limbs to measured tasks confined, Obeyed the impulse of another mind; A silent, secret, terrible control, That ruled his sinews, and repressed his soul. Not for himself he waked at morning light, Toiled the long day, and sought repose at night; His rest, his labor, pastime, strength, and health, Were only portions of a master's wealth; His love—O, name not love where Britons doom The fruit of love to slavery from the womb.
Thus spurned, degraded, trampled, and oppressed,
The negro-exile languished in the west,
With nothing left of life but hated breath;
And not a hope, except the hope in death,
To fly forever from the Creole-strand,
And dwell a freeman in his father-land.

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wasting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood;
Boisterous in speech; in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells, he steals, he kills, for gold,
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Round his bark one blue unbroken sphere;
When dancing dolphins sparkle thro' the brine,
And sunbeam circles o'er the water shine;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,
But darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
When swollen with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies;
When from the unburthened hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves;
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes the hardened pirate weeps,
but grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.(4)

Lives there a reptile baser than the slave?(5)
Loathsome as death, corrupted as the grave,
See the dull Creole, at his pompous board,
Attendant vassals cringing round their lord;
Satiate with food his heavy eyelids close,
Voluptuous minions fan him to repose;
Prone on the noonday couch, he lofts in vain,
Delirious slumberers rock his maddening brain;
He starts in horror from bewildering dreams,
His bloodshot eye with fire and frenzy gleams;
He stalks abroad: thro' all his wonted rounds,
The negro trembles, and the lash resounds,
And cries of anguish, shrilling thro' the air.
To distant fields his dread approach declare.
Mark, as he passes, every head declined;
Then slowly rais'd,—to curse him from behind.
This is the veriest wretch on nature's face,
Owned by no country; spurned by every race;
The tethered tyrant of one narrow span,
The bloated vampire of a living man;
His frame,—a fungus form, of dunghill birth;
That taints the air, and rots above the earth;
His soul;—has he a soul, whose sensual breast
Of selfish passions is a serpent's nest?
Who follows headlong, ignorant and blind,
The vague brute-instinct of an idiot mind;
Whose heart, 'midst scenes of suffering, senseless grown,
E'en in his mother's lap was chilled to stone;
Whose torpid pulse no social feelings move;
A stranger to the tenderness of love;
His motley haram charms his gloating eye,
Where ebon, brown, and olives beauties vie;
His children, sprung alike from sloth and vice,
Are born his slaves, and loved at market price.
Has he a soul? — With his departing breath,
A form shall hail him at the gates of death,
The spectre Conscience, shrieking through the gloom.
'Man, we shall meet again beyond the tomb.
O Africa! amidst thy children's woes,
Did earth and heaven conspire to aid thy foes?
No, thou hadst vengeance.—From thy northern shores
Sallied the lawless corsairs of the Moors,
And back on Europe's guilty nations hurled
Thy wrongs and sufferings in the sister world:
Deep in thy dungeons Christians clanked their chains,
Or toiled, and perished on thy parching plains.

But where thine offspring crouched beneath
the yoke,
In heavier peals the avenging thunder broke.
—Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main,
Hayti's barbarian hunters harrassed Spain;
A mammoth race, invincible in might,
Rapine and massacre their grim delight.
Peril their element; o'er land and flood
They carried fire, and quenched the flames with blood;
Despairing captives hailed them from the coasts;
They rushed to conquest, led by Charib ghosts.

Tremble, Britannia! while thine islands tell
The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell; (7)
The wild Maroons, impregnable and free,
Among the mountain holds of liberty,
Sudden as lightning darted on their foe,
Seen like the flash, remembered like the blow.

When Gallia boasts of dread Marengo's fight,
And Hohenlinden's slaughter-deluged night,
Her spirit sinks;—the sinews of the brave,
That crippled Europe, shrunk before the slave;
The demon-spectres of Domingo rise,
And all her triumphs vanish from her eyes.

God is a spirit, veiled from human sight
In secret darkness of eternal light;
Through all the glory of his works we trace
The hidings of his counsel and his face;
Nature, and time, and change, and fate fulfil
Unknown, unknowing, his mysterious will;
Mercies and judgments mark him, every hour,
Supreme in grace, and infinite in power;—
Oft o'er the Eden-islands of the West,
In floral pomp and verdant beauty drest,
Roll the dark clouds of his awakened ire;
—Thunder and earthquake, whirlwind, flood and fire,
Midst rending mountains and disparting plains,
Tell the pale world, 'The God of vengeance reigns.'

Nor in the majesty of storms alone,
The Eternal makes his fierce displeasure known;
At his command, the pestilence abhorred
Spares the poor slave, and smites the haughty lord;
While to the tomb he sees his friend consigned,
Foreboding melancholy sinks his mind,
Soon at his heart he feels the monster's fangs,
They tear his vitals with convulsive pangs;
The light is anguish to his eye, the air
Sepulchral vapors, laden with despair;
Now frenzy-horrors rack his whirling brain,
Tremendous pulses throb through every vein;
The firm earth shrinks beneath his torture-bed,
The sky in ruins rushes o'er his head;
He rolls, he rages in consuming fires,
Till nature spent, with agony expires.

END OF THE THIRD PART.
The Moravian Brethren... Their Missions in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies... Christian Negroes... The Advocates of the Negroes in England... Granville Sharpe,... Clarkson,... Wilberforce,... Pitt,... Fox... The Nation itself... The Abolition of the Slave Trade... The future State of the West Indies,... of Africa,... of the whole World... The Millennium.

Was there no Mercy, mother of the slave!
No friendly hand to succor and to save,
While commerce thus thy captive tribes oppress,
And lowering vengeance linger’d o’er the west?
Yes, Africa! beneath the stranger’s rod
They found the freedom of the sons of God.

When Europe languished in barbarian gloom,
Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,
Whose second empire, cowl'd and mitred, burst
A phoenix from the ashes of the first;
From persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
Among Bohemian mountains Truth retired;
There, 'midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
She found a people scattered, scorned and poor,
A little flock through quiet vallies led,
A Christian Israel in the desert fed,
While ravening wolves, that scorned the shepherd's hand,
Laid waste God's heritage thro' every land,
With these the lovely Exile sojourn'd long.
Soothed by her presence, solaced by her song,
They toiled thro' danger, trials, and distress,
A band of Virgins in the wilderness,
With burning lamps, amid their secret bowers,
Counting the watches of the weary hours,
In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
And see his banner in the clouds appear;
But when the morn returning chased the night,
These stars, that shone in darkness, sunk in light;
Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
His meek forerunners waned, and passed away.(1)

Ages rolled by, the turf perennial bloomed
O'er the torn relics of those saints entombed;
No miracle proclaim'd their power divine,
No kings adorned, no pilgrims kissed their shrine;
Cold and forgotten in the grave they slept;
But God remembered them: their Father kept
A faithful remnant;—o'er their native clime
His Spirit moved in his appointed time,
The race revived at his almighty breath,
A seed to serve him, from the dust of death.
'Go forth, my sons, through heathen realms proclaim
'Mercy to sinners in a Savior's name:'
Thus spake the Lord; they heard, and they obey'd;
—Greenland lay wrapt in nature's heaviest shade;
Thither the ensign of the cross they bore;
The gaunt barbarians met them on the shore;
With joy and wonder hailing from afar,
Through polar storms, the light of Jacob's star.

Where rolls Ohio's streams, Missouri's floods,
Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
The Red Man roamed, a hunter-warrior wild;
On him the everlasting Gospel smiled;
His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
Divinely melted, moulded, and renewed;
The bold, base Savage, nature's harshest clod,
Rose from the dust the image of his God.

And thou, poor Negro! scorned of all mankind;
Thou dumb and impotent, and deaf and blind;
Thou dead in spirit! toil-degraded slave,
Crushed by the curse on Adam to the grave!
The messengers of peace, o'er land and sea,
That sought the sons of sorrow, stooped to thee.
—The captive raised his slow and sullen eye;
He knew no friend, nor deemed a friend was nigh,
Till the sweet tones of Pity touched his ears,
And mercy bathed his bosom with her tears;
Strange were those tones, to him those tears were strange,
He wept, and wondered at the mighty change.
Felt the quick pang of keen compunction dart,
And heard a small still whisper in his heart,
A voice from heaven, that bade the outcast rise
From shame on earth to glory in the skies.

From isle to isle the welcome tidings ran;
The slave that heard them started into man:
Like Peter, sleeping in his chains, he lay,
The angel came, his night was turn'd to day;
'Arise!' his fetters fall, his slumbers flee;
He wakes to life, he springs to liberty.

No more to Demon-Gods, in hideous forms,
He prayed for earthquakes, pestilence and storms,
In secret agony devoured the earth,(2)
And, while he spared his mother, cursed his birth:
To heaven the Christian Negro sent his sighs,
In morning vows and evening sacrifice;
He prayed for blessings to descend on those
That dealt to him the cup of many woes;
Thought of his home in Africa forlorn;
Yet, while he wept, rejoiced that he was born.
No longer burning with unholy fires,
He wallowed in the dust of base desires:
Ennobling virtue fixed his hopes above,
Enlarged his heart, and sanctified his love;
With humble steps the paths of peace he trod,
A happy pilgrim, for he walked with God.

Still slowly spread the dawn of life and day,
In death and darkness pagan myriads lay;
Stronger and heavier chains, than those that bind
The captive's limbs, enthral'd his abject mind:
The yoke of man his neck indignant bore,
The yoke of sin his willing spirit wore.

Meanwhile, among the great, the brave, the free,
The matchless race of Albion and the sea,
Champions arose to plead the Negro's cause;
In the wide breach of violated laws,
Through which the torrent of injustice roll'd,
They stood:—With zeal unconquerably bold,
They raised their voices, stretched their arms to save
From chains the freeman, from despair the slave;
The exile's heart-sick anguish to assuage,
And rescue Afric from the spoiler's rage.
See, miserable mother, from the shore,
Age after age, beheld the barks that bore
Her tribes to bondage: with distraction wrung,
Wild as the lioness that seeks her young,
She flashed unheeded lightnings from her eyes;
Her inmost deserts echoing to her cries;
'Till agony the sense of suffering stole,
And stern unconscious grief benumbed her soul.

So Niobe, when all her race were slain,
In ecstacy of woe forgot her pain;
Cold in her eye serenest horror shone,
While pitying Nature soothed her into stone.

Thus Africa, entranced with sorrow, stood,
Her fixt eye gleaming on the restless flood:
—When Sharpe, on proud Britannia's chartered shore,(3)
From Lybian limbs the unsanctioned fetters tore,
And taught the world, that while she rules the waves,
Her soil is freedom to theвест of slaves:
When Clarkson his victorious course began(4)
Unyielding in the cause of God and man,
Wise, patient, persevering to the end,
No guile could thwart, no power his purpose bend,

He rose o'er Afric like the sun in smiles,
He rests in glory on the western isles:
—When Wilberforce, the minister of grace,
The new Las Casas of a ruin'd race,(5)
With angel-might opposed the rage of hell,
And fought like Michael, till the Dragon fell:
—When Pitt, supreme amid the senate, rose
The Negro's friend among the Negro's foes;
Yet while his tones like heaven's high thunder broke,
No fire descended to consume the yoke:
—When Fox, all eloquent for freedom stood,
With speech resistless as the voice of blood,
The voice that cries thro' all the Patriot's veins,
When at his feet his country groans in chains;
The voice that whispers in the mother's breast,
When smiles her infant in his rosy rest;
Of power to bid the stormy passion roll,
Or touch with sweetest tenderness the soul.
He spake in vain;—till, with his latest breath,
He broke the spell of Africa in death.

(The Muse to whom the lyre and lute belong,
Whose song of freedom is her noblest song,
The lyre with awful indignation swept,
O'er the sweet lute in silent sorrow wept,
—When Albion's erimes drew thunder from her tongue,
—When Afric's woes o'erwhelmed her while she sung.)

Lamented Cowper! in thy path I tread;
O! that on me were thy meek spirit shed!
The woes that wring my bosom once were thine;
Be all thy virtues, all thy genius mine!
WEST INDIES:

Peace to thy soul! thy God thy portion be; And in his presence may I rest with thee!

Quick at the call of Virtue, Freedom, Truth, Weak withering age, and strong aspiring youth, Alike the expanding power of pity felt; The coldest, hardest hearts began to melt; From breast to breast the flame of justice glowed; Wide o'er its banks the Nile of mercy flowed; Thro' all the isle the gradual waters swelled; Mammon in vain the encircling flood repelled; O'erthrown at length, like Pharaoh and his host, His shipwrecked hopes lay scattered round the coast.

High on her rock, in solitary state, Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate; Her awful forehead on her spear reclined, Her robe and tresses streaming with the wind; Chill thro' her frame foreboding tremors crept; The Mother thought upon her Sons, and wept: —She thought of Nelson in the battle slain, And his last signal beaming o'er the main; In glory's circling arms the hero bled, While Victory bound the laurel on his head; At once immortal, in both worlds, became His soaring spirit and abiding name: —She thought of Pitt, heart-broken on his bier; And 'O, my country!' echoed in her ear:
She thought of Fox; she heard him faintly speak,
His parting breath grew cold upon her cheek,
His dying accents trembled into air;
\*Spare injured Africa! the Negro spare!\*

She started from her trance!—and round the shore,
Beheld her supplicating sons once more
Pleading the suit so long, so vainly tried,
Renewed, resisted, promised, pledged, denied,
The Negro's claim to all his Maker gave,
And all the tyrant ravished from the slave.
Her yielding heart confessed the righteous claim,
Sorrow had softened it, and love o'ercame;
Shame flushed her noble cheek, her bosom burned;
To helpless, hopeless Africa she turned;
She saw her sister in the Mourner's face,
And rushed with tears into her dark embrace:
\*All hail!* exclaimed the empress of the sea,
\*Thy chains are broken, Africa be free!*
\*All hail!* replied the Mourner, \*She who broke
\*My bonds shall never wear a stranger's yoke.\*

Muse! take the harp of prophecy:...behold
The glories of a brighter age unfold;
Friends of the outcast! view the accomplished plan,
The Negro, towering to the height of man.
WEST INDIES.

The blood of Romans, Saxons, Gauls and Danes,
Swelled the rich fountain of the Briton's veins;
Unmingled streams a warmer life impart,
And quicker pulses to the Negro's heart:
A dusky race, beneath the evening sun,
Shall blend their spousal currents into one:
Is beauty bound to color, shape, or air?
No; God created all his offspring fair.
Tyrant and slave their tribes shall never see,
For God created all his offspring free;
Then Justice, leagued with Mercy, from above,
Shall reign in all the liberty of love;
And the sweet shores beneath the balmy west
Again shall be the islands of the blest.

Unutterable mysteries of fate
Involve, O Africa! thy future state.
—On Niger's banks, in lonely beauty wild,
A Negro-mother carols to her child:
'Son of my widowed love, my orphan joy!
'Avengе thy father's murder, O my boy!'
Along those banks the fearless infant strays,
Bathes in the stream, among the eddies plays;
See the boy bounding through the eager race;
The fierce youth, shooting foremost in the chase,
Drives the grim lion from his ancient woods,
And smites the crocodile amidst his floods.
To giant strength in unshorn manhood grown,
He haunts the wilderness, he dwells alone.
A tigress, with her whelps, to seize him sprung,
He tears the mother, and he tames the young.
In the drear cavern of their native rock;
Thither wild slaves and fell banditti flock;
He heads their hordes: they burst, like torrid rains,
In death and devastation o'er the plains;
Stronger and bolder grows his ruffian band,
Prouder his heart, more terrible his hand.
He spreads his banner; crowding from afar,
Innumerable armies rush to war;
Resistless, as the pillared whirlwinds fly
O'er Lybian sands, revolving to the sky,
In fire and wrath thro' every realm they run,
Where the noon-shadow shrinks beneath the sun;
Till at the conqueror's feet, from sea to sea,
A hundred nations bow the servile knee,
And throned in nature's unrevealed domains,
The Jenghis Khan of Africa he reigns.

Dim through the night of these tempestuous years
A Sabbath dawn o'er Africa appears;
Then shall her neck from Europe's yoke be freed,
And healing arts to hideous arms succeed;
At home fraternal bonds her tribes shall bind,
Commerce abroad espouse them with mankind,
While truth shall build, and pure religion bless,
The church of God amidst the wilderness.

Nor in the isles and Africa alone
Be the Redeemer's cross and triumph known:
Father of Mercies! speed the promised hour;
Thy kingdom come with all-restoring power;
Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,
As round the world the ocean waters roll!
—Hope waits the morning of celestial light;
Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight;
Unchanging seasons have their march begun;
Millennial years are hastening to the sun;
Seen through thick clouds, by Faith's transpiercing eyes,
The New Creation shines in purer skies.
—All hail!—the age of crime and suffering ends;
The reign of righteousness from heaven descends;
Vengeance forever sheathes the afflicting sword;
Death is destroyed, and Paradise restored;
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with God, and God is All in All.

END OF THE FOURTH AND LAST PART.
NOTES.

PART I.

Note 1, page 3, line 6.—far as Niger rolls his eastern tide.—Mungo Parke, in his travels, ascertained that "the great river of the Negroes" flows eastward. It is probable, therefore, that this river is either lost among the sands, or empties itself into some inland sea, in the undiscovered regions of Africa.—See also Part II. line 64.

Note 2, page 7, line 4.—Denied to ages, but betrothed to me.—When the Author of The West Indies conceived the plan of this introduction of Columbus, he was not aware that he was indebted to any preceding poet for a hint on the subject; but, some time afterwards, on a second perusal of Southey's Madoce, it struck him that the idea of Columbus walking on the shore at sunset, which he had hitherto imagined his own, might be only a reflexion of the impression made on his mind long before, by the first reading of the follow-
ing splendid passage. He therefore gladly makes this acknowledgment, though at his own expense, in justice to the Author of the noblest narrative Poem in the English language, after the Faerie Queene, and Paradise Lost.

"When evening came, toward the echoing shore,
I and Cadwallon walk'd together forth;
Bright with dilated glory shone the west;
But brighter lay the ocean flood below,
The burnish'd silver sea, that heav'd and flash'd
Its restless rays intolerably bright.
"Prince!" quoth Cadwallon, "thou hast rode the waves
"In triumph when the Invader felt thine arm.
"O, what a nobler conquest might be won
"There,—upon that wide field!"—"What meanest thou?"
"I cried;—"That yonder waters are not spread
"A boundless waste, a bourne impassable;
"That thou shouldst rule the elements;—that there
"Might manly courage, manly wisdom find
"Some happy isle, some undiscover'd shore,
"Some resting place for peace. Oh! that my soul
"Could seize the wings of morning! soon would I
"Behold that other world, where yonder sun
"Now speeds to dawn in glory."
PART II.

Note 1, page 13, line 9.—*An eastern plant ingrafted on the soil.*—The cane is said to have been first transplanted from Madeira to the Brazils, by the Portuguese, and afterwards introduced by the Spaniards into the Charibbee Islands.—*See also line 21, below.*

PART II.

Note 1, page 25, line 23.—*To deeds of charity and words of truth.*—Dr. Winterbotham says, 'The respect which the Africans pay to old people is very great.—One of the severest insults which can be offered to an African is to speak disrespectfully of his mother.'—The negro race is perhaps the most prolific of all the human species. Their infancy and youth are singularly happy. The mothers are passionately fond of their children.'—Goldbury's Travels.—"Strike me," said my attendant, "but do not curse my mother."
—The same sentiment I found universally to prevail.—One of the first lessons in which the Mandingo women instruct their children is the practice of truth.—It was the only consolation for a negro mother whose son had been murdered by the Moors, that the
poor boy had never told a lie.’—Parke's Travels. 'The description of African life and manners that follows, and the song of the Negro's daughters, are copied without exaggeration from the authentic accounts of Mungo Parke.

Note 2, page 28, line 8.—Or headlong plunged alive into the main.—On this subject the following instance of almost incredible cruelty was substantiated in a court of justice.

In this year certain underwriters desired to be heard against Gregson and others of Liverpool, in the case of the ship Zong, Captain Collingwood, alleging that the captain and officers of the said vessel threw overboard one hundred and thirty-two slaves alive into the sea, in order to defraud them, by claiming the value of the said slaves, as if they had been lost in a natural way. In the course of the trial, which afterwards came on, it appeared that the slaves on board the Zong were very sickly; that sixty of them had already died; and several were ill, and likely to die, when the captain proposed to James Kelsal, the mate, and others, to throw several of them overboard, stating, "that if they died a natural death, the loss would fall upon the owners of the ship, but that, if they were thrown into the sea, it would fall upon the underwriters." He selected, accordingly, one hundred and thirty-
two of the most sickly of the slaves. Fifty-four of these were immediately thrown overboard, and forty-two were made to be partakers of their fate on the succeeding day. In the course of three days afterwards the remaining twenty-six were brought upon deck, to complete the number of victims. The first sixteen submitted to be thrown into the sea, but the rest, with a noble resolution, would not suffer the officers to touch them, but leaped after their companions, and shared their fate.

The plea which was set up in behalf of this atrocious and unparalleled act of wickedness, was, that the captain discovered, when he made the proposal, that he had only two hundred gallons of water on board, and that he had missed his port. It was proved, however, in answer to this, that no one had been put upon short allowance; and that, as if Providence had determined to afford an unequivocal proof of the guilt, a shower of rain fell, and continued for three days, immediately after the second lot of slaves had been destroyed, by means of which they might have filled many of their vessels* with water, and thus have prevented all necessity for the destruction of the third.

Mr. Sharpe was present at this trial, and procured the attendance of a short-hand

*It appeared that they filled six.
writer to take down the facts which should come out in the course of it. These he gave to the public afterwards. He communicated them also, with a copy of the trial, to the Lords of the Admiralty, as the guardians of justice upon the seas, and to the Duke of Portland, as principal minister of state.—No notice, however, was taken by any of these of the information which had been thus sent them.'—Clarkson's History of the Abolition, &c. p. 95—7.

Note 3. page 28, line 16.—The earth-devouring anguish of despair.—The negroes, sometimes, in deep and irrecoverable melancholy waste themselves away, by secretly swallowing large quantities of earth. It is remarkable that 'earth-eating,' as it is called, is an infectious, and even a social malady:—plantations have been occasionally almost depopulated, by the slaves, with one consent, be-taking themselves to this strange practice, which speedily brings them to a miserable and premature end.

Note 4. page 31, line 2.—Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.—See Note 2.

Note 5. Ibid. line 3.—Lives there a reptile baser than the slave? &c.—The character of the Creole Planter here drawn is justified both by reason and fact: it is no monster of
imagination, though, for the credit of human nature, we may hope that it is a monster as rare as it is shocking. It is the double curse of slavery to degrade all who are concerned with it, doing or suffering. The slave himself is the lowest in the scale of human beings,—except the slave-dealer. Dr. Pinkard's Notes on the West Indies, and Captain Stedman's Account of Surinam, afford examples of the cruelty, ignorance, sloth, and sensuality of Creole planters, particularly in Dutch Guiana, which fully equal the epitome of vice and abomination exhibited in these lines.

Note 6, page 32, lines 23, 24. Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main. Hayti's barbarian hunters harrassed Spain. Alluding to the freebooters and buccaneers, who infested the Charibbean seas during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and were equally renowned for their valor and brutality.

Note 7, page 33, line 6.—The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell.—See Dallas's History of the Maroons, among the mountains of Jamaica; also, Dr. Mosely's Treatise on Sugar.

Note 8, page 34, line 3.—Nor in the majesty of storms alone, &c.—For minute and afflicting details of the origin and progress of the yellow fever in an individual subject, see Dr. Pinkard's Notes on the West Indies, Vol.
III. particularly letter XII. in which the writer, from experience, describes its horrors and sufferings.

PART IV.

Note 1, page 36, line 22.—His meek fore-runners waned and passed away, &c.—The context preceding and following this line, alludes to the old Bohemian and Moravian brethren, who flourished long before the reformation, but afterwards were almost lost among the protestants, till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when their ancient episcopall church was revived in Lusatia, by some refugees from Moravia. See Crantz's *Ancient and Modern History of the Brethren.* Histories of the missions of the Brethren in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies, have been published in Germany; those of the two former have been translated into English. See Crantz's *History of Greenland,* and Loskiel's *History of the Brethren among the Indians in North America.* It is only justice here to observe, that Christians of other denominations have exerted themselves with great success in the conversion of the negroes. No invidious preference is intended to be given to the Moravians; but, knowing them best, the author particularized this society.
NOTES.

Note 2, 38, line 23, 24.
In secret agony devoured the earth,
And while he spared his mother, cursed his birth.
See Notes 2 and 3, Part III.

Note 3, page 40, line 15.—When Sharpe, on proud Britannia's chartered shore, &c.—Granville Sharpe, Esq. after a struggle of many years, against authority and precedent, established in our courts of justice the law of the Constitution, that there are no slaves in England, and that the fact of a negro being found in this country is of itself a proof that he is a freeman.

Note 4. Ibid. line 19.—When Clarkson his victorious course began.—No panegyric which a conscientious writer can bestow, or a good man may receive, will be deemed extravagant for the modest merits of Mr. Clarkson; by those who are acquainted with his labors.—See his History of the Abolition, &c. two volumes, lately published.

Note 5. Ibid. line 26.—The new Las Casas of a ruined race.—The author of this poem confesses himself under many obligations to Mr. Wilberforce's eloquent letter on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, addressed to the Freeholders of Yorkshire, and published in 1807, previous to the decision of the question.
Las Casas has been accused of being a promoter, if not the original projector of the Negro Slave Trade to the West Indies. The Abbé Grégoire some years ago published a defence of this great and good man against the degrading imputation. The following, among other arguments which he advances, are well worthy of consideration.

The Slave Trade between Africa and the West Indies commenced, according to Herrera himself, the first and indeed the only accuser of Las Casas, nineteen years before the epoch of his pretended project.

Herrera (from whom other authors have negligently taken the fact for granted, on his bare word) does not quote a single authority in support of his assertion, that Las Casas recommended the importation of negroes into Hispaniola. The charge itself was first published thirty-five years after the death of Las Casas. All writers antecedent to Herrera, and contemporary with him, are silent on the subject, although several of these were the avowed enemies of Las Casas. Herrera's veracity on other points is much disputed, and he displays violent prejudices against the man whom he accuses. It may be added, that he was greatly indebted to him for information as an historian of the Indies.

In the numerous writings of Las Casas himself, still extant, there is not one word in favor of slavery of any kind, but they abound
with reasoning and invective against it in every shape; and among his eloquent appeals and comprehensive plans on behalf of the oppressed Indians, there is not a solitary hint in recommendation of the African Slave Trade.—He only twice mentions the negroes through all his multifarious writings: in one instance he merely names them as living in the islands, (in a manuscript in the national Library at Paris;) and in the same work he proposes no other remedy for the miseries of the aboriginal inhabitants, than the suppression of the repartimentos, or divisions of the people, with the soil on which they were born. In another memorial, after detailing at great length the measures which ought to be pursued for the redress of the Indians, (the proper opportunity, certainly, to advocate the Negro Slave Trade, if he approved of it,) he adds,—'The Indians are not more tormented by their masters and the different public officers, than by their servants and by the negroes.'

The original accusation of Las Casas, translated from the words of Herrera, is as follows:—'The licentiate Bartholomew Las Casas, perceiving that his plans experienced on all sides great difficulties, and that the expectations which he had formed from his connexion with the High Chancellor, and the favorable opinion the latter entertained of him, had not produced any effect, projected other expedients, such as, to procure for the
Castilians established in the Indies a cargo of negroes, to relieve the Indians in the culture of the earth and the labor of the mines; also to obtain a great number of working men, (from Europe,) who should pass over into those regions with certain privileges, and on certain conditions, which he detailed.

Let this statement be compared with Robertson's most exaggerated account, avowedly taken from Herrera alone, and let every man judge for himself, whether one of the most zealous and indefatigable advocates of freedom that ever existed, while he contended earnestly for the liberty of the people, born in one quarter of the globe, labored to enslave the inhabitants of another region, and, in his zeal to save the Americans from the yoke, pronounced it to be lawful and expedient to impose one still heavier on the Africans.'—Robertson's History of America, Vol. I., Part III. But the circumstance connected by Dr. Robertson with this supposed scheme of Las Casas is unwarranted by any authority, and makes his own of no value. He adds,—'the plan of Las Casas was adopted. Charles V. granted a patent to one of his Flemish favorites, containing an exclusive right of importing four thousand negroes into America.' Herrera, the only author whom Dr. Robertson pretends to follow, does not, in any place, associate his random charge against Las Casas with this acknowledged and
most infamous fact. The crime of having first recommended the importation of African slaves into the American islands is attributed, by three writers of the life of Cardinal Ximenes (who rendered himself illustrious by his opposition to the trade in its infancy) to Chierres, and by two others to the Flemish nobility themselves, who obtained the monopoly aforementioned, and which was sold to some Genoese merchants for 25,000 ducats: and they were the first who brought into a regular form that commerce for slaves, between Africa and America, which has since been carried on to such an amazing extent.'—It is unnecessary to say more on this subject. A translation of Gregoire's defence of Las Casas was published in 1803, by H. D. Symonds, Paternoster Row.

Note 6, page 42, line 20.—And his last signal beaming o'er the main.

'England expects every man to do his duty.'