



THE

PENITENTIAL TYRANT;

OR,

Blind Greed's Misfortune.

from the

PATHETIC POEM,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY THOMAS BRANAGAN.

THE SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.

"AM I NOT A MAN, AND A BROTHER?"



ALL

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DESCRIPTION
OF
The Frontispiece.

It is intended as a contrast between Practical Slavery and Professional Liberty, and suggests to the citizens of the American States the following important distich:

“ Sons of Columbia, hear this truth in time,
He who allows oppression shares the crime.”

The temple of Liberty, with the motto of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, which would as well become her sister states, is displayed; the Goddess, in a melancholy attitude, is seated under the Pillar of our Independence, bearing in her hand the Sword of Justice surmounted by the Cap of Liberty, while one foot rests on the Cornucopia, and the Ensigns of America appear at her side. She is looking majestically sad on the African Slaves, landed on the shores of America, who are brought into view, in order to demonstrate the hypocrisy and villainy of professing to be votaries of liberty, while, at the same time, we encourage, or countenance, the most ignoble slavery.

TO THE READER.

CONSTITUTIONAL

The subject of the following pages being of a nature so very important and interesting, we have been induced to swell it beyond what was at first contemplated, and have inserted, towards the close, several pieces that have presented, so beautifully descriptive, that we could not refuse them a place ; but should we add all the matter that is good which has been or might be written on this painful theme, instead of a small pocket volume, we should fill huge folios, and not a few ; for SLAVERY is in itself so inconsistent, that it seems strange it ever should have had a defender, or its cause should have been espoused by any human being, who had only sense enough to distinguish light from darkness, right from wrong, or happiness from misery. It debases the noble creature man, created but a little below the angels, and reduces him to a level almost with the brutes. SLAVERY, hateful to God and man, and, in my estimation, the greatest evil under the sun, and

inflicted by Americans, the most favoured people, and, may I not say, the most enlightened and highest in profession of liberty and christianity, must render us the most inexcusable, and draw down, unless expiated by sincere repentance and undoing heavy burdens, the just indignation of Him who does not even let a sparrow fall without his notice : and can we suppose, that his noble creature man shall be trampled on, and the oppressor suffered to pass with impunity? If we can suppose so, our opinion must be very despicable of the Omnipotent Ruler of the Universe. But is it not very conspicuous, that his anger is kindled ; for what is the plague frequently let loose in our borders, and many other distressing, alarming, and truly humiliating things, both by sea and land, threatening us? And who, that is not judicially blind, can not discover the finger of an avenging God, in the greatest curse that ever befel this country—**ACCIDENT SPIRITS**, the very produce of slavery, which is our greatest scourge.

But a little hope beams on the mind. Since the following sheets were put to press, the very important question has been decided. Enough of virtue has appeared in the council, to declare, that no slave shall be imported after the last day of the present

year. But, Oh! the many heart rending scenes, the fruits of avarice, that must occur in the intermediate space, unless by Divine interposition prevented.

You that are parents, husbands, wives, and children, make the case your own.—Twice, within twelve months, there have at a time been about two thousand, in a neighbouring state, of these poor devoted children of affliction, advertised in the public prints, for sale, under the appellation of prime Congo Negroes, prime Windward Negroes, &c.

Here, reader, pause for a moment, and reflect what a mass of misery! Every one of those poor individuals (exclusive of his own distress) in leaving his or her dear and native country, probably left an aged father, a tender mother, a loving husband or wife, an affectionate brother or sister, or dear children to mourn his or her friend and relative; gone not only never to return, but gone into perpetual slavery; and, perhaps, many of them the chief support of dear connexions, who now must suffer for the lack of their attention.

What abundant cause do we, while guilty of such cruelty, administer to the heathen to blaspheme that Holy Name, by which we profess to be saved, if ever we

are saved ; for natural must be the conclusion ; if these are the faithful servants of a crucified Christ ; if these are his commands, he must be a cruel tyrant. But, blessed be the great and Holy One, they are not his commands, they are the genuine fruits of sordid avarice, they are direct antipodes. His commands are, "*Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*"

Pleasing, indeed, must it be to those who are alive to the feelings of another's woe, that the time is fixed for a final termination of the iniquitous commerce : but this is but one step, *slavery must be abolished*, and, no doubt, it will come to an end. I am fully persuaded, that it is the determination of Heaven so to be ; and we need not expect to be blessed, or that his correcting hand will spare, unless we are obedient ; and how much better cheerfully to resign to his will, than to be scourged into a compliance. The times are big with important events, great commotions are in the earth, nature seems as it were shocked to the centre, and endures the pangs of parturition ; a birth will be produced, which, in my opinion, will, through Divine interposition, be the civil and religious rights of man.

Man was made to be happy : it is his duty to be so : and it is incumbent on him, to use his best endeavours, to make his fellow-creatures so, without distinction of name, nation, or colour ; and, doubtless, he who most honestly and faithfully uses the faculties and means he may be blessed with, to augment the general mass of happiness, must be most acceptable in the sight of a just and impartial Creator and *vice versa*.

I love my country, I always have loved it ; but for this cause, shall I cruelly treat one of another country. God forbid ! I am a citizen of the world, and a candidate for heaven ; where, I am confident, whoever, by obedient walking, is so happy as to arrive, will never be interrogated in respect to his nation, colour, or profession, for God is no respecter of persons.

I wish that all distinction of parties might be done away. We are all the offspring of the same Universal Parent. How much better would it be, if, instead of teaching our children to regard every other nation or profession, as inferior to ourselves and out of the way, we should take pains to instruct them, that he has other sheep, not of this fold, spread over the whole earth, in every country, and among every people ;

and that virtue only is to be respected, and vice despised, wherever found; whether arrayed in gold, or clothed in rags; whether in one that wields a sceptre, or begs his bread.

With what a smile of contempt must the judicious foreigner view, on the floor of the capitol, an American slave-holder expatiating on the cause of liberty, virtue, and patriotism, especially when he reflects, that the main tenet, or, as it were, the cornerstone, (may I not rather say the whole fabric) of the religion he professes is simply the divine command already mentioned; and when he looks back to the time “that tried men’s souls;” when they could resolve, “We will neither import nor purchase any slave, imported after the first day of December next (1775), after which, we will wholly discontinue the slave-trade; and will neither be concerned in it ourselves, nor will we hire our vessels, or sell our commodities or manufactures, to those who are concerned in it;” and, in their solemn, unequivocal, positive, and pointed declaration of independence,

“We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights; that among these, are life,

liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ;” when he views this declaimer in the cause of liberty, &c. when he views our public prints, offering human beings for sale, (and frequently inserted, “for no fault”); when, after a lapse of thirty years, he sees the thirteen stripes stoop so low, in such a base and ignoble traffic, as to waft from their native homes, from every thing near and dear in this life, thousands of (as to us) inoffensive beings ; with what disgust must he turn away from such a hypocritical people ; and say, well might one of their modern writers exclaim, “ I tremble for my country, when I reflect that God is just ; that his justice cannot sleep forever ;” for, surely, indeed, “ we cannot form to ourselves an idea of an object more ridiculous than an American patriot signing declarations of independence with one hand, and with the other brandishing his whip over his affrighted slave.”

TYRANNY consists in will and actions, not in power, for a man may be as complete a tyrant over one, as one hundred millions. Slavery and tyranny are completely inseparable ; for, remove one, and the other ceases. There cannot be a slave without a tyrant ; for, if the conduct of the master is such, as to do away the appellation of tyrant, of

course, that of slave must subside. But he that holds another man in bondage against his will, and that not for his good or comfort, does not do as he would be done by; and, of course, must be a tyrant: and it appears a self-evident truth, that no man who holds a slave ought to be intrusted with a post, either great or small, among a free people.

“ Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
 And men that they are brethren? Why delight
 In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
 Of nature, that should knit their souls together
 In one soft bond of amity and love?”

THE PUBLISHER.

COMPENDIOUS MEMOIRS

OF

The Author.

THE reader, no doubt, will be desirous to gain some information respecting the writer of the subsequent poem, and the author is as desirous (though the limits of his plan will scarce allow it), to depict, at least, some of the adventures he met with, and to express the goodness of the Almighty to him, through the whole course of his life. With this view, therefore, he introduces the following particulars respecting himself, which, on any other occasion, would neither be sufficiently important nor momentous to merit relation.

It is his particular wish to promote the honour and glory of his Creator, in which delightful employment he hopes to be engaged to all eternity. At this time, he feels a consolatory expectation, that, while mortals on earth are perusing those simple remarks, respecting the unutterable mercies

and favours of the munificent King of Heaven conferred upon him at former periods, he will be verbally expressing, with wonder and astonishment, the same delightful, the same exhilarating theme, in company with the first born sons of glory in heaven.

The author has studied brevity in the following work. It is not his aim to display his talents (which, in his estimation, are small); but to portray the goodness of God and his own unworthiness. He is conscious of many literary imperfections in the following pages, yet, he trusts, they will be overlooked by the candid reader. The censure of critics is not deprecated, nor their plaudits solicited. That Almighty Being who is at once great in goodness, and good in greatness, and who reads the motives, and rewards the sincere intentions of his people, not according to the magnitude, but the purity of their offerings: I say, that Almighty Being, to whom this performance is MOST HUMBLY DEDICATED, I trust will graciously accept (although imperfect) the well meant endeavours of an atom of his creation.

MY father, Thomas Branagan, who was a person of property and respectability in the city of Dublin, where I was born, Dec. 28,

1774, took great pains to give me a good education, but in vain; for, though he gave me in charge to the best teachers, I continued what is generally called a dunce, among my school-fellows, while many of them became proficient in literature: and the only cause I can assign, was the cruelty of the usher of a seminary to which I was sent, who used frequently to strike me upon the head on the most trivial occasions; and, in short, stupified me in such a manner, that I have been unable to repeat my lesson to him through dread and intimidation, when I had previously repeated it verbatim to my school-fellow: hence, I have frequently thought, that the most immoral character is as fit to be a teacher for youth, as a cruel and unfeeling man.

When about five years of age, I was bereaved of an affectionate mother, which was a great loss. During the early part of my life, I frequently felt tender impressions of a divine nature upon my mind, and often (though very young) have made the resolution, that when enabled to accumulate riches, I would present half to the Almighty, by distributing it amongst the poor, and administering to their necessities, as I thought this the most efficacious method of pleasing him. As all my relations were

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Roman Catholics, I was brought up very strictly in that belief, and frequently went to confess my sins to the priest; and even kept a book in which I particularized them, in order to relate them with the more facility to my confessor: in this, as well as many other respects, I was truly a little zealous devotee.

When I was about thirteen years of age, I would not rest satisfied till my father permitted me to take a voyage on board the brig *Belia* (of which he was part owner) bound for Whitehaven, in England. I was extremely sea-sick, it being my first voyage, but that sickness, with all the dangers incident to a mariner's life, could not abate the cogent propensities I felt to see foreign countries. My father endeavoured to call my attention to literary pursuits, but in vain, for I afterwards made several voyages to Whitehaven, which only tended to increase the desire I entertained to see the world.

On my return from one of these voyages, I obtained my father's consent to sail from Dublin, on board the brig *Brothers*, Capt. Wallace, bound for Seville, an ancient city of Andalusia, in Spain, situated in a fertile country, on the river Guadalquivir, and stands 50 miles N. E. of the port town of St. Lucar, 200 N. E. of Cadiz, and up-

wards of 70 S. W. of Madrid. We returned home with a cargo of fruit, after a boisterous passage through the bay of Biscay, and a short voyage.

After remaining at home for some time, I made a voyage to Chester, in England, for a load of timber, which we landed at Ayr, in Scotland: but, on our return, the vessel was stranded on the rocks, and sunk; in consequence of which, I returned to Dublin, in the brig Russel, Capt. Kirkwood; and, in the same vessel, sailed for Petersburg, a large and handsome city, the capital of Russia, built by Peter the Great, in the year 1703. This city is of prodigious extent, and contains upwards of 60,000 houses, great and small. It is seated on an island, which lies in the middle of the river Neva. The worst of this place is, that it is not high enough to escape inundations, which have occasioned vast sums of money to be expended. When the inhabitants perceive a flood is coming on, they make dykes before their houses, to keep out the water. Trade flourishes greatly here, because it is the seat of government, and foreigners have the same privileges as the natives of the place. On our passage, we touched at Elsinore and Copenhagen, the principal cities of Denmark, and arrived safe at our destined port, without meet-

ing with any event worthy of notice. We took in a cargo of hemp and iron at Cronstadt, twelve miles west of Petersburg, situated on the island of Retusari, on the gulf of Finland, and has a good harbour, which is the station of the Russian fleet, with the magazines of naval stores. After completing our cargo, we proceeded for Dublin, and arrived safe, after experiencing a most tremendous gale of wind, by which we were driven into Norway.

On my return home, I went to school for several months, till the eager propensity to travel again, was predominant; and after much entreaty on my side, and getting an intimate friend of my father's to solicit for my permission to take another voyage, he at length consented, and I embarked on board the brig Nancy, commanded by Capt. Brown, bound for Memel, a populous town of Prussia, in Poland, where we arrived safe, took in a cargo of timber, and returned to Portaferry, in Ireland, where I left this vessel, being ill-treated, and travelled by land to Belfast, and traded from thence to Londonderry and Carrickfergus in a small sloop, for some months; afterwards I sailed for Liverpool, and from thence to Dublin.

Previous to my arrival, Capt. Brown had informed my father of my leaving the

brig, who reprimanded me severely for not giving him previous notice of my intention. I was so irritated at the reproof, that, in a few days after, I left my relatives and friends, without their knowledge or consent, and went to Liverpool, having heard that a smart lad of moderate education and industrious habits, might get an eligible situation and good wages, to sail out of that port.

My circumstances on my arrival in Liverpool by no means equalled my wants, and the potent stimulus of necessity urged me to redouble my efforts to get a berth as a sailor; which soon offered on board of the *Elleh*, a Guineaman, Capt. Clark, who proved to be a very moderate man to his sailors, which was a phenomenon indeed, as the captains who trade to Guinea, are, in general, the most unprincipled villains in existence: their cruelty to their sailors, as well as their slaves, is truly inconceivable, of which the brevity of my plan forbids me to attempt to relate, much less declaim on the iniquity of the slave trade—this I have already endeavoured to do in the most copious manner.*

* See "Preliminary Essay on the Oppression of the Exiled Sons of Africa," and "Avenia, a Tragic Poem." on the same subject.

We sailed from Liverpool A. D. 1790, and after a passage of two or three months, frequently stormy and sometimes becalmed, we arrived on the windward coast of Africa. After trading with the natives about half a year, and during that time visiting several parts of the coast, and ascending many miles up some of the rivers, particularly the Reyopongo, for the purpose of trading for slaves, we completed our cargo, and prepared for sailing, having watered at the Isles of Delos. These islands, about nine in number, afford the best harbours and anchorage for the Guinea traders, lying in 12 d. 30 m. south latitude.

Were I to give a circumstantial account of all the adventures I met with, while on the coast of Africa (being cockswain, consequently mostly on shore, or trading hundreds of miles up the rivers), such an account, with a description of the natives, and the fertility of the country, could scarce be contained in a folio volume, and would perhaps be too romantic for the seriousness of our present discussion: my object being merely to point out the goodness of God for the encouragement of my fellow sinners. However, I will here relate an adventure I met with while on the coast, which proved to a demonstration the hospitality of the

natives, who are treated with such inhumanity by Europeans.

Being solicited by some traders to leave the ship, and remain with them, I agreed to the proposal, having had some altercation with the chief mate about that time. Accordingly, the next time I went ashore (in expectation of soon realizing a fortune), I ran from the boat, and soon made the best of my way inland. When the boat returned without me, the captain and ship's company were surprised, and he went immediately on shore himself, and, for a keg of rum, engaged four hunters to pursue and bring me back. I continued to wander through the woods for a considerable time, till I met with a few negroes in a small hut, feeding on boiled rice; having entered, they very kindly invited me to partake with them, which I did, and proceeded on my way through a lonely forest, occasionally eating the spontaneous fruits thereof. After travelling some time, I arrived at a small cottage, and thinking myself out of danger, I stopped, being very cordially received by the negroes, who treated me with the utmost kindness, making me as welcome in their rural abode, as if I had been a dear friend or relative. In this situation I continued till I was alarmed by a body of the

natives, who were in pursuit of me ; to run or resist, I found was in vain—I therefore informed them by signs, that I would return without opposition. I accompanied them with terror and dismay, and after travelling for some time, recognized our vessel anchored close in shore, and shortly after, with confused sensations, I found myself in the presence of the captain, who reprimanded me severely for eloping from the ship, which, to my no small disappointment, was the only punishment he inflicted upon me....I was thus under the necessity of relinquishing my ideas of fortune, and returning to the duties of my situation on board the ship.

Our cargo being completed, we sailed from the Isles of Delos, and shaped our course for Grenada, with such a number of slaves on board, that there was not room for the sailors below, who were obliged to sleep on deck, we arrived at our destined port, after encountering tremendous gales of wind, with a variety of events peculiar to such voyages, which the brevity of my plan will not allow me to particularize.

After disposing of our cargo, the vessel was sold, part of my shipmates returned to Europe, while the rest, with myself, continued in the West Indies. Shortly after I

went to the island of St. Bartholomew's, and took boarding with one of the inhabitants, into whose hands I deposited all the money I made on my voyage to Africa, in order, as I thought, that it might be more secure; and indeed he kept it secure enough, for I never received one farthing of it afterwards. This was only one of several instances, wherein I have been defrauded by men through my confidence in their integrity, as I always think men honest, till I prove them to the contrary. Though I was thus apparently unfortunate in a temporal view, yet with unutterable gratitude, I declare to the glory of God, that he was gracious to me in a spiritual sense; for, during my voyage to Africa, and antecedent, as well as subsequent, I frequently felt the dawnings of divine grace raising its celestial influence on the altar of my uninformed mind. He who was, is, and ever will be, the orphan's father and the stranger's friend, never suffered me to want, either health, food, or raiment, in my juvenile travels through strange nations, kingdoms, cities, &c.

The next voyage I made was to St. Eustatia, the chief island belonging to the Dutch in the West-Indies, containing about 5000 whites and 15000 negroes. I embarked here on board the sloop Peggy, for

Savannah (Georgia), and returned, (after escaping many alarming dangers; on the American coast), to Montserrat, and from thence to St. Christopher's. After trading from island to island, for a considerable time, I entered on board a schooner belonging to Surinam, and sailed in the Dutch government's service for several months, particularly to Cayenne, and the river Merewine, in the latitude of 5 deg. which penetrates to the interior several hundred miles. The Dutch had a garrison here, whom we supplied with provisions. In this place, I saw those wildly rude and romantic beauties that surround this river, together with the numerous kinds of quadrupeds that abound here. Tigers, deer, baboons, monkeys, &c. are found in the woodlands, on each side of this river; the sea abounds with fish of various descriptions, alligators (one of which I killed), as well as sea-cows, are also very numerous.

During our stay here, some of my shipmates and myself, went on shore to cut wood, for our own use, where I was left to take care of the boat, which had a sail hoisted. Being stimulated by curiosity, I hauled the boat a little on the beach, and went after my companions. On my way, I looked back towards the place where I had left the boat, and, to my no small astonishment,

perceived her sailing before the wind, a blast from the shore having carried her some distance. I stripped myself immediately, and swam after her, expecting to overtake her, but soon found that she made the most progress of the two. After following the boat for a considerable time, I was caught where two eddy tides met, when a monstrous sea-cow arose on the surface of the water, and snorted, at the distance of about two yards from me; being exceedingly terrified, and almost exhausted, I was on the point of sinking, when the captain of the garrison, who had been observing me with a spy-glass, and seeing my perilous situation, sent a canoe with four men to my assistance, who picked me up fainting with terror, and exhausted with fatigue.

From this place I sailed once more for Grenada, on board the sloop Betsey, Captain Gilbert, and afterwards proceeded to the Bahama islands, in the West-Indies, lying to the north of Cuba and St. Domingo, called by the Spaniards, Lucayos. The Bahamas are said to be five hundred in number, some of them are only rocks, others very low and narrow, or little spots of land on a level with the water's edge; but twelve of them are large and fertile. Five of them only are inhabit-

ed, viz. Providence, Harbour, Eluthera, Cat, and Exuma. Leaving these islands, we sailed for Jamaica, and from thence to the bay of Honduras. After touching at several parts on the Spanish Main, we arrived at Bermuda, where our vessel belonged, with a load of mahogany. My wages during the time I sailed with Capt. Gilbert, amounted to about 60 or 70 dollars, of which I never received a cent, being defrauded by him out of the whole, and thus left in a strange place, entirely destitute. Seeing no better prospect, I entered on board of an English privateer, that carried 10 guns and 60 men, which cruized off Cape François and Port-au-Prince: and when the French people made their escape from the ravages of the blacks, on board of American vessels (it being soon after the negroes confederated for the purpose of subjugating the whites), we uniformly captured and plundered them of all their property. Thus they ran from the raging fire into the jaws of the rapacious lion.

While cruising on board this privateer, we met with a tremendous hurricane, which had nearly put an end to our piratical career, and given us a mittimus to the prison from whence there is no redemption: in short, we were saved merely by cutting away our main mast, while the vessel was on the point

of upsetting. After the storm was nearly over, I fell from the jib-boom, while clearing the wreck, and could not be nearer meeting a watery grave than I was at that time. Next day, we rigged a jury mast, and shaped our course for Bermuda, with the booty which we had plundered from unfortunate wretches, whom we ought to have protected, instead of pillaging in such an unrelenting manner.

During the time of our cruise, that God who had ever kept his protecting hand about me, and who had rescued me from many imminent dangers, mercifully bestowed his grace and choicest benedictions upon me, though only an enlightened heathen, without a religious person to advise or direct me, and with no theological knowledge, except as it respects the ceremonies of the Church of Rome. I have very often separated myself from my shipmates, and prayed with penitential sorrow and lively gratitude to the Almighty Parent of Good; and frequently when upon the topmast, or some other sequestered part of the vessel, thus praying to the Lord, my heart has been cheered with his exhilarating love. Indeed, during the time of the hurricane which we experienced, when we expected every moment to be our last, I felt no fear of death, but an unshaken confidence in the Lord.

Though I was young at this time, yet I frequently thought that the profession of a privateersman was incompatible with the principles of moral rectitude, and no better than a genteel piracy, and accordingly resolved to relinquish the wages of iniquity, and shun the devious paths of unrighteousness, as unjust in the sight of God, and in the estimation of all good men. On our arrival at Bermuda, I immediately left the privateer, without receiving a penny of prize-money, which amounted to a considerable sum, having captured some rich prizes during our cruise.

After remaining a few weeks in Bermuda, I sailed on board a flag of truce for Hispaniola, with a number of French persons, whom the Bermudian privateers had previously robbed, and sent wretched and penniless back to anticipate all the horrors of anarchy and intestine commotion. From this place, I sailed, in the same vessel, to St. Vincent's; and, after visiting several islands of the West-Indies, I settled on an estate called the Villa, in Antigua, as an overseer, being then about twenty years of age. In this situation, I continued several months, and then engaged on a larger plantation as an under overseer, and soon after was advanced to be chief one, in which station, I continued upwards of two years.

As a description of the island of Antigua may not prove unacceptable to the majority of my readers, I shall here introduce the following, to wit:—

“Antigua, or Antega, one of the Caribbee islands in the West-Indies, belonging to Great-Britain, is situated 60 miles to the eastward of Nevis and St. Christopher’s. It is almost circular, being about 20 miles long, and 18 broad. The soil is naturally rich, and when not checked by excessive droughts, to which Antigua is particularly subject, is very productive. The number of inhabitants, both white and black, seems to have decreased progressively. In 1774, the white inhabitants amounted to 2590, and the slaves to 37,808.—No island in the West-Indies can boast of so many excellent harbours; of these, the principal are English Harbour and St. John’s, both well fortified: and, at the former, is a royal navy yard and arsenal, with conveniences for careening ships of war. The military establishment generally consists of a regiment of infantry, and two of foot militia. There are, likewise, a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of artillery, both raised in the island; and the regulars receive additional pay, as in Jamaica. The governor, or captain-general, of the Leeward Caribbean Islands, generally resides in Antigua, but

visits occasionally each island within his government; and, in hearing and determining causes from the other islands, presides alone. He is chancellor of each island by his office; but in the causes arising in Antigua, he is assisted by his council, after the practice of Barbadoes; and the president, together with a certain number of the council, may determine chancery causes during the absence of the governor-general. The other courts of the island are a court of king's bench, a court of common pleas, and a court of exchequer. The church of the United Brethren has been very successful in converting to christianity many of the negro slaves of this and the other islands. The climate here is hotter than at Barbadoes, and, like that island, subject to hurricanes. The first grant of Antigua was made by Charles II. about 1663, to William, Lord Willoughby, of Parham, and three years after a colony was planted. It was surprised the same year by the French. It made no figure in commerce, till Col. Christopher Codrington, lieutenant-governor of Barbadoes, came and settled here in 1690. There happened a most terrible hurricane here in 1707, that did vast damage to this island and Nevis, more than to any of the Caribbee islands."

I continued about four years on this island,

during which time, I experienced a variety of adventures, the diversity and peculiarity of my employment being truly remarkable. I have often felt for the situation of the poor slaves, and took every opportunity to ameliorate their afflictions, in some measure, relieving their wants, though frequently in violation of orders I received, forbidding me to shew the least lenity or compassion to them in their sufferings. After being impressed with a sense of the villainy and barbarity of keeping human beings in such deplorable conditions as I often saw the slaves reduced to, I resolved to relinquish the situation I then held, though lucrative and advantageous. I was solicited very warmly by a number of religious friends in particular, and my acquaintances generally, to continue; but, being necessitated from conscientious motives, I gave up my situation, without any prospect of another, relying entirely on that Providence whom I endeavoured to please and obey. And I then resolved, that,

“ I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me...to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake...for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd:
No ;...dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price;
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.”

COWPER.

The evening prior to my departure from Antigua, I exhorted and prayed with, and for the slaves, and proceeded to take my last farewell, at which they seemed extremely affected, both old and young weeping bitterly; and, indeed, my own sensations on forsaking them, and a great number of respectable acquaintances and religious friends, may be better conceived than expressed; especially, when it is remembered, that in so doing, I threw myself upon an unfriendly world, and laid myself open to the innovation of many dangers seen and unseen, and gave up a certainty for an uncertainty; but “conscience commanded, and conscience I had to obey.”

Under the influence of the spirit of grace, and with a firm confidence in the protection of that God, who has promised, “never to forsake them that put their trust in him,” I was enabled thus to relinquish the sanguine prospects of worldly accumulation, and sailed for my native place, having some affairs of my father’s to settle, who had departed this life some years before. I arrived in Dublin, after a tedious passage, and eight years absence, and was received gladly by my relatives: but when they understood that I had forsaken the church of Rome, they persecuted me as an heretic, and defrauded me of my rights with impunity.

After remaining about a year in Dublin, I laid out my funds in purchasing some valuable articles, which I shipped on board the schooner *Dispatch*, Capt. Barry, bound for Philadelphia, who was cast away near the capes of Delaware. Thus was I reduced almost to a state of penury and want, in a strange country, having nothing left but a few clothes, my watch, &c. but the Almighty, who can change curses to blessings, and blessings to curses, made me ample amends spiritually for temporal losses. His goodness to me, in every respect, considering my own unworthiness, no tongue can express or imagination conceive: in short, I think that all the crosses I met with were truly blessings in disguise.

From the prefixed account of my voyages and adventures, the reader may ascertain, that I must have seen much cruelty exercised by adventurers from Europe over the poor Africans. Indeed, I may almost affirm, without passing the line of veracity, that mortal eloquence can never depict the cruel and shocking barbarities I have seen them endure. Having dwelt largely on this topic in my antecedent publications, I will be silent here, any farther than to correct a sentiment in my "*Preliminary Essay on the Oppression of the exiled Sons of Africa*," page 299, where I anticipated the pleasing, though

delusive hope, that the British parliament would abolish the slave trade, Mr. Wilberforce having previously brought in a bill for that purpose. But, alas ! after waiting with anxious solicitude to hear the joyful intelligence, of the prohibition of that iniquitous commerce, how great was my grief and disappointment to find that gentleman's philanthropic bill was rejected by the infatuated British cabinet, in so contemptuous and insulting a manner, as greatly to discourage the friends of the abolition from exerting their influence or abilities on the subject again : consequently, the fetters, the galling fetters of the unhappy Africans are hereby rivetted. All future questions respecting their natural rights, as men, must lie dormant, and the land and sea must again open to drink their innocent blood and receive their lacerated bodies. But neither the ocean nor the earth can conceal their blood (blood which cries to heaven for vengeance upon the British parliament) from the indignant eyes of a just and impartial God.

My readers will be ready to exclaim with one of old, "*There is treachery, Oh, Ahaziah !*" when they are informed that out of 600 members of parliament and upwards, (when the above bill, on the decision of which rested the peace and felicity of thousands now in existence, and millions yet un-

born), only 147 appear to have voted on this momentous question, which should have roused every feeling of humanity and national honour; which should have collected to the house every member in whose breast glowed the least particle of christianity, or even common honesty. “*Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised rejoice*” in the villainy, and guilty pretensions of a christian parliament, who by profession are the *defenders* of the *faith*, but in practice the traitors and tyrants of mankind.

Had the bill been, instead of abolishing slavery, intended to increase the influence of aristocracy; had it been intended to increase, and not to decrease, the miseries and degradation of a part of the human species; or, had the bill been for fixing the all-important subject, whether a farmer may shoot a partridge, or kill a hare, on his own land; then would the house have been crowded, and hundreds of heads would have been counted when a subject was discussed that concerned the sport of the nobility and gentry: but, alas! when the lives of millions of innocent Africans are the subject of investigation, little attention is paid, or commiseration even anticipated.

While I write these facts, I am almost ready to conceive myself in a reverie, and

exclaim in the language of unbelief and astonishment, "the intelligence is not true, it cannot be true," the most enlightened cabinet in the world will not, or cannot, act so inconsistently, so barbarously: would to heaven, my doubts had some foundation. Alas! the reverse is the case; not only devoted Africa, but thousands in Europe, and millions in Asia, feel the despotism of avaricious politicians: their measures consign, with impunity, thousands of families to death and destruction, while millions of poor unhappy orphans and widows are precipitated into a labyrinth of human wretchedness and misery: their measures kindle the flames of rebellion, and then they cry "havoc! and let slip the dogs of war." Unpitying, unrelenting, thoughtless, and indifferent to all their ravages and completed horrors: and yet, forsooth, votes of thanks sanction the cool-blooded assassins of millions of innocent Asiatics; and the deluded multitude like the Jews of old, by their concurrence, virtually say, "*their blood be upon us and our children for ever.*"—Surely the paganism of a Nero, the atheism of a Robespierre, the deism of a Voltaire, and the mahometanism of a Buonaparte, will be more tolerable at the day of judgment, than the christianity of those members of the

British parliament, who support and consolidate slavery.

In the course of the preceding memoirs, I have endeavoured, in the most brief and simple manner, to unfold a few of the chequered scenes of my life, at the same time, particularizing the paramount condescension and infinite compassion of the Almighty, to the most unfaithful, depraved, and unworthy of his creatures; and though it is to my own confusion and disgrace, I make this public confession, yet it is to the eternal glory of the grace and goodness of Heaven. The time has been when I would not have made this open acknowledgment upon any consideration, nor have affixed my name to such a desultory composition, as this undoubtedly is: at that time my primary object was to please mankind, and gain their applause, but it is now the reverse with me: I now delight in pleasing my best, my divine Benefactor, regardless of the censure of man—I am a living monument to demonstrate the unmerited, the undeserved, the boundless compassion and mercy of Heaven. The goodness of God is disinterested, is impartial, free for each, free for all, free for evermore; for our God is no respecter of persons.

Reflecting on the goodness of God to me and all the human family, from Adam to his youngest son, I am constrained to lay down my pen, unable to find language capable of depicting the thousandth part of his tenderness. Mortal eloquence, and even the eloquence of an angel, never could paint the mercies of my Redeemer, who brought me through the slippery paths of youth, and proved my friend, safeguard, and ample provider in foreign lands, where I had no friend to relieve, protect, or pity me: he likewise delivered me from ten thousand dangers, seen and unseen, which none but the arm of God could do; and the greatest of all blessings he conferred, in giving me a knowledge of my own insignificance and wretchedness, his all-sufficiency and righteousness, and the unutterable excellency of the covenant of grace manifested for the salvation of sinners through the atoning Saviour. When I take a retrospective view of his mercies to me, I am constrained to lay my hand upon my breast, and, with silent astonishment and tears of unfeigned gratitude, to wonder and adore: indeed the extent of his goodness to me, cannot, and will not, be developed "till rolling years shall cease to move." Hence, for me to attempt to express the extent of my compassionate Redeemer's condescension and clem-

ency, is like attempting to pluck the sun from its orbit with my hand. If I cannot tell my fellow christians here, all the mercies which I have received from the hand of a gracious God, yet with consolation I reflect, that I shall be enabled fully to declare in the regions of bliss, to astonished angels and enraptured saints, the wonders of redeeming love.

A considerable time prior to the period at which I relinquished my employment as a planter, after mourning and praying for salvation, by Christ, from the power of sin for years, and making covenants and vows in my own strength, and breaking them as soon as made, the gracious Redeemer had compassion upon me, and blessed me with a sense of his pardoning love and regenerating grace, when about 21 years of age. This was about four years after the spirit of God powerfully convinced me of the mediatorial office of Christ, in the following manner :—Being one day at hard labour on board of a sloop, at New-Providence, and under pungent conviction for sin, I prayed earnestly to the Almighty, with tears of penitential sorrow, to have compassion on me, desolate as I was, and rebuke my disorder. After I had done work, I laid down on some cedar posts, which were my only bed, and dreamed that I was by some means

conveyed imperceptibly to the temple of God, where, looking up, I thought I perceived his glory, like a mighty flame of golden light; and while I was gazing on the dazzling sight, I thought a venerable person, which I apprehended was the Son of God, gently placed his hand on my head, and supplicated the Eternal in the most importunate manner for me, in a way which language cannot express; and while he thus kept his hand upon my head, he interceded and fervently prayed for me. I seemed dissolved in joy, love, and gratitude, with the ecstasies of which I awoke. From that to the present period, the spirit of God has never left striving with me in a peculiar manner.

From the feeble attempt made in the preceding pages to display the goodness and free grace of God to the most undeserving of his creatures; the Jew, the Turk, and the Infidel, as well as the Christian, may see a glimpse of the unalterable mercy and the unbought and unmerited grace of our Lord and blessed Redeemer. His goodness manifested in our salvation, is a theme so copious and connected with ideas so matchless and profound, that to attempt a description, is to mock human conception. This topic remains a mystery, which the first-born sons of light cannot descry—which the

most eloquent and oratorical preachers cannot develope—which the most scientific reasoner never can comprehend, or the most accurate, popular, and descriptive author depict. After all that can be imagined by men individually, or that can be sung by angels collectively, the charming and exhilarating sentiments resulting from a Saviour's love, will remain unexhausted, for ever and ever. His riches are unsearchable, and his mercy and condescension are infinite, amazing, and divine.

As it is more than probable, this premature performance may fall into the hands of some readers who are unconcerned about the safety of their precious souls, as I once was, and who seldom, if ever, attend a place of worship, except to spend an idle hour, or mock the ambassador of the Almighty; and who, perhaps, never read a religious book, but in order to criticise: for the information of such, I will, in the name of the Lord, adduce a few brief observations, knowing that he frequently makes use of the weakest means to accomplish the greatest ends; and I sincerely wish that they may be beneficial to my unconverted reader's soul.

Notwithstanding my unworthiness, I have been favoured by the Almighty with his

best blessings, which shews, that he is no respecter of persons, but as willing and as able to save poor sinners now, as ever, however magnified their sins have been; for remember, reader, your transgressions are only the transgressions of a mortal man, but the satisfactory atonement is that of the immortal God. Perhaps, you are one of those infatuated sinners, that are so absurd as to hope to go to heaven, and yet live as if they were never to die, and as if they had not to answer to a just and holy God for their iniquitous actions: if so, I would ask, Why expect to gain heaven, when scripture declares that "*the hope of the wicked shall perish*?" Why hope for heaven hereafter, when you have no pleasure here in any thing heavenly? Why hope to reign with the children of God above, when you shun and despise their company below? The bare pretension is truly the first-born of absurdities. Shall the sons of heaven be banished from their primeval residence on account of their impurity; and will the degenerate and contaminated sons of earth be so preposterous as to expect to be received into heaven with all their impurities and abominations? It is impossible.

Happiness, in a theological, philosophical, and political point of view, consists in the enjoyment of an object that is completely

suitable and satisfactory to our nature and desires; wherefore, as we were created by the God of Nature, for the express purpose of living to his glory here, and enjoying him hereafter in heaven; therefore, every thing that tends to facilitate this end, increases our happiness. Transitory fame, or sublunary riches, certainly is incapable of satisfying the cravings of an immortal soul, as millstones are incapable of satisfying the cravings of a hungry man, "*for, what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*" Our federal head, previous to his falling from his primeval rectitude, was indeed capacitated to enjoy paradisiacal felicity; to facilitate his perfect happiness, the munificent Creator robed the heavens with azure, sprinkled the blue vault with golden stars; the earth he carpeted with odoriferous flowers; the sylvan groves he crouded with beautiful and harmonious birds, who tuned their warbling throats, and charmed with their melody; the sun he crowned with beams of sacred light, and moderate heat;—in short, all the transcendent beauties and wonders of creation, conspired to present their homage and offer their services to the father of the human family. But to complete his happiness, the Creator condescended to bestow upon Adam his choicest

benediction, and crowned him with an understanding, full of light divine, love supreme, and holiness unsullied; and what greatly enhanced his pleasures was a perfect assurance in the complacency of Jehovah, in his communion and fellowship, the light of his countenance, and the smiles of his face. But, alas! man, by listening to the solicitation of wayward appetite, forfeited his blissful state, with all his posterity, and the earth was cursed for his transgression. It was as much impossible for Adam, after his fall, to find real happiness in earthly things, as it is for his posterity. His happiness was ultimately concentrated in the promised Messiah, who was ordained to redeem him and his family from the ruins of the fall. Here a boundless field of contemplation presents to our view, ideas respecting the super-excellence of the covenant of grace, which human language is utterly unable to develope.

It must appear clear and evident to the most unconcerned, that by the fatal unrighteousness of the first Adam, we were all destroyed, and by the righteousness and atonement of the second, we were all saved, if we comply with the requisitions of the gospel, for whoever will, "*may come and take of the waters of life freely.*" Thus, by the meritorious sufferings of Christ, we

are exonerated from past guilt, and capacitated for future holiness, being justified by his righteousness, and having our sins imputed to him who had no sin, and his righteousness by faith imparted unto us who have no inherent righteousness; consequently, Christ is very properly called, **THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.** What has the Redeemer done, or rather, what has he not done, that we might be saved from the ruins of the fall? If we, therefore, refuse to receive him as our prophet, priest, and king, I would ask, with the apostle to the Gentiles, "*How shall we escape, if we neglect such great salvation?*"

It is a stubborn fact, consolidated by scripture, reason, and common sense, that without holiness there can be no intellectual happiness, nor without virtue can peace be obtained; heaven is a nature as well as a place, therefore we must have a heavenly disposition, and be capacitated to participate celestial felicities there, before we can be admitted. Heaven to an unregenerate and unsanctified soul, would be the same as a magnificent palace to a polluted reptile, or a cabinet of jewels to a hungry monster. The celestial inhabitants would be no associates for such souls; their sonnets would be unknown and their extatic employments would be an insupportable toil and fatigue;

the hosannas of the blessed would linguals on their tongues; and their devotions would finally cease; the pleasures of the heavenly host would be pain; and the symphony of their harps would be harsh thunder in their ears. But it seems to be wasting time to enlarge in proving the futility of such hopes, and the absurdity of unregenerate sinners feeding themselves with such vain expectations: in fact, it is an insult to common sense, and must appear as plain as a b c, to those who do not wilfully shut their eyes against the light of divine truth.

Here I would earnestly beseech my reader to pause for a few moments, and take a retrospective view of his past life, and then ask himself the following interesting queries:—Who protected me while I lay in my mother's womb, and hung upon her breast? Who brought me up through the slippery paths of youth, and provided for my support, and delivered me from ten thousand dangers seen and unseen, incident to every one of Adam's family? Who provided for my support when I arrived at the age of maturity? and who has blessed me with health of body, and soundness of intellects, while thousands are bereaved of both?—The answer to these questions must be obvious. That gracious Redeemer who died for my sins, and arose for my justifi-

cation; and at this moment pleads my guilty cause at the right hand of his Father, and is now waiting to receive his returning prodigal.

And now, reader, can you, or will you, refuse to love and serve that God who has been so amazing gracious, and loved you so well as to lay down his life to redeem you from hell; for, "when we were yet without strength, in due time, Christ died for the ungodly?" If you can thus retrospect your past life, and feel no sentiments of thankfulness to your best friend and benefactor, pardon me, if I tell you plainly, that your ingratitude "calls for more plagues than vengeance has in store." I do not wish to denounce the terrors of the law, or deal out anathemas and penal sanctions, but would rather attempt to exhibit the tender love of a crucified Saviour, hoping that his goodness and mercy may lead men to repentance; for Christ has declared, that unless we repent, we shall assuredly be punished to all eternity.

"I had rather by the gospel, not the law,
By love and not restraint, my readers draw;
For fear but frightens minds, while love, like heat,
Exhales the soul to seek her native seat.
To threaten the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapt in his crimes against the storm prepar'd;
But when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts and throws his cumbersome cloak away.

Lightning and thunder, heaven's artillery,
 As harbingers before th' Almighty fly;
 These but proclaim his style, and disappear,
 "The stiller sound succeeds....and God is there."

I would beseech my unregenerate reader to remember, that while he is, peradventure, carelessly perusing these feeble remonstrances, the enemy of souls, who, "*as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour,*" may be earnestly planning his destruction; therefore, I would recommend him to consider how earnest the Redeemer was for the salvation of sinners, when he bowed his sacred head and died on bloody Calvary, in the act of purchasing salvation for lost man; and he is also as earnest now in pleading the cause of ungrateful sinners; the Holy Spirit is in earnest while alarming the culprit's guilty conscience, and waiting to help his infirmities, when he attempts to repent and believe the gospel; wherefore will you be unconcerned while your everlasting soul is at stake; listen to the still small voice—"Man thou art born to die, thou must soon leave behind thee all thy possessions, for others to enjoy; though thou art now proud and haughty, remember that worms shall shortly devour that body which thou so much prizest, while thy soul (if not clothed with Christ's righteousness) will be tormented for ever." This

is the voice of that God, who is nearer, and ought to be dearer, to thee than all thy earthly relatives; listen then to him who speaketh from heaven: it is not the voice of an enemy but your father,—your heavenly father, who calls you to your own happiness, and warns you to shun the dreadful abyss of misery before you. The majesty of heaven condescends to invite and entreat you by his word and spirit, to accept of the proffered salvation, and, also, from time to time, alarms you of your approaching death and dangerous situation. The Sovereign of the universe has sworn by all that is sacred and divine, that he will pardon the returning sinner, who lays down the weapons of his rebellion, and renounces all his vanities. The subsequent oath, as well as the antecedent declaration, is made by the same Almighty Being, for the encouragement of returning sinners—“*I am the Lord, gracious, merciful, long-suffering, abounding in goodness and truth, shewing mercy unto thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.*”.....Oh! that he would make these few and friendly hints a blessing even to one of my readers! then, indeed, I should have cause to consider my labour not to be in vain.

Perhaps these desultory memoirs cannot be concluded more agreeable to the reader, than by illustrating them with the following remarkable instance of the impartial mercy and unbounded goodness of the Almighty, exemplified in the conversion of POON JOSEPH, which has been perused by the author with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction.

A
SHORT ACCOUNT
OF
POOR JOSEPH.

A POOR half-witted man, nam'd Joseph, whose employment was to go on errands, and carry parcels; passing through the streets of London, one day heard singing in a place of worship: he went into it, having a parcel of yarn hanging over his shoulders—it was Dr. Calamy's meeting-house. A very polite, well-dressed audience surrounded the Doctor, who read that text in 1 Tim. i. 15, "*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.*" From this he preached, in the clearest manner, the ancient apostolic gospel—the contents of the faithful saying, viz. "That there is eternal salvation for the vilest sinner, solely through the worthiness of Jesus Christ, the God that made all things." "*Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many*

noble, are called," saith the apostle, "*But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.*" While the elegant assembly listlessly heard this doctrine, and if they were struck with any thing at all, it was only with a brilliant expression, or well-turned period, that dropt from the Doctor; Joseph, in rags, gazing with astonishment, never lifted his eyes off the preacher, but drank in with eagerness all he said;—and trudging homeward, was heard thus muttering to himself as he went along: "Joseph never heard this before. Jesus Christ, the God who made all things, came into the world to save sinners like Joseph; and this is true, it is a faithful saying."

Not long after this, Joseph was seized with a fever, and was dangerously ill; as he tossed upon his bed, his constant language was, "Joseph is the chief of sinners; but Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; and Joseph loves him for that." His neighbours, who came to see him, wondered to hear him always dwell on this, and only this. Some of the religious sort addressed him in this manner, "But what say you of your own heart, Jo-

seph; is there no token for God above, yet? No loving change there?—Have you closed in with Christ, by acting faith on him?”—“Ah! no,” said he. “Joseph can act nothing—Joseph has nothing to say for himself, but that he is the chief of sinners; seeing it is a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ who made all things, came to save sinners, why may not Joseph after all be saved?”—One man finding out where Joseph heard this doctrine, on which he dwelt so uniformly, and with such delight, went and asked Dr. Calamy to come and visit him. He came, but Joseph was now very weak, and had not spoken for some time. Though told of the doctor’s arrival, he took no notice of him; but, when the doctor began to speak to him, and as soon as he heard the sound of his voice again, he sprung instantly upon his elbow, and seizing him by the hand, exclaimed as loud as he could with his now feeble and trembling voice, “O sir! you are the friend of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I heard speak so well of him, and whom I love for what you said about him. Joseph is the chief of sinners, but it is a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ, the God who made all things, came to save sinners, and why not Joseph? O pray to that Jesus for me, that he may save me: tell him that Joseph thinks he loves him

for coming into the world to save such sinners as Joseph." The doctor prayed—when he concluded, Joseph thanked him most kindly. He then put his hand under the pillow and pulled out an old bag, in which were tied five guineas, and putting it into the doctor's hand (which he had kept all this time fast in his) he thus addressed him! "Joseph, in his folly, had laid up this to keep him in his old age; but Joseph will never see old age—take it, and divide it amongst the poor friends of the Lord Jesus, and tell them that Joseph gave it to them for his sake who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he is the chief." So saying, he reclined his head; his exertions in talking had been too much for him, —so that he immediately expired.

Dr. Calamy left the scene, but not without shedding many tears over Joseph, and used to tell this story afterwards, with much feeling, as the most affecting occurrence he ever met with.

THE
Penitential Tyrant,

A
PATHETIC POEM,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY THOMAS BRANAGAN.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

DEEPLY impressed with a sense of the importance of the subject of the following poem, sensible that I now address an enlightened public, and conscious of my unequal abilities, and their distinguished penetration, I write with much diffidence on my own part, and with great deference to them. However, confident of the rectitude of the cause for which I plead, I am emboldened to proceed, though well convinced that there are many obvious imperfections in this work, which would shrink from the scrutinizing eye of criticism, as an owl would from the face of day, or the twinkling light of the stars at the appearance of the radiant sun.

I do not expect any allowances to be made for unavoidable inaccuracies, by the sentimental despot or the conceited critic, who may happen to investigate this juvenile performance; but the judicious and generous of every description will, I am confident, not only make every allowance for local imperfections, but will kindly omit their critical remarks, especially, when

they are informed of the unfavourable circumstances under which I have laboured, in arranging this work, and preparing it for the press; which was chiefly during the moments appropriated for relaxation from domestic avocations.

Some critical readers may descry in this performance, the repetition of many sentiments already anticipated in my antecedent publications. Such sentiments, I may with propriety affirm, are so intrinsically momentous, that they can scarcely be too often repeated; and, indeed, they were borrowed from the following poem, as it was the first I attempted to compose, with only a very distant idea of publishing. It was a personal knowledge of the wretched fate of the exiled sons of Africa, which induced me, with reluctance, to commence author, though born with a love to poetry; but my diffidence was equal to that love, and no motive could induce me to expose my premature performances to the indiscriminate inspection of critics, but a well grounded belief, that it was my indispensable duty, as a man and a christian.

That the diction of the poem has been written in imitation of the ancients, I candidly confess, and conceive it the least of

my faults, as it is a practice peculiar to all writers, ancient and modern; for however pedantic authors may think the public should applaud whatever they produce, it is a stubborn fact, that there are scarcely any new thoughts now in the world, but what have been anticipated by men in different ages, and in different climes. Though this work was prepared hastily for the press, merely as a work that might do some good, and which could at any rate do no harm if published, yet there are many sublime sentiments copied literally, and some with variations, from my incomparable master, the Grecian bard: and, as a final answer to the animadversions of critics, who may be inclined to censure me for taking Homer for my model and pattern as a poet, I will here transcribe a paragraph applicable to this point.

“It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any epic poet, as in Homer,” says Pope, in his preface to the translation of Homer’s *Iliad*, page 6—9, “though all have assisted themselves with a great quantity out of his works: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master. They have followed him in every episode and part of

his story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises; and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his actions for those of Archimorus. If Ulysses visits the shades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are sent after him. If he be detained by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be sent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to their's. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon, and the taking of Troy, were copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason, with several others in the same manner."

If, therefore, the greatest and most celebrated authors have been allowed with impunity to copy the writers who preceded them, surely the same privilege may be al-

lowed the least, and most obscure. Yet I must say, the plan and arrangement of the subsequent poem are perfectly original. It is a well known fact, however unwilling pedantic writers may be to own it, that all authors, without exception, are dependent upon their predecessors for information.—Some can transpose more perfectly—can imitate more acutely than others, but all are nevertheless dependent. Indeed, a man of a remarkably retentive memory, may write the sentiments of authors he has read, without any references, which the judicious critic may recognize, although the writer may be ignorant of such sentiments being another's. In short, it is utterly impossible for any author, painter, musician, or mechanic, to become proficient in their several arts without imitation.

If the most censorious critic would candidly consider the motives by which I am influenced in taking up my pen to vindicate the cause of suffering humanity, would he but for one moment reflect on the cogent obligations I lie under so to do, these considerations would, no doubt, be able to shield me from the shafts of criticism. However, if good men approve of my philanthropic endeavours for the welfare of my cotemporaries, critics may disapprove

with the greatest welcome; the plaudits of men I do not solicit, and their sneers I do not deprecate; for I endeavour to be equally indifferent to transitory fame, as I am to mercenary accumulation, which any person may easily ascertain to be a fact, from the unsystematical arrangement of my writings, the simplicity of my style, and the desultory plainness of my phraseology. From these convincing circumstances, all that will may see that I am far from aspiring to the reputation of an author. The hereditary propensity in men, which induces them to grasp so eagerly after the fleeting shadow of fame, is truly vanity of vanities; yet men are as earnest to acquire applause here, as if they could live upon it hereafter for ever; for my own part, I expect more censure than praise, and indeed the former will be more beneficial than the latter, as it will be an antidote for the pride of the human heart. My aim is to exhibit the simple truth, undorned and unadulterated, confident that the candid will attend to facts rather than the arrangement of words, and the ingenious will consider imperfections in diction as beneath their critical investigation.

I think I am correct when I assert, that at the present crisis, no subject can be pre-

sented to the public eye more deserving of their serious attention than the present; our prosperity, nay our very existence as a nation, depends upon the question before us, viz. Whether slaves shall be imported into the American republic, till the planters of the South gain the sole sovereignty and preponderating influence in congress, or not? For instance, every cargo of slaves imported by the citizens of the South, not only enhances their riches, but increases their political influence; for, according to the constitution, *five* slaves in the South are equal to *two* citizens in the North, with respect to the rights of suffrage.

When I consider the revival of the slave trade in the American republic, in a political, theological, or philosophical point of view, I must come to this conclusion, that it is to the body politic what the yellow fever is to an individual. Every slave ship that arrives at Charleston, is to our nation what the Grecians' wooden horse was to Troy. The fate of St. Domingo will abundantly demonstrate this hypothesis. If, therefore, my zealous exertions for the good of my fellow creatures, will have a tendency to alarm my fellow citizens to a sense of their danger, and convince them that the only free government now left in

the world (which, on account of systematic fraud and legal villainy, seems to nod to its fall) must find honour or degradation, respect or infamy, according to its decision—If it will cause the guardians of the public weal to feel a tenfold solicitude, as fathers, and husbands, as well as patriots, when the fate of St. Domingo, written in capitals, with the blood of thousands of slave-holders, is exhibited to their indiscriminate inspection—If it will tend to demonstrate that the recent revival of the slave trade in the American republic, is an individual injury to the citizens of each individual state, as well as an indelible burlesque on the general government. If it will arouse the fathers and founders of American liberty, whose hoary heads still survive the ravages of time, whose fame will be durable after the wreck of ages, and not only the sages who conceived, but the veterans who achieved our independence—If it will convince them, that the federal compact, that glorious palladium of our liberty, which commands the respect of the world, is not only endangered but undermined by the deleterious policy of the South, and which necessarily tends to accelerate anarchy and intestine commotion—If it will convince them, that “supremacy in a state is destructive to a

republic," and prove that such policy was the primary cause of the enslavement and debasement of all the sons of Europe, by exalting one part of society and degrading the other; and consequently claim from them who glory in their independence, and reverence the sovereignty of the people, a vigorous and invincible opposition to all men and measures that tend to infringe their liberties and dissolve the union.—If it will cause them never to forget the precious blood that was spilt to secure their liberties, and to punish the wretch with their just displeasure and resentment, who regardless of moral obligation and political profession, aggrandizes himself at the expense of the lives and liberties of his fellow men, to the disgrace of the principles and motto of our government, VIRTUE, LIBERTY and INDEPENDENCE.—Finally, if it awakes in the breasts of the patriotic citizens of America, a tender solicitude for their own and their children's personal safety, and demonstrates to them that the land which should be sacred to hospitality as well as liberty, is shamefully and barbarously profaned, and that to them it imperiously belongs to resent and repair the profanation. And that it may, I ardently hope, and to that hope I will add my fervent prayers to the God of

Justice and Truth, that he may enlighten and enliven their minds so to act on this momentous occasion, as to preserve to themselves through life, and to transmit to their children at death, the most glorious of all riches and patrimonial inheritance, namely, the remembrance of their unsullied patriotism and virtue. If my disinterested labours have any of these intrinsically excellent tendencies, all the interruptions and inconveniences I have experienced, I would consider as nothing, the illiberal animadversions of the sentimental despot and aspersions of the conceited critic as less than nothing; and when I am about to drop the curtain of mortality, and take a final adieu of time and terrestrial things, I will look back with a pleasing recollection, and with ineffable delight on the moments I appropriated to the arrangement of the subsequent juvenile poem.

THE
PENITENTIAL TYRANT

CANTO FIRST.

AWAKE, my muse, tho' sorrowful to name,
The crimes of baptiz'd infidels proclaim,
Their complicated villainies explore
From Afric's golden coast to India's shore;
Their pride, rage, lust, and tyranny extend,
Then note with horror their tremendous end:
Tell mankind, how their Maker they defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky;
At once their cruelty and av'rice show,
Then boldly strike, and vindicate the blow:
From scripture, reason, common sense, then prove
The dire resentment of the powers above.
Let dauntless numbers trace the tyrant's rage,
And penal sanctions flash in ev'ry page;
Their black attempts to christianize confound,
While blood from millions dyes the purple ground;
Their guilt expose, and deep hypocrisy,
Rage, rapine, lust, deceit, and tyranny;
Sing Adam's exil'd sons, by them oppress'd,
With grief, despair, and mighty woe depress'd:

Expose oppression with an honest frown,
 Till guilt shrinks back, tho' seated on a throne ;
 With cruel despots war eternal wage,
 Turn love celestial to terrestrial rage,
 Till ev'ry visage be with grief impress'd,
 Till pity throb in ev'ry human breast,
 Till tears and indignation rise by turns,
 Till ev'ry heart with christian anger burns,
 Till crimson paints each face and sorrows flow,
 Till mortals tribute pay to mortals woe,
 Till languid lustre pearly tears impart,
 Till eyes bespeak the sympathetic heart,
 Till copious drops run down each hero's cheek,
 Depict their worth in strokes that more than speak—
 "Not he who cannot weep, but he who can
 Shows the great soul, and proves himself a man."

Thus guilt expose—thus lawless pow'r restrain,
 By councilative, tho' still you strive in vain ;
 Point to the place where virtuous honour lies,
 And teach, tho' late, e'en tyrants to be wise ;
 Tho' crowds of fops reject the melting strain,
 While mercy courts them, mercy courts in vain,
 Infatuation, lulls to rest profound,
 Thoughtless they slumber o'er their deadly wound.
 Beneath the ponderous load what millions groan,
 For vice, for guilt, for folly, not their own,
 By epicures, by hypocrites oppress'd,
 Bereav'd of life, of liberty, and rest.
 Strip black oppression of her false disguise,
 And make the hag in shades infernal rise !

Strike her—strike pride—strike lawless rapine dead,
 Bid exil'd virtue raise her drooping head;
 This aim be thine, be this thy noble end,
 To show mankind—that man has yet a friend;
 With virtue folly, love with lust contrast,
 Judge manners reigning by the manners past;
 Bid British heroes—Caledonians rise,
 Till ancient virtue beams on modern vice—
 Point to their conduct upright, actions fair
 Till blushing sons see what their father's were,
 Till they behold their angry flaming eyes—
 Those who the nations once did civilize,
 Those martial sires, whose garlands never fade,
 Who from their captives hid the glitt'ring blade,
 And with kind pity rais'd the prostrate foe
 With the same hand that could have struck the blow,
 Now crimes which then in dark recesses lay,
 Rise num'rous, and insult the golden day;
 Gigantic vice, and boundless lust arise,
 Like mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies.

The sable crimes of this licentious age,
 Condemn my silence past—demand my rage!
 (All which I saw, and part of which I was)
 Justice perverted, and perverted laws;
 Such blasphemy, and systematic swearing;
 Such bawding, drinking, stealing, lying, gaming;
 Such cold religion, warm incontinence;
 Such bare-fac'd treach'ry, and profuse expense;
 Such languid charity, such daring crimes;
 Such shameless fashions, and such impious times;

Such venal faith, and such misplac'd applause ;
 Such pamper'd guilt, and such inverted laws ;
 Such poor unhappy wretches I have seen
 Oppress'd, by what are call'd RELIGIOUS MEN !
 Such nations crush'd—and nations of the brave,
 And millions doom'd to an untimely grave ;
 Such bold brave warriors (bold and brave in vain)
 By artful christians robb'd, enslav'd, and slain ;
 Such heroes bleed, where groves of spears arise,
 That smoke with blood and flash against the skies ;
 Such pompous matrons, cloth'd in Tyrian dye,
 Defraud the poor to feed their luxury ;
 Such hags, whose age is threescore years and ten,
 That strut abroad like florid maids, and then
 Their silver hairs they powder, comb, and curl,
 Like an imperial dame or youthful girl,
 With purple dress'd, and at each ear a bob,
 Now join the fashionable pedantic mob.
 Here misses, who have scarce twelve summers seen,
 With mimic pride now strut the verdant green,
 Their breasts swell'd out, their necks and elbows bare,
 Their eyes half screen'd with locks of golden hair.

Oh ! may I never stand where once I stood—
 View hills and dales all red with crimson blood,
 See verdant fields all clotted stiff with gore,
 Which ne'er were stain'd with human blood before ;
 Where mortals wounded pil'd on mortals dead,
 Made verdant green be ting'd with crimson red,
 No more I see that thrice unhappy ground,
 Where heaps of human bones are spread around ;

Hear screams—hear groans—hear agonizing sounds
 Pierce hell—pierce heav'n—pierce earth's remotest
 bounds!

Alas! my soul the shocking din sustains,
 Which makes the blood hang shivering in my veins!
 Their wrongs I saw and heard, their mighty woes
 I now relate, and more than I'll disclose.

I've seen behaviour in this cruel race,
 Which naming would the very brute disgrace;
 I know their artful mazes of deceit,

Their systematic guile and artful wit;

The rage corroding in each tyrant's breast,
 Both captains, traders, officers confess
 In gold and military scarlet dress.

Thus clad, and big with rage they hunt their prey,

And big with pride they plough the wat'ry way,

* Like a fierce lion in the midnight hours,

Beat by rude blasts and wet with wintry show'rs

Descends terrific from the mountains brow,

With vivid flames his rolling eye-balls glow;

With conscious strength elate, he bends his way

Majestically fierce to seize his prey.

Have I not seen the wounds their sabres gave,

To each dejected, weeping, dying slave;

Have I not seen the blood of hundreds shed?

The injur'd maid forc'd to her tyrant's bed!

The frantic father stain'd with filial blood,

Who with his children ting'd the crimson wood!

His violated consort dragg'd away
 Thro' woods, o'er seas, to wicked man a prey,
 And doom'd to misery, though once possess'd
 Of love, peace, joy, with ev'ry blessing bless'd.
 I heard her mournful groans, the doleful sound,
 And saw her mighty wrongs and grief profound,
 And still in thought, I view her latent woe:
 And as I view, the tender sorrows flow;

* As some fond matron views in martial fight,
 Her husband falling in his country's right!

Frantic thro' clashing swords she runs—she flies,
 As ghastly pale he groans, he faints, he dies!

Close to his breast she grovels on the ground,
 And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound!

She cries, she shrieks; the fierce insulting foe
 Relentless mocks her violence of woe:

Distressing sympathy surrounds my heart,
 And tender pity melts in ev'ry part;

For them in vain I grieve, for them I sigh,

Yet still they groan, weep, languish, bleed, and die,
 Alas! their pains how dismal, and severe,

Their moving plaints still vibrate on my ear;

Compell'd to labour for their christian foes,

To plant the cane, oppress'd with mighty woes;

Their sweat and tears must drench them ere they
 grow,

Their sighs must fan them, and their blood must flow;

" Unhappy fate, while ere the dawn of day,
 Rous'd by the bell, they go their cheerless way;
 And as their souls with pain and anguish burn,
 Salute with groans unwelcome morn's return;
 And chiding ev'ry hour the slow pac'd sun,
 Pursue their toils, till all his race is run:
 No eye to mark their sufferings with a tear,
 No friend to comfort them, nor hope to cheer!
 Then like the poor unpitied brutes repair,
 To dens as wretched, and as coarse a fare—
 Thank Heav'n one day of misery is o'er,
 Then sink to sleep, and wish to wake no more!

How seldom think the volatile and gay,
 While sipping their luxurious hyson tea,
 How oft they help to pierce the warrior's breast,
 Rob him of life, of liberty, and rest!
 And that to gain the plant we idly waste,
 Tremendous pain, and grief profound they taste.
 How seldom think prime ministers of state,
 The legislator, senator, the great,
 On them alas! who cheerless and forlorn,
 Pass painful nights and meet a joyless morn,
 Nor mighty monarchs, sorrowful the theme,
 Whose nods are fate, whose majesties supreme,
 Make nations tremble, like the golden grain;
 While they in pomp and luxury remain,
 While on their iv'ry thrones superbly bright,
 With burnish'd gold, and diamonds beamy bright;
 Who wield their sceptres rich with spangl'd gold,
 Whose ~~glittering~~ ~~crowns~~ refulgent gems unfold;

Whose dazzling palaces of regal state,
 With jewels, em'ralds, precious stones, replete,
 And riches, honours, titles, brilliant crowns,
 Where pomp, where pride, where luxury abounds;
 Terrestrial radiance their grand courts display,
 With splendours bright that emulate the day;
 Here martial music joins the vocal choir,
 Ambrosial sweets flow from the warbling lyre,
 While through the dazzling courts the echo bounds,
 Through all the spacious halls the song resounds;
 The pond'rous tables rich with sculptur'd gold,
 Delicious sweets and blushing fruits unfold;
 The purple vintage crowns the golden bowl,
 And yields a nectar that revives the soul;
 Embroider'd purple clothes their downy beds,
 While lucid gold and jewels deck their heads.
 Above, beneath, around, each palace shines
 With gold and silver from twice twenty mines;
 The spoils of elephants, and golden dust,
 Of wondrous value and intrinsic cost;
 And golden dust the glitt'ring roofs inlay,
 While studded amber darts a brilliant ray;
 With plaudits loud the pompous fabrics ring,
 With songs of triumph to each prince and king.
 Imperial robes their manly limbs infold,
 Of crimson hue, and rich with spangled gold;
 Bright swords all stor'd with gems, and blazing o'er
 With yellow jasper, at their sides they were;
 Bright golden tresses grace the royal train,
 Each prince a star, each dame a golden chain—

Again the vocal strains, with martial sounds,
 Ascend the glitt'ring roof, the roof rebounds;
 While beauteous youths and blushing maids advance,
 And forms to measur'd airs the mazy dance;
 Their limbs with flowers of gold and purple glow,
 And from their brows the sable ringlets flow;
 Each princess' feet red spangled slippers grace,
 White veils screen half the lustre of each face;
 Each ruddy face, as new-blown lilies white,
 Or winter snow, refulgent as the light;
 Their beauteous robes in gay confusion rise,
 With gold and satin mix'd, and Tyrian dyes;
 Close to the swelling loins the robes unbound,
 Float in gold waves, redundant o'er the ground;
 Their bracelets, rings, and bobs with amber gay,
 Shoot bright refulgence like the solar ray:
 Their hair all hung with diamonds beaming bright,
 And precious stones, that cast a golden light;
 Their locks constrain'd by chains of pearls that deck,
 In glossy sable curls, each milk-white neck:
 A lovely blush each royal virgin warms,
 Glows in their cheeks, and lights up all their charms:
 So looks the beauteous iv'ry stain'd with red,
 So roses mix'd with lilies in the bed.
 Mix their rich hues * * * * *

Without the palaces, a sylvan scene
 Appears adorn'd with groves of living green;
 Where oaks and nodding roses quiv'ring play,
 The beauteous jess'mine, and the lily gay,
 High on the branches, waving with the storm,
 The birds of golden wing their mansions form;

Hanging vines the stately poplar screen;
 While purple clusters blush through all the green;
 Here scented meads with verdant green are crown'd,
 And blooming violets spread their odours round;
 The silver fish swim in the chrystal flood,
 Tall deer and stags play wanton through the wood,
 And then on cooling banks luxuriant lay,
 And slumber as the gurgling waters play.
 Close to the park luxurious gardens lie,
 From storms secure, and th' inclement sky;
 Each nodding bush confesses the fatten'd mould,
 And apples ripen like the yellow gold;
 Here beds of various pinks, with lovely green
 In beauteous order crown the royal scene.
 From sculptur'd marble silver streams distil,
 And limpid fountains pour out many a rill;
 Here flowers arrang'd in equal ranks appear,
 In all the vernal splendour of the year;
 Here rows of images on either hand,
 In polish'd marble, tipp'd with silver, stand;
 Alive each figure to the eye appears,
 And looks to live beyond the length of years;
 Where verdant beauties strew the fruitful ground,
 Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around.
 In splendid phaetons rich with polish'd gold,
 The princes ride, and royal stars unfold;
 While dappled coursers in the rapid race,
 In silver harness'd, sweep the vernal space;
 Toss their high heads, and scour the glitt'ring lawn,
 Bright as Aurora's tints at morning's dawn;

The fiery steeds with sculptur'd silver crown'd,
Neigh, champ the bit, foam, prance, and paw the
ground;

The silver lash resounds, the coursers fly,
Like golden comets through the purple sky.
The phaeton thus whirls thund'ring o'er the ground!
Through streets of palaces the steeds rebound,
The suburb fabrics echo back the sound.

Thus pompous, in their equipage they boast,
But little do they think on Afric's coast:

On groaning, dying slaves, by them oppress'd,
Bereav'd of life, of liberty and rest;

Oppress'd alas! by these imperial foes,
With grief profound: unutterable woes.

View this, ye potentates, with riches blest,
Let the idea wound each tender breast;

And bleed your hearts with agonizing pain,

Then tempt the laughing wine—but tempt in vain

Nor golden slumbers close your weeping eyes,

While imag'd to your minds their sorrows rise;

For them unhappy, to distresses born!

For you I tremble, but for them I mourn.

Remembrance sad exhibits to my view,

Sights which must open all their wounds anew;

I view their wrongs, while on the roaring waves,

I saw them languish, and I saw them slaves,

Been basely seiz'd while in the dire alarms

Of war, rage, slaughter, and the clash of arms;

What first, what last, what here I now relate,

Brings to my wounded mind their wretched fate;

Nay, as I write, methinks I hear them moan,
 Tear following tear, and groan succeeding groan;
 Struck at the sight, I melt at human woe,
 While down my cheeks the tears unbidden flow;
 When bright Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 Sprinkles with golden light the rosy lawn;
 Till glitt'ring Phœbus sinks his orient light,
 To gild the silver queen of dewy night;
 For them my tears unbidden still return,
 Their wrongs I weep, and for their wrongs I mourn.

Of all the great, the pamper'd great, how few,
 Are true to heaven, and to their neighbour true;
 Their dire injustice to the friendless poor,
 Calls for more plagues than vengeance has in store;
 Kind nature starts with horror at their cries,
 Much more the Ruler of the Earth and Skies;
 The first born sons of light, see them oppress,
 While blushes paint each face, and horrors freeze
 each breast;

A God there is to punish lawless lust,
 Good, gracious, loving, merciful, and just;
 'T' abase the proud, t' avenge the orphan's cause,
 Resent the breach of hospitable laws;
 Soon, soon that God his justice will display,
 And chase oppressors from the face of day:
 Hurl'd down to hell by Heaven's Almighty Sire,
 Transfix'd with vengeance and involv'd in fire;
 Tremendous ire o'er christendom impends,
 He comes, and direful wrath his steps attends,
 The day, the day will come, that dreadful day!
 How my soul shudders while my thoughts survey

67

The fall of tyrants, and their dire distress,
Who to the injur'd were quite pitiless;
By faith I see from the tremendous pole,
An angry God, and hear his thunders roll,
See his red arm the fiery vengeance shed,
Shake death eternal o'er each guilty head;
I see the Judge, the mighty Judge profound—
I hear the tramp, the dreadful trumpet sound—
Tyrants, repent! I tremble as I write,
Tyrannic nations flame before my sight—
I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not he's distant; I behold him now—
To him poor Africans their cause resign,
To him, good, gracious, merciful, divine;
Th' Impartial Judge, and Sov'reign of the skies,
Has heard, and hears the mourning captives cries;
And, with benignant love, he now declares,
Their cares are his, his boundless mercy theirs:
Their potent friend in their behalf will rise,
Their numerous foes the injur'd God defies,
To him the helpless never sue in vain,
His nature, mercy—love, his darling name;
But cruel tyrants still to sin inclin'd,
Are to all dangers, but the present, blind:
Their thoughts are all employ'd on evils near,
But ills remote they ne'er foresee or fear;
With brutish rage to blackest sins they run,
And never fear the wickedness, till done—
And guilt has always this attending curse,
To back the first transgression with a worse.

Abhor'd by man, despotic traitors grow,
 The earth's disgrace, and Heaven's relentless foe.
 They fear man's eye, when they would act a sin,
 But dread not Heaven, nor the judge within,
 Their dreadful crimes to mighty sums amount,
 And yet they still augment the black account.

While golden hours are hast'ning to be gone,
 And like a stream the year glides swiftly on;
 Neither sex nor age the grim destroyer spares,
 Unmov'd alike by infancy and years;
 Like poor unhappy slaves their tyrant's lie,
 And like commanders common ruffian's die;
 Each has his mansion in a narrow cell,
 Equal in colour and alike in smell;
 Why then should despots of their riches boast,
 So difficult to gain, so quickly lost?
 Blind they rejoice, nor deprecate their wo,
 Their doom profound, and their celestial foe—
 Their guilt, rage, pride, and cruelty proclaim,
 Oh! sing their guilt, my muse! their want of shame;
 For still more woes their cruel acts inspire,
 T' attune with tragic verse the golden lyre;
 While groans, alas! in mighty columns rise
 Before the almighty Sovereign of the skies;
 From millions who in doleful anguish lay,
 To every baptiz'd infidel a prey,
 Say not, "that if not humbled, they rebel,"
 Villains the cause, the guilt with you must dwell:
 For when they view the authors of their woe,
 No wonder if resentment aims the blow;

When all their hopes are blasted, and they see
 They're doom'd to linger life in misery.
 Grant a mild master, who kindly treats them well—
 Few such there are, and I who know can tell;
 Grant that those masters plenteous meals prepare,
 Tho' well I know their food is scant and bare!
 Yet then, e'en then, can comfort on them wait,
 Degraded to a wretched servile state?
 And they, once chieftains in their natal land,
 Now bound in chains, and trembling at command;
 Naked, expos'd to Phoebus' sultry beams,
 Like horses work'd, then fed on dry horse beans!
 Now dead to hope, they see resistance vain,
 They in their valiant breasts conceal their pain;
 While silent grief to furious rage succeeds,
 And fill'd with anger, every bosom bleeds;
 Thus in despair, their necks refuse the yoke,
 I've call'd them stubborn, and appli'd the stroke
 Their lacerated backs the scourges show,
 Still they invincible, no tremors know;
 Their strength intrepid, claims a nobler name,
 And shows not their's, but their oppressor's shame.
 With penitential tears, I this affirm,
 For, to my grief, I've borne the baneful term;
 For I myself have oft stood by unmov'd,
 Dead to entreaty I have often prov'd;
 Dead to remorse, I often have stood by,
 And still as often did the lash apply!
 But, lo! I saw the vengeful hand of God,
 His fury, judgments, and tremendous rod,

His flaming sword, just lifted for the blow,
 T'avenge th' oppress, and slay the murd'rous foe;
 From thence I haste, my trembling steps I bend
 Far hence, before consuming death's descend,
 Smit with a conscious sense of guilt in mind,
 I shun the fate I well deserv'd to find.

"As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees,
 Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees,
 Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
 And, all confus'd, precipitates his flight:"

Thus from the paths of wickedness I run,
 Lest the Almighty's vengeance once begun,
 I share the doom which tyrants will not shun!

Homer.

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 END OF CANTO I.

THE
PENITENTIAL TYRANT.

CANTO SECOND.

ONE night, methought about the midnight hour.
A double darkness o'er me seem'd to lower;
Pensive I lay, to know what God design'd,
Sensations awful fill'd my boding mind!
The poor wretched slaves rose to my view,
My former guilt, their wounds now bled anew;
I heard their sighs, and saw their big round tears,
Wept as they wept, and fear'd with all their fears:
Methought I saw once more their natal shore,
All stain'd with carnage, red with human gore;
Shrouded in blood they now appear'd to stand,
And pointed to their agonizing land;
I saw the thousands, thousands, thousands slain,
On their primeval, their parental plain;
Their lacerated limbs, with chains opprest,
Their minds, alas! with mighty woes distress!
Each body mangled, scourged in every part,
While sighs and groans burst from each swelling heart!
I saw in tides of tears their sorrows flow,
And still new anguish added to their woe;

Shade after shade before my eyes arose,
 All wailing with unutterable woes!
 Mov'd at the sight, from tears I scarce refrain,
 And mild compassion thrills through ev'ry vein,
 I saw the phantoms, which too well I know,
 And while I look'd, the tears began to flow;
 The visionary spectres still abound,
 Pour out shrill shrieks, with shrieks the hills resound;
 Wars, chains, and whips, with cruel tyrants stood,
 Around them red, alas! with human blood;
 Or seem'd to stand in hellish arts refin'd,
 The traitors, foes, and tyrants of mankind!
 And lo! the spectres now their torments tell,
 All red with blood, and with a hideous yell;
 Scarcely could I their horrid screams sustain,
 My blood stood shiv'ring in each purple vein.
 Near and more near approach'd the injur'd slaves,
 I saw, O horrid sight! their op'ning graves!
 Their faces all were turn'd towards the sky,
 While tears of blood stood quiv'ring in each eye:
 My blood stagnated, now forgot to flow—
 Aghast I lay, frail monument of woe!
 But still I saw, or seem'd to see, their shores
 All white with bones, and horrible with gore!
 In each low wind, methought I heard their cries,
 Their groans reverberated to the skies—
 I listened with a solemn awe profound,
 And heard, and think I hear, the midnight sound;
 To every word my sighs responsive flow,
 Tears follow tears, and woe succeeded woe:

"Alas! alas!" they said, or seem'd to say,
 "Your promises have soon dissolv'd away;
 You heard our groans, you saw our misery,
 You knew our wrongs and fatal destiny;
 You promis'd in that penitential hour,
 Our wrongs t' exhibit, and our tyrants' power;
 Your promis'd pity soon has fled away,
 Like sable clouds before the golden day;
 You've seen, you've heard us all our ills disclose,
 The narrative big with ten thousand woes;
 Forgetful of your promise and your vow,
 The tribute of a tear you'll scarce bestow;
 If still unpitied, nor our wrongs redress'd,
 Revere your God, God will avenge the oppress'd;
 Oh! had we died upon our native plain,
 Stretch'd like brave heroes, by our tyrants slain!
 Oh! had our blood smok'd on each ruffian's spear,
 And thus sav'd us from sin, insult, and fear;
 But now we meet a shameful shocking fate,
 Unworthy of the brave, the bold, the great;
 How hard our fate, our complicated wo,
 In every land we find a christian foe—
 With grief profound, they strive again to say
 What anguish dictates, but no words find way:
 I saw and heard them, and methinks I hear,
 Still angry voices murmuring in my ear.
 The golden planets shed their fiery light,
 The silver moon illum'd the shades of night;
 While sudden horror, far beyond belief,
 Wrapt all my senses in a cloud of grief—

I fly in haste—I fly impending fate—
 And seek for mercy, ere I seek to late;
 And prove obedient to the voice divine,
 Paint crimes (of which so large a share was mine),
 My accomplices in guilt I now display;
 'Tis Heav'n's commands, and Heav'n I must obey.
 That all mankind may see their tyranny,
 And approve his vengeance when their doom they see.

Oft have I heard them mourn, and oft bemoan,
 In these, or words like these, their servile doom;
 (And while the sons of Adam thus deplor'd,
 Astonish'd beasts beheld their heaven-born Lord
 Sunk to their kind, and partners of their pain,
 Each forc'd to bear the same tyrannic chain);
 "And, Oh! (they cry) thou Sire of the distress'd,
 Behold with pity, and relieve the oppress'd!
 Oh! see thy creatures of the Afric race
 Torn from their dear, dear relatives' embrace;
 Convey'd to worlds remote, the sire is sold,
 With all his family, for sordid gold;
 Immodest to the view, his limbs disclos'd,
 To summer's suns, and wintry winds expos'd;
 Tasks, not design'd for man to prove, consume
 His valiant strength, and fade his manly bloom;
 And to complete his misery, he must
 See wife and daughter serve promiscuous lust—
 Nor dare complain! * * * * *
 No faithful service, and no zeal can please
 His cruel tyrant, nor his rage appease;
 Deep wounds the arbitrary lash imprints,
 Or falling club his mangled frame disjoins;

While scurril taunts, with fearful menace join'd,
 Augment past smarts with dread of worse behind;
 And lo! around his glancing eye surveys
 Of wretches, like himself, a num'rous race.
 No friendly cot receives his weary head,
 But, mix'd with brutes, the earth's his common bed;
 The skies shed noxious dews; unwholesome steams
 Rise from the ground, and pierce his aching limbs;
 No soft repose the shades of night impart
 Pain racks his frame, and anguish rends his heart;
 Or, if short slumbers seal his weeping eyes,
 The horrors of the day in visions rise,
 In dreams the christian's cruel voice he hears,
 And to his view the knotty scourge appears;
 Beneath the scorching sun, in toilsome pain,
 He seems to groan, and call for death in vain;
 The cruel mem'ry, how he once was bless'd,
 With double anguish wounds his troubled breast;
 Once golden hours his smiling life had known,
 When peace, and joy, and freedom were his own;
 Now all are lost, hope flies his conscious thought,
 And toil and wo claim all his future lot;
 But chief to view, before his streaming eyes
 His widow'd wife and friendless orphans rise;
 Torn from his arms, and by his foes disjoin'd,
 And left to prove the mercies of mankind:
 Anxious and trembling for their unknown fate,
 His heart weeps blood to think their wrongs so great;
 Now torn from her whom he alone can love,
 No future flame his constant breast can prove;

With brutal thought, his tyrant's dire command
 To sponsal ties compels his struggling hand ;
 But when to multiply the servile kind,
 And take the mate, which chance presents, enjoin'd ;
 Doom'd to beget a race of slaves to groan
 Beneath the woes their wretched sire had known ;
 The mournful pair prolific pleasures dread,
 And pray incessant for a barren bed—
 And when the babe is born to living light,
 Struck to the heart, they sicken at the sight.
 In this respect, none but a parent knows
 Their sad regret—in them no transport glows,
 No gentle joys reward the mother's throes :
 Untouch'd with soft delight, the sire surveys
 His features op'ning in the infant's face ;
 But with sad vows invokes an early grave
 To hide from christian's rage the infant slave—
 This all the hope his conscious heart receives—
 This all the blessing to the babe he gives.

Is this Thy will, such woes should fill his breast,
 And must a son thus by his sire be bless'd ?
 When on his knee the unconscious wanton springs,
 Smiles in his face, and to his bosom clings ;
 When dead to future wo, with soft desire,
 He stretches his fond arms, and calls him Sire !
 And with kind blandishments around his neck
 Curls, and with soothing kisses prints his cheek ;
 No fond caress the joyless sire returns,
 But drops a silent tear, and inward mourns ;
 While imag'd to his sadden'd thought appears
 The dreaded doom that waits his manly years.

The mother views, and wounded to the heart,
 With keener pangs of agonizing smart;
 Fast down her wo-worn cheeks the sorrows flow—
 She faints—transfix'd with agonies of wo.
 The wond'ring boy in sorrow takes a part,
 And weeps their sorrow with an infant's heart;
 No longer can her wretched partner bear,
 The mighty grief—but sunk in black despair—
 While his warm bosom equal horrors wound,
 He trembles, groans, and sinks upon the ground!
 Alas! to live again—their tyrant near,
 Beholds their grief without a tender tear;
 Woes not his own his bosom never felt,
 For hell and avarice never, never melt.

** If he's designed that lordling's slave,
 By nature's law design'd;
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in his mind?*

*If not, why is he subject to
 His cruelty or scorn?
 And why has man the power and will
 To make his fellow mourn?*

*But this, even this should not disturb
 The honest negro's breast;
 This partial view of human kind
 Is surely not the last.*

The dreadful lash again to labour drives,
 And each to life and usual pain revives;
 While penury of food but ill repairs
 The mighty labour sinking nature bears;
 Oppress'd with grief and agonizing pain,
 The sire sinks dead upon the labour'd plain
 While the fierce tyrant with his whip in vain,
 Commands him to renew his toil again:
 Worn out with labour, and oppress'd with grief,
 At last kind death has brought the slow relief.
 In him see all our individual woe,
 And more than tongue can tell, or mind can know.

"Then, oh! behold our woes with pitying eyes,
 Redress our wrongs, and let thy justice rise;
 View wretched slaves through every coming hour,
 Left the same scene of sorrow to deplore:
 No smiling hope to cheer our constant care,
 No mingled joy to soften sure despair;
 Only with life, our length of woes shall cease,
 Nor are our latest moments blest with peace;
 For when we feel the hour of fate draw nigh,
 While we behold around with conscious eye

The poor oppressed virtuous slave

Had never sure been born,

Had there not been some recompence

To comfort those that mourn.

Written in imitation of Burns.

Part of ourselves survive—an infant train
 To bear our woes, and groan beneath our chain,
 This thought torments us to our latest breath,
 And robs of sweet repose the shades of death.
 Thus view us curs'd—forbid to taste of joy
 While life shall last; or even in peace to die.
 Thus view our wrongs, great God, with pitying eyes,
 Beyond the thought of man, supremely wise;
 Our nameless wrongs," the wretched negro cries. }
 I heard, and think I hear them still complain,
 And weep and groan, but weep and groan in vain.
 In me, alas! ingratitude is found,
 I blush with guilt, and terror more profound!
 My base neglect, like one increasing score,
 Demands more plagues than Heav'n has got in store:
 My guilt I've wept, and for my guilt I mourn,
 And to the paths of virtue late return:
 With more than eloquence my sorrow speaks,
 My languid image and my wo-worn cheeks,
 These eyes, where contrite tears consume my sight,
 Flow through the orient day and darksome night;
 As once to sin I gave my yielding mind,
 Too frail, alas! too fatally inclin'd;
 To virtue now my inmost soul aspires,
 With zeal divine I fan celestial fires;
 Would teach my fellow tyrants to be wise,
 Nor force dire vengeance from the blushing skies;
 For though God's mercy does no limits know,
 His justice must have satisfaction too;
 These attributes in equal balance lie,
 And one cannot the other's rights deny:

Angels can ne'er conceive, can ne'er express,
His wond'rous love, grace, truth, and righteousness!

Repent, confess your sins, lie low in dust,
Sons of Columbia, and forsake your lust.

Oh! that my late example might impart,

This noble valour to each tyrant's heart;

That mine with pious, and with fervent care,

Could (oh the joy!) aid latent virtue there.

You, whom kind Heav'n with copious wealth has
blest,

Lend back to Heav'n, by aiding the distress;

'Tis your's the sons of anguish to relieve,

To cheer the poor, nor let affliction grieve;

To sympathize and melt at human wo,

Is what the wealthy to th' unhappy owe.

By Heav'n the poor and fatherless are sent,

And what to these we give, to God is lent;

His love is boundless, and his grace is free,

Free for the vile, or it had pass'd by me.

With Jesus a translucent fountain flows,

The antidote for all his creatures' woes;

Pleasing its taste, its virtue sensitive,

Nor health alone—but endless life will give.

To him I pray'd, confess'd my guilt and wo,

He heard my pray'r, and my confession too;

I plung'd with joy into the purple flood,

And wash'd by faith in my Redeemer's blood.

Then lo! he stopp'd his arrows on the string,

Arrested his fierce thunders on the wing,

Sheathed his sword, just lifted for the blow,

And crown'd with joys divine his previous foe

And pointed out the bright, the heav'nly way—
 To repent, believe, hope, love, and then obey.
 Then said—"without pure holiness and love,
 I never, never could sing hymns above."

As the bold sailor, when his daring soul,
 Has drawn, too vent'rous, near the freezing pole,
 Who having slighted caution's tame advice,
 Seems wedg'd within impervious isles of ice;
 If from each chilling form of peril free,
 At length he makes th' unincumber'd sea;
 With joy superior to his transient pain,
 Rushes exulting o'er the expansive main:
 Thus sav'd, by wondrous grace, amazing love,
 I long to shout my Saviour's praise above.
 Impell'd by gratitude, I now declare,
 His tender mercy, and his guardian care.

Oh! may my humble verse his love display
 On earth, when I join the celestial lay;
 But how can tyrants hope to be forgiv'n;
 And still rebel against the laws of Heav'n.
 Preserve us Lord from evil, can they pray,
 Yet wilfully pursue the evil way?
 Do the oppress'd their tender pity share?
 And is the wretched their peculiar care?
 Do they the wo-worn stranger's wrongs redress,
 And for the widows spread the couch of rest?
 If not, their pray'rs are base impertinence,
 Insulting reason, truth, and common sense;
 They make the Lord, of all beings the worst,
 By dignity debas'd, by blessings curst;

'They say in substance that they do him find,
 Capricious, cruel to the human kind;
 Like christian traitors, brutal, base, unjust,
 Alike in cruelty, alike in lust!
 Pleas'd with destruction, and with mortal wounds,
 With scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds;
 And with fierce tyrants in the mortal fight,
 And ruffians, when they take their brother's right;
 With crimson slaughter, and with death profound,
 And carnage piled on carnage, through the ground;
 More cruel than the thief, whose bloody knife,
 At once deprives the trembling wretch of life;
 More cruel than the roaring beasts of prey,
 Who, to appease their hunger, tear and slay—
 The most despotic judge of human kind,
 Though void of justice, and to sin inclin'd,
 Would melt to tears, could he but view the woes
 Of Africans, and see their cruel foes.
 And is our God more cruel than the worst
 Of mortal tyrants, partial and unjust?
 No, love, grace, mercy, and his truth shall last,
 While æther shines with golden planets grac'd;
 E'en now he pities, as in days of yore,
 The friendless, helpless, fatherless, and poor
 Shall not the universal Judge descend,
 While judgments his majestic steps attend;
 And with resentment, tyrants fierce pursue,
 To present, future, and eternal wo;
 He saves the captive, sets the pris'ner free;
 Such is his justice, such his clemency;

His vengeance shall like lightning swift pursue,
 Enslaving traders, and the sinful crew,
 Who sail with speed, and plough the watery way,
 And to the coast of Africa convey,
 Their gilded toys, the natives to decoy,
 Their freedom, joy, peace, happiness destroy.
 But now, alas ! their fatal doom draws nigh,
 Their Maker views them with a jealous eye.

Lo ! now by force the mariners command,
 Reluctant slaves to leave their native land ;
 Now the ethereal wilds are fill'd with cries,
 Now floods of tears stand trembling in their eyes ;
 Again the mariners prepare to stand,
 When night descends upon the shining strand ;
 And swift convey the natives by surprise,
 And load the pond'rous bark with fresh supplies ;
 Then launch the ship from the forsaken shores,
 While in its womb the sons of men are stores ;
 And each with pond'rous chains, with grief oppress'd,
 Robb'd of their freedom, property, and rest.
 In vain for them the fragrant breezes blow,
 The foaming waves mount up, or roar below ;
 On deck the can of grog goes cheerly round,
 While from the hold proceeds a dismal sound ;
 They loose each sail, the crimson flag unbind,
 To tour aloft and swell before the wind.
 Now from the golden coast, the verdant plain,
 The ship all tilting, ploughs the stormy main ;
 As through the briny deep their way they hold,
 The waves receding as the vessel roll'd.

Bright Sol offended, shrouds his golden light;
 The landscapes vanish, shaded by the night;
 Now frothy billows and the curling sea,
 A dreadful light displays for parting day;
 The fierce tornadoes, and the whirlwinds rise,
 And darkness, double darkness veils the skies;
 Winds uncontrol'd disturb the spacious main,
 While floods descend, e'en mighty floods of rain;
 East, west, north, south with dreadful tempests roar,
 Roll billows on vast billows to the shore;
 Loud thunders bellow through the aerial space,
 Depicting ghastly death on ev'ry face;
 While chequer'd darkness pierc'd by golden rays,
 At once reflects a shadow and a blaze;
 Transfix'd with horror, lo! the sailors stand,
 To strike their topmasts and their topsails hand;
 While the proud waves, like mighty mountains rise,
 Now plung'd to hell—then mounting to the skies!
 The vivid lightnings and the dreadful blast,
 Howl thro' the shrouds, transfix'd each lofty mast.
 The masts give way, and thund'ring as they bend,
 Tear up the decks, and all at once descend!—
 Back to the stern receding surges flow,
 And with the surge the shatter'd topmasts go;
 The hulk now rolling on the foaming main,
 By tempests driv'n approach the angry plain;
 While wild winds whistle, and while billows roar,
 The storms vindictive drive her to the shore—
 Now on the angry bosom of the deep,
 The ship all wreck'd, the hardy sailors weep

Each wave portends to all a watery grave.
 And ghastly death sits frowning on each wave;
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt, they trembling gain the
 shore,
 Where forests murmur and where surges roar;
 Near which the rocks high, eminent, and steep,
 The bound prescribed to the angry deep.
 On these rough beds driven by the howling wind,
 The hulk is bilg'd and leaves the main behind;
 Gold dust and slaves, the ruffians unjust store,
 Promiscuous float upon the Afric shore;
 Wave after wave from the tremendous main,
 Drives slaves and sailors headlong on the plain:
 As when in autumn, God his fury pours,
 And earth is loaded with incessant show'rs;
 When guilty mortals break his righteous laws,
 And judges brib'd, betray the orphan's cause;
 From their deep beds, he bids the rivers rise,
 And opens all the flood-gates of the skies;
 Th' impetuous torrents instantly obey,
 Whole fields are drown'd and mountains swept away;
 Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main,
 And guilty man sees all his labour vain:
 The mariners now review their sable foe,
 And pale with fear they deprecate their wo.
 Now o'er their guilty heads th' avenging sword,
 The natives wield, their native rights restor'd—
 These proud assassins, traitors, tyrants curst,
 All fill'd with rage, with cruelty, and lust,
 Now pray for mercy—but they pray in vain,
 The grossly injur'd, and insulted train

No pity shows—to them no help is giv'n,
 But made t' anticipate the wrath of heav'n?
 They gasp, and foam, and pant, and bite the ground,
 Each soul comes gushing thro' each gaping wound;
 Round their clay tenements they shriek in vain,
 For help, and wistfully look on the slain;
 With groans all big with horror, while each eye
 Weeps blood, and vengeance thunders from the sky!
 Now for one moment to repent and pray,
 They'd give ten thousand, thousand worlds away;
 But death forbids, nor will a moment wait,
 Their glass is run, they meet their awful fate.
 "Down thro' th' ethereal wilds they screaming fly,
 Headlong, black, dreadful, and relieve the sky!
 Down to the realms of wo they wing their way,
 Their bodies left, inanimated clay;
 Each plaintive glides along th' infernal coast,
 A wretched, wand'ring, melancholy ghost."

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END OF CANTO II.

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THE

PENITENTIAL TYRANT.

CANTO THIRD.

AND now methinks, I hear the reader say,
"Your verses make me tremble, make me pray;
The agonizing thoughts of future fate,
Are big with pain, with mighty wo replete:
The sight of the infernal gulph below,
Seems but a prelude to my future wo."
Avert thine eye, then, from that doleful cage,
Where wretched spectres without number rage:
And as the trembling child who long has laid
Mute in the dark, and of itself afraid;
When haply conscious of the pain it feels
The watchful mother to its pillow steals,
Springs to her breast, and shakes off all alarms,
Feeling its safety in her fostering arms:
With such quick joy, thus to your Saviour fly,
He stands with open arms, his grace is nigh.
High on the cross, the great Immanuel died,
On it my Lord, my love was crucify'd!
See! see! his arms stretch'd on the fatal tree,
With these extended will he shelter thee:

Behold his bleeding hands, feet, gaping side,
 In these free coverts thou thyself mayst hide,
 For none are reprobated by decree—
 Free is his grace, his clemency is free.
 This beauteous tree projects its spreading boughs,
 And with sweet cooling shades invites repose ;
 Here pensive, then, bewail your wretched state,
 Like a sad turtle widow'd of her mate ;
 Thy Saviour's side with streaming eyes no y see,
 And as his blood, so let thy tears be free :
 At thy return, bright saints will shout above,
 With saints below, the great Redeemer's love ;
 The heavenly hosts, with sweet harmonious sound,
 Will sing, " The dead's alive, the lost is found."

Thus some grand victor on the watery world,
 Bright honours gilding, all his sails unfurl'd,
 Steers into port, while to the golden sky
 His pendants tell his triumphs as they fly ;
 While many thousands line the crowded strand,
 Swell the glad voice, or wave the joyous hand ;
 Thus will the saints on earth rejoice to see
 The sinner turn from guilt and shame set free ;
 Being conscious with what noble powers endued,
 Immortal form'd for high beatitude.

Oh, happy life ! Oh ! vast unequall'd bliss,
 Or death accurs'd and dire unhappiness,
 For that or this must be the doubtful cast,
 Nor may we throw again when once 'tis past.
 Be wise, then, man, nor will thy care be vain,
 Give Heaven thy heart, if thou it's crown would gain,

For God invites you now to turn and live,
 He woos, he craves, he begs you to believe;
 What more can God do for you than he's done,
 Blessings imparted, nor withheld his Son:
 Repent, confess your sins—all you can do,
 He'll hear your prayer, with your confession too;
 So patient, kind, so bountiful is he,
 The thoughts of his amazing clemency,
 In sweet sensations fill'd my soul with love,
 Celestial raptures from the realms above;
 And what increases the ecstatic joy,
 'Tis such as time does heighten not destroy.
 Oh! how unspeakable this bliss to me,
 I'm lost in thoughts of its eternity;
 This love is subject to no anxious cares,
 Too blest for troubles, too secure for fears;
 In paradises of delight it feeds,
 Where whitest lilies deck th' enamell'd meads.
 Oh! not to love is surely not to live,
 Since life's chief blessings we in love receive;
 The whole design of living is to love,
 And who loves most does best his life improve.
 His dear, dear image still salutes mine eye,
 Nor will his absence this delight deny;
 While I'm obedient, loving, meek, and mild,
 Resign'd, submissive, like a little child;
 If so, no distance can prevail to part
 His dear resembling impress from my heart;
 With him, me thinks, in sweet discourse I walk,
 Pleas'd with the sound of his imagin'd talk.

Thus by strange sympathy, the faithful steel
Does the far poles magnetic influence feel;
By whose safe conduct, the skill'd pilot steers
A steady course till the wish'd port appears.

Oh! glorious Lamb, celestial and divine,
Where love and grace with equal mixture shine;
Triumphant Majesty of that bright ray,
Where blushing angels prostrate homage pay,
We in thy works thy fix'd impression trace,
Though still but faint reflections of thy face:
When this enchanted world's compar'd with thee,
Its boasted beauty's all deformity;
The stars no such transcendent glories own,
As thine whose light exceeds all their's in one.
This truth some one of them can best declare
Who on the mount thy blest spectators were;
Who on thy glories were allowed to gaze,
And saw heav'n open'd in thy wondrous face;
Nor can we blame thy great disciple's zeal
To whom thou didst that happy sight reveal,
That slighting all before accounted dear,
He was for building tabernacles there,
Yet he beheld thee then within a veil,
Thy dazzling rays discreetly didst conceal,
He saw a milder flame thy face surround,
Thy temples with rebated glories crown'd—
As when the silver moon's reflected beams
In some clear ev'ning gilds the smiling streams,
Or cloud-born lightning in its nimble race
Paints on a trembling wave heaven's blushing face;

How had he wonder'd at the nobler light
 Whose bare reflection was so heav'nly bright.
 When will that happy day of vision be,
 When I shall make a near approach to thee,
 Then me, Ah! me, to that blest state receive,
 Where I may see thee all—and, seeing, live.
 Oh! when shall I behold thee all serene,
 Without an intervening cloud between,
 When distant faith shall in near vision cease,
 And still my love shall with my sight increase.
 My soul a more exalted pitch would fly,
 And view thee in the heights of majesty;
 The leader of the starry host that stand
 In shining order on thy either hand;
 Such bright magnificence adorns thy throne,
 That my enraptur'd soul would fain be gone.

Hail glorious palace, which a lofty mound
 Of shining jasper closely does surround,
 Where the blue sapphire and clear chrysolite,
 At once astonish and affect the sight,
 Where sparkling topaz thresholds kiss the feet
 Of all who come towards the Almighty's seat.
 This lofty structure, this divine abode
 Becomes the presence of its founder—God;
 Here no benumbing frosts dare once be rude,
 Nor piercing snows within these courts intrude;
 The torrid zone is far remote from thence,
 This climate feels a gentler influence;
 Here true Elysium's pleasures ne'er decay,
 Whose time is all but one eternal day;

'The very name of grief's a stranger here,
 And nothing can beget a thought of fear;
 Here undisturb'd tranquillity presides
 No enemy or jarring foe abides;
 Hence ev'ry passion, frailty, and disease,
 All that may injure, trouble, or displease;
 All that may discompose th' exalted mind,
 Are to eternal banishment consign'd.
 Oh! how my ardent spirit longs to rise,
 And praise th' Almighty Sov'reign of the Skies;
 'The meanest seat in his bright court I'd choose,
 Before the best preferment earth bestows;
 For one short hour's supreme enjoyment there
 Exceeds an age of chiefest pleasures here.
 Haste then my soul, to these blest mansions fly,
 'To see and praise the Monarch of the Sky;
 'That thou instructed in the heav'nly art,
 May with bright angels bear an humble part;
 'Thus grace and glory will begin below
 And terminate beyond the reach of woe;
 Bright resident of the celestial spheres,
 How transitory earth when heav'n appears.

May tyrants fly from guilt's eternal shade,
 And come to Jesus, who their ransom paid,
 Who with benignant love points out the way,
 "To repent, believe, hope, love, and then obey."
 If thus they humbly come from death and sin
 To Christ, they'll feel a Paradise within;
 With him are love and boundless wisdom join'd,
 And for lost man redemption was design'd;

For him his glory's veil'd in mortal shroud,
 And heaven and earth amaz'd, and trembling view'd
 God's darling offspring leave the heav'nly skies,
 Their wounded sov'reign groans, and bleeds, and dies;
 And then ascends triumphant far above,
 Where saints and angels sing redeeming love,
 On seraph's wings the victor god aspir'd,
 Relenting justice smil'd, and frowning wrath retir'd.
 Then may their souls on wings seraphic rise,
 And praise the Almighty Sov'reign of the skies;
 In whom alone essential mercy shines,
 Which neither heaven's nor boundless space confines.
 As when the sun begins his eastern way,
 To bless the nations with returning day;
 Crown'd with unfading splendour on he flies,
 Reveals the world and kindles all the skies.
 Thus light will crown men who their Lord implore,
 Who serve, obey, and love him evermore.
 This love the Psalmist view'd with mute surprise,
 And sung the wonders of the earth and skies;
 Sung how Jehovah, when he clear'd the way
 When darkness rul'd with universal sway;
 Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
 And spread circumfluent æther round the whole;
 In ambient air this ponderous ball he hung,
 And bade its centre rest for ever strong;
 Said, "Let there be light," and light did instant shine,
 And feeble mortals felt the ray divine:
 Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms, in vain
 Assault the basis of the firm machine;

At his almighty voice, old Ocean raves,
 Wakes all his forces, gathers all his waves
 Nature lies mantled in a watery robe,
 And shoreless ocean revels round the globe;
 O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
 Mix with the clouds and meet the fluid skies.
 But when in thunder the rebuke was given
 That shook the eternal firmament of heaven,
 The grand rebuke the affrighted waves obey,
 And in confusion scour their uncouth way;
 And passing rapid to the place decreed,
 Wind down the hills and sweep the humble mead
 Reluctant in the bounds the waves subside,
 The bounds impervious to the lashing tide;
 Restrain its rage, while with incessant roar
 It shakes the caverns and assaults the shore.
 He bade the silver majesty of night
 Revolve her circles and increase her light;
 Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
 And taught the sun to regulate the year.
 At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
 Primeval night resumes her gloomy reign;
 Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
 The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
 Howl through the waste, their prey affrighted chase
 O'er hills and dales, through woods and open space
 Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
 And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn;
 The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
 Fly to their shelters and forget their prey;

Laborious man with moderate slumbers blest,
 Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
 Till grateful evening with her ardent train
 Bids labour cease, and ease the weary swain;
 The azure kingdoms of the deep below
 His power, his wisdom, and his goodness show;
 Where multitudes of various beings stray,
 Crowd the profound, or on the surface play;
 Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
 And various products waft from shore to shore;
 Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,
 For the mild charms of cultivated life;
 Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
 And India joins in friendship with the pole;
 "Here the huge potent of the scaly train
 Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main;
 The rolling monster swift pursues his way,
 Dashes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy sea."
 When skies and ocean mingle, storm and flame,
 Portending instant wreck to nature's frame;
 Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious pride,
 The vollied lightning and the surging tide;
 And while the wrathful elements engage
 Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage:
 All those God's watchful providence supplies,
 To him alone they turn their waiting eyes;
 For them he opens his exhaustless store,
 Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.
 But if he should for one short moment hide
 His beauteous face; and his smiles be denied,

Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
 And vents her grief in universal cries;
 Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
 Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
 Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
 And all their hosts to native dust return.
 But when again his glory is displayed,
 Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
 New rising forms his potent smiles obey,
 And life rekindles at the genial ray;
 United thanks replenish'd nature pays,
 And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise.
 When time shall in eternity be lost,
 And hoary nature languish into dust;
 For ever young his glory shall remain,
 Vast as his being, endless as his reign—
 If he to earth but turns his wrathful eyes,
 Her basis trembles and her offspring dies;
 If he but smites the hills, at the dread blow,
 Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow;
 And yet, Oh! shame on vain besotted man,
 Who dares the great Messiah's power to scan;
 Whose soul both vice and virtue oft divide,
 Like a ship toss'd between the wind and tide;
 But folly oft comes conqueror from the field,
 Whilst men to vice inglorious homage yield.

Such vanity has men's dark minds o'erspread,
 That less the thunderer than the clap they dread,
 Think hell a fable, an invented name,
 And count its fires a harmless lambent flame:

Thus simple birds a simple scare-crow shun,
 Yet boldly to the fatal lime-twigs run :
 Thus the fierce lion, of false fires afraid,
 Flies to the toils in which he is betrayed ;
 While pride and lust entice the unguarded mind,
 No dang'rous sands, nor rocks, nor shores we find :
 But when a tide of crimes breaks fiercely in,
 And beats the soul on fatal shelves of sin ;
 Then, ah ! too late, the dismal gulph it spies,
 In which 'tis plung'd, and sunk by treach'rous vice :
 Sometimes we think to rip the pregnant earth,
 And give its rich and long-borne burthen birth :
 Gold, silver, brass, seed of the shining vein,
 And each bright product of the fertile train ;
 For these we tear, and dig our mother's womb,
 Till for our boundless treasures we want room ;
 Yet this can ne'er our troubled minds appease,
 Nor buy our sorrows e'en a moment's ease ;
 Riches to men are like earth's gaping womb,
 Become at once their murd'rer, and their tomb ;
 Or as the wretch beneath the falling rock,
 At once is kill'd and buried with the stroke ;
 Or those to whom deceitful ice gives way,
 In vain would rise again to distant day—
 So fare the men by sin's swift current borne,
 Thoughtless of Heav'n—by Heav'n they're left forlorn,
 Our very crimes to improve our folly tend,
 For we're infatuated e'er we dare offend ;
 Nor does the growing phrensy here give o'er,
 But from this ill runs headlong on to more :

We castles build in this inferior air,
 As if to have eternal being here :
 But when unthought of, death shall snatch us hence,
 We then shall own the fond improvidence !
 With endless and unprofitable toil,
 We strive to enrich and beautify the soil—
 This soil which we at last must leave behind,
 To those for whom our pains were ne'er design'd
 How does our toil resemble children's play,
 When they erect an edifice of clay ;
 How idle, busy and employ'd they are,
 Here some bring straws, there others sticks prepare ;
 This loads his cart with dirt, that in a shell
 Brings water, that it may be temper'd well ;
 And on their work themselves they fondly pride,
 While age the childish fabric does deride ;
 So on our work, Heaven with contempt looks down,
 And with a breath our Babel tower's o'erthrown.

What strange desire of gems, what thirst of gold,
 These drops of rain congeal'd, that ripen'd mould ;
 Yet these so much men's nobler souls debase,
 That they their bliss in such mean trifles place ;
 Ah ! foolish ignorances, can your choice approve,
 No more exalted objects of your love,
 That all your time in these pursuits you spend,
 As if salvation did on them depend.

Heav'n may be purchas'd at an easy rate—
 But, Oh ! how few bid any thing for that.

Unthinking men, who earth to heav'n prefer,
 And fading joys to endless glory there ;

Thus men, Oh, shame ! prize counterfeit delights,
 Before the joys to which kind heav'n invites ;
 Yea, in destruction often they rejoice,
 Pleas'd with their ruin, since it was their choice !
 How do we weary heav'n with fruitless pray'rs,
 Impell'd by vanity, or anxious fears—
 This begs a wife, nor thinks a greater bliss,
 And that's as earnest to be rid of his ;
 This prays for children ; that, e'erstock'd, repines
 At the too fruitful issue of his loins ;
 This asks his father's days may be prolong'd ;
 That, if his father lives, complains he's wrong'd ;
 Youth prays for good old age ; and aged men
 Would cast their skins, and fain grow young again.
 Scarce in ten thousand, any two agree,
 Nay some dislike just what they'd wish to be ;
 None knows this moment what he ought require,
 Since e'en the next begets a new desire ;
 And yet like fading flow'rs our minutes count
 Whose longest life scarce to one day amount.
 See in the morning boys, at noon-tide men ;
 At night, with age, as weak as boys again.
 Thus in one short-liv'd day, they bloom and die,
 And all the difference of our ages try ;
 For death, that greedy spoiler, strikes at all,
 No prey for his insatiate jaws too small ;
 He tears the tender infant from the breast,
 Wraps in a shroud ere for the cradle drest ;
 Here sprightly youth, there hoary bending age,
 Sweet boys and blooming virgins glut his rage ;

The rich, the poor, the noble, and debas'd
 Shall have their empty titles soon cras'd ;
 Even Dives here from Laz'rus is not known,
 For now one's gold, the other's rags are gone--
 Thus late or early all resign their breath,
 And bend pale victims to the conqueror Death :
 Each age, each sex, profession, and degree
 Move t'wards this centre of humanity.

Man was with all the art of heaven design'd
 The mortal image of the immortal mind ;
 Blest Eden was the place which gave him birth,
 And as he lightly leapt from mother earth,
 Fleas'd Heav'n and nature smiling greet his rise,
 And bid him welcome into Paradise.
 Here from a lump of despicable earth,
 Had man the less, but nobler world his birth,
 The nobler, since in this small frame we view
 At once the world and its Creator too,
 But things of finest texture first decay,
 For kings and beggars both are human clay,
 Ruin'd by that which does its worth advance,
 And dash'd to pieces by the least mischance :
 This frail and transitory thing am I,
 Who only live to learn the way to die.
 Soon, soon shall death to its first matter turn
 The curious structure of this living urn.
 Thus China vessels wrought with art and pain
 Are without either, turn'd to dust again,
 Such the uncertainty of human state,
 Such the destructive haste of certain fate.

Since heaven's remote from this mean globe below
 None but the resolute can thither go,
 And they must all their vanities forego;
 Yet how the wond'ring crowd mistake their way,
 And toss'd about by their own error stray:
 This tumbles headlong from an unseen hill,
 That lights on a blind path and wanders still;
 With haste, but not good speed, this hurries on,
 That moves no faster than a snail might run;
 While to and fro another hastes in vain,
 No sooner in the right but out again;
 Here one walks fearless on whose boasted skill
 Invites another to attend him still,
 Till among thorns or miry pools they tread,
 This by his guide, that by himself misled;
 Here one in a perpetual circle moves,
 Another there in endless mazes roves;
 And when he thinks his weary rambles done,
 He finds, alas! he has but just begun.
 Thus still in droves the blinded rabble stray,
 Scarce one of thousands keeps or finds the way,
 That way of faith, hope, love, and to obey—
 Man's inconsistency no tongue can name,
 Then cease my muse the solemn plaintive strain.

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END OF CANTO XIX.

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THE
PENITENTIAL TYRANT.

CANTO FOURTH.

NO more of wars, of carnage, or of arms,
No more of virtue's worth or beauty's charms;
No more I paint the flocks, the injur'd swain,
The beauties of the land, or terrors of the main;
But sing the mercies of the pow'rs above,
The tyrant's rage contrast with heav'nly love.
Celestial muse my vent'rous flight sustain,
My plaintive muse, the sweet Columbian strain;
Though envious critics, with a surly frown,
Deny your humble bard the laurel crown,
He'll prove triumphant, if you deign to spread
Th' ambrosial myrtle round his honour'd head,
And now, methinks, I hear the tyrant say,
"Would God behold his creatures misery,
And if it was obnoxious in his sight,
Would he not soon regain the captive's right;
Punish th' oppressor, and th' oppress'd set free,
Redress their wrongs, and crown with liberty?
Say, would the God who heav'n and earth commands,
(If wrong) permit such guilt in christian lands?"

From whence harmonious praises daily rise,
 To Him, th' Almighty Sov'reign of the Skies."
 I answer thus - "Behold Messiah shine
 In mercy great, in charity divine;
 On all his works his love inscrib'd we find,
 His sov'reign goodness, and productive mind;
 His works how various, with what pow'r endued,
 Good in their origin, in nature good.
 How wondrous good must the great Maker shine,
 All grand, all glorious, matchless, and divine:
 Nor Christendom alone his mercies share,
 Exhaustless blessings and continual care,
 Extend to thousand worlds, in boundless space,
 And circle all in one benign embrace.
 The first-born sons of glory strive in vain
 T' explore, the wonders of his glorious name;
 They see his boundless love, and ever see
 Him great in goodness, and in clemency;
 But though his grace and love no limits know,
 His justice must have satisfaction too:
 These attributes in equal balance lie,
 And one can not the other's rights deny.
 Behold the thief who robs the houseless poor,
 In safety he enjoys his ill-got store.
 Behold the man who insults th' injur'd fair,
 Yet unperceiv'd he breathes the vital air!
 Behold the ruffian lift his murd'rous knife,
 Yet he escapes in safety with his life.
 But, Oh! behold the proud blasphemous rout,
 Who revelation and the Saviour doubt;

Who daringly insult their gracious Lord,
 Reject his counsel, and condemn his word :
 Harden'd in sin, they affront him to his face,
 Despise his gospel and reject his grace.
 Tho' God thus bears with them, vain tyrant know,
 Sure is his vengeance, though 'tis often slow.
 E'en in this world, imperious sinners feel
 How vainly guilt its horrors would conceal.
 The tyrant may attempt to hide his smart,
 A living plague corrodes his guilty heart.
 Though fortune seems to smile, the culprit flies,
 To crown his guilt...by suicide he dies.
 With hopeless torments and determin'd woe,
 Hell begins here and terminates below ;
 Then tyrant, who the joys of heav'n forego,
 And from your breast bids weeping virtue go ;
 While the bright hours their golden wings display,
 And draw like harness'd doves the smiling day ;
 The flying moments and the syren train,
 Ask thee to seize thy bliss, nor ask in vain ;
 To their prevailing smiles thy heart resign,
 And hast'ly make the proffer'd blessing thine ;
 Enslave your neighbours and augment your store,
 Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.
 Near some fair river on reclining land,
 Midst jess'mine bowers let thy palace stand ;
 Let marble walls unrival'd pomp display,
 And gilded tow'rs reflect augmented day :
 Let burnish'd pillars in high rows uphold
 The glitt'ring roof enrich'd with veins of gold,

And beauteous figures of the sculptor's art,
 Part grace thy palace, and thy garden part.
 Here let the scentful smiles of op'ning flow'rs,
 Breathe from thy citron walls and jess'mine bow'rs;
 Ambrosial blossoms in thy bosom smell,
 And let sweet fragrance on thy garments dwell;
 That lofty banquets and delicious feasts,
 May crown thy table and regale thy guests,
 Ransack the hills, and ev'ry park and wood,
 The lake unpeople and despoil the flood,
 Procure each feather'd luxury that beats
 Its native air, or from its clime retreats.
 Let artful cooks to raise thy relish strive,
 With all the spicy tastes the Indies give;
 While wreathes of roses round thy temples shine,
 Enjoy the sparkling blessing of the vine;
 Let the warm nectar all thy veins inspire,
 Solace thy heart and raise the vital fire;
 Let beauteous robes thy manly limbs infold,
 Of crimson hue and fring'd with flow'rs of gold;
 Let blooming tresses grace your female train,
 Each nymph a garland and a golden chain;
 Let blazing torches ev'ry night display,
 From gilded roofs an artificial day.
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er heaven's pure azure spreads her sacred light;
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole:

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head ;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies ;
 The conscious shepherds glorying in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light.
 And now let vocal strains with martial sounds,
 Ascend your court till all your court rebounds ;
 While beauteous youths and blushing maids advance,
 And form to measur'd airs the mazy dance ;
 Let their bright limbs with gold and purple glow,
 While from their brows the sable ringlets flow ;
 The female's feet, let spangled slippers grace,
 While veils transparent screen each lovely face ;
 Each ruddy face, as new-blown lilies white,
 Or winter snow, and glitt'ring as the light,
 And let their robes in gay confusion rise,
 With gold and satin mix'd, and crimson dies,
 While from their swelling breasts their robes un-
 bound,

Float in gold waves redundant o'er the ground,
 And let their rings, and bobs with amber gay,
 Shoot bright refulgence like the solar ray.
 When wanton ferments swell thy glowing veins,
 To the warm passion give the loosen'd reins ;
 Thy gazing eyes with blooming beauty feast,
 Receive its dart and hug it to thy breast ;
 From fair to fair with gay inconstance rove,
 Taste ev'ry sweet and cloy thy heart with love,
 And in your chariot rich with sculptur'd gold,
 Display your nymphs and all their charms unfold ;

While foaming coursers in the rapid race,
 In silver harness'd, sweep the vernal space,
 Toss their high heads and scour the flow'ry lawn,
 Bright as Aurora, daughter of the dawn;
 Behold with joy, your steeds with silver crown'd,
 Neigh, champ the bit, prance, foam, and paw the
 ground;

Then urge the fiery steeds impetuously,
 And lash the coursers till the coursers fly;
 Till swift, and still more swift they snorting go,
 Swift as wild winds and white as winter snow;
 Resplendent as imperial Sol at noon,
 Or the pale radiance of the silver moon;
 But midst thy boundless joy, unbridled youth,
Remember still this sad but certain truth,
 That thou to God must give a strict account,
 For all thy deeds, and for thy wealth's amount,
 I view thy end and tremble while I write,
 Thy soul, the judge, appear before my sight,
 I see th' impartial Judge's frowning brow,
 Say not he's distant, I behold him now;
 Allow a God, he must our deeds regard,
 A righteous judge must punish and reward;
 Yet that he raises no tribunal here,
 Impartial justice to dispense is clear;
 His sword unpunish'd criminals defy,
 Nor by his thunder does the tyrant die,
 While God's own children press'd with want and
 pain,
 Their unrewarded rectitude maintain;

His dread right hand he unextended keeps,
 Though long provok'd th' inactive vengeance sleeps;
 Hence in a world succeeding this prepare,
 To stand arraign'd before his awful bar,
 Then where, Oh! tyrant, wilt thou hide thy head,
 Shudd'ring with horror! what hast thou to plead?
 When He, the Almighty, who thy actions know,
 Will be the plaintiff, judge, and witness too;
 Then, cruel, wretch he'll frown thee from his throne,
 And by his wrath will make his justice known.

In brief we have his rectitude express'd,
 Now view the earth in verdant beauty dress'd;
 The various scenes which various pow'rs display,
 To demonstrate his love, this theatre survey:
 Then tyrant, love him, who ne'er lov'd before...
 Ye saints that love, admire and love him more;
 He is your Maker, Father, and your God,
 Ye are his sons and servants, bought with blood.
 See how sublime the fragrant mountains rise,
 And with their pointed heads invade the skies!
 How the high cliffs their craggy arms extend,
 Distinguish states and aever'd realms defend.
 How ambient shores confine the briny deep,
 And in their ancient bounds the billows keep...
 The deep, deep vales their smiling pride infold,
 What rich abundance do their bosoms hold?
 Regard their lovely verdure, charming view;
 The blushing flow'rs of various scents and hue.
 Despotie monarchs on their nuptial day,
 Array'd in gold and purple shine so gay,

As the bright natives of th' unlabour'd field,
 Unvers'd in spinning, and in looms unskill'd ;
 See how the rip'ning fruits the gardens crown,
 Imbibe the sun and make his light their own ;
 See the clear brooks in silver mazes creep,
 Enrich the meadows and supply the deep ;
 While from their weeping urns the fountains flow,
 The verdure moistens where they pass below ;
 Admire the narrow stream and spreading lake,
 The proud aspiring grove and humble brake....
 How nodding forests and the woods delight,
 How the sweet glade and op'nings charm the sight,
 Observe the dewy lawn and pleasant plain,
 The fertile furrows rich with golden grain :
 How useful all, how all conspire to grace
 The spacious earth, and beautify her face.
 Ye friends of slavery, look ; Oh ! look around,
 All nature view with marks of goodness crown'd ;
 Mind the wise ends which proper means promote,
 See how the parts for diff'rent use are wrought ;
 See how imperial Sol who gilds the day,
 At such due distance does his beams display,
 That he his heat may give to sea and land,
 In just degrees, as all their wants demand ;
 But had he in the boundless fields of space
 Or æther, chosen a remoter place ;
 How sad, how wild, how exquisite the scene
 Of desolation, had this planet been :
 A wasteful, cold, untrodden wilderness,
 The gloomy haunts of horror and distress....

Instead of woods which crown the mountain's head,
 And the gay honours of the fragrant mead,
 Insufferable winter had defac'd
 Earth's blooming charms, and made a barren waste :
 No mild indulgent gales would gently bear,
 On their soft wings, sweet vapours through the air,
 The balmy sprouts of plants and fragrant flowers,
 Of aromatic groves and myrtle bowers ;
 Whose odoriferous exhalations fan
 The flame of life, and recreate the man :
 Or had the sun by like unhappy fate,
 Elected to the earth a nearer seat ;
 His beams had cleft the hills, the vallies dried,
 Exhal'd the lake, and drain'd the briny tide—
 Had laid all nature waste, and turn'd the land
 To hills of cinders and to vales of sand ;
 No beast could then have rang'd the leafless wood,
 Nor finny nations cut the boiling flood.

Th' unwearied sun his constant task repeats,
 Returns at morning, and at eve retreats,
 And by the distribution of his light,
 Now gives to man the day, and now the night :
 When the bright orb, to solace southern seats,
 Inverts his course, and from the north retreats ;
 As he advances, his indulgent beam
 Makes the glad earth with fresh conceptions teem :
 Restores their leafy honours to the woods,
 Flowers to the banks, and freedom to the floods,
 Unbinds the turf, exhilarates the plain,
 Brings back his labour, and recruits the swain.

The birds on branches perch'd, or on the wing,
 Hail the return of ever-blooming spring :
 The heat of summer benefits produce
 Of equal number, and of equal use :
 The sprouting buds and vernal flowers bloom,
 By warmer rays to ripe perfection come
 Th' austere and pond'rous juices, they sublime
 The orange-tree, the citron, and the lime.
 Now the bright sun compacts the precious stone,
 Imparting radiant lustre like his own :
 He tinctures rubies with their rosy hue,
 And in the sapphire spreads a heavenly blue :
 For the proud monarch's golden crown prepares
 Rich orient pearls and adamantine stars.
 Next, autumn, when the sun's withdrawing ray,
 The night enlarges, and contracts the day,
 To crown his labour to the harvest yields
 The golden treasures of his fruitful fields
 The fragrant fruit for the rice palate fits,
 And to the press the purple grape submits.
 At length forsaken by the solar ray,
 See winter all his snowy stores display :
 In hoary triumph unmolested reigns
 O'er barren hills and black untrodden plains :
 Hardens the globe, the shady grove deforms,
 Fetters the flood, and shakes all hear'd with storms :
 The meads their flow'ry pride no longer wear,
 And trees extend their naked arms in air :
 Yet, in their turn, the snows and frost produce
 Various effects of necessary use :

Th' intemperate heats of summer are control'd
 By winter's rigour, and inclement cold,
 Which checks contagious spawn and noxious steams,
 The fatal offspring of immoderate beams ;
 Th' exhausted air with vital nitre fills,
 Infection stops, and death in embryo kills,
 Constrains the glebe, keeps back the hurtful weed,
 And fits the furrow for the vernal seed.
 Again the heat on earth its influence pours,
 Drawn from the sun's exhaustless golden stores ;
 Through gulphs immense of intervening air,
 T' enrich the earth, and every loss repair :
 The land, its gainful traffic to maintain,
 Sends out crude vapours in exchange for rain ;
 The flowery garden and the verdant mead,
 Warm'd by the rays, their exhalations spread :
 The streams, their banks forsaken, upward move,
 And flow again in winding clouds above ;
 The water-spouts precipitate supply,
 Nature's amazing magazines on high,
 By nature shap'd to various figures, those
 The fruitful rain, and these the hail compose ;
 E'en the wild winds, which o'er the mountains pass,
 And beat with whistling wings the valley's face ;
 Shake the tall cedars, through the forests sweep,
 And with their furious breath foment the deep ;
 This thin, this soft texture of the air,
 Of special use, shews our kind Parent's care.
 Had not the Maker wrought the springy frame,
 Such as it is, to fan the vital flame ;

The blood, defrauded of its nitrous food,
 Had cool'd and languish'd in th' arterial road;
 While the tir'd heart had strove, with fruitless pain,
 To push the lazy tide along the vein.
 Of what important use to human kind;
 To what great ends subservient is the wind!
 Behold, where'er this active vapour flies,
 It drives the clouds and agitates the skies;
 This from stagnation and corruption saves
 The deep, deep ocean's ever-rolling waves:
 This animals, to succour life, demand,
 For should the air unventilated stand,
 The languid deep, corrupted, would contain
 Dread deaths and secret stores of raging pain,
 The scorching sun would, with a fatal beam,
 Make all the void with births malignant teem;
 Exhaling vapours would be turn'd to swarms
 Of noxious insects and destructive worms.
 Another blessing which the breathing wind,
 Benevolent, conveys to human kind,
 Is that it cools and qualifies the air,
 And with sweet breezes distant regions cheer.
 Ye sable nations of the torrid zone,
 How well to you is this great bounty known;
 As frequent gales from the wide ocean rise,
 To fan your air, and moderate your skies!
 Had not Jehovah this provision made,
 By which your air is cool'd, your sun allay'd;
 Destroy'd by too intense a flame, the land
 Had lain a parch'd inhospitable sand.

But the fresh breeze, that from the ocean blows,
 From the wide lake, or from the mountain snows.
 So soothes the air, and mitigates the sun;
 So cures the regions of the sultry zone,
 That oft with nature's blessings they abound,
 Frequent in people, and with plenty crown'd.
 As active winds relieve the air and land,
 The seas no less their useful blasts demand.
 Without this aid, the ship would ne'er advance,
 Along the deep, and o'er the billows dance:
 No vessel, with white canvass wing'd, would fly,
 And with their waving streamers sweep the sky:
 No mutual traffic merchants could maintain;
 No manufact'ries change to mutual gain.
 See how the vapours, congregated, rear
 Their curling columns, and obscure the air,
 Forgetful of their gravity, they rise,
 Renounce the centre and usurp the skies;
 Where, form'd to clouds, they their black lines display,
 And take their airy march, as winds convey.
 Sublime in air, while they their course pursue,
 They from their fleeces shake the pearly dew
 On the parch'd mountain, and with genial rain
 Renew the forest, and refresh the plain;
 They shed their healing juices on the ground,
 Cement the crack and close the gaping wound;
 Did not the vapours by the solar heat,
 Thin'd and exhal'd, rise to their airy seat;
 Or not in watery clouds collected fly,
 Then form'd to chrystal drops desert the sky,

The fields would no recruits of moisture find,
 But by the sun-beam dry'd, and by the wind,
 Would never plant, or flow'r, or fruit produce ;
 Either for beast, or for the master's use.

See, and revere th' artillery of heav'n,
 Drawn by the gale, or by the tempest driv'n,
 Thunder and fire, the floating batt'ries make,
 O'erturn the mountains, and the forests shake ;
 This way and that they drive the atmosphere,
 And its wide bosom from corruption clear ;
 While their bright flame consumes the sulphur trains,
 And noxious vapours, which infect our veins.
 Thus they refine the vital element,
 Secure our health, and growing plagues prevent,
 And thus, the forest ash, and mountain pine,
 The tow'ring cedar, and the humble vine,
 The drooping willow that o'ershades the flood,
 And each spontaneous offspring of the wood,
 With the tall poplars, which from earth arise,
 And wave their nodding heads amid the skies,
 Are nurtur'd with the trees that fruits produce,
 Some for delightful taste, and some for use,
 With sprouting plants that fringe the plain and wood,
 For physic some, and some design'd for food.
 Thus fragrant flow'rs with charming colours died,
 On fertile meads unfold their gaudy pride.
 Revere these scenes, these boundless scenes survey,
 Which angels ne'er can paint...nor saints portray,
 On this wide field of wonders can you find,
 A specimen of rage or cruelty design'd ;

Does God examples for your lust display,
 In word or deed, say, cruel despot say ?
 Then tyrant, love him, who ne'er lov'd before ;
 Ye saints that love, admire, and love him more !
 He is your Maker, Father, and your God,
 Ye are his sons and servants, bought with blood.

Still farther view Jehovah's grand design,
 Then own and praise the architect divine.
 Regard the orbs sublime, in æther borne,
 Which the blue regions of the skies adorn ;
 Compar'd with whose extent, this low hung ball,
 Shrunk to a point, is despicably small ;
 Their number, counting those the unaided eye
 Can see, or by the telescope descry ;
 With those which in the adverse hemisphere,
 Or near each pole, to lands remote appear,
 The widest stretch of human thought exceeds,
 And in th' attentive mind, amazement breeds :
 While these so num'rous, and so vast in size,
 In various ways, roll through the spangled skies ;
 Through crossing roads, perplex'd and intricate,
 Perform their stages, and their rounds repeat ;
 None by collision from their course are driv'n,
 No, shocks, no conflicts, break the peace of heav'n,
 No shatter'd globes, no glowing fragments fall,
 No worlds, o'erturn'd, crush this terrestrial ball ;
 In beauteous order, all the orbs advance,
 And in their mazy complicated dance :
 Not in one part of all the pathless sky,
 Did any ever halt, or slip awry.

Copernicus, who justly did condemn
 The eldest system, form'd a wiser scheme,
 In which he leaves the sun at rest, and rolls
 The orb terrestrial on its proper poles,
 Which makes the night and day by this career,
 And by its slow and crooked course, the year.
 The famous Danc, who oft the modern guides,
 To earth and sun their provinces divides;
 The earth's rotations make the night and day,
 The sun revolving through the ecliptic way,
 Affects the various seasons of the year,
 Which in their turn, for happy ends appear:
 Kepler asserts, these wonders may be done,
 By the magnetic virtue of the sun:
 Which he to gain his end, thinks fit to place,
 Full in the centre of that mighty space,
 Which does the spheres, where planets roll, include,
 And leaves him with attractive force endu'd.
 The sun thus seated, by mechanic laws,
 The earth, and ev'ry distant planet draws;
 By which attraction, all the planets found
 Within his reach, are turn'd in æther round,
 Since all these rolling orbs the sun obey,
 Who holds his empire by magnetic sway:
 Since all are guided with an equal force,
 Why are they so unequal in their course?
 The Georgium Sidus high, with speed profound,
 Eighty-three years and six months goes his round.
 Saturn in thirty years his ring completes,
 Which swifter Jupiter in twelve repeats.

Mars, three and twenty months revolving spends,
 The earth in twelve her annual journey ends.
 Venus, thy race in twice four months is run;
 Mercury three demands, and lo! the moon,
 Her revolution finishes in one.

If all at once are mov'd, and by one string,
 Why so unequal in their annual ring?

Philosophers may spare their toil, 'tis vain
 The cause of heav'nly motions to explain.
 No cause of these appearances they'll find,
 But pow'r exerted by th' eternal mind,
 Which through their roads the orbs celestial drives,
 And this or that, determin'd motion gives;

The great I AM, does all the worlds control,
 Which by his order, this and that way roll;
 From him they take a delegated force,

And at his high command, maintain their course;
 But if the earth and each erratic world,
 Around the sun their proper centre whirl'd,
 Compose but one extended vast machine,
 And from one spring their motions all begin;

Does not so wide, so intricate a frame,
 Yet so harmonious, sov'reign art proclaim?

This wide machine, the universe, regard,
 With how much skill in each department rear'd;

The sun, a globe of fire, a glowing mass,
 Hotter than melted flint, or fluid glass,

Of this our system, holds the middle place,

Mercurius nearest to the central sun,

Does in an oval orbit circling run;

But rarely is the object of our sight,
 In solar glory lost, and golden light:
 Venus the next, whose lovely beams adorn,
 As well the dewy eve as purple morn,
 Does her fair orb in beauteous order turn.
 This globe terrestrial next with fixed poles,
 And all its pond'rous load, unwearied rolls.
 And next bright Mars, then planetary Jove,
 Sublime in air, through their wide circuits move;
 Four satellites Jove's bright dominion own,
 And round him turn, as round the earth the moon.
 Saturn revolves in his extended sphere,
 While Georgium Sidus, finishes his year.
 Yet is our mighty system which contains
 So many worlds, such vast ethereal plains,
 But one of millions, which compose the whole,
 Perhaps as glorious, and of worlds as full.
 The stars that grace the high expansion bright,
 By their own beams, and unprecious light,
 Though some near neighbours seem, and some display
 United lustre in the milky way,
 At a vast distance from each other lie,
 Sever'd by spacious voids of liquid sky,
 All these illustrious worlds, and many more,
 Which by the tube astronomers explore,
 And billions which the glass can ne'er descry,
 Lost in the wilds of vast immensity,
 Are suns, are centres, whose superior sway
 Planets of various magnitude obey.
 If we, with one clear comprehensive sight,
 Saw all these systems, all these orbs of light;

If we their order and dependence knew,
 Had all their motions and their ends in view,
 With all the comets which in ether stray,
 Yet constant to their time and to their way,
 Struck by the awful sight, and gulphs immense,
 Of wisdom and of vast omnipotence,
 We'd trembling stand, in silent wonder gaze,
 Lost in astonishment, in love, and praise.
 Would not this view convincing marks impart
 Of boundless goodness, and stupendous art,
 And make e'en tyrants their black crimes forego,
 And prove that gracious Heav'n must be their foe.
 Does not the idea of a God include
 The notion of beneficent and good?
 Of one to mercy, not revenge inclin'd,
 Able and willing to relieve mankind?
 A friend to all does not this God appear,
 The object of our love, and not our fear?
 Will the benignant Maker prove unjust,
 Smile on oppressors, and approve their lust?
 The unjust judge did pity and relieve
 The widow; and will God refuse to save
 The helpless, injur'd, and oppressed slave?
 The supposition is impertinence,
 A base insult to Heav'n and common sense.
 The wretch who thinks such blasphemy is curs'd,
 Who makes our God, of all beings the worst,
 Like barb'rous tyrants, brutal, base, unjust.
 Before his promis'd clemency shall fail,
 The golden sun and stars will plunge to hell;

The heavens will fall a victim to its foes,
 The forest oak will bear the blushing rose,
 And fragrant myrtles thrive in Russian snows;
 The fair pomegranate will adorn the pine,
 The grape the bramble, and the sloe the vine;
 Fish from the plains, birds from the seas will rise,
 And lowing herds fly from the starry skies.
 Then, tyrant, love him, who ne'er lov'd before,
 Ye saints that love, admire, and love him more;
 He is your Maker, Father, and your God,
 Ye are his sons, his servants, bought with blood.
 The despot, if to search for truth inclin'd,
 May in himself his full conviction find,
 And from his body teach his cruel mind.
 That man is wondrous form'd, we all must grant,
 Each living creature, and each pregnant plant.
 What human workmanship can ever vie
 With hand, or foot, or nose, or ear, or eye?
 What can for skill so much applause deserve,
 As the fine texture of the fibrous nerve,
 Or the stupendous system which contains
 Th' arterial channels, or the winding veins?
 Nor less contrivance, nor less gracious art,
 Surprise and please in every other part.
 See how the nerves with equal wisdom made,
 Arising from the tender brain, pervade,
 And secret pass in pairs, the channel'd bone,
 And thence advance thro' paths and roads unknown;
 Form'd of the finest complicated thread,
 These num'rous cords are through the body spread;

A thousand branches from each trunk they send,
 Some to the limbs, some to the body tend ;
 Part in straight lines, part in transverse are found,
 One forms a crooked figure, one a round ;
 The entrails these embrace, in spiral strings,
 Those clasp the arterial tubes in tender rings ;
 The tendons some compacted close produce,
 And the thin fibres for the skin diffuse ;
 Some to the heart advancing, take their way,
 Which move, and make the beating muscles play :
 Yet we these wondrous functions ne'er perceive,
 Functions by which we move, by which we live.
 No sons of wisdom can these wonders trace,
 The grand formation of the human race :
 Who can this field of miracles survey,
 And not with gratitude in raptures say,
 " Behold a God, adore him, and obey ?"

Now view the actions of the animal,
 Which instinct some, some lower reason call ;
 Whence they at sight discern and dread their foe,
 Their food distinguish, and their physic know ;
 By which the lion learns to hunt his prey,
 And the weak herd to fear and fly away ;
 The birds contrive inimitable nests,
 And dens are haunted by the woodland beasts ;
 The tim'rous deer o'er hills and towns pursu'd,
 By artful shifts the panting foe elude ;
 What various wonders may observers see,
 In the industrious ant, the wasp, and bee ;
 The smallest part of the terrestrial frame,
 Does the Creator's love and art proclaim.

Now for a moment view the human mind,
 In flesh imprison'd, and to earth confin'd,
 What vigour has she, what a wondrous sight,
 Strong as wild winds, and sprightly as the light;
 She moves unwearied as the active fire,
 And, like a flame, her flights to heav'n aspire;
 By day her thoughts, in never ceasing streams,
 Flow clear; by night they strive in troubled dreams;
 To the remoter regions of the sky,
 Her swift wing'd thought can in a moment fly;
 Climb to the heav'n of heav'ns to be employ'd,
 In viewing thence the unmeasurable void;
 Can look beyond the stream of time to see,
 The boundless ocean of eternity—
 Thoughts, in an instant, through the zodiac run,
 And stride from orb to orb, from sun to sun,
 Then down they shoot precipitate as light,
 Nor can opposing clouds retard their flight;
 Through subterranean vaults with ease they sweep,
 Explore all hell and search the briny deep.
 The mind's tribunal can reports reject,
 Made by the senses, and their faults correct;
 The magnitude of distant stars it knows,
 Which erring sense as twinkling tapers shows;
 Crooked the shape our cheated eye believes,
 Which through a double medium it receives;
 Superior minds do a right judgment make,
 Declare it straight, and mend the eye's mistake.
 Where sits this bright intelligence enthron'd,
 With numberless ideas pour'd around;

Where wisdom, prudence, contemplation stand,
 And busy phantoms watch her high command;
 Where sciences and arts in order wait,
 And heav'nly truths compose her godlike state;
 Can the dissecting steel the brain display,
 And the august apartment open lay?
 Where this great queen still chooses to reside,
 In intellectual pomp, majestic pride;
 Or can the eye, assisted by the glass,
 Discern the secret sentimental place,
 In which ten thousand images remain,
 Without confusion, and their rank maintain?
 As human kind can, by an act direct,
 Perceive and know, then reason and reflect;
 So the self-moving spring has power to choose,
 These methods to reject, and those to use;
 She can design and prosecute an end,
 Exert her vigour, or her act suspend.
 Free from the insults of all foreign power,
 She does her godlike liberty secure;
 Her right and high prerogative maintains,
 Impatient of the yoke, and scorns vile chains;
 She can her airy train of forms disband,
 And make new levies at her own command;
 O'er her ideas sov'reign she presides,
 At pleasure these unites, and those divides;
 The ready phantoms at her nod advance,
 And form the busy intellectual dance;
 While her fair scenes, to vary or supply,
 She singles out fit images that lie

In memory's records, all which faithful hold,
 Objects immense, in secret marks enroll'd ;
 The slumb'ring forms at her command awake,
 And now return, and now their cells forsake ;
 On 'active fancy's crowded theatre,
 As she directs they rise or disappear—
 By her superior power the reas'ning soul,
 Can each reluctant appetite control ;
 Can ev'ry passion rule and ev'ry sense,
 Change nature's course, and with her laws dispense.
 Our breathing to prevent, she can arrest
 Th' extension or contraction of the breast.
 When pain'd with hunger, we can food refuse,
 And wholesome nourishment or famine choose.
 Can the wild beast his instinct disobey,
 And from his jaws release his captive prey ?
 Or hungry herds on verdant pastures lie,
 Mindless to eat and resolute to die ?
 With heat expiring, can the panting hart,
 Patient of thirst, from the cool stream depart ?
 Can brutes at will imprison'd breath detain,
 Torment prefer to ease, and life disdain ?
 And can they, like the guilty tyrant, say,
 All sad and sullen, we hate the golden day ?
 From this 'tis evident, the will is free,
 Unforc'd and unnecessitated we ;
 Ourselves determine, and our freedom prove,
 When this we fly, and to that object move ;
 Had not the mind a power to will and choose,
 One object to embrace, and one refuse ;

Could she not act, or not her act suspend,
 As it obstructed or advanc'd her end;
 Virtue and vice were names without a cause,
 This would not hate deserve, or that applause—
 Justice in vain has high tribunals rear'd,
 Who can her sentence punish, who reward.
 If impious children should their father kill,
 Can they be wicked when they cannot will;
 When only causes foreign and unseen,
 Strike with resistless force the springs within?
 Are vapours guilty, which the vintage blast?
 Are storms proscribed, which lay the forest waste?
 Why lies the wretch on tortur'd on the wheel,
 If forc'd to treason, or compell'd to steal?
 Why does the warrior by auspicious fate,
 With laurels crown'd, and clad in robes of state,
 In triumph ride amidst the gazing throng,
 Deaf with their plaudits, and the poet's song?
 If the victorious, but the brute machine,
 Did only wreaths inevitably win,
 And no wise choice, or vigilance had shown,
 Mov'd by a fatal impulse, not his own:
 This spurious sentiment is base, unjust,
 Arraigns high heav'n, for mankind's guilt and lust;
 As much we're forc'd, when by an atom's sway,
 Control'd, as when a monarch we obey,
 And by what ever cause constrain'd to act,
 We merit no reward, no guilt contract.
 Our minds of rulers feel a conscious awe,
 Revere their justice, and regard their law—

She rectitude and deviation knows,
 That vice from one, from one that virtue flows;
 Of those she feels unlike effects within,
 From virtue pleasure, and remorse from sin;
 Hopes of a just reward, by that are fed,
 By this of wrath vindictive, sacred dread.
 The mind which thus can rules of duty learn,
 Can right from wrong, and good from ill discern;
 Which, the sharp stroke of justice to prevent,
 Can shame express, can grieve, reflect, repent.
 From fate or chance her rise can never draw,
 Those causes know not virtue, vice, or law!
 She can a life succeeding this conceive,
 Of bliss, or wo, an endless state believe;
 Dreading the just and universal doom,
 And aw'd by fears of punishment to come;
 By hopes excited of a glorious crown,
 And certain pleasures in a world unknown—
 She can the fond desires of sense restrain,
 Renounce delight, and choose distress and pain:
 Joyful relinquish life, and death embrace,
 Thro' love divine, and thro' all-conq'ring grace;
 She to afflicted virtue can adhere,
 And chains and want to prosp'rous guilt prefer;
 Her charming songs the siren sings in vain,
 She can the tuneful hypocrite disdain;
 Fix'd and unchang'd, this faithless world behold,
 Deaf to its threats, and to its favours cold.

We have a glimpse of the creation shown
 As we'd compare a candle to the sun.

Now view religion with celestial charms,
 The greatest blessing from our Maker's arms ;
 From her bright eyes what heav'nly rays are spread,
 While dawning glory plays around her head ;
 Without this heaven-born principle within,
 Men are beneath the brutes, and slaves to sin ;
 Like them we grovel, and like them enjoy,
 But brutal pleasures and unhallow'd joy,
 And God declares, without converting love,
 We never, never can sing hymns above.
 That men might first be qualified to rise,
 And fill their golden thrones above the skies ;
 From heaven Messiah came, to point the way
 T' repent, believe, hope, love, and then obey.
 Aias ! a train of mischief oft proceeds
 From hypocritic rites and penal creeds.
 Shall Heaven's profoundest blessing then forego
 Her worth, because professors prove her foe ?
 Shall hypocrites and demagogues destroy
 Religion, liberty, and sacred joy ?
 Then we may necessary food forego
 When we behold the glutton and his wo.
 Hail, light divine ! by thee we bless the cause
 Who form'd the world, and rules it by his laws,
 His independent being we adore,
 Extol his goodness, and revere his power ;
 Our wond'ring minds his high perfections view,
 The lofty contemplation we pursue,
 Till ravish'd we the great idea find,
 Shining in bright impressions on the mind ;

Though brutes with great sagacity are bless'd,
 None but mankind are of this pearl possess'd ;
 And yet, alas ! how many men forego
 Their high prerogatives, and sink in wo.

Inspir'd by thee, guest of celestial race,
 With generous love, we human kind embrace ;
 We bless the orphan, make the widow blest,
 And for the stranger spread the couch of rest ;
 The pris'ner visit, bound in galling chains,
 The naked clothe, and sooth the sick man's pains ;
 While down our cheeks the tender sorrows flow,
 We feel our brother's grief, our brother's wo ;
 Feel sympathetic love for all our race,
 And circle mankind in one kind embrace ;
 Our greatest grief is to see human wo,
 Yet can't relieve, or stop the tears that flow.
 We provocations unprovok'd receive,
 Patient of wrong, and easy to forgive !
 " We do to others as we'd be done by,"
 Nor harbour envy, nor declare a lie ;
 We pray for those who curse us, and our foe
 We love and pity, and relieve his wo ;
 Protect th' oppress'd, and plead the poor man's cause,
 Pursue the holy path that justice draws.
 Thy lustre, blest effulgence, can dispel
 The clouds of error and the glooms of hell ;
 Can cause the saints of ev'ry name to love,
 And journey hand in hand to joys above ;
 Can to the soul impart ethereal light,
 Give life divine, and intellectual sight ;

Before our joyful eyes, the beams display,
 The op'ning scenes of bliss and endless day,
 By which incited, we with ardour rise,
 Scorn this inferior ball, and claim the skies ;
 Tyrants to thee a change of nature owe,
 You break their tortures, and indulgent grow ;
 Ambitious conquerors, in their mad career,
 Check'd by thy voice lay down the sword and spear ;
 The boldest champions of impiety,
 Deists and atheists are subdued by thee ;
 Loose wits made wise, a public good become ;
 The sons of pride an humble mein assume ;
 The profligate in morals grow severe,
 Defrauders just, and sycophants sincere.
 This is religion, this is heavenly love,
 Offspring divine, descended from above.
 A thousand thousand proofs we might display,
 To prove her worth, let two suffice, then say,
 Is it not time to seek this pearl and pray ?

With am'rous language and bewitching smiles,
 Enticing airs and all the lover's wiles ;
 The fair Egyptian Jacob's son caress'd,
 Hung on his neck, and languish'd on his breast ;
 The charming dame allures her beauteous slave,
 Now flatt'ring sued, and threat'ning now did rave ;
 But not the various eloquence of love,
 Nor pow'r enrag'd, could his fix'd virtue move ;
 See, awed by Heaven, the valiant Joseph flies,
 Her artful tongue and more persuasive eyes,
 And springing from her disappointed arms,
 Prefers a dungeon, to unlawful charms ;

Stedfast in virtue's and his country's cause,
 Th' illustrious founder of the Jewish laws;
 Who taught by Heav'n, at genuine greatness aim'd,
 With worthy pride imperial blood disclaim'd;
 Th' alluring hopes of Pharaoh's throne resign'd,
 And the vain pleasures of a court declin'd:
 Pleas'd with obscurity, to ease the pains
 Of Jacob's race, and break their servile chains,
 Such gen'rous minds are form'd, where true re-
 ligion reigns;

And this alone, can all our foes disarm,
 E'en death itself, and save from future harm,
 Let unbelievers brand divinity,
 (Because of hypocrites) with infamy;
Yet if they're right, the christian can't be wrong,
And if he's right, the deist is undone;
 E'en Paine must grant no man is blest, but he
 Whose mind from anxious thoughts of death is free,
 Let laurel wreaths the victor's brows adorn,
 Sublime, through gazing crowds in triumph borne;
 Let acclamations thunder to the skies,
 While curling clouds of balmy incense rise—
 Let spoils immense, let trophies gain'd in war,
 And conquer'd kings at his golden car;
 While dappled coursers toss their heads around,
 Neigh, champ the bit, snort, rear, and paw the ground.
 If dread of death still unsubdu'd remains,
 And secret o'er the vanquish'd victor reigns;
 Th' illustrious slave, in endless thralldom bears
 A heavier chain, than his led captive wears:

With swiftest wing the fears of future fate,
 Elude the guards and pass the palace gate ;
 Traverse the gilded courts, and uncontrol'd,
 To the grand monarch cling, and perch on busts of
 gold.

Familiar horrors haunt the despot's head,
 And thoughts ill-boding from the downy bed,
 Chase gentle sleep, black cares the soul infest,
 And triple stars adorn a troubled breast:
 In vain they ask the charming lyre, in vain
 The flatterer's sweeter voice to lull their pain ;
 Riot and wine, but for a moment please,
 Delights they may enjoy, but never ease.

What are distinctions, honour, wealth, and state,
 The pomp of courts, the triumphs of the great ;
 And what are studded sceptres, crowns, and fame,
 Th' imperial title, and majestic name ;
 The num'rous troops that envy'd thrones secure,
 And splendid ensigns of monarchical pow'r ?
 What the grand palace, built at vast expense,
 Unrival'd art and luxury immense ;
 With statues grac'd, by ancient Greece supplied,
 With more than Indian wealth, or British pride ?
 What are the foods of all delicious kinds,
 Which now the huntsman, now the fowler finds ;
 The richest wines Madeira's happy field,
 And all the spacious earth beside, can yield ;
 Embroider'd robes, all rich with flow'rs of gold,
 And beamy diamonds beauteous to behold ?
 Nature deprav'd, abundance does pursue,
 Her first and pure demands are cheap and few

What health promotes and gives, unenvied peace,
Is all expenseless, and procur'd with ease.

The duke who wrongs his tenants, to supply
His purse, to feed his pride and vanity.

Who robs the weeping orphan, to maintain
His whores, his hounds, his horses, and domain;

In vain he seeks for peace and happiness,
His boundless treasures make his comforts less:

Abundance cloy, of riches, love, or song;

"We want but little, nor that little long."

Behold the shepherd, see th' industrious swain,

Who ploughs the field, or reaps the golden grain;

How mean, and yet how tasteful is their fare,

How sweet their sleep, their souls how free from
care;

They drink the streaming crystal, and escape

Th' inflaming juices of the purple grape,

And to protect their limbs from rigorous air,

Garments, their own domestic work, they wear:

Yet thoughts of death, their lonely cots molest,

Affright the hind, and break the lab'rer's rest.

Since these reflections on approaching fate,

Disturb, and ill presaging care create,

'Tis clear we strive for happiness in vain,

While fears of death within insulting reign;

Perplexing doubts oppress the rich man's mind,

Who knows he must his riches leave behind:

The righteous man has all his store above,

He lives in heav'n and feeds on heav'nly love,

He smiles at death and welcomes him, resign'd,

And gives his fears and terrors to the wind;

Thy force alone, religion, death disarms,
 Breaks all his darts and every viper charms;
 Soften'd by thee, the grisly form appears,
 No more the horrid object of our fears;
 We undismay'd, his awful pow'r obey,
 Who guides us through the safe though gloomy way,
 Which leads to life and to the bless'd abode,
 Where minds enjoy what here they own'd, a God;
 Bless'd with delights for ever young, divine,
 And crown'd with crowns that everlasting shine.

But infidels and wits, absurdly frame,
 To sink the fears of death, their impious scheme,
 To chase the horrors of a conscious mind,
 They desp'rate means and wild expedients find,
 The hardy rebels, aiming to appease
 Their fierce remorse, they dream awhile at ease:
 Of crying guilt, th' avenging pow'r disown,
 And pull their high Redeemer from his throne!
 That done, they mock the threats of future pain,
 As monst'rous fictions of the preacher's brain.
 Thus infidels augment our latent wo,
 And men the joyful hopes of heav'n forego.
 We see the works of God are very good,
 But men are wicked, and athirst for blood;
 While by the tyrant's hand his neighbour dies,
 The villain forces vengeance from the skies.
 Thus for our sins, Oh! who can count our woes,
 Our friends are faithless, and sincere our foes;
 Now sharp invectives from an envious tongue,
 Improve our errors and our virtues wrong.

Th' oppressor now with arbitrary might,
 Tramples on law, and robs us of our right.
 Dangers unseen on every side invade,
 And snares o'er all th' unfaithful ground are laid;
 Oft wounds from foreign violence we feel,
 Now from the russian's, now the soldier's steel;
 By bruises, or by labour, we are pain'd,
 A bone disjointed, or a sinew strain'd;
 Now fest'ring sores afflict our tortur'd limbs,
 Now to the yielding heart the gangrene climbs;
 Acute distempers, fierce, our veins assail,
 Rush on with fury, and by storm prevail.
 Others with thrift dispense their stores of grief,
 And by the sap prolong the siege of life;
 While to the grave we for deliv'rance cry.
 And promis'd still, are still denied to die;
 See colic, gout, and stone, a cruel train,
 Oppos'd by all the healing race in vain;
 Their various racks and ling'ring plagues employ,
 Relieve each other, and by turns annoy.
 We noxious insects in our bowels feed,
 Engender deaths, and dark destruction breed;
 The spleen with sullen vapours clouds the brain,
 And binds the spirits in its heavy chain;
 Howe'er the cause fantastic may appear,
 Th' effect is real, and the pain sincere;
 Hydropic people by degrees decay,
 Growing the more, the more they waste away;
 By their own ruin they augmented lie,
 With thirst and heat, amidst a deluge fry,

And while in floods of water they expire,
 More perish by the yellow fever's fire;
 Stretch'd on our downy, but uneasy beds,
 We change our pillows, and we raise our heads;
 From side to side, in vain, for rest we turn,
 With cold we shiver, or with heat we burn;
 Of night impatient, we demand the day,
 The day arrives, then for the night we pray;
 The night and day successive come and go,
 Our lasting pains no interruption know.
 Though we are born to so much wo and care,
 Yet we from tyrants still more sorrows bear;
 Unfeeling monsters, who enhance the wo
 Of human kind, and Heaven's relentless foe:
 God ne'er afflicts the sons of men with pain,
 But to reform, and prove their pleasures vain,
 And yet our dire rebellion calls for more
 Terrific judgments than he's got in store;
 Yet happy for the virtuous human kind,
 There still presides a good almighty mind;
 Who, nature's universal ship does steer,
 Averts our danger, and prevents our fear;
 Who when implor'd, does timely succour give,
 Solace our anguish and our wants relieve;
 Father of comfort, he our souls sustains,
 When press'd with grief, and mitigates our pains;
 He lives to bless the virtuous, save the poor,
 And punish lawless ruffians evermore.

And, O, my King, hail! pow'r immense above,
 Father of all, exhaustless source of love,

Thou uncreated self-existent cause,
 Control'd by no superior being's laws ;
 Ere infant light essay'd to dart the ray,
 Smil'd heav'nly sweet, and tried to kindle day :
 Ere the wide fields of ether were display'd,
 Or golden stars cerulean spheres inlaid ;
 Ere yet the eldest child of heaven was born,
 Or silver pride young nature did adorn,
 Thou wert ! and didst eternity employ,
 In peace supreme, in plenitude of joy ;
 In its ideal frame, the world design'd,
 When chaos reign'd, lay finish'd in thy mind,
 Conform'd to the divine imagin'd plan,
 With perfect ease, th' amazing work began ;
 Thy glance survey'd the solitary plains,
 Where shapeless shade with night in silence reigns :
 Then, in the dark and undistinguish'd space,
 Thy compass for the world, mark'd out the destin'd
 place ;

Then didst thou through the fields of barren night,
 Go forth collected in creating might,
 Where thou almighty vigour didst exert,
 While from thy brows the golden gleams did dart ;
 Through the black bosom of the empty space,
 The gulphs confess th' omnipotent embrace ;
 And pregnant grown with elemental seed,
 Unfinish'd orbs, and worlds in embryo breed ;
 From the crude mass, omniscient architect,
 Thou for each part materials didst select,
 And with majestic hand thy worlds erect ;

Labor'd by thee, the globes, vast lucid buoys,
 By thee suspended, float in ambient skies;
 By thy cementing word their parts cohere,
 And roll by thy impulsive nod in air;
 Thou in the vacuum didst the earth suspend,
 Advance the mountains, and the vales extend—
 People the plain with flocks, with beasts the wood,
 And store with scaly colonies the flood;
 Next man arose at thy creating word,
 Of thy terrestrial realm vicegerent lord;
 His soul more artful, labour more refin'd,
 A specimen of bright seraphic mind—
 Ennobled by thy image spotless shone,
 With joy divine and splendours not its own;
 Able to love, admire, enjoy its God,
 Know his injunctions, and obey his nod—
 Since thou didst all the spacious worlds display,
 Homage to thee let all obedient pay;
 Let twinkling stars that dance their destin'd ring,
 Sing praise to thee, Oh! great Creator, King!
 Let the thin districts of the waving air,
 Conveyancers of sound, thy love declare;
 Let the wild winds that whistle in the skies,
 Call in each vig'rous gale, that roving flies
 By land or sea; then one loud triumph raise,
 And all their blasts employ in songs of praise;
 While painted herald birds thy deeds proclaim,
 And on their golden wings convey thy fame;
 Thus while the tuneful warblers mount the skies;
 With soft harmonious notes all symphonize—

Let eagles, which in heaven's blue concave soar,
 Scornful of earth, superior seats explore ;
 And rise with breasts erect against the sun,
 Be ministers to bear thy high renown,
 And carry ardent praises to thy throne ;
 Ye fish, assume a voice, with praises fill
 The hollow rock and loud re-echoing hill :
 Let the huge monarch of the silver train,
 Who sails incumbent o'er the surgy main,
 An animated isle, and, in his way,
 Dashes to heaven's blue arch the curling sea ;
 Let him shew forth thy goodness in the main ;
 And all the wonders that the deep contain :
 Let lions with their roar their thanks express,
 With acclamations shake the wilderness ;
 Let thunder, fire, and hail, from pole to pole,
 And mighty storms salute thee as they roll—
 Amphibious monsters, and ye roaring waves,
 Strike with applause the rough resounding caves ;
 Let rain and snow, let meteors form'd of fire,
 And lambent flames in this blest work conspire ;
 Let the tall cedar and the mountain pine,
 Lowly to thee, Great King, their heads decline ;
 Their blushing heads, let rose, flower, lily raise
 And free from pride show forth their Maker's praise ;*

* VARIATION.

*“ In native white and red,
 The rose and lily stand,
 And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
 To show his skilful hand.”*

Let every spicy, odorous tree
 Present its incense and its balm to thee,
 And thou, my soul, Heaven's viceroy here below,
 In this blest task superior ardour show;
 To view thyself, inflect thy reason's say,
 Nature's replenish'd theatre survey;
 Then all on fire thy Maker's love adore,
 And in loud hymns praise the creating power.
 Tyrannic minds in impious error lost,
 May combat heaven, and yet presume to boast—
 May all the future joys of love forego,
 And live like brutes, then die with mighty wo:
 Yet while my veins feel animating fires,
 And vital air this beating breast inspires;
 Grateful to Heaven, I'll stretch a pious wing,
 And sing his praise who gave me power to sing;
 And while his love (spark of celestial flame)
 Pants in my breast and animates my frame,
 To him my ardent praises shall arise,
 When first Aurora gilds the purple skies;
 The ev'ning star shall hear the joyful sound,
 And smiling nature join in chorus round,
 And when my soul, with angels wings her flight,
 To the empyrean realms of sacred light;
 Big with immortal love to him I'll pay
 My grateful thanks, and join th' angelic lay;
 Then, nor till then, I'll see the wondrous grace,
 That crowns his blessings to the human race
 His Son, amazing thought! Oh, boundless love!
 To save lost man, flew from the realms above,

And died that we might live ! who can display
 What man, astonished man, can ne'er survey ;
 Archangels strive, but strive in vain to see,
 This depth of love, this glorious mystery.

Forbear, my muse, the sweet Columbian strain,
 Since all the sons of light, the heaven-born train,
 With saints who raise their highest notes above,
 Ne'er sung the wonders of redeeming love !

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END OF THE POEM.

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NOTES
TO
The Penitential Tyrant.

CANTO FIRST.

Page 55—Line 7.

*Tell mankind how their Maker they defy,
And force reluctant vengeance from the sky.*

AS a preliminary to these miscellaneous remarks, I will observe, tho', perhaps, it may verge on tautology, that I expose myself, by my writings, to the contempt and derision of the sentimental, as well as the practical votaries of oppression; to the animadversion of the snarling critic and loquacious caviller; and the severity of even judicious criticism, when divested of liberality. That my works are incorrect, both as it respects their diction and arrangement, as well as incompatible with the general rules of composition, requires but little discernment to find out; and that servility of imitation and palpable tautology are observable perhaps in every page; and that man who views them with the microscope of criticism, must be possessed of liberality of sentiment, must be acquainted with local circumstances, and must exert and employ his candid sensibility, in order that he may be stimulated to draw a veil over the many inaccuracies which he will unquestionably discover. He should remember, while other authors are blessed

with every advantage and convenience for composition, libraries, studies, riches, and time in abundance, I am destitute of these advantages. Again, while the generality of authors are blessed with liberal educations and resplendent talents, I was, on the commencement of my career as an author, so far destitute of the first qualification, that I did not know what a note of admiration, a note of interrogation, or quotation marks meant; and, with respect to my natural ingenuity, I am conscious that I am not worthy to *stoop down and loose the shoe latches* of many authors, who exert all their abilities to excite the laughter of the volatile, the florid, and the gay, who flatter to deceive, and who clothe the most voluptuous sentiments, the most vile and vulgar sensuality, the most deleterious matter, in the flowers of rhetoric, refinement of composition, and embellishments of fancy; and thus, being clothed in the language of refined sensibility and tender emotion, corruption is imposed upon the unguarded; the unconscious heart is transfixed imperceptibly with the poison of voluptuous depravity, and the way paved for the successful attacks of the votaries of seduction. And yet, alas! these ingenious murderers of the human soul are eulogized and applauded by the critics and reviewers! and their works rendered *a-la-mode*, the order of the day: even the obscene parts of which, that shock the most superficial observer, are considered by them as trifles, or as a few bitter weeds in a flower garden; while, at the same time, perhaps these same critics and reviewers would censure, with the utmost severity, the unavoidable inaccuracies observable in this work, which should command their commiseration, instead of exciting their execration, especially when it is remembered that it is brought forward and prepared by an ignoramus: consequently, if any good is done, God, and he alone, shall have all the glory, who often makes use of *the foolish things of this world to confound the wise.*

Perhaps no author in existence lies under more cogent obligations to appear before the public than myself. While vanity, ostentation, and ambition, manufacture their scores of scribblers, the influence of philanthropy and moral obligation compelled me, reluctantly, to allow myself to espouse the cause of suffering humanity. I, therefore, appear in the capacity of a philanthropic, a sympathetic, and not a scientific and systematic writer. I feel ambitious of deserving the first appellation, but would not give a particle of dust for the others. What is the approbation of poor perishing mortals, who will shortly be the food of worms, in the subterraneous caverns of the grave, to the approbation of the Almighty Searcher of all hearts? What are the plaudits of those partial and depraved critics, who eulogize, and render popular, those intellectual murderers (who deserve the gibbet more than the highway robber, who only kills the body, while they destroy the soul), when compared to the commendation of the humane and philanthropic of all denominations, whose approving smiles I almost anticipate? at any rate, what are the vociferated praises of millions of "stupid starers," to one self approving thought, begotten by conscious rectitude? Like the morning cloud, or early dew, that passes quickly away, are the huzzas of the vulgar, and even the adulation of the great. We will, by a simple similitude, show the futility and inconsistency of those critics who may be inclined to reprobate my imperfect writings; which, notwithstanding, are humbly intended to accomplish these intrinsically important objects, to wit: the glory of God and the happiness of man. For instance; we will suppose, for the sake of illustration, that a certain man, by fraud or force, was introduced into the company of a gang of robbers, whose sequestered retreat was in a howling wilderness, unfrequented and unknown by any but themselves, who sallied forth each midnight

hour, and plundered the way-worn traveller, and continued their depredations without detection. This individual, being disgusted with their barbarity, and awakened to a sense of his moral duty, by the lashes of a guilty conscience, he abandoned the baneful retreat and relinquishes the ill gotten gain of his companions in iniquity, and becomes again a member of civil society, where he is convinced that it is his indispensable duty, as a penitential delinquent, to reveal the haunts of his companions: but, alas! he cannot speak eloquently, or write systematically; and, forsooth, postpones giving evidence against these traitors of the humankind; and, of course, suffers them to continue their devastations with impunity. At last, being vanquished by the repeated calls of conscience, he, with the humility of a christian, and the tender sensibility of a philanthropist, reveals the dreadful secret, faithfully, though imperfectly; forcibly, though not philosophically; and, consequently, stops the effusion of human blood. Would not that critic be either a knave or a fool that would censure and ridicule this illiterate man, for coming forward, and boldly confessing, with humility and contrition, his former iniquity; and, pointing out the haunt of his accomplices in guilt, because, forsooth, he did it in an ungrammatical and immethodical manner? I will not apply the similitude. The reader will do that himself. Though, perhaps, I shall be branded with the epithet of a political enthusiast, for suggesting the subsequent reflections, yet I will be bold to affirm, that there has been no period, since the American revolution, in which we have had more cause to be alarmed than we have at present. My limits will not allow me to enter into a clear investigation of the subject I wish to discuss: I, therefore, will briefly, and, at the same time, unequivocally assert, as my opinion, that the scourge of God is now shaking over the American commonwealth. I can not find language sufficiently sonorous to ex-

press my thoughts on this subject. They beggar description; and the spontaneous language that occurs to my mind, I shudder to make use of. National degradation and humiliation seem to be a prelude to greater misfortunes. The demons of intestine commotion, sanguinary faction, internal broils, and anarchy, are now preparing to wield their baneful wands over our once happy, once honourable, and once prosperous country. While, at the same moment, about one million of the exiled sons and daughters of Africa, are waiting with ten fold solicitude for the moment, when they may have an opportunity of revenging all their wrongs on the guilty whites, to shake off their manacles, and produce in the bowels of our country, what the ancient Romans called a "tumult, still more tumultuous." Having such formidable enemies, before and behind, side ways and every way, even in the bowels of our country, and in the centre of every slave holder's family, what shall we do, or whither shall we fly for refuge? Why, says the unthinking devotee, fly to him who enabled our infant army to achieve the most signal victories over a powerful nation, and to display prodigies of valour. What, I would ask, fly to the Almighty, whom we have grossly and hypocritically insulted in the persons of millions of his rational offspring whom we have prematurely murdered, and a million we keep now in cruel bondage, though we by profession are the votaries of liberty and virtue? Fly to him, when

*A thousand times his goodness we have seen,
A thousand times his goodness we have grieved.*

To fly to Him for refuge, while we as a nation act so base, so inconsistent a part, would be blasphemy against the rectitude of heaven. To ask Him to succour us, while we are the supporters of tyr. any, would

to ask him to act the part of the most unjust, ungenerous, and partial tyrant. To expect him to defend us, and vanquish our accumulated foes, would be to expect him to tarnish his unsullied veracity, to prostitute his unshaken integrity, and annihilate his impartial, his perfect justice. I am not exhibiting a theatrical scene. The prospect before us, is by no means a farce. That the negroes, almost to a man, will be our most inveterate and formidable, because they will be domestic foes, will not admit of a doubt with me ; and I will add, nor with any man of common discernment. I include the free negroes in the northern, as well as the slaves in the southern states. They will, no doubt, be unanimous in gaining their freedom and equal rights, political and social. To suppose that the negroes in the northern states, would not espouse the cause of their degraded countrymen, is to suppose a drop of patriotic blood does not flow through their veins. Those who hope that they will espouse the cause of the whites, are perfect strangers to human nature, and must think that they are both without minds and memories. No ; be assured, between the blacks and whites, it is fallacious to talk about reconciliation : for, as Milton, on a similar occasion, observes,

*“ True reconciliation never grows,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep.”*

I have written a work on this subject, containing about two hundred pages ; which the printer has kept me out of better than a year ; although I have a written agreement, by which he binds himself to finish it in a month. He is not the first man that has wronged and imposed upon me, nor the first I could recover damages from ; but I never did, and hope I never shall sue any man. I am sorry, not on my own account, but that of the public ; as the subject

matter of that performance,* is. I conceive, of the first importance to the commonwealth. I, therefore, will close, as my limits will not allow me to enlarge this part of my subject, by transcribing an account of a recent massacre of those whites, in Hayti, who survived the former ones; and which will prove the validity of my assertions, by a catastrophe which speaks louder than words, and should prove a sufficient warning, without comment, to the republican slave dealers in America.

“After the general massacre in Hispaniola, in the months of March and April, 1804, when, upon the smallest computation, *ten thousand* innocent whites must have fallen victims to the brutal vengeance of Dessalines, it was discovered that many unfortunate wretches had escaped, some by concealment, others by declaring themselves people of colour, and many by the humanity of indigene officers, who granted them protection; many also were preserved by Dessalines himself, as persons whose talents would be of service to the state.

“After the fury of the governor general (for he was not at that time emperor) had abated; and after the

* The work I allude to is entitled *Serious Remonstrances addressed to the Citizens of the Northern States and their Representatives*, being an appeal to their natural feelings and common sense, consisting of speculations and animadversions on the recent revival of the slave trade in the American republic, with an investigation relating to the consequent evils resulting to the citizens of the northern states from that event, interspersed with a simplified plan for colonizing the free negroes of the northern, in conjunction with those who have, or may emigrate from the southern states; in a distant part of the national territories, considered as the only probable means of avoiding the deleterious evils attendant on *slavery in a republic*.

troops, wearied with blood and murder, had reposed themselves to enjoy in riot the delightful fruits of their rapine, the wretched whites appear, and are suffered to exist. Cape Francois, to which my observations will be chiefly confined, contained about three hundred men, women and children, and the island in total about six or eight hundred.

“It is well known that ever since the island has been in possession of the Negroes, no *subject* whatever has been permitted to leave it, and from the strictness of the regulations, it is almost a matter of impossibility for a person to get off. Still, however, Dessalines, jealous lest one poor creature should escape his cruelty, after he is elected emperor, orders, that all the white French remaining in the different seaport towns, should be sent into the interior of the country to assist in the forts. Christophe, general in chief, residing at the Cape, out of pure humanity, for he knew that the sufferings of the whites, if sent to the forts, would be excessive, overlooked the orders of his majesty, and permitted them to remain in town, to follow their accustomed occupations for their support. In this situation, time passed on in seeming tranquillity until the distressing event which took place in April, 1806.

“On Easter Sunday, the 6th of April, general Christophe having removed to a new house on the Place de Armes, gave a breakfast, supper, and ball in superior style, at the former of which were several of the whites of most respectability. The day and night passed off in perfect harmony, and every individual seemed rejoiced to see their general enjoying himself in conviviality.

“On the following morning, a journeyman tailor lodged information with the commandant of the place, that his employer, *Thoret*, with his wife, mother-in-law, and child, were missing from their house. The commandant immediately went there, and finding it to be a fact, gave information of it to

the general in chief. The commissaries of the different wards, were instantly dispatched through their districts, and, in the course of an hour, discovered that *Roulet*, a physician, *Poujebat*, and *Lafaye*, merchants, were also missing.

“As no escapes had hitherto occurred but by American vessels, suspicion immediately fell upon them, particularly upon the schooner *Ceres*, of Philadelphia, which was to have sailed that, or the day following. Christophe instantly went in person on the wharf; and ordered a guard to march all the persons who were then there to prison, among whom were several American captains and sailors. The thing was then reduced to a certainty, that the fugitives were on board some of the vessels in the harbour, and if discovered, from the rage and fury of Christophe, we really expected the execution of the crew, captain, and consignee. The Americans indeed were in a very serious and critical situation. Christophe was before them on the wharf, raving like a madman. As some of them approached him, he repulsed them, and at one time, pointing to the scale-beam on which the unfortunate Tate was hung, declared “this day an American shall suffer.” No person dare approach him; even his most particular friends and intimates among the blacks dreaded his measures, and not one dare speak to him. The whole city was in commotion. The French people trembled at the consequences; the good blacks pitied their situation, and lamented the general’s dreadful passion; and the savage part of the community joined with Christophe in his invectives against the Americans. Wherever we appeared we were insulted, and those officers who had formerly been our most intimate friends would not notice us as they passed, but with sneers, and insinuations that we had much to fear.

“In this situation, we were ordered by the general to the house of the interpreter, who there addressed us in the following words:—“The general knows

that those people are concealed on board of some of your vessels. It will be for your interest to deliver them up; and the general promises that if that be done immediately, no further measures shall be pursued."—What could we say? Each man was satisfied of his own innocence; yet we were all in doubtful anxiety. The merchant did not know what the captain had done, and the captain could place no reliance on his men.

"This plan failing, for we all denied any knowledge of the affair, the general ordered all the sailors to prison; and they were consequently, to the number of about three hundred, taken from out their vessels, and put into the common jail. A boy was left on board of each vessel, whilst the commandant, with a guard of soldiers, visited and searched them.

"It is remarkable, that Christophe, whose rage for several days was unexampled, was frequently heard to exclaim, in fits of frenzy, "What shall I say to the emperor?"—As above stated, he had neglected obeying his majesty's orders in sending the whites to the forts, and he very much feared his displeasure. He, however, instantly dispatched one of his aids to Camp Marchand, the emperor's residence, about one hundred and twenty miles distant; and, before his return, no vessel was suffered to depart. The remainder of Easter week was employed in sending out of town all the remaining whites; and, as the real method of the escape had not yet been discovered, the Americans were considered still as the offenders, and though nothing could be proved against them, they were insulted as they passed through the streets, and oftentimes, by the soldiers, saluted as dogs. The mistresses, who were women of colour, that had been left by three of the Frenchmen, were put in irons, and cast into prison, nor could all the supplications of his wife and her friends move Christophe to a sentiment of lenity. They were kept in prison with scarcely any thing to eat or drink,

until the general became, in some measure, convinced that they were not acquainted with the intention of their husbands to escape.

“The wretched whites suspected pretty strongly the cause of their journey into the country; but neither had they, nor we, any idea of their dissolution being so near. By the time the affair had a little subsided, and the fury of the populace had, in some measure, abated, it was then found out, that the fugitive whites had been seen on Easter Sunday passing the barrier and ferry which lay on the road to the country, separately, and some of them on horseback, as if taking an afternoon’s ride; that a boat which had been bought by a Frenchman from the captain of an American vessel, wrecked on the island, was missing; and that a black man belonging to the city was also absent. From these circumstances, and some traces found on the sand, it was finally concluded that the party had, during the night, met and embarked near Petite Ance, about a mile and a half out of town, and that they intended to pursue the coast to the eastward towards Samana and Santa Domingo, which were in possession of the French.

“It was certainly a *chef de œuvre*, in the fortunate fugitives, to conduct their plan with so much secrecy and care, that not the least suspicion was entertained of their intentions, and to have appointed a time when all the officers were engaged in dissipation and revel.

“Christophe having been informed, that the four Frenchmen who escaped were freemasons, took up the idea that the lodge had assisted in their escape, and, without making any further inquiries, went to the lodge, which was a neat and beautiful building, with his aids-de-camp, and destroyed it. He divided the furniture among his aids; tore up the marble pavement in the piazza, carried off the Venetian window shutters, laid claim to the funds of the institution that were in the treasurer’s hands, and finally

ordered that no lodge should again sit in the Cape. This act of sacrilege in Christophe will deservedly ensure him the execration of the whole order of freemasons throughout the world wherever it be known. He has committed a crime unexampled in history, by overturning one of the most sacred of institutions.

"There was a member of the lodge, a Frenchman, by the name of Ambroise, who had been preserved by the government, on account of his superior talents as an engineer. This man went to Christophe, and told him in plain terms, that he had "been guilty of sacrilege in destroying the lodge." The general, in a rage, ordered him to be shot instantly. "Aye; that's what I desire," replied Ambroise: "place me before one of those canons which I have been erecting to satisfy your pride and ambition, and blow me to atoms. I should glory in the death!" But Christophe, on reflection, recollected that he was too valuable a man to lose, and simply ordered him from his presence.

"About the same time this commotion happened in the Cape, another affair of a similar nature took place at Camp Marchand. Eighteen Frenchmen, who had been employed near his majesty in the nice branches of mechanical trades, attempted to make their escape. One of them, who was a printer, blacked the faces of his comrades, and they started off in the evening. At some little distance, they got into a dispute about the choice of roads. Their object was to go by land towards the city of St. Domingo. Six insisted upon pursuing the main road, and twelve preferred a by-path. The twelve went clear; but the unfortunate six were overtaken the next day, by a party of dragoons. Two of them were cut to pieces in the encounter that ensued, two of them were disarmed, and two submitted without making any resistance. The four survivors were then re-conducted to the emperor, who thus addressed them: "Why did you treat me so basely? were you not provided

for as my children? and had you not as much as you could eat and drink? But, again, since you did break my laws by attempting to leave me, why did you suffer yourselves to be taken? did you not know that I would put you to death, if I caught you again? why did not you fight and die like your brave companions?" Two of them replied, that they had fought, but were overpowered. "And you two?" turning to the others—"Why, your Majesty, we knew that we should be vanquished, and concluded to rely upon the mercy of your majesty"—"Hang those two cowards instantly," were the orders, and they were without hesitation executed. The remaining two who had fought were suffered to live.

"The loss of the twelve who went off from Marchand, combined with the escape of the seven from the Cape, exasperated the Emperor to so violent a degree, that he instantly decreed the destruction of all the remaining whites. His orders reach Christophe, who retires to the Fort Ferrier, and singles out twelve or fifteen whites who must be preserved. Some of these he has with him, and some remain in town, but under the immediate eye of the commandant of the place, who is directed to see that no injury is done them. Except very few, all the other whites are in the country, where, as I have above stated, they were sent a short time before. These arrangements were carried on so secretly, that not a word is known of the intentions or movements of the government, until Tuesday morning, the 13th May, when we learn, with horror and concern, that *all* the unfortunate whites, except those marked for preservation, were assassinated during the preceding night. As it was done out of the city, our ears were not assailed with the shrieks of the dying victims, nor were our gutters, as in the preceding massacre, floating with streams of human blood. The only trace of murder to be seen in the streets, was on one spot of about half a gallon of blood. One unfortunate family, how-

ever, were butchered in the town; and, as it will give some idea of the modes of murder pursued by the Haytians, I will give the particulars. It was publicly communicated through the town on the following day, by the nurse of the family, a negro woman, who openly pointed out the individuals employed on the expedition.

“ Mr. Selle was a baker, and a man of respectability. Dessalines and Christophe had long expressed a great friendship for him, and, after having saved him from the general massacre of 1804, appointed him baker to the army. His wife was a handsome, genteel woman, of about thirty-five, and they had three small children, the youngest of whom was at the breast.

“ Richard, commandant of the place, with a guard of soldiers, went to the house about midnight, and, knocking at the door, called Mr. Selle to come down and let him in. He said he had just received orders from the emperor, to send out of the city all the house servants, and that he wanted theirs.— Madame Selle, on hearing this, called out, ‘ I hope, commandant, you don’t intend taking my nurse. I have a very young infant, and rather than you should take its nurse, you might take me.’ Richard insisted upon entering, and Mr. Selle was obliged to open the door. He entered, and, at a certain signal, four black grenadiers rushed in, and throwing a rope with a noose round Mr. Selle’s neck, and one round his wife’s, hauled upon the ends till they were both strangled. They then mashed the babe in their hands, and strangled the other two children, who were asleep in bed. The chests were then broken open, and the money taken off by the commandant.

“ After this barbarity, the wicked assassins, instead of burying the bodies of this unfortunate family, to hide their guilt from the eyes of the world, dragged them to a ditch on the very edge of the town, about two hundred yards from their house, where they lay

uncovered and exposed, till the dogs and the vermin had devoured them. Several of the Americans went to see the horrid spectacle, and an indigene of veracity one day assured me, that he saw a dog running through the street with one of Madame Selle's hands in his mouth.

“ The massacre in the country was not executed as the former had been, by the troops solely. Christophe said, that the soldiers had already waded deep enough in blood, and, on that account, allotted a great part of the labour to the cultivators of the plantations, who, on the occasion, made use of their big knives, and butchered the men, women, and children, with perfect *sang froid*.

“ On the afternoon succeeding this affair, a man by the name of Loi, a great artillerist, and one intended to be preserved, was sent for by the general at the fort. His wife accompanied him, and, at a short distance from the town, the soldiers took her aside from the road to kill her. Loi saw it, snatched a sabre from one of the soldiers, and engaged them all. He laid two or three on the spot, but was finally killed, with his wife. Loi was a fine bold military looking man, and was one of the soldiers that crossed the bridge of Lodi with Bonaparte. His house in town being deserted, afforded a favourable opportunity for pillage, whereupon in the night, it was broken open and completely plundered, even to the very boards. The wine and rum found there (being a store) intoxicated the soldiers for the next day, and the little taste they had had of common property, resolved them to lay a plan for a *general pillage*.—The Americans saw the dangerous situation in which they were placed; for had it not been prevented by the government, they would have been the chief sufferers, and many of them would no doubt have perished.—But the officers of government having heard of this intention, ordered out the militia of the city, and all the mutinous part of the soldiery were apprehended and

put in prison.—If general Christophe been in the city, this riot would not have occurred, but, from the circumstance of his absence, we concluded that it was connived at, particularly as Proix, the adjutant of the place, was present at the pillage of Loi's house. Affairs certainly had a very dangerous complexion, the stores and shops were shut up, and no business was done for several days. Our alarm was very considerable, and no doubt observed by most of the indigenes, until the 15th, when we were favoured with a letter from the general in chief, of which the following is a translation :

“MILO, May 15, 1806.

“To the American Merchants in the Cape.

“GENTLEMEN,

“I have just been informed by my adjutant general La Motte, that you have evinced fears relative to the late measures pursued by our government. From whence do those fears arise? Hath any one molested you? If so, you shall be redressed.

“You are not ignorant, gentlemen, that as long as you attend to your commerce and your own affairs only, you will enjoy every consideration of the government, and in future I desire that I may hear no more of these complaints. Dissipate therefore your fears, rest easy, and never again call into question our fidelity.

“I have the honour to be, &c.

“HENRY CHRISTOPHE.”

“To which the following answer was immediately returned :

“To his excellency Henry Christophe, general in chief of the armies in Hayti.

“CAPE, May 15, 1806.

“We have just had the honour of receiving your excellency's letter from Milo, of this date, wherein you state that you have been informed that the Americans have evinced fears relative to the late measures pursued by government. We must beg leave to mention to your excellency that you have been misinformed. We had

fears, it is true, but they did not arise from the measures of government; on the contrary, we have always placed the fullest confidence in your promises of protection. They were occasioned by a riotous collection of soldiers who had threatened a general pillage, who shewed every symptom of carrying their menaces into execution, and who had already committed several acts of rapine.

"As mobs in all countries of the world (and we have more than once witnessed them in our own) are seriously dangerous, and, when once fairly risen, are difficult to suppress, we thought it but prudent to wait upon the commandant of the place, and know from him what was our real situation. From him, and the administration, we received every satisfaction, and our alarms were consequently dissipated.

"We are sorry that an affair of so trifling a nature should have been thus represented to your excellency, to our prejudice, and we beg that you will not for a moment suppose, that we ever doubted your fidelity. We again assure your excellency, that we shall ever retain a deep sense of the kindnesses we have experienced from you, and that our confidence in the protection of the government is unbounded.

"We have the honour to be,

"Your excellency's

"Most obedient servants, &c.

"H. M. } For the American merchants

"J. D. } in the Cape.

"The correspondence had, in some measure, a tendency to remove our uneasiness as to our situation, and affairs again resumed the appearance of tranquillity.

"As near as I could calculate, about six or seven hundred persons were destroyed throughout the island during the massacre, and many (suppose an hundred) are still existing. In the Cape, they have left two priests, a physician, printer, engineer, architect, two clerks in public offices, and four blacksmiths, with four or five women.

“ It is worthy to be recorded, and to his immortal honour be it spoken, that the general of division *Pétion*, residing at Port-au-Prince, refused to obey the orders of the emperor, and, instead of murdering the whites, (of whom there were not more than twenty) put them into prison, and Dessalines himself, his fury having abated, a few days afterwards passing through Port-au-Prince, released them and they are at this instant living.

“ The object of this publication, which was merely to give an account of the massacre and its concomitant circumstances, being now fulfilled, I beg leave to refer the reader to any of the gentlemen who were in St. Domingo at that period, for a more lively description of distresses and alarms. If the sufferings of the poor distressed whites can excite in his breast a sentiment of sorrow, he may, perhaps, form some idea of the feelings of those who were present on the spot, and who had a pretty general acquaintance with the victims.”

But to return to the subject, I verily believe, that Bonaparte is raised up by an indignant God to be the scourge of guilty nations, and his victorious soldiers are, perhaps, calculating to add America to their trophies, and only waiting the fall of a rival power, and the imperial nod of their sovereign; and, as I consider our commonwealth as peculiarly criminal, though the most favoured nation on the face of the earth, I cannot avoid believing that we, by our unrelinquished crimes, will force upon our guilty heads the reluctant vengeance of Heaven, unless we repent and reform. I tremble, I tremble, when I, with my mind's eye, view the lowering clouds, pregnant with showers of human blood, which hang over our political horizon. I feel, with respect to the nation, as I used to do when I went to school, and neglected to learn my lesson. Myself, with similar delinquents, being arraigned in a row, the master would begin with the first, and whip each little culprit in rota-

tion; I well remember how my little heart palpitated with anguish when my turn was drawing near, to receive the dreaded punishment.

But I must forego the prophetic language of Divinity, for the accommodation of those who look only to the effects, without investigating the causes, of natural evil. Surely, no American, possessed of a particle of unsullied patriotism, can view, with a torpid indifference, the expiring honours, and consequently independence of his country, or listen to the forebodings of the impending storm with insensibility.

And now, in addition to the picture of St. Domingo, let us take a view of the fate of nations in Europe, perhaps less criminal than ourselves; and see Great-Britain (the only human barrier of much consequence to French conquests) loaded with an enormous national debt and increasing taxes, struggling, as it were almost against reason and hope; whose crimes, as well as ours, seem to call for the judgments of a just and angry God: see her (as styled) right honourable and right reverend innovators, rolling in luxury, and enriching themselves at the expense of the public; receiving, for the most superficial and futile services, extravagant salaries, while the poor honest labourer can scarcely, with all his industry and economy, support his family with vegetables destitute of animal food: and yet this is trifling, when compared with the mountains of misery, which, by her art and force, she has heaped on the human race in Africa and India. Can God let such injustice always prosper? It is impossible.

What has America to depend upon? If we look to the arm of flesh (exclusive of the Scripture testimony, "*Cursed be the man that trusteth in man*"), it appears, I think, that the prospect is very gloomy. What has America not to fear? Alarms from abroad; many, very many enemies within, who have been

made so by our injustice and cruelty; an highly offended God, whose countenance and favour being had, we should have nothing to fear; but, if he is not on our side, who may not conquer us? The wisdom of our cabinet, the courage of our armies, the ingenuity of our scientific characters, cannot ward off the threatening vengeance, which, perhaps, may be postponed until the important question is decided by the people of America, in the persons of their representatives—Whether there is sufficient virtue in the nation to abolish the abominable slave trade, and banish slavery from the republic?—It is this nefarious traffic that stinks in the nostrils of Jehovah; that renders us contemptible, as well as hypocritical, in the eyes of all nations; that, finally, has brought us to the present alarming crisis, which he who does not see, I must compare to one who sleeps on the top of a mast, while the yawning gulf, or rolling billows, are ready below to receive him.

I would, therefore, with the humility of a christian, the ardour of a friend, and the affection of a brother, admonish my fellow-citizens to reflect upon the evils with which we are threatened from abroad, and the indelible appearance of anarchy, or at least its auxiliaries, party rancour and factious acrimony, at home. Let the talents, the wisdom, and the patriotism of the nation be combined in expelling party prejudice, and uniting as a band of brothers, and put in practice that heavenly injunction, "*Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*" Let each consider, that his own and his children's all are at stake, as well as the independence for which their father's fought, and bled, and died to purchase; and which we are bound, by the most cogent obligations, by a virtuous demeanor, to transmit unimpaired to our posterity. I am astonished, that the slave-holders of the South do not consider themselves as bound, in this respect, as well as their brethren of the North. If they do not, it is because

they are judicially infatuated. They must shut their eyes, not to see the impolicy, as well as iniquity of slavery.

I here take the liberty of transcribing the sentiments of the best informed statesmen in the British parliament, which must cause the republican slaveholders of America to blush with shame, if there is any shame in them, and will be a good lesson for the advocates of slavery to attend to before the year eighteen and eight.

“ Mr. Fox rose to make his promised motion. Before he entered upon the subject, he thought it necessary to say a few words as an apology for being the person to propose it. This motion had been repeatedly made for the last sixteen or seventeen years by an honourable gentleman (*Mr. Wilberforce*), who had, on many occasions, distinguished himself by his talents; but who, upon no occasion, had more strongly recommended himself to the house, and to the country, than by his very powerful exertions to repeal the trade in question. Having found the business in such hands, he would willingly have left it there. In his own opinion, it would have been much better if his honourable friend had kept it. He was sure that no doubt could have been entertained but that, whenever the measure should be brought forward, it would meet from him, and from others with whom he was joined in administration, the same support which it had always received on former occasions. However, from different circumstances, it had appeared better, both to his honourable friend (*Mr. Wilberforce*), and to those gentlemen who had been associated with him in the same object (the abolition of the Slave Trade), that the motion should now be brought forward by him (*Mr. Fox*). Under those circumstances, he consented, most unwillingly, to take the business from those able hands in which it had so long been. If, however, he felt an unwill-

ingness from the consideration he had mentioned, in other respects he brought it forward most willingly.

“ As it had been resolved by those who had taken so warm an interest in the business, that the motion would then come best from him, he should declare, that there would be nothing that could personally give him more pride or pleasure, than to be instrumental in an object he had so much at heart. He must declare, that if, after spending more than thirty years in parliament, he had been able only to effect this one measure, he should feel that his life had not been passed in vain; when he should retire from public life, the recollection of having contributed to such an important good, would completely satisfy him. He was happy to say, that, upon the principle, the house had appeared pretty unanimous, that the trade ought to be abolished. If there was not an absolute unanimity upon that point, there was as near an unanimity of opinion as could be expected on any important question. Resolutions of the committee of that house, in committee, had been printed for the members, in which it was stated, “ that the African slave trade was contrary to the principles of humanity, justice, and sound policy, and that it ought to be abolished.” He, therefore, should not think it necessary to detain the house five minutes, in speaking of the principle of the slave trade. A right honourable gentleman, now no more (*Mr. Burke*) had most eloquently condemned “ this traffic, not in the labour of men themselves.” He had said, that it went to keep down the human race, and prevent that free intercourse among the nations which Providence had designed. The carrying of men forcibly from their own country to make them slaves, was certainly a thing not to be defended on any principle of justice; and it was not making the matter much better to say, that the men who had been so dragged from their own country, were persons whom we did not make slaves, but whom we found so, who had

been condemned to slavery in their own country, for witchcraft and other crimes which certainly the European laws would not think deserving of such a punishment. Such an excuse for the trade as this was a mere pretence, and it would be better to avow at once, that we were incited by avarice and the lust of gain to continue a practice which our consciences told us was wrong. But even if that were the case, and if slavery were inflicted in Africa, only as the punishment of crimes, it would be most degrading for this nation to send its ships to support and execute the police of African monarchs. Although the house was pretty unanimous upon the principle, that the slave trade ought to be abolished, there were some gentlemen who had contended that it was not only a good thing, but so good, that if it had never existed before, we should now endeavour to form such a trade. This opinion, however, was not only contrary to the declared opinion of the house, but to the greatest that could be mentioned. In point of authority upon the subject, he should first name his right honourable friend Mr. Wilberforce, who had so long, and with so much perseverance and ability, supported the measure which he had originally introduced. He would next mention the authority of a right honourable gentleman of the highest talents (*Mr. Pitt*) now no more. He hoped that that authority would have as much weight upon this question as upon any other, and especially as this was a question in which party motives could not at all enter. A noble viscount, who had filled that chair (*Lord Sidmouth*), although he disapproved of the time when it was proposed to carry the abolition into effect, agreed with others in reprobating the detestable nature of the trade itself. Another noble viscount (*Lord Melville, we believe, he alluded to*) had also, from the beginning, reprobated the principle of the trade, although he differed respecting the time that it might be prudent to carry

the abolition into effect. The proceedings and resolutions of the house itself must, however, be considered as the best authority.

“Above eighteen years ago, the house was fully persuaded that it ought to be abolished, and yet not a single step had been taken, during all that time, for carrying the resolution into execution. Such an inconsistency appeared contrary to the character and dignity of that house. In seventeen hundred and ninety-two, the house seemed to think that three years was the longest period that the trade should be permitted; but lord Melville, who appeared the most anxious for delaying the abolition, named the year eighteen hundred, as the period at which it might be safely carried into execution, and yet now, in the year eighteen hundred and six, not a step had been taken towards it. Not only the country, but the whole civilized world, might reproach them, for neglecting that duty to the performance of which they had pledged themselves, and which they yet appeared to want the courage to perform. At first, they found fault with the slowness of the other nations to abolish the trade; but it appeared, that other nations, although slower in making resolutions, were much more rapid in the execution of them. While we had made no progress in the abolition, the Americans and the Danes had made a considerable progress. Denmark had abolished the trade in the Danish colonies, and had prohibited Danish vessels from embarking in it. This was acting in a most generous and honourable manner. It was saying, “If we cannot prevent other people from being concerned in it, we will at least abstain from that wickedness ourselves.” This was what it was in our power, and it was our duty to do. It had been his hope, in the beginning of the session, that a bill for this purpose might have passed through both houses, and have received the royal assent in the course of the present session. The session was, however,

now too far advanced to expect it, as the lords might well allege that they would not have sufficient time to study the evidence upon which the bill was to be supported. The house was, therefore, placed in this alternative—they must either let the present be the first session which has passed without some agitation of the question, or else they must pledge the house to particular principles, without pointing out either the mode or the time in which the abolition should take place. Some gentlemen had thrown out hints, that the abolition might better be effected by other regulations and arrangements, than by an express act of parliament. Such suggestions, however could have very little influence on his opinion. He had considered the subject with great attention for the last eighteen years, and was convinced that it could only be properly settled by an act of parliament. As to the time when it would be proper that the abolition should take place, that was a subject on which he did not wish the house to pledge itself; but he should say, that his opinion was, that an immediate abolition would be the best. He hoped the house would be nearly unanimous in agreeing to the resolution he should propose. He hoped they would not be flattered into the opinion that former regulations had done every thing that was necessary. The town of Liverpool, that was always foremost in opposition to the abolition, declared, when those regulations were proposed, that if those regulations were adopted, the trade would be ruined, and would be as well to abolish it at once; and now the same town of Liverpool, would wish to persuade the house, that those regulations were so perfectly proper, that it was quite unnecessary to do any thing more in the business. It had turned out also, that those regulations, which they said would certainly ruin the trade, had served them materially, as the introduction of a more just and humane manner of carrying the slaves, improved the traffic. Again,

When the foreign slave bill was brought in, the town of Liverpool declared, that it would be as well to abolish the trade altogether. If the gentlemen were sincere in their declarations, they need not object to the present measure. If the mischief were already done, there would be no harm in their setting their hands to it; and if they would have it, that the trade might as well be abolished, as subject to those regulations, he might trust them to go one step farther, and consent that it might be abolished. He then alluded to one of the most brilliant and able speeches that he had ever heard in parliament (*he alluded, we believe, to a speech of Mr. Burke's.*) It was a speech not adorned with puerile and studied graces, but full of the most solid and convincing arguments. Although there existed some account in print of the leading arguments of that speech, yet he would venture to say, that whoever had the advantage of hearing that speech itself, must have gone away convinced, that the abolition of the slave trade could not produce that ruin in the West-Indies that was spoken of. In North-America, independent of importations, the black population had increased very nearly in the same proportion with the whites. They had nearly doubled in the last nineteen years. This was a most convincing proof, that our West-India islands could, under proper regulations, support their existing population independent of the slave trade. It must even do considerably more. There would be a considerable increase of the population, and with that increase a considerable amelioration of our islands. He hoped, and trusted, that the memory of that right hon. gentleman (*Mr. Pitt*), that had been so often brought forward upon other occasions, would not be forgotten on the present day, when a question was brought forward, not through party motives, but on such motives as that right hon. gentleman had purely and disinterestedly supported. He hoped, that the gentleman on the other

side of the house would shew their real respect for the authority of that gentleman, and not merely introduce his name when they wanted a topic for throwing odium on his successors.—After a few more general observations, he concluded by moving, “That the African slave trade was contrary to justice, humanity and sound policy, and that measures ought to be adopted for its complete abolition.”

“The several resolutions which the house had adopted for the abolition of the slave trade, from the year seventeen hundred and ninety-two, were then read.

“Sir Ralph Milbank, in a short speech, seconded the resolution moved by Mr. Fox.

“Gen. Tarleton felt some astonishment at the manner in which, and the time when, the right hon. gentleman had thought proper to bring forward this resolution. It was wholly uncalled for by any part of the country, and introduced seemingly for no other purpose than to shew that he had the power to carry his point. The house had certainly expressed sentiments inimical to the trade, and favourable to its abolition; which, however, it had not thought proper to follow up by any efficient measure. But the former resolutions were brought forward in periods of profound peace, when they were not pregnant with any such danger as at present, when the country is involved in an arduous war, and plunged in a situation more critical than at any former period of its history. Why the right hon. gentleman should have chosen such a moment for bringing forward the motion, was to him most astonishing, nor could he account for it upon any other principle than that of gratifying, for certain political purposes, the inclinations of an hon. member below him (*Mr. Wilberforce*), who was so extremely zealous upon this subject, that he never could hear the slave trade mentioned without starting as if he saw a ghost, and exclaiming, “Abolition! Abolition!” It was, therefore, most probable, that

the right hon. gentleman had a view to cultivate a new coalition in the house for the remainder of the session. He was aware, that in the course of the former investigations which took place upon this subject, a most voluminous body of evidence had been laid before parliament. Much of that evidence was in favour, and much against the abolition; and whatever was the resolution, at that time adopted, it did not appear that parliament had since thought it wise to follow it up: but, before the house should proceed to adopt the resolution now proposed, he felt it his duty to call their attention to the situation of Liverpool; a town, which, from a miserable fishing hamlet of about 150 huts, had, within a century, risen to be the second town, in point of commercial wealth and consequence, in the British dominions, entirely by the African trade. He begged to impress on the recollection of the house what the situation of Liverpool was, when the right hon. gentleman and his colleagues came into power. It was eminent for the prosperity of its commerce, its wealth, its loyalty, and for the important aid it furnished to the British machine, by affording at all times a numerous supply of seamen, through its African and West-Indian trade. It was equally distinguished for its spirit in fitting out private ships of war, and by contributing annually three millions sterling in revenue to the public purse. But what measures of advantage had Liverpool experienced since the present ministers came into power? Why, the Restriction Bill upon the African Trade, by which the enterprising spirit of its merchants was paralysed, their trade diminished, the value of their shipping considerably reduced, and disputes existed between them and the planters. But if the mercantile interests of the country were to be thus crushed—if that commerce, which yielded so great a portion of the public revenue, were to be impoverished—what must be the natural consequence? But one of two alternatives: either the minister must

resort to the landed interest entirely for the supplies necessary to carry on the war, or he must be driven to an ignominious peace. If the right hon. gentleman seriously meant to proceed with the proposed measure, he could only say, that his constituents would feel themselves justified in coming forward in the most respectful manner, to solicit from parliament, that to which they would conceive themselves justly entitled; namely, compensation for the losses they should sustain in consequence of a measure that would deprive them of a trade which they had followed from the time of Queen Elizabeth, under the sanction of parliamentary protection. The necessary consequence of the measure must be bankruptcies without number; the emigration of useful artisans, with their capitals, to America; and the loss to this country, forever, of many useful artificers.

“ Lord Castlereagh, at considerable length, opposed the resolution. He observed, that if the right hon. gentleman really meant it as a serious proposition, or any thing else than one of those convenient measures of parliamentary management, which he sometimes condescended to adopt, he (*Lord Castlereagh*) did not see any purpose it could answer to the right hon. gentleman. It pledged the house generally to a resolution for a purpose, wholly indefinite as to time and mode. If, in point of fact, the trade could be abolished at once, why not do it immediately, instead of proposing a resolution in general terms upon the subject, which, in its present form, was wholly unintelligible? The house had formerly come to a definitive resolution, which had never been followed up, and why? Obviously, because it was found impracticable to realize the theories of those who led the house into that resolution. With respect to the principle of the slave trade, no man more sincerely wished than he did, that it were practicable now, or at any proximate period, to remove a grievance so calamitous from the lot of humanity. As to

effecting any thing like a general abolition of this traffic, he really feared it was not to be accomplished by parliament; for, were the most pre-emptory bill that could be shaped, to pass this night upon the subject, to preclude all British ships and capitals from being employed in the African trade, even for the supply of our own colonies, he did not see any other purpose such a bill would answer than to involve us in disputes with those colonies, and to risk their ultimate loss, by forcing them to resort to other nations, who would certainly take up the trade as a source of wealth the moment it was relinquished by this country. Did the right hon. gentleman imagine, that any bill passed by the British legislature for abolishing our own slave trade, would prevent France, Spain, or Portugal from carrying it on, under all those cruelties which the regulations of the British trade were so well calculated to prevent? Did the honourable member near him (*Mr. Wilberforce*), who had announced his intention of moving this night an address to his majesty upon this subject, imagine that it would be in the power of his majesty to change the sentiments of other European governments, and more especially of the present ruler of France; whose principles and opinions were so well known upon the subject, and to whom the very circumstance of our abandoning the trade, would be the strongest inducement for its adoption? In fact, until such a concert could be formed with our West-India planters, and the other powers of Europe, it would be in vain to expect any thing like an effectual measure for the abolition of this trade; and by abandoning it ourselves, we should only throw a source of wealth into the lap of our enemies, without effecting any one good purpose to the unfortunate objects of our solicitude. Any real benefit must be the work of time and gradual progression; and, by a correcting system, something of the nature by which smuggling and other abuses were corrected at home: such, for

instance, as an high and almost prohibitory duty on the importation of new slaves into our West-India islands; but this duty not to operate merely as a source of revenue to the crown, but of reward to the planters, for encouraging negro population in the islands, and rewarding the kindness and encouragement shewn to slaves.

“The solicitor general rose to state shortly his sentiments. He should have much more cordially supported a motion for leave to bring in a bill for the immediate abolition of this abominable traffic; yet still, he thought the motion ought to be supported, as pledging the house to take the most speedy and practicable means to abolish it. Surely, if it were the sense of the house to adopt, in the present session, any measure more prompt and efficient for the purpose, this resolution would oppose no impediment to a purpose so desirable. The noble lord who had just sat down, had said, the resolution was vague and indefinite. Its object, he conceived to be unequivocally explicit, and its purpose to revive the resolution of the house in 1793, which had not been acted upon. It was not his wish, at this moment, to enter into a general discussion upon the slave trade; for what was there to be offered to the house in vindication of a commerce so detestable, but arguments already refuted, and assertions long since disproved? It was hardly fair to say, the house had not done any thing in pursuance of its former resolution; for, in the session before the last, it had passed a bill for the purpose, which was rejected in the other house of parliament; and another was brought in last session, which miscarried, owing to the accident of a thin house, and a concerted plan to defeat the measure. He knew well that sometimes corrupt systems were long continued in nations that had not courage to inquire into them; but that was not the case in this country with respect to this system, because there had been no want of courage to inquire into it; and after the opinion

expressed by the committee, who in 1792 had investigated the subject with the most patient deliberation—whose opinions, and the evidence upon which they were founded, stand recorded on the journals of the house, and who solemnly declared, that this most atrocious traffic had been, and continued to be, carried on in the most wanton and barbarous manner, could any argument be necessary now to prove the propriety of its abolition? or could the house feel the necessity of a longer delay, when they were told, that since the adoption of those resolutions to abolish this infamous trade, no less than three hundred and sixty thousand wretched individuals had been torn from the coast of Africa, in consequence of war and violence, fomented for the purpose of seizing and consigning them to slavery in the West-Indies. An honourable general had said, that, if this trade were to be abolished, his constituents of Liverpool must come to this house for compensation, and that a great source of revenue must be destroyed: be it so, at any expense, rather than hold the detestable principle, that the debts of England were to be paid with the blood of Africa. The noble lord had said, that the progress of abolition must be gradual, and that it could only be effected in concert with our West-India planters. In such a case, indeed, the prospect must not only be far distant, but utterly hopeless, as the planters were a set of men whose assent could never be obtained; and he would beg leave to refer to the former correspondence of Lord Seymour and the West-India planters on this subject, to shew their intention to blindfold and mislead parliament upon the subject. He trusted the house, in its final decision, would not be guided by such testimony.

“ Gen. Gascoyne considered the present discussion as pregnant with dangerous consequences to the West-India colonies, as exciting there the most dangerous expectations in the minds of the negroes. He also considered the present period, when our manu-

factories and commerce so loudly call for every encouragement, as particularly unfit for the agitation of the present question. When was the export of our manufactories more restrained, or when was it more difficult to raise the necessary supplies? Yet, labouring under such manifold difficulties, we were now called upon to do that which the house had lately rejected, and pledge ourselves to the adoption of a measure, that would weaken and derange the whole of our colonial system, and would materially impair the sources of our revenue. Besides, he was not convinced that this country could legislate for the colonies, or had a right to impose any prohibitions with regard to the importation of slaves, more than they were entitled to impose taxes on the colonies. The learned gentleman, who preceded him, had applied every epithet of murder, rapine, and robbery to the slave trade, and every kind of invective had been familiar to his mouth. But, in his opinion, slavery had been sanctioned by the regulations of the wisest and most pious legislators. In proof of this, he quoted several verses from the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, from which he contended, that the practice was countenanced by the Jewish lawgiver. But, should the slave trade be abolished, he contended that indemnification should be given to those who had embarked their property in the trade, under the faith of legislative sanction, and that, unless this were done, the house would be guilty of similar injustice to that which it reprobated in the trade itself.—Our general prosperity depended greatly on that of the colonies, and these could never be cultivated to advantage but by means of negroes. This being the case, their importation could never be effectually restrained by any legislative interference of this country. He objected also to the resolution, on the ground of its pledging the house to an indefinite measure, which future circumstances might prevent them from ever carrying into effect.

“ Mr. Wilberforce said, that, with regard to one part of the honourable general’s speech, he was doubtful whether he should not have interrupted him by calling him to order. But, if the honourable member could believe that slavery was sanctioned by our holy religion, he should only feel disposed to pity his weakness and error, and should endeavour to rectify his mistake in the spirit of mildness and conciliation. It was the glory of our religion, that it not only forbade all those odious means by which slaves were procured, but expressly prohibited the practice of man-stealing, and called us to act on a principle of universal philanthropy, and kind good will to all men. But he should ever deprecate the introduction of such appeals to sacred authority into that house, as tending rather to ridicule than to any satisfactory result. He should have heard with pleasure the declarations of his noble friend, respecting the radical injustice of the traffic, had he not, at the same time, seemed to oppose every method that had been proposed for its abolition; and had not his speech been uniformly applauded by those who were friendly to the trade. They were perfectly willing to permit the trade to be railed at, while, in fact, it received their most effectual support. He himself had derived pleasure from the reflection, that the measures he had brought forward at different times, on this subject, had been supported by almost all the ablest men on both sides of the house, who had seldom agreed on any great measure of policy. If he had erred, he had erred with great authorities. But his noble friend, while he reprobated the principle of the slave trade, had obtained the support of those only who were friends to that practice. The noble lord had proposed to accomplish the gradual abolition of the trade by means of duties on the importation of slaves. But this would only tend to increase the price of slaves; and, surely, the co-operation of the colonies, which was so little to be expected, would, in this

way, become more necessary than in any other method that could be devised. It had been said, indeed, that it was absolutely necessary that the colonies should co-operate in the abolition, in order to render it effectual. This, however, he must deny; for the importation of various commodities into the West-India islands had been prevented by legislative interference, and surely it would not be more difficult to prevent the importation of slaves, whatever they might have suffered. No measures, he contended, were to be expected from the colonies, even for the gradual abolition of slavery. They had declared, that whatever steps might be taken for ameliorating the condition of slaves, these were, in no degree, to be considered as adopted with a view to the abolition of slavery, the perpetual enforcement of which they have regarded as their birth-right, of which they should never be deprived.—Even this language was more agreeable to him than the professions of others, who, while they pretended to wish for the abolition of slavery, yet effectually impeded it by every means in their power. It had been said, that there must be something impracticable in the measure, since, from the year 1792, when it had received the sanction of parliament, nothing effectual had been done for its accomplishment. Parliament had, at that period, been actuated by an ardent feeling, which had been almost universal in the country. But it was to be regretted, that the feelings of benevolence were too apt to be evanescent, while interest was a cool and calculating principle; and the feeling of interest had gradually overpowered the dictates of philanthropy, and the compunctions of humanity. He should have preferred the immediate introduction of a bill for the abolition of the slave trade; but he had submitted to the judgment of those who thought, that at the present advanced period of the session, there was little probability of its receiving the concurrence of parliament.

The former bill which had passed this house had not been negatived by the lords, but had been merely rejected, on the ground of their not having sufficient time for its full discussion. But the present resolution would hold out the hope, that the house was now more desirous to fulfil that pledge which they had long ago held out to the country, and therefore, it met with his cordial approbation and concurrence. On the whole, he conjured the house to recollect, that Providence had never connected the happiness and prosperity of any country with injustice; and that, whatever apparent prosperity the slave trade might produce, it would ultimately be found rotten to the core. There would be no need of bounties for the encouragement of negro population, as had been proposed by a noble lord, if the domestic comforts of the slaves were properly attended to; and the only way of producing this effect would be the total abolition of the slave trade, which would induce the planter, from a sense of interest, to improve the situation of the negro. But, as long as the slave market could be resorted to, so long would the system of breeding be neglected.

“ Sir William Young opposed the resolution, on the ground, that by hanging over the heads of the West-India planters, it would materially diminish the value of their property, and induce those who had money, by way of mortgage on their estates, to withdraw it altogether. He contended, that the importation of slaves had not materially increased since the resolution of the house in 1792. He deprecated discussions of this kind, as calculated to excite hopes in the negroes, that it would be, in the highest degree, dangerous to realize.

“ Lord H. Petty was unwilling to detain the house by observations at that late hour; but, as he had not hitherto enjoyed an opportunity of delivering his sentiments on the subject now before them, he trusted for their indulgence, while he should now do so

in as few words as possible. He conceived, that there were very few persons who differed in the abstract principle of the injustice of the slave trade. On this principle, the present resolution was founded, and should it now receive the sanction of the house, it would be afterwards for them to consider the practical methods of acting upon it. In his opinion, the slave trade was contrary to every principle of humanity, justice, and sound policy. It commenced in the most nefarious practices, and was the parent and source of innumerable vices, that had long desolated the coast of Africa. The conveyance of slaves from their native land was accompanied with every kind of hardship and cruelty. It had been computed, that one-half of them died on the passage, and the waste of British seamen was so great, that one-sixth perished in every voyage. The system of hardship and oppression thus begun, was perfected in the colonies to which they were transported, and produced the worst effects, not only on the character of the slaves themselves, but also on that of the planters. It had been said, that the negroes were a degraded and inferior race of beings, yet we had employed them in our dock-yards, and as soldiers in the West-Indies, to great advantage. He contended, that the only reason why the population had not been sufficient to support itself, was the vice and misery which had been the consequences of their situation. The complete nullity of all attempts to improve the situation of the negroes by colonial legislation, had been proved by documents on the table of the house; and parliament was now called upon to advance straight forward to the accomplishment of the most magnificent plan that any legislature ever had in its power to execute.

“ Mr. Rose objected much to the form in which the present resolution appeared, but he should not oppose it.

“ Lord H. Petty, Mr. Wilberforce, and Mr. Rose severally explained.

“ Mr. Baron thought, in the case of the abolition of the slave trade, an adequate compensation ought to be made to the merchants concerned in it.

“ Sir John Newport said, there was but one opinion throughout Ireland, and that was that it was a nefarious trade.

“ Mr. Canning was most cordial in his wishes for the abolition, and should even support this resolution however absurd the form of it.

“ Mr. Manning said the trade was protected and encouraged by statute, and ought not to be hastily destroyed.

“ Mr. W. Smith read two letters from Dominica, on the discouragement to marriages among the slaves, and a passage from the pamphlet of Mr. Bryan Edwards, describing the trade as supported by rapacity, crime, and murder.

“ Mr. Secretary Windham was not only desirous for the abolition of the slave trade, but of slavery.

“ Mr. Fox took a general review of the arguments employed by Lord Castlereagh, and Messrs. Rose, Canning, and Manning. In answer to an observation of Mr. Canning, he said, that if that right hon. gentleman thought there was such perfect unanimity in the cabinet, that this, or any other measure, might not be delayed by any dissimilarity of sentiment, he could assure him that he was most egregiously mistaken.

“ The house then divided on the resolution, Ays 114, Noes 15, majority 99

“ It was then agreed, that the resolution should be carried to the Lords; that a conference should be desired on a subject in which the cause of humanity was so deeply interested; and that Lord Henry Petty should desire such a conference.

“ After some prefatory observations from Mr. Wilberforce, it was moved and carried, that an humble

address be presented to his majesty, that he may be graciously pleased to take such measures into his consideration as may tend to the abolition of the slave trade, in concert with other powers; assuring his majesty, that his faithful commons would be ready to co-operate in any way which he, in his wisdom, would deem conducive to that important design."

Page 58—Line 21.

Their breasts swell'd out, their necks and elbows bare.

It is a stubborn and melancholy fact, which daily experience demonstrates, that a great proportion of the miseries of the sons and daughters of misfortune are the natural effects of the injudicious pride, the deleterious indulgence, or parsimonious neglect of their parents. Indeed, man, considered in his natural state, is truly a weak, inconsistent, depraved creature; prone to evil, and averse to good; obnoxious to momentary calamities; surrounded with complicated dangers and accumulated difficulties. In such a forlorn situation, does he not require, even from his infantile days, intellectual improvement and moral admonitions, that he may be capacitated thereby to surmount every disappointment and disadvantage with patience, with magnanimity, with resignation to the eternal mandate? Does not the human mind require mental, as much as the body requires corporeal nutriment? Unquestionably it does. And yet, alas! how insensible a large majority of parents are to the importance, and the indispensable necessity, of this part of their duty to those intrusted to their care, namely, their own progeny. Surely, one would be led to suppose, from the relative conduct of parents to their children, that they considered them, not as immortal spirits, but as animal ma-

chines; not created for high beatitude, but beastly gratifications; not endowed with noble faculties, for the glory of the Almighty Architect of Nature and the good of man, but to be prostituted to the most unworthy purposes, in the service of the enemy of God and man. No part of the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral creation, is so wonderful in its nature, so transcendent in its formation, as man; who may, with great propriety, be considered as filling up the space between the angelic and animal formation; or, as the link in the chain of beings, which connects the celestial and terrestrial, the mortal and immortal; the associate of angels, when intellectually and morally improved; or the companion of brutes, when morally contaminated and degenerated by sordid vice. Man, with information, may become a philosopher; without it, he is an ignorant: with evangelical improvement, he may become a saint; without it, he is a devil incarnate: he is susceptible of great improvement, with juvenile instruction and admonition; but to whom must the helpless, the unconscious infant look for information, but to its parents. How cruel, how murderous, how diabolically cruel must that parent be, who not only suffers her poor unhappy infant to perish for lack of knowledge, but accelerates her ruin, by leading her into the jaws of temptation, because, forsooth, it is fashionable so to do: who strews the path which leads to inevitable destruction with flowers, that the child, unconscious of the fatal dangers with which she is surrounded, may pursue, with more facility and self-security, the destructive road, while it is apparently carpetted with roses?

When I view the obscene, the indecent manner in which too many mothers dress their daughters, I tremble, I tremble for their chastity! It is virtually tempting the debauchee to tempt them, and to lay snares for their destruction. Nay, it is even inviting the lawless ruffian to acts of open violence; and,

while female fashions continue to be so immodest, I think, in point of common justice, the law applicable to such outrages ought not to be so strict and severe. Some modification is surely necessary; or a prohibitory law; to keep female fashions within the bounds of common decency; or some distinction to be made between the dresses of virtuous and lewd women. How cruel it must be for a lascivious female to act and dress in such a manner, as not only to entice, but almost force, the male of ardent passions to acts of violence, and the law to condemn him to death, while she is suffered to pass with impunity?

I will be bold to say, that it is the quintessence of injustice and partiality.

I smile to myself, when I take a counter-march into the rear of time, and survey the ludicrous, the inconvenient, the diversified (though not immodest) female fashions of former times, and contrast them with the present. But I blush with shame, and tremble with fear, when I behold the latter, and anticipate their fatal consequences. The most superficial investigation will show the effects in the persons multitudes of wretched females, to particularize their number, only in this city, would shock even a hoary-headed libertine. Yet they are the children of respectable though injudicious parents; and (on account of *their* neglecting to inculcate the precepts of moral rectitude and virtue on their juvenile minds), when they arrive at years of maturity, they are a curse to themselves and society, and a disgrace to human nature; instead of being the virtuous mothers of respectable families, which would have been the case had their parents done their duty to them: but their cruel parents were neglectful, and their defenceless progeny became an easy prey to surrounding foes.—To view, in sympathetic thought, their degradation and misery, and to behold parents still persevering in the same line of conduct, bringing

their children up slaves to idleness, vanity, and dissipation, are enough to make female virtue shudder, modesty blush, and philanthropy melt into tears. And little do such parents think, while neglecting to promote their children's true interest, and leading them into the jaws of destruction, that they will have to account to their Almighty Judge for the infinite evils resulting to their children and to society, on account of their imprudence.

*"Imprudence is, so say the learned schools,
The bane of virgins, and the bane of fools."*

Children, if begun with in time, may be taught almost any thing, for they certainly are imitative beings—*"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."* They may be impressed with such ideas of certain fashionable crimes, as to feel the most invincible disgust at the very thought of them. Ye cruel, injudicious mothers, how can you answer to your own hearts, and the Searcher of all Hearts, for the infinite injury which will result to your children, when you are taken from them, and deposited in your silent graves, owing to your bringing them up slaves to indolence, and the scandalous fashions and fopperies of this degenerate age? Can you reflect, without painful sensations on the evils they will produce in society, while you will have to answer at the bar of God for the same? You should be as solicitous *"to teach the young idea how to shoot,"* as you are to nurture the corporeal powers of your children. The subsequent lines should not only be inculcated in their minds while in a state of minority, but be written in golden capitals on their tablets when arrived at the years of maturity:—

*"The sacred flame of well-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt the illicit rove,
Though nothing should divulge it."*

*"I wave the quantum of the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, oh! it hardens all within,
And petrifies the feeling."*

BURNS.

Finally, they should ever remember, that there is a close connexion between imprudence and infelicity, vanity and misery, unchastity and final ruin. Hence, their interest and their duty are the same; for prudence gives comfort; moderation, particularly in dress, secures health; industry yields plenty; modesty makes friends; innocence, with simplicity, gains admirers; virtue procures true felicity in this world, and, when united with religion, secures eternal happiness and unutterable joy in the world to come.

CANTO FOURTH.

Page 103--Line 6.

The tyrant's rage contrast with heavenly love.

I flatter myself it will be neither uninteresting nor unentertaining, to introduce a few miscellaneous articles from the book of creation. Our Almighty Maker, in condescension to the weakness of our faculties, the brevity of our lives, and our many avocations, has comprised all the knowledge conducive to our real happiness, in four volumes, namely, the books of Revelation, Nature, Providence, and the Heart. As I conceived the lessons in the Book of Nature to be irresistible, energetic, and not to be confuted; and, consequently, most calculated to convince tyrants of the iniquity of their conduct, the disapprobation of Heaven, and the dissimilarity be-

tween their works and those of their Creator; I have, therefore, endeavoured to exhibit a specimen of the munificence of Jehovah, depicted in all his works, in hopes that it will have a tendency to make oppressors blush, forego their crimes, and no more insult their Creator, by destroying his creatures, the noblest works of his almighty hands. To attempt to convince a tyrant by scripture, is, in my opinion, like administering medicine to a dead man. The cogency and super-excellence of the sacred volume are spiritually described; and tyrants, while they continue such, are sold unto sin. Notwithstanding this last book of the poem is especially intended as an answer to their futile arguments in favour of slavery, I hope it will likewise be acceptable to sincere christians of all denominations. The path of life which the greater part of them are appointed to tread, allows but little opportunity for philosophical researches; and the little leisure they enjoy, is more properly devoted to the study of the book of grace, than the book of nature. At the same time, I conceive a sketch of christian philosophy is calculated to elevate the mind with transcendently honourable thoughts of God, and to inflame the heart with adoration, exaltation, and admiration of him. It is observed, by an inspired writer, that "*the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy works.*"

Nothing can be more becoming in man than to investigate the obvious works of the Deity, with this design, that he may excite in himself, through the assisting grace of God, these devout affections, and that superlative respect and veneration, which are the quintessence of that praise, which is his reasonable, as well as religious service. Are we inclined to cherish gratitude, to be stimulated to the delightful duty of praise? the means are at hand. His glorious, magnificent, and munificent works continually present themselves to the indiscriminate inspection of the savage and the sage, the saint and the sinner,

the christian and the heathen, the potentate and the peasant, in a wonderful, instructive, and entertaining manner. We may reasonably conclude both from profane, and sacred history, the antiquity as well as utility of this employment. Even God himself has been understood to intimate this, when, concerning the heavenly bodies, he spake thus: "*Let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years.*" By the Jewish rabbins, we are informed, that Adam, in his state of innocence, had an extensive knowledge of astronomy. Josephus tells, us that the antediluvians were acquainted with this science. The longevity of the patriarchs * afforded them many opportunities for astronomical observations.

This noble study, the patriarch Abraham, who was a native of Chaldea, is supposed to have, in an eminent degree, promoted. The knowledge collected from the traditional history of creation; the contemplation of the heavens and the earth; the experience of preceding generations; and the various gradual discoveries of the attributes and purposes of the Almighty, which had been by the long-lived patriarchs transmitted from age to age, he, no doubt, was solicitous to diffuse among his cotemporaries. In the contemplation and study of the works of creation and Providence, the devout part of mankind, of every age and country, have found equal profit and pleasure. Does it not seem to be the periodical employment of Isaac, at each re-appearance of the heavenly luminaries, to retire to the solitary fields

* *The patriarchs, before the flood, could readily recite to many generations, such remarkable events as had happened in their days; and thus they supplied the place of history. Adam was 243 years cotemporary with Methusaleh, who lived till the flood; Methusaleh with Noah 600 years, and with Shem 100; Shem with Abraham 150, and died when Isaac was 50 years old.*

for contemplation? "*Isaac*," says the sacred historian, "*went out to meditate in the field at eventide.*" Was it not a view of the starry heavens that suggested to the pious Jewish king the subsequent devout ejaculation? "*When I consider the heavens, the work of thy hands; the moon and stars which thou hast formed; what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him* *." From Chaldea the study of astronomy passed into Egypt, from thence to Phenicia, and from Phenicia to Greece. The astronomy of the Greeks was greatly enriched and improved by the scientific discoveries of Pythagoras. This celebrated astronomer and mathematician is believed to have been born in the island of Samos, and to have flourished about 500 years before the christian era. In search of knowledge, it is said, he travelled into Egypt, then celebrated for the study of the sciences, where he became acquainted with geography and the true solar system; and he made himself master of the several branches of literature, for which that country was so famed among the nations of antiquity. Incited by an insatiable thirst for knowledge, we are told, he afterwards visited Persia, Chaldea, and other parts of Asia, as far as India, where he conversed with the gymnosophists, and from them acquired the knowledge of the philosophy and literature of the east. This great philosopher taught, that the earth was of a spherical or round figure; that the moon reflected the rays of the sun; and that the comets were wandering stars, disappearing in the superior parts of their orbits, and becoming visible only in the lower.

* *I particularize these desultory observations, to prove that the patriarchs, as well as the philosophers of antiquity, studied the works of creation from devout and excellent motives; especially as many modern christians condemn as futile and spurious, astronomical contemplations.*

He is said also to have exhibited the oblique course of the sun in the ecliptic, and to have first taught that the planet Venus is both the evening and morning star. But rational and philosophical as the theory of Pythagoras was, it was universally reprobated, and consigned to a state of oblivion. Indeed, notwithstanding the propensity the ancients had for astronomical and philosophical speculations, they entertained the most erroneous ideas concerning the structure of the universe. According to the Ptolemaic* system which universally prevailed, the earth was considered an extended plain, surrounded by the ocean; and that the sun, when he sets, dips into the western ocean; and when he rises, emerges from the eastern: that the sun, moon, and stars are small luminous bodies, at no great distance from the earth, and created solely for the purpose of illuminating it. This system (though as unreasonable as to suppose, that a cook, instead of turning the spit, would turn the fire round the loin of beef, in order to roast it), was, for many ages, and among many nations, popular; though how to ascertain on what foundation the earth rested, or how to account for the velocity with which the heavenly luminaries moved round it, they knew not.

The honour of restoring and consolidating the true solar system, belongs to Copernicus, a native of Thorn, born A. D. 1473. After twenty years spent in contemplating the phenomena of the heavens, in making mathematical calculations, in examining the observations of the ancients, and in making new ones of his own, he was of a firm persuasion, that the only true system was the Pythagorean; which makes the sun to be the centre, and the earth to move not only round the sun, but round its own axis.

* So called from Ptolemy of Alexandria, who lived in the second century.

Thus, he fully established that system of the universe called the Copernican, which is universally received by scientific men of all nations.

Greatly has the science of astronomy been improved by the invention and use of telescopes. This improvement is attributed to Galileo, a famous mathematician, a Florentine, born A. D. 1564. But modern astronomy has been improved, confirmed, and enriched, by the discoveries, experiments, and speculations of Sir Isaac Newton.

Modern discoveries in the sublime science of astronomy, have opened prospects, which, at once, astonish and delight, to a degree which words are unable to express: and could the tyrant be prevailed upon to investigate the planetary system in particular, and the book of creation, it would inculcate a lesson on his mind, which time could never obliterate. Even the atheist, if there can be such a monster in existence, by studying this noble system, would find an antidote for an unnatural and unreasonable unbelief. An astronomer, an atheist! it is impossible.

The most obvious distribution of those heavenly bodies which we call stars, is into two classes, viz. permanent and planetary, fixed and wandering. The former are usually termed stars; the latter planets. The stars, on account of their apparent unequal magnitudes, are divided into six classes, called stars of the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth magnitude. And, though the stars appear so astonishingly numerous to the naked eye, it has been ascertained that a good telescope can discover, in several parts of the heavens, twenty times as many as can be recognized by the naked eye. The apparent unequal magnitude of the stars is probably owing to their unequal distances. To a person at the nearest star, our sun would probably appear no larger than that star to us. At such immense distances are the stars from us, that it is supposed a ball shot from a cannon, and flying with undiminished velocity,

would travel several hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of them. As several stars have become visible of late years, it is apprehended that there may be stars at such immense distances, that though they have been in the heavens and emitting light for almost 6,000 years, and light flies at the rate of 10,000,000 of miles in a minute, their light has not yet reached our world. Agreeable to all this, it has been observed, that were an inhabitant of our earth to travel toward the cope of heaven, and to advance on his aerial journey 160,000,000 of miles, even in that advanced situation, he could not perceive the smallest difference in the apparent magnitude of the stars. Nor is this a mere supposition; (however the ignorant may doubt, and even laugh at the reports of astronomers) it is an incontrovertible fact, which the following case abundantly demonstrates. At the time of the winter solstice, that is about the 21st of December, we are upwards of 160,000,000 of miles nearer to the northern parts of the sky, than we are at the summer solstice, or about the 21st of June; and yet, with regard to the stars situated in that quarter, we perceive neither change in their aspect, nor augmentation in their magnitude.

The discoveries of modern philosophers have rendered it more than probable, that creation consists of as many systems or worlds, as there are fixed stars; and that each of the fixed stars is the centre of a particular system, imparting heat and light to that system, and the several planetary bodies which compose it, as the sun does to the earth, and the other opaque bodies which compose our system; and which, for this reason, is usually known by the name of the solar system. The majestic sentiments of the Rev. James Hervey on this subject, which particularly correspond with my own, I will literally transcribe: "Could we," says he, "soar beyond the moon, and pass through all the planetary choir; could we wing our way to the highest apparent star,

and take our stand on one of those loftiest pinnacles of heaven; we would there see other skies expanded, other suns, other stars, and other, perhaps nobler, systems established through the boundless dimensions of space. Even at the end of this vast tour, we would find ourselves advanced no farther than the suburbs of creation, and arrived only at the frontiers of the Great Jehovah's kingdom." How admirable the plan! how inimitable the architecture! how incomprehensible the circumference! how transcendent the superstructure! To enlarge on this amiable subject, the brevity of our plan forbids. A compendious exhibition must therefore suffice. That part of the vast expansive universe to which we belong, and to which our knowledge is almost wholly confined, called the Pythagorean, the Copernican, the Newtonian, or the solar system, consists of the sun as its common centre, and a number of opaque bodies, called comets and planets, which, in certain orbits, perform their periodical revolutions round the sun, which is the principal orb in our system; the centre and the soul of it. The antiphilosophical notion, that the earth is the most considerable body and the centre of the universe, which, during a long series of ages, almost universally prevailed, has been long and justly exploded. The grand philosophical truth, that the sun is the centre of our system, which the several planetary bodies of which it consists circumvolve, has been established on principles, and confirmed by arguments which leave no room for hesitation or doubt. Of all the celestial bodies which come within the sphere of our observations, the sun, in apparent magnitude and extensive influence, is the most eminent and conspicuous. Of the peasant, as well as the potentate, the cottager, as well as the philosopher, though in a different manner, he attracts the attention. His rising in the east, and his setting in the west, form every day two important epochs, and are among the first objects of which we

take notice. When the great ruler of the day makes his majestic appearance in the eastern horizon, all the nocturnal luminaries disappear—from his superior splendour and presence, they shrink and vanish. At his early call, universal nature awakes, and, illuminated by his exhilarating beams, displays all her variegated beauties. How majestically grand, how stately and august his diurnal circuit? Does not this amazing luminary do honour to his Creator? Was not the formation of such an immense globe, a work worthy of a God? without any manner of doubt. The question of what materials this vast orb is composed, has, for a long series of ages, excited the attention of the curious part of mankind, and occasioned a variety of speculations, a recital of which we must at present forego. The opinion almost universally adopted, and confirmed by all the phenomena of nature with which we are acquainted, is, that the sun is an immense globe of fire placed in the centre of the system, or, to use the language of astronomers, in the lowest focus of all the planetary and cometary bodies of which it consists. How astonishing the great magnitude of this grand luminary of day! His apparent diameter, according to the computation of our best astronomers, amounts to upwards of 800,000, and his ambit more than 250,000 English miles. That prodigy of mathematical knowledge, Sir Isaac Newton, computes the sun to be 900,000 times larger than the earth. His distance from us is, by our modern astronomers, estimated at 95,000,000 of miles. Flying in his orbit at the rate of 4262 miles every hour, he turns round on his axis in the space of 25 days 6 hours, and by the various attractions of the circumvolving planets and comets, he seems to be agitated by a small motion round the central point of gravity in the system. To the temperature of the earth, and of its various inhabitants, the magnitude and distance of this luminary, and the corresponding degrees of light and heat which they de-

rive from it, are wisely adapted; and, in a peculiar manner, show the infinite goodness, as well as the inconceivable wisdom of the Divine Architect. Were the sun larger, he would set the earth on fire; were he smaller, he would leave it altogether frozen: were he nearer to us, we should be scorched to death; were he farther from us, we should not be able to live for want of heat: he does not annoy, he only refreshes us.

Here I cannot forbear making a digression; and, with unfeigned gratitude, exclaiming, with the devout psalmist, "*Oh! that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men.*" But this is only one of 10,000 instances of the admirable nicety and exactness with which the several parts of the system are constituted, and all their dimensions, motions, and uses adjusted. How uninvestigable the wisdom that formed, how unlimited the power that executed; but, above all, how boundless the munificence that supports the expansive universe! Are we startled at the reports of astronomy concerning the sun, that enormous mass of fire, which the Almighty kindled, and for thousands of years has kept alive and undiminished? Let us, (to use the words of an exemplary pious as well as ingenious divine of the last century) "attend our philosophical guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more amazing. This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe. Every star is the centre of a magnificent system; having a retinue of worlds irradiated by its beams and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in the unmeasurable wilds of ether." How manifold and how glorious are thy works, Lord God Almighty; in impenetrable wisdom and infinite power hast thou made them all; great in goodness, and good in greatness, art thou! heaven and earth are full of thy glory.

The muscular appearances, or spots, on the sun's disk, discovered by Galileo as early as 1610, has excited much curiosity and no small diversity of conjectures. But though our astronomers have long observed, and often attempted to explain them, all their united efforts have hitherto proved unsatisfactory. That they are occasioned by the smoke of the volcanoes breaking out, time after time, on the surface of the sun; that they are exhalations raised by its intense heat, or a kind of clouds flying in its atmosphere; that they are new worlds in a chaotic unformed state, as our earth once was; that they are planets moving in orbits nearer to the sun than any with which we are acquainted, are all, at best, only arbitrary opinions, or fanciful conjectures, supported by no satisfactory evidence. Are there not numerous inexplicable mysteries in nature, as well as revealed religion. After all our investigations and speculations, we must come to this rational conclusion at last, that the Creator is infinitely great, and we are infinitely poor and blind; and hence, we may, with propriety, adopt Job's reflection. "Lo! these are a part of his ways and works; but how small a portion of him, or of them, is, or, I may add, can be known?" How beneficial and salutary are the effects of the periodical revolutions of the planets, diurnal and annual! To the former, we are indebted for the alternate succession of day and night, the seasons of labour and repose; to the latter, for the regular returns of spring and autumn, summer and winter. Were the planets stationary, the one half of them would be dazzled with everlasting day, the other involved in eternal night; the former only would be habitable, the latter utterly uninhabitable. Not confined to us, the light and warmth of the sun, his vivifying and nutritive influence, extend to creations around us indiscriminately; to minerals, vegetables, and animals. Moses, in his valedictory benediction to the Israelites, spoke

of "*the precious fruits brought forth by the sun; and the precious things put forth by the moon.*" The fructifying effect which these heavenly luminaries have on the earth, not only the sage but the savage perceives. Did our benevolent Creator intend this world for our temporary abode, and with such unbounded expense, such unutterable profusion of goodness, fill it for our accommodation and comfort? What imagination can conceive, or tongue express the magnificence and glory of that eternal kingdom, prepared for his faithful children from the foundation of the world? Can we, day after day, behold the light, and feel the exhilarating influence of the sun, and partake of the benefactions of the Parent of Good, who circles nature in one kind embrace, and yet oppress, murder, and destroy the noblest works of this great, this good, this glorious Being, instead of reverencing, obeying, and loving him? Inexcusable, criminal, shameful ingratitude! Does the sun proclaim his goodness and perfections, and can we, dare we, both literally and virtually, insult him to his face, with impunity?

The reasons of the different degrees of heat, which the earth receives from the sun, in the summer and in winter, are sufficiently obvious; his continuance above the horizon is in summer longer, and in winter shorter. The former increases the heat, in proportion as it lengthens the day; the latter diminishes the heat, and augments the cold, in proportion as it shortens the day. Another reason is, the different directions of the sun's rays in summer and in winter; the former are more vertical, the latter more oblique: the vertical rays strike with greater, the oblique with less, force. Astonishing is that contrivance of infinite wisdom, by which a proper distance between the sun, as the centre, and our earth and all the other planets of which the system consists, is invariably preserved. Within the orbits,

or paths, wherein they travel through the wide dimensions of open and unresisting space, which were originally assigned to them, they ever are confined. To depart too far from their centre, or to approach too near to it, could not fail to prove fatal to their inhabitants. The former, the attractive power of the sun prevents; the latter, that projectile force which the Almighty impressed upon the planetary bodies at their creation prevents. Between these attractive and projectile powers, the adjustment is so exact, that, without any solid orbit to confine them, the several planets have invariably continued in their respective paths from the creation to this day. Concerning the sun, mankind have entertained the most extravagant ideas. By one part of the human race this luminary has been advanced to the rank of a god, and had divine honours paid to it: by another it has been debased as low as hell, and supposed to be the place of infernal misery; but this is only one instance out of millions in which "men have become vain in their imagination, and, professing themselves to be wise, have become fools." We have given some description of the centre of our system: we will next give some account, collected from the most accurate calculations of modern astronomers and mathematicians, of the planets and comets which revolve about the sun at different periods of time, and at different distances from it, in the following order:

Mercury, at the distance of about 37,000,000 of miles, makes its circuit round the sun in 87 days, 23 hours, and 15 minutes.

Venus, at the distance of 68,000,000 of miles, in 224 days, 16 hours, and 42 minutes.

The Earth, at the distance of about 95,000,000 of miles, in 365 days, 6 hours, or a sidereal year.

Mars, at the distance of about 145,000,000 of miles, in 686 days, 23 hours, 27 minutes.

Jupiter, at the distance of 490,000,000 of miles, in 4,332 days, 12 hours, 20 minutes, or almost 12 years.

Saturn, at the distance of 900,000,000 of miles, in 19,759 days, 6 hours, and 35 minutes, or almost 30 years.

The Georgium Sidus, distant 1,800,000,000 of miles, moves in its orbit round the sun in 30,456 days, 2 hours, or 83 years and a half.

The prefixed are all the heavenly bodies which are at present known to circumvolve the sun, as their centre, exclusive of the satellites that continually revolve about the earth, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgium Sidus, first recognized by the ingenious Dr. Herschel, March 13, 1781.

The earth has but one moon or satellite, which, in 27 days, 7 hours, and 43 minutes, revolves about it, at the distance of 249,000 miles. Four moons have been descried constantly revolving around Jupiter, viz. the first in 1 day, 18 hours, and 28 minutes, at the distance of 6 semidiameters from its centre: the second in 3 days, 13 hours, and 14 minutes, at 9 semidiameters: the third in 7 days, 3 hours, and 43 minutes, at 14 semidiameters: the fourth in 16 days, 16 hours, and 32 minutes, at the distance of 25 semidiameters.

Dr. Herschel has observed, by his celebrated telescope, that Saturn has seven moons moving round him, as follows. the first, which is nearest to the planet, in 1 day, 21 hours, and 17 minutes, at the distance of 5 semidiameters, as measured with a micrometer: the second in 2 days, 17 hours, and 41 minutes, at 6 and a quarter semidiameters: the third in 4 days, 12 hours, and 25 minutes, at 8 and three quarter semidiameters: the fourth in 15 days, 22 hours, 41 minutes, at 20 semidiameters: the fifth in 79 days, 7 hours, 47 minutes, at the distance of 59 semidiameters: the revolutions of the other two

moons have not as yet been found out. But, exclusive of these satellites, Saturn is surrounded by a thin broad ring, which is about 21,000 miles in breadth, inclining about 30 degrees to the ecliptic : the distance of this ring from the body of the planet is equal on all sides. There have been but two moons as yet discovered which circumsolve *Georgium Sidus* ; the time of their revolution has not been accurately ascertained.

With respect to the comets that revolve about the sun, their orbits are so various and eccentric, their stations and periods so different, that the laws by which they are governed are not known, nor their periodical times ascertained. They are, however, supposed to be solid opaque bodies, with long refulgent tails issuing from the side opposite the sun, and they move about him in remarkable eccentric ellipsis. The comet which appeared in 1680, was supposed by Sir Isaac Newton to be 2000 times hotter than red hot iron. Though comets are very seldom seen by the inhabitants of our globe, it is nevertheless conjectured, that there are great numbers of them moving in all directions, belonging to the solar system, which must greatly astonish the reflecting mind, especially when it is remembered, that the innumerable quantities of heavenly bodies scattered through the ethereal regions, do not suffer the least injury from their influence. There are only three comets whose periodical revolutions are known with any degree of certainty. The above mentioned one, at its greatest distance, is about 12,200,000,000 miles from the sun ; when it is nearest him, it flies with the astonishing velocity of 880,000 miles an hour. When it is recollected, that the above comet was 575 years performing its circuit, we must be amazed, if we contemplate the wondrous distance it runs out into the boundless dimensions of ether ; and our amazement must be enhanced, when we remember

that none of the comets belonging to our system ever approach sufficiently near to feel the attraction of the nearest fixed star. This idea demonstrates the amazing distance between our system and the nearest fixed star.

There are many credulous persons who suppose (though the supposition is an insult to common sense) that the different luminaries were all created to enlighten our terraqueous globe : but the absurdity of this idea is notorious, as well as fabulous, and needs only to be exhibited in order to be execrated, as demeaning the works of the Deity. Not only the different planets, but, in my opinion, the comets themselves, notwithstanding their gross vapours, extreme heat, and dense atmosphere, may be inhabited by beings calculated to enjoy the benedictions of the Creator ; and I am confirmed in my opinion, when I consider that his love inclines, and his power enables him to render all his creatures susceptible of feeling happy. Again, when we reflect that the solid marble, the fragrant orchard, the crystal stream, and, in short, the earth itself, are teeming with living creatures, though all imperceptible to the naked eye ; the diversified animals that inhabit the earth, air, and sea, who all enjoy qualifications as their natures require, from their Creator : these obvious reflections, and many more which might be adduced, demonstrate, that such large masses of durable matter, as the comets, as well as planets, are not destitute of beings who are capable of enjoying the gifts, and admiring the wonderful works of the God of Nature.

Page 132—Line 16.

E'en Paine must own, no man is blest, but he, &c.

I do not by any means introduce Mr. Paine's name out of disrespect, much less malevolence; but rather by way of preference, as I suppose him to be the best informed infidel of the present age, at least in a political point of view. Indeed, the want of candour and christian moderation, in many of the authors who wrote in favour of revelation, and against modern infidelity, has, in my opinion, rather tended to consolidate than invalidate it; and has made more proselytes to than converts from it. The fallacy of the arguments in favour of deism, and the futility of the hopes of its advocates, cannot be obviated by declamation, or intimidated by illiberal execration. If there never had been a deistical writer, the superstitious hypocrisy, implacable acrimony, and guilty pretensions of many of the supposed votaries of revelation, both laymen and reverend men, are sufficient to prove a dangerous stumbling block to such as are not experimentally acquainted with the intrinsic excellency of the christian religion, but who judge of its utility according to the merit or demerit of its advocates; and this is the primary cause why so many millions of people are implacable enemies to the most glorious of all civil causes—republicanism.

With respect to Mr. Paine's systematic attack on the scriptures, in his *Age of Reason*, while I allow his sincerity (for I really believe he is no hypocrite), I must disapprove his mode of attack, and I sincerely lament that ever the author of that incomparable performance, entitled, *Common Sense*, and the inimitable and philanthropic work, called, *The Rights of Man*, should have produced such a spurious compilation to the indiscriminate inspection of a gainsay-

ing and degenerate generation. Spurious, not only on account of the subject discussed, but the unjust and ungenerous method of discussion; not altogether on account of the arguments adduced, but the virulent acrimony, illiberal satire, unjust animadversions, and pedantic witticisms, with which the work abounds. But what I consider the most censurable part of Mr. Paine's conduct in the arrangement and compilation of his *Age of Reason*, is, his assuming such an air of assurance and self-importance in his criticisms on the Bible, as though he was acquainted with the literal and spiritual meaning of the word of God, and was a proficient in the original languages; whereas he knew no more of their spirituality, utility, and excellence, than a blind man does of colours, or a deaf man of sounds; and I may add, that it is utterly impossible for him to see their spirituality while in nature's darkness, for "*they are spiritually discerned*;" the carnal mind is at enmity with God, and is not competent to judge of the law or word of God, neither can it be. With respect to his satirical remarks on hypocritical christian priests and preachers, who love the loaves and fishes more than they do the bodies and souls of men, they are energetic, in as much as they are consistent with truth: but because there are counterfeits, is that a reason to suppose that there are no silver dollars? because there are gluttons and drunkards, is that any reason to suppose that there is no utility in meat or drink? because there are religious and political hypocrites, are christianity and republicanism therefore nugatory? With respect to the simplified style of the scriptures, though it is invalidated by Mr. Paine and his votaries, I consider it as their most beautiful quality: for the Almighty, accommodating himself to the capacities of his creatures, revealed his will to them conformable to their own language and ideas of things; and I am confident even Mr. Paine himself would not command his servant in a language that he

did not understand. Yes; I will be bold to affirm, that no language can be more majestic and nervous; no diction can be purer; no sentiments can be grander or more sublime; no imagery more strong and beautiful, than that in the word of God. The *Age of Reason* has been more fatal to thousands and tens of thousands, especially of the wavering and the profane, than the deistical writings of Morgan, Hume, Bolingbroke, Tindal, Voltaire, Spinoza, &c. The reason is obvious: it is a stubborn fact, that the majority of their objections were compiled from their writings, and collected in that production, as it were to a focus; and being clothed in the most sonorous language, it has proved the ruin of many of the ignorant and unwary. His collecting the sentiments and objections of these infidels, is by no means censurable; as this is a practice peculiar to all writers who cannot dispense with a dependance upon one another for information. but the abuse and invective, so liberally scattered throughout the performance, cannot be justified. Therefore, while I admire and venerate the author of the *Rights of Man*, I cannot avoid pitying the author of the *Age of Reason*, when I reflect that he must be an unhappy man, full of doubts, fears, and forebodings of mind; and I pray the Almighty God to pity him also; for I am confident that the influence of infidelity on the mind, has the direct tendency, not only to extinguish all religious impressions, but also to corrupt the morals, and loose the reins to the domination of every unhallowed passion and sensual appetite, and, consequently, to accelerate the destruction of the contaminated individual, pierce him with many sorrows here, and unutterable misery hereafter. Thus, the pirate plunders the defenceless mariner of his riches, his ship, his provisions, and his all, and sends him adrift in an open boat, on a boisterous ocean, without a compass to guide, or any food to support him. The man who robs me merely of my gold or silver, robs me of

what I can dispense with, and yet be happy; but he who bereaves me of the comforts of religion, bereaves me of an immortal treasure of infinite value; the want of which incapacitates me to enjoy peace or happiness in time or in eternity. But the advocates of deism will say, "What you call religion is enthusiastic vision." Is that enthusiasm, which enables me to rise superior to the degeneracy of my corrupted nature? to walk in the paths of moral rectitude, and shun the devious paths of folly? to love God supremely, and mankind affectionately? to live on earth as one that is born to die? to prefer virtue, clothed in rags, to villainy, arrayed in robes of state? Then, admitting that this is enthusiasm, he who takes it from me, takes what cannot enrich him, but makes me poor indeed.

Those who consider themselves the rich, the great, and the noble, think little of these interesting considerations, till brought to experience the solemnities of a dying hour. Pampered with adulation, caressed by flatterers, engrossed by the formalities of life, the tumult of business, or, perhaps, the vicissitudes of folly, they think they have little need, and as little relish, for the consolation of religion. But let them know, that in the shades of obscurity, there is many a virtuous patriot, sincere philanthropist, and pious christian, languishing beneath the pressure of complicated disease; whose friends are all faithless, and whose foes are all sincere; oppressed by the iron hand of despotism, and chilled with consequent poverty; who are, notwithstanding, happy in the love of God, and joyful in the hopes of a future retribution, possessed of that ineffable delight and contentment which the world can neither give nor take away. Yet have the champions of infidelity, with sacrilegious hands, made daring innovations on this last retreat of the children of affliction; this sacred asylum of the miserable, that has survived the ravages of

misfortune, the malevolence of devils, and the tyranny of wicked men.

I would ask the votaries of infidelity, did it ever happen, that the influence of their tenets proved efficacious, in causing the vicious man to forego his vices and become virtuous? No. But, on the contrary, they have tended to destroy the tranquillity of virtuous retirement, deepened the gloom of human wickedness, and enhanced the horrors of the grave. Ye modern infidels, who (though perhaps ignorantly) are traitors to the human race, murderers of the human soul, and ministers of wo, how can you answer to your own hearts, and the Almighty Searcher of all Hearts, for the infinite injury the dissemination of your baneful principles has been to millions of the human kind? Reflect on the evils they have produced; and, if there remains a particle of social virtue in your hearts, the spontaneous reflection will awaken the keenest remorse and penitential sorrow.

Page 142—Line 5.

Forbear, my muse, the sweet Columbian strain.

In concluding the notes on this poem, I will not, in the prophetic language of scripture, say, yet forty days, and Christendom shall be overthrown; yet I will with boldness assert, that, unless the hostile nations thereof reform and repent, they must unavoidably perish. The Almighty cannot avoid punishing them: he must either do it, or prostitute his attributes, tarnish his veracity, and annihilate his justice. The judgments of God are already in a peculiar manner abroad in the earth. All Europe feels, while America anticipates, the dreadful scourge of Heaven. In the kingdom of Spain alone, according to documents received from Madrid, it appears, from

the annual census, that has been lately made of the population of that kingdom, that, in the course of twelve months, it has diminished 1,000,000; which diminution has been attributed to epidemic disorders, earthquakes, and famine: and, in addition to these judgments, they have been recently afflicted with a still greater punishment, viz. a sanguinary war with England. In the town of Malaga alone, 26,000 persons were buried in the course of four weeks, who perished by the pestilence. I firmly believe these important events are preludes to that glorious period spoken of in scripture, when universal harmony and peace will pervade the whole earth. And some ingenious and pious divines are of opinion, that in the year 1836, popery, aristocracy, and despotism, will have a final downfall; though they will perhaps flourish, and come to their zenith, or summit, in the intermediate space of time.

The parabolical assertion of our blessed Redeemer, "*and that servant, who knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes,*" is applicable to nations as well as individuals; which the dreadful punishment of the Jews abundantly demonstrates. Though individual tyrants seem to escape the punishment of their crimes in this world, nations of them cannot escape the terrible vengeance of Heaven. Individuals may be punished in eternity, according to the turpitude of their sins, but nations cannot; national characters and civil distinctions being unknown in the eternal world. All the nations of antiquity have felt the avenging hand of Heaven; but none so severely as the Jews, though God's peculiar people; who, like the christians, were exalted to heaven in point of privileges. They were, previous to their downfall, solemnly warned of their danger and guilt, as christendom now is; but they refused to hear and forbear; consequently, the warning supremely enhanced the goodness of God, while it augmented

their guilt, and finally left them without excuse; and if this work has no other, it will certainly have this intrinsically glorious tendency, namely, to demonstrate through eternity, to the astonishment of angels, and the confusion of tyrants, the great mercy and forbearance of Almighty God.

Can we so far insult reason and common sense, as to suppose for a moment, that the impartial Judge and Sovereign of the Universe, can let the nations of christendom escape with impunity, whose barbarous crimes are in magnitude, what those of the nations of antiquity were only in miniature? It is impossible.

From the subject matter of this work, which is as interesting to the citizens of America as any subject they can discuss, it appears self evident, that at no period of our existence as a nation, has our freedom and safety been so much endangered as the present; in no crisis have we had equal cause of alarm, (in a political, as well as in a religious point of view); and yet, alas! we seem to behold with a torpid indifference, the government, which is the boast of our own, and envy of other nations, degraded and debilitated by a set of unprincipled avaricious slave-dealers. Though I do not wish to give offence, I will boldly affirm, that these same slave-holders would wade through seas of the blood of white men, as well as black men, to gratify their despotic propensities, if they were not restrained; and it is the fear, not the love of either God or man, that restrains them. Those who conceive, that I am too pointed in my animadversions, would no doubt be of a different opinion, were they to be one day in the predicament the slaves are, or could they for one moment view their unutterable distress. Are we, or can we be so forgetful of past toils, so insensible to present disgrace, and so careless of future danger, as to suffer importations from Guinea, to undermine the foundation of our incomparable federal govern-

ment, the price of our blood and our treasure, that rewarded the toils and dangers of a sanguinary war, and which is at once the guarantee of our prosperity, and the palladium of our religious and political rights? God forbid. Those who duly appreciate the intrinsic value of our federal constitution, and who justly estimate the power which this constitution possesses, to diffuse the blessings of equal rights, without distinction, amongst the citizens, must look with horror at the unjust inequality in favour of slave-dealers, which, without the possibility of effecting a single benefit, will, if not remedied, eventuate in the prostration of the dearest interests of the citizens of the north, and in time be assimilated to aristocracy and despotism.

.....

END OF THE NOTES.

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APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THOSE who are personally acquainted with the author of this poem, know, and such as have investigated the tenor of his writings, may ascertain, that his object and aim therein are far from being either pecuniary emolument or transitory applause.—While others are seeking their reward in riches, or in the adulation of perishing mortals, he looks forward with pleasing expectation to the cold embraces of the tomb, to usher him into that permanent state where he hopes for an unfading wreath. Though his works are very imperfect, it is consoling for him to reflect, that it is not only perfection in execution, but perfection in intention, which is pleasing in the sight of God; and if he approves, the votaries of despotism may disapprove and welcome.

Since the publication of *Avenia*, a tragical poem in six books, the author has been extremely gratified in the approbation expressed by persons of taste and judgment, in its favour, when he had not the most

distant expectation of its meeting with such a favourable reception, especially in America, where but few performances are approbated, except those which are of European manufacture. It would afford him the most ineffable delight, were he permitted to exhibit some of the names of gentlemen of the first respectability, who have honoured him in the most distinguished manner, and whose liberal, essential, and zealous attention, has filled his heart with the most grateful sensations and sentiments of respect, which he hopes to carry with him to his grave.

But, alas! real friends are as seldom to be found as the most precious diamonds; indeed, many are apt to recognize and magnify inaccuracies, but few are willing to descry and applaud beauties.

In criticism, as in all other arts, there is much imperfection; some err through weakness; others through wickedness: some through carelessness; others through malice: some through ignorance; and others through envy: but none err so far from the true standard as those who give themselves up to the direction of vanity. It has been already hinted, that originality in composition is almost a phenomenon; in that, as in all other arts, a dependance on our

predecessors, in some measure, is indispensable. It has also been demonstrated, that the most popular ancient authors were dependant on others for their matter and manner in composition; and were not above imitating the writers who preceded them. In support of this assertion, many modern authors might be mentioned to establish the fact. Let one of these suffice, namely, Mr. Pope, one of the most celebrated of modern times, who, it is well known, wrote his grandest and most sublime poem, entitled *Messiah*, in imitation of Virgil's *Pollio*, which the author would beg leave (as it is but short), to present to his readers; and he hopes it will not fail of pleasing the generality of them.

MESSIAH:

A SACRED ECLOGUE,

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song;
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains, and the syivan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more. O Thou! my voice inspire,
 Who touch'dst Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son—
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
 The ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
 Oh! spring to light, auspicious Babe! be born.

See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring;
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad-voice the lonely desert cheers:
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys rise;
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way:
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects:

The tender lambs he raises in his arms;
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field;
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts amid the thiraty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmur in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods,
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn!
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant meads,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take,
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,

Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongues, shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabean springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

Slavery

**BUYING STOLEN GOODS SYNON-
YMOUS WITH STEALING;**

OR,

**THE IMMORALITY OF USING THE PROD-
UCE OF SLAVERY DEMONSTRATED.**

***ADDRESSED TO CHRISTIANS OF ALL
DENOMINATIONS.***

BUYING STOLEN GOODS,

&c. &c.

I HAVE, for a considerable time past, been impressed with a belief, that I ought to suggest to my christian brethren, of every denomination, my sentiments respecting buying and using the produce of African slavery; and intended, when I could spare the time, to particularize my thoughts on the subject, and publish them in a separate pamphlet: but the avocations peculiar to my situation, precluded me from accomplishing this design. I, therefore, avail myself of the present publication, to usher into the world a few brief and simplified thoughts on the subject; particularly addressing them to the consciences of the professors of vital religion, without respect to sects or parties; for I can truly say, I love them all with unfeigned affection.

The inconsistency, and I may add the injustice, of purchasing and using the produce of African slavery, appeared evident to me as soon as my intellectual eyes were opened to see the enormous villainy of the slave trade, and the concomitant catastrophes attending it. I, therefore, at that time, abstained from using the produce which had the bloody signature of West-India despotism stamped on it; and it seemed to me then, that every christian, possessed of the true love of God and christian charity, must also see how culpable they appear in the sight of that impartial Being, who is no respecter of per-

sons; but who loves, with the same paternal affection, both his black and white children; although thousands of the former are to be found amongst those who spill their blood, and lose their lives, in cultivating that plant which the latter idly waste.

I used, with my mind's eye, to view, with sympathetic commiseration, the multitude of real converts to the religion of Christ, who are, and have been, long in ignoble servitude, toiling, sweating, and enduring a thousand indignities, to gain the produce periodically imported from the West-Indies, such as *Rum, Sugar, Indigo, Cocoa, Coffee, &c.* and, on its arrival, saw, with the same glance, the individuals, who professed to be the brothers of those cruelly treated Africans, gaining riches on the speculation, and growing fat on the price of their toil, their blood, and their lives; and all this, for the want of scrutinizing into, and investigating the source of the evil and the magnitude of the sin, which human laws have legalized, and custom made laudable. But, surely, if we let this blind our eyes, and blunt our moral sensibility, we may eat the flesh and drink the blood of our own parents with impunity.

In order to convince my fellow professors of christianity, (as there is no other I attempt to convince), I will offer a few brief questions. The unconverted daily live in the practice of crimes, which appear far more enormous than the using the produce of slavery; and, therefore, will laugh at the supposition of refraining from the use of it from conscientious motives. They will say, "others use it, and why not we? If our refusing to use it would abolish slavery, we would use it no more." The fallacy and futility of such remarks I will pass silently by, as made by those who only look on the surface of things, without scrutinizing the cause, and comparing it with the effects; and whose opinions are the result, not of mature investigation, but of popular prejudice, however repugnant to moral rectitude.

But I would ask, What is the darling attribute of God? mercy. What is the most cogent duty he enjoins upon his creatures? mercy. What divine disposition, implanted into the soul of a human being, can make him most like his Almighty Parent? mercy. What disposition does God require of us towards every living creature, in whose nostrils he has breathed the breath of life? mercy; and what is religion? it is showing mercy to our fellow creatures, and doing unto them as we desire they should do unto us, and loving God supremely. Is making slaves of his rational creatures, or buying and using the price of their blood, their lives, their labour, consistent with such a religion? No; it is utterly incompatible with the very first principles of moral rectitude, much more religion.

Again; I would ask, can a christian do a thing that is absolutely wrong, (though it may appear small in the eyes of the world), and persist in doing that thing, yet maintain his integrity, and remain guiltless? It is impossible. If, therefore, to buy and use the price and produce of human blood (though custom has rendered it fashionable and human laws made it legal), is wrong, it is, of course, sin; and God cannot behold sin, with any measure of allowance, in either saint or sinner.

But, in order to convince such as love their appetites so well, that they will be inclined not to believe it is wrong, as the judgment of the epicure is glad to have some plea, on moral and philosophical principles, to legalize the propriety of using that which gratifies his corporeal, while it poisons his spiritual appetite; he will say to himself, look where I will, I see slavery and oppression prevail; and buy what I will, perhaps the produce of slavery is connected with it. This is the only argument which can be suggested, with even the appearance of propriety, against my hypothesis, and which I will answer by the following similitude. My neighbour clandes-

linely and feloniously enters the premises of his neighbour, in a hostile manner, and robs him of his property before my eyes; and, when he is done, brings it to me to sell. I know the articles are my neighbour's property, and are stolen goods; yet I purchase them, and allege for my excuse, that if I do not purchase them, some other person will. Am I right or wrong in purchasing these goods? Every one answers, you are undoubtedly wrong. But this similitude will fall very far short with respect to the slaves; for they are robbed of their lives, their offspring, their labour, as well as their property. The neighbour above could accumulate more property, in the room of what was plundered from him; but this is far from being the case with the slaves.

I beseech you, my christian readers, to attend seriously to these simple arguments. If the world patronizes fraud, and legalizes villainy, this is no excuse for you to do the same; for you are not, or ought not to be of the world. I almost feel ashamed to adduce these arguments to prove a stubborn fact, as plain as A B C; and which, to suppose my readers did not see themselves, would be to insult their understandings. But there are some who will shut their eyes against the light, when that light manifests to their indiscriminate view things to be obviously wrong which they wish to be right, because they are agreeable to their carnal natures. Such a character will say, "every body uses the West-India produce, and why not I?" As reasonable would it be for him to say, "every body gets drunk, and why not I?" These are miserable subterfuges. If a man steals property to the value of 100,000 guineas, and every individual in the city of New-York, though acquainted with the circumstance of the property's being stolen, purchases part of that property, they all participate in the crime, and each individual is as guilty, though his quota be ever so small, as if he purchased the whole property. Again: if a band

of robbers proceeded from New-York, and, in cool blood, without any provocation, robbed the people of Brooklyn of their property, and having assassinated a thousand people, left them weltering in their gore, and came back to New-York; the individual, or individuals, who applauded the barbarity of these murderers, by purchasing part of their booty, became not only guilty of buying stolen goods, but virtually guilty of murder. Wherefore, those who purchase the produce of African slavery, if our premises are correct, are far more guilty than the man that buys stolen goods, when the person robbed suffered no other injury than the loss of property; in as much as murder is connected with the one, and not with the other.

I will be bold to affirm, that every christian that does not see the reasonableness of these simplified arguments, and the inconsistency of using the produce of human blood, must shut his eyes against the light of divine truth; and be assured, you who merit this animadversion, your ignorance will not exculpate you in the day of judgment, in that dread moment when "consternation will turn even the good man pale;" when even the righteous will be scarcely saved; and when the buyers and sellers of slaves, and of the produce of slavery, will behold each other face to face. The language of Christ, is, "*if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me.*" This passage presents itself to demonstrate the force of our arguments. I would ask, what does the Redeemer command us to deny ourselves? I answer, every thing that is wrong in itself or its tendencies, in which are included all ungodliness and worldly lust. If we are such epicures, that we will not deny our appetites a few gratifying sweets, for the sake of obeying the injunction of Him who sacrificed his life for us, how great must our ingratitude be. With respect to the arguments of those who say, "slavery is connected with almost

every thing we purchase;" and, therefore, comfort themselves with the thoughts of their guiltlessness, because they cannot escape the contagion of oppression. I would ask such characters, if there is a superabundance of things stolen in New-York, and, of course, selling every day, is it consistent with sound reason or common sense, for me (because I am afraid I may by accident buy some of these stolen goods ignorantly), to purchase from the robber that I beheld plundering a house of stolen goods? Can any man refrain the smile of contemptuous disregard at such paltry arguments. The fact is, we are only guilty of stealing according to the proverb, when we buy the goods that we know are stolen; and who is it that does not know, that the produce of the southern planters, as well as West-India produce,* is stolen with a vengeance, and that a vengeance must attend both the buyers and sellers; that is, if God is as just and impartial to punish vice, and reward virtue, now as he has ever been. But, leaving moral evil out of the question, I would ask, can compassion for the case of the wretched sons and daughters of Africa dwell in the heart of that man, or can the tear of tender sensibility glisten in the eye of that woman, who purchases periodically, and uses daily, the produce of their toil, as well as the price of their blood? Surely not. If they are possessed of the finer feelings, which ennoble human nature, certainly they must be lying dormant in some sequestered part of the human soul. I would ask, does not oppression disturb the economy of nature? certainly. Why then is it encouraged? Why is no mercy shown to poor Africans, by those who expect mercy to be shown to themselves? If God has no more compassion upon many christians, than they have

* When the produce of slavery is mentioned, American, as well as West-India oppression is meant.

upon the poor unhappy objects, whose cause we are vindicating, what will become of them when they die? Be assured, if we show no mercy, we shall find no mercy shown to us in our turn, when sickness seizes and medicine fails the rich as well as the poor. We should let our tender sympathy be extended to every creature susceptible of feeling, even to the insect that crawls beneath our feet. Such sympathy is transcendently amiable in the sight of God, as being congenial to his own nature.

*“ No radiant pearl, that crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty’s ears ;
Nor the bright stars, which night’s blue arch adorn ;
Nor rising sun, that gilds the vernal morn ;
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks,
For other’s woe, down Virtue’s manly cheeks.”*

Perhaps I carry my sympathetic commiseration, for the sufferings of the animal, as well as human creature, to an extreme. However, be that as it may, no tongue can express the painful sensations I feel, when I see innocent animals endure intolerable anguish and pain, through the misconduct of cruel unfeeling men :

*“ Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.”*

I will, before I conclude, introduce a simple argument, to convince, or leave without excuse those who will not be convinced. We will, therefore, suppose, for illustration’s sake, that an invading French army effected their landing on our coast, by surprise, marched into the heart of New-York, took all our riches, and, in addition, 10,000 of the citizens, whom they made slaves. We will suppose, that our fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers are amongst the number of those captives, and were made to culti-

vate the sugar cane in the West-Indies; and, with unrelenting cruelty, were compelled to make rum and sugar. If that rum and sugar were offered for sale in our presence, and were purchased before our eyes, would we think that the purchaser acted a just or generous part? By no means. Every person who brings this simile home, will say, the villain should be made an example of, who purchased the price of our brothers and sisters blood. The case is exactly the same with respect to the Africans, only with this exception, in the argument just adduced, our brothers and sisters of the present generation are depicted; but, with respect to the Africans, they are our brothers and sisters indeed, children of the same primeval parents, but dispersed over the face of the earth by the accumulation of intermediate generations. The degeneracy of the Israelites who slew the Lord's prophets, Elijah excepted, and basely worshipped the idol Baal, was such, that this prophet complains to the Almighty of the idolatry of his countrymen collectively; and declares, that they all forsook the true God, and worshipped idols; but the Lord declared to his zealous servant, that he had reserved 7,000 men of the children of Israel, who had not bowed the knee to Baal. I have thought, if Elijah, still zealous for the glory of God and honour of human nature, was again to impeach his degenerate and deluded fellow mortals: if he should say, behold, Oh, Lord! the inhabitants of the earth, whom thou hast made, are so perverted in their ways, so prostituted in their thoughts, such slaves to their appetites, such idolaters of the God of mammon, such votaries of complicated oppression, such abettors of slavery, such wilfully ignorant epicures, that they all, including the great professors of religion in christendom, are sunk in the sink of serpentine deceit, the abettors of slavery, the supporters of robbers, the employers of murderers, who, like the wild beasts of the forest, live only to devour

and destroy each other; and yet, with the hypocrisy of dentons, they will attempt to exculpate themselves (by a secret process, by systematical disquisition) individually, and accuse the body of delinquents collectively; so that, according to their own hypothesis, as they consider themselves innocent as individuals, though guilty as nations, let thy judgment descend, and their crimes be punished, according to their own reasoning, by extirpating them from the face of the earth.

If such a complaint was made by the sainted prophet, could God be enabled to say, I have reserved to myself seven thousand men, who have not, in any sense, participated in these villainies? I fear not.

I smile to myself, when, with my mind's eye, I view the philanthropist and the divine, with the pathos of social eloquence, declaiming against the vices of the age, particularly that of oppression, over a bowl of punch, the principal compounds of which are produced by bitter slavery; but I blush when I view the fair votaries of religion, prior to their going to their house of worship, sipping their green beverage, sweetened, or made palatable, by the sweat, the blood, the tears of their own tender sex, who have to toil and labour in the same gang with the men, and in the same manner, to produce the execrable plant, and whose blood must manure the ground on which that fatal plant grows; and, perhaps, these same fair devotees, at the moment they are sipping their tea, are declaiming against the inconsistency and villainy connected with the slave trade, and the cruelty of those dealers in human flesh; and yet, forsooth, these fair philanthropists purchase and use the essence of that same flesh with impunity.

Can local prejudices, and long standing customs, be so invincible as to blind people's eyes, so that they cannot see the inconsistency and futility of such subterfuges, such burlesques. For Heaven's sake,

reader, if thou art a person desirous of vindicating the propriety of using the produce of slavery, put thyself, for one moment, in the same condition in which the poor unhappy slaves now are; and view, from the West-Indies, the votaries of liberty and religion, in America, drinking out of their jovial bowls, or China tea cups, the produce of thy labour, thy sweat, and thy blood; and then, and not till then, let thy conscience answer, is it right or wrong? is it just or unjust? is it pleasing or not to that impartial holy Being who is no respecter of persons? The fact is incontrovertible, let who will shut their eyes, that they may not see it; or let who will prostitute their consciences, that they may not believe; that the buyer of the produce is as reprehensible as the seller. We may, therefore, very properly, compare the slave-dealer to the drover who buys cattle, the planter to the butcher who kills the cattle, and those who use the sugar to the citizens who buy the beef, take it home, cook, and eat it.

I would also request the reader (before he draws a conclusion respecting the propriety of using the produce of slavery) not only to keep his mind's eye upon the intellectual picture I have delineated, but also to cast his bodily eyes upon the instruments of torture used by the West-India planters, to compel their half-starved slaves to labour more intently and incessantly than their exhausted natures can bear, while producing our sugar, rum, &c. and, in order that he may be capable of drawing a right conclusion, I would particularly recommend him to draw a picture himself (some leisure moment), not of the multitude of sad groupes of wretched Africans, at this very moment enduring all and more misery than I have depicted; for, however affecting that picture might be, the multiplicity of objects would only tend to distract his mind, while his heart recoiled with horror: I would, therefore, advise him to take (in sympathetic thought) a single slave from the millions

now in slavery: let him read, in his emaciated and woe-worn face, a brief and striking history of his misfortunes, of his antecedent subjugation and subsequent degradation; torn from his native rural cottage and friends, see how wishfully he takes a long, a last, an eager look at his violated wife and screaming children, while the big round tears trickle down his sable cheeks: he is torn from their embraces, while they make the atmosphere reverberate with their shrieks and groans; but the tragical scene beggars description. When I bring my wife and children in view, and think what I should suffer if I was in his situation, my heart weeps blood, and I am unable to proceed in giving my reader directions how to draw an intellectual picture of his intermediate cruel sufferings. Passing by, therefore, his accumulated and complicated anguish and woe (which the reader's imagination cannot conceive nor my pen depict), while under the whip of the task-master; let him take another part of the portrait: * shut him up in his smoky hut, after the toils of the day, accoutred in the manner exhibited in the plate; then view him through the crevices of his wretched hovel, seated upon a few plantain leaves, which are his bed, his chair, and, in short, all his domestic furniture. View him alternately sitting or leaning on his side, with his head reclining against the post of his hut, as he is unable to lie down on account of the collar with prongs which his master had fastened around his neck, for eating a few of the sugar canes which his own hand had

* It would do honour to any painter to draw the above portrait correctly; but, alas! it is with painters as with authors—they spend their time, exert their ingenuity, and prostitute their best talents in pleasing the corrupt taste, instead of attempting to ameliorate the condition of mankind.

planted. See how the tears begin to flow, when he thinks on his wife and children, his friends and native home. See him lifting his eyes to heaven, then casting them on his chains; he sighs and looks, and looks and sighs again; while the fatal iron not only lacerates his limbs, but seems to enter into his very soul. View, in one corner of his hut, his day's allowance of corn—a single pint, without the addition of a grain of salt. He looks upon the homely fare; and, as he looks, he bursts into tears. He loaths his daily food, as his bodily anguish and mental despair begin to vanquish his constitution. He is languid and feverish; yet has no friend, no relative, to give him any assistance. He again thinks on his family; but the thought aggravates his malady, and accelerates his end.—Reader, thou canst not bear the picture of his death!

I would now only beg you, for a moment, to exchange conditions with this slave; and then say, would you think it just for him to use the produce of your labour, while you were starving and dying for the necessaries of life?

Perhaps I am almost too warm in my animadversions. To such as think so, as my apology, I will only beg them to reflect on the tragical scenes which have come within the sphere of my observation connected with our subject, and then let them ask their own hearts if it would not be criminal insensibility in me to discuss the subject in a supine unfeeling manner? No doubt, many good christians use the produce of slavery; but they do it without a sense of its enormity. For want of information, connected with investigation, thousands are unacquainted with, or wrongly informed respecting, the barbarous means by which the West-India produce is procured; consequently, *at the time of our ignorance God winks—*
BUT NO LONGER. When he gives us to see our errors, we are bound, under the penalty of his fierce displeasure to relinquish them, however small they

may appear; as it is futile, as well as irreligious, to forego one crime and retain another. A person cannot be a child of God, and live in the practice of that which his reason, his conscience, and scripture disallow: and I am sure a man must be intellectually blind, not to see that all three of the prefixed faithful monitors absolutely and unequivocally condemn slavery and its abettors, who are those who buy and sell, eat and drink the produce thereof.

I will submit what has been said to every candid man, to judge the force of my arguments. If the real christian's judgment is convinced, his conduct will prove the force of his conviction; for, in this case, he cannot, he dare not do what his judgment tells him is wrong. If his judgment is not yet convinced, I will take the liberty to hold up to his intellectual eyes a few more arguments, quoted from an anonymous pamphlet, written in England, which was put into my hands since I wrote the foregoing observations. Perhaps, this will answer the purpose; and if this will not convince him, I fear he would not be convinced, though one arose from the dead, and pointed out the injustice and inhumanity of slavery and its concomitants. I must, therefore, leave him to be convinced in eternity, to which we are all hastening.

“ The lust of power, and the pride of conquest, have, doubtless, produced instances far too numerous, of man enslaved by man. But we, in an enlightened age, have greatly surpassed, in brutality and injustice, the most ignorant and barbarous ages; and, while we are pretending to the finest feelings of humanity, are exercising unprecedented cruelty. We have planted slavery in the rank soil of sordid avarice,

and the produce has been misery in the extreme. We have ascertained, by a course of experiments in cruelty, the least portion of nourishment requisite to enable man to linger a few years in misery; the greatest quantity of labour which, in such a situation, the extreme of punishment can extort; and the utmost degree of pain, labour, and hunger, united, the human frame can endure.

In vain have such scenes been developed. The wealth derived from the horrid traffic, has created an influence that secures its continuance; unless the people at large shall refuse to receive the produce of robbery and murder.

“ The legislature having refused to interpose, the people are now necessarily called on, either to reprobate or approve the measure; for West-India slavery must depend upon their support for its existence, and it is in the power of every individual to increase, or to diminish its extent. The laws of our country may indeed prohibit us the sugar-cane, unless we will receive it through the medium of slavery. They may hold it to our lips, steeped in the blood of our fellow-creatures; but they cannot compel us to accept the loathsome potion. With us it rests, either to receive it, and become partakers in the crime; or, to exonerate ourselves from guilt, by spurning from us the temptation. For, let us not think, that the crime rests alone with those who conduct the traffic, or the legislature by which it is protected. If we purchase the commodity, we participate in the crime. The slave-dealer, the slave-holder, and the slave-driver, are virtually the agents of the consumer, and may be considered as employed and hired by him to procure the commodity. For, by holding out the temptation, he is the original cause, the first mover in the horrid process; and every distinction is done away by the moral maxim, *That whatever we do by another, we do ourselves.*

“Nor are we, by any means, warranted to consider our individual share in producing these evils in a trivial point of view. The consumption of sugar in this country is so immense, that the quantity commonly used by individuals will have an important effect. A family that uses 5lb. of sugar per week, with the proportion of rum, will, by abstaining from the consumption twenty-one months, prevent the slavery or murder of one fellow-creature; eight such families, in nineteen years and a half, would prevent the slavery or murder of one hundred; and 28,000 such would totally prevent the slave-trade to supply our islands. Nay, so necessarily connected is our consumption of the commodity and the misery resulting from it, that, in every pound of sugar used (the produce of slaves imported from Africa) we may be considered as consuming two ounces of human flesh, besides destroying an alarming number of seamen by the slave-trade, and spreading inconceivable anguish, terror, and dismay, through an immense continent, by the burning of their villages, tearing parents from their children, and children from their parents; breaking every bond of civil society, and destroying every source of human happiness.—A French writer observes, “*That he cannot look upon a piece of sugar without conceiving it stained with spots of human blood:*” and Dr. Franklin adds, “*that, had he taken in all the consequences, he might have seen the sugar not merely spotted, but thoroughly died scarlet in grain.*”

“Dreadful consideration, that our increasing happiness and prosperity have spread desolation and misery over a country as large as all Europe! For it is an indisputable fact, that it is British luxury which the African slave-trade depends on for support; they have increased, and they would fall together.

“As neither the slave-dealer, nor the planter, can have any moral right to the person of him they style their slave, to his labour, or to the produce of it;

so they can convey no right in that produce to us : and whatever number of hands it may pass through, if the criminal circumstances appertaining to it be known to them at the time of the transfer, they can only have a criminal possession : and the money paid, either for the slave, or for the produce of his labour, is paid to obtain that criminal possession ; and can confer no moral right whatever. So, if the death of the person called a slave, be occasioned by the criminal possession, the criminal possessor is guilty of murder ; and we, who have knowingly done any act which might occasion his being in that situation, are accessaries to the murder before the fact ; as by receiving the produce of his labour, we are accessaries to the robbery, after the fact.

“ If we, as individuals concerned in the slave trade (either by procuring the slaves, compelling them to labour, or receiving the produce), imagine that our share in the transaction is so minute that it cannot perceptibly increase the injury ; let us recollect that, though numbers partaking of a crime may diminish the shame, they cannot diminish its turpitude. Can we suppose, that an injury of enormous magnitude can take place, and the criminality be destroyed, merely by the criminals becoming so numerous as to render their respective shares undistinguishable ? Were an hundred assassins to plunge their daggers into their victim, though each might plead, that without his assistance the crime would have been completed, and that his poniard neither occasioned nor accelerated the murder, yet every one of them would be guilty of the entire crime. For into how many parts soever a criminal action may be divided, the crime itself rests entire and complete on every perpetrator.

“ The case now lies fully before us ; and we have to make our choice, either to join ourselves to these manufacturers of human woe, or to renounce the horrid association. If we adopt the former, let

us, at least, have the candour to avow our conduct in its real deformity. Let us no longer affect to deplore the calamities attendant on the slave-trade, of which we are the primary cause; nor let us pretend to execrate the conduct of the slave-dealer, the slave-holder, or the slave-driver; but apologize for them as our partners in iniquity: and be assured, that if we now take *our* share in the transaction, we should, were we placed in a similar situation with them, with as little compunction, take *theirs*; unless we can suppose the order of nature would be so far inverted, as that we should become virtuous, in proportion as the temptation to vice increased. Nor should we then, any more than now, be destitute of subterfuges to destroy the feelings of our minds, and the convictions of our consciences.

“If ignorance and inattention may be pleaded as our excuse hitherto, yet that can be the case no longer.

“We are now called upon to redress evils, in comparison with which, all that exist in this nation sink beneath our notice; and the only sacrifice we are required to make, in order to effect it, is the abandoning of a luxury, which habit alone can have rendered of importance. If we refuse, can we form the least pretence to a moral character? May it not be justly inferred, that those numerous displays of humanity, of which this kingdom boasts, have not their foundation in any virtuous or valuable principle; but that to custom and ostentation they owe their origin? And if our execration of the slave-trade be any more than mere declamation against crimes we are not in a situation to commit, we shall, instead of being solicitous to find despicable distinctions to justify our conduct, abhor the idea of contributing, in the least degree, to such scenes of misery.

“If these be the deductions from the most obvious principles of reason, justice, and humanity; what must be the result if we extend our views to relig-

ious considerations? It will hardly be said, that we assume a religious profession to diminish the extent of our moral duties, or to weaken the force of our obligation to observe them.

“We will therefore ask, if it be meant to insult the God we pretend to worship, by supplicating him to *“have mercy upon all prisoners and captives,”* and to *“defend and provide for the fatherless, widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed.”* But, if the national religion be a mere matter of form, yet surely we may expect, that the various denominations of dissenters will think it, at the least, as requisite to dissent from the national crimes, as the national religion; unless they mean to exhibit consciences of so peculiar a texture, as to take offence at the religion of their country, while they can conform, without scruple, to its most criminal practices. If, indeed, they are satisfied, after an impartial examination, that the traffic alluded to is fair and honest, and that the produce ought to be considered as the result of lawful commerce, it will become them to encourage it; it will become them to reprobate this work as an attempt to slander honest men, and to injure their property, by holding it out to the public as the produce of robbery and murder. But, if the arguments be valid, will they presume to treat the subject with cool indifference, and continue a criminal practice? May we not also hope, that the Methodists, who appear to feel forcibly their principles, will seriously consider it? They are so numerous, as to be able of themselves to destroy that dreadful traffic, which is the sole obstacle to their ministers spreading the gospel in the extensive continent of Africa; and, however others may affect to degrade the Negroes, they are bound to consider thousands of them as their brethren in Christ.

“But there is one class of dissenters who justly stand high in the public estimation, for their steady, manly, and uniform opposition to our colonial slavery.

And can it be supposed, that, after having awakened the public attention, they can refuse to contribute what is in their own power to remedy the evil? The plan proposed, is a plain and obvious deduction from their uniform principle, of having no concern in what they disapprove. Thus, considering war as unlawful, they consider goods obtained through that medium as criminally obtained; and will not suffer any of their members to purchase prize goods: and surely they must consider the seizure of a man's goods, as a crime far inferior to the seizing of his person.

“However obvious the duty, yet the mind, hardened by habit, admits with difficulty the conviction of guilt; and, sanctioned by a common practice, we may commit the grossest violations of duty without remorse. It is, therefore, more peculiarly incumbent on us in such situations to examine our conduct with the utmost suspicion, and to fortify our minds with moral principles—the sanctions of religion. In proportion as we consider their influence, we shall exert ourselves to remedy these evils, knowing that our example, our admonitions, our influence may produce remote effects, of which we can form no estimate; and which, after having done our duty, must be left to *Him who governs all things after the council of his own will.*”

Shakespeare

A
SUBJECT
—
FOR
CONVERSATION
AND
REFLECTION
AT THE
Tea-Table.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND.

A
SUBJECT,

&c.

THE following beautiful pieces are the production of the pen of our deservedly admired, and most charming poet, MR. COWPER. The genuine poetic pathos they display, and the ardent love of freedom with which they glow, cannot fail of awakening the sympathy, and engaging the attention, of the benevolent admirers of the muses.

When we take a survey of the benefits we derive from the universal commerce carried on between distant nations, and notice its natural tendency to unite together in one grand whole, under one common parent, all the kindreds of the earth, we cannot but admire the wisdom of that Being who so governs and over-rules the passions and interested views of men, as to render these the means of his bestowing most extensive blessings on the human race. But when, in the progress of this survey, and after having contemplated with pleasure and exultation the manifold diffusive advantages, which, by such means, are enriching and felicitating the nations of the earth, from pole to pole, and from one end of heaven unto the other,—when, after having observed, successively, barbarism giving place to civilization, confusion to order, despotism to liberty, and wretchedness and misery succeeded by prosperity and happiness,—when, after dwelling with rapture on this enchanting scene, our attention is directed to one

particular, but extensive part of the globe, to the vast regions of Africa, what an accursed species of commerce do we see there encouraged! a **TRAFFIC IN MEN!!** what different emotions do we feel? Our whole frame receives a sudden shock, and, instead of being elevated with admiration, or soothed with tranquil joy, we are lost in pensive melancholy, and are agitated with horror! The mind, recovering a little the power of recollection, which it had thus well nigh lost, will naturally fall into the following train of

REFLECTIONS.

My God! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,
 For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
 Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
 And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
 The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
 All bonds of nature in that moment end;
 And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
 A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
 The sable warrior, frantic with regret
 Of her he loves and never can forget,
 Loses in tears the far receding shore,
 But not the thought that they must meet no more.
 He, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,
 Now feels his body's bondage in his mind,
 Puts off his gen'rous nature, and, to suit
 His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.
 Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,
 That has a heart and life in it, **BE FREE.**
 The **BEASTS** are chartered—neither age nor force
 Can quell the love of freedom in the horse.
 Canst thou then, honour'd with a christian name,
 Buy what is **WOMAN-BORN**, and feel no shame?
 Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
EXPEDIENCE as a warrant for the deed?
 So may the wolf, that famine has made bold
 To quit the forest and invade the fold;

So may the ruffian, who, with ghostly glide,
 Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed side;
 Not he, but his EMERGENCE forc'd the door,
 He found it INCONVENIENT to be poor.
 Has God then given its sweetness to the cane,
 Unless his laws be trampled on—in vain?
 Built a brave world, which cannot yet subsist
 Unless his right to rule it be dismiss'd?
 Impudent blasphemy! so Folly pleads,
 And, Av'rice being judge, with ease succeeds.
 Know, souls have no discriminating hue,
 Alike important to their Maker's view.
 The wretch that works and weeps without relief,
 Has one who notices his silent grief,
 He, from whose hands alone all power proceeds,
 Ranks its abuse among the foulest deeds,
 Considers ALL injustice with a frown,
 But MARKS the man who treads his fellow down.
 Not Mexico could purchase kings a claim
 To scourge him, weariness his only blame.
 Remember, heav'n has an avenging rod;
 TO SMITE THE POOR IS TREASON AGAINST GOD.

—————My ear is pain'd,
 My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd,
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
 It does not feel for man; the nat'ral bond
 Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
 He finds his fellow GUILTY of a skin
 Not colour'd like his own; and, having pow'r
 T' enforce the wrong, for such a WORTHY cause
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey:
 And worse than all, and most to be deplor'd
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat,

With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a BEAST.

Then what is man? and what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man!

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
Which sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

We have no slaves at home.—Then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the waves
That part us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in ENGLAND; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that where Britain's pow'r
Is felt, mankind may feel her MERCY too.

After these noble sentiments, and such glowing poetic fire, in favour of liberty, and in detestation of oppression, it may not be unpleasing to present the reader, without entering into any minute detail of all the miseries which, by European avarice, cruelty and wickedness, are entailed on the ill-fated and wretched Africans, with a simple and pathetic delineation of what may naturally be supposed to pass, at times, through the mind of the enslaved negro. However incapable he may be just in such a manner to speak the sentiments of his mind, yet, from his condition and circumstances, we may easily imagine that similar with the following, he, as a mere percipient being, must frequently feel.

To enter more fully into the spirit of this, let the reader realize the situation of the poor and helpless African. Jaded with excessive fatigue, and sinking under the weight of inhuman punishments, he comes to his miserable hut, throws himself on his mat, and seeks relief from his woes in the forgetfulness of sleep. Scarce does he slumber, but he starts, awakened with the dreadful apprehension, that already the iron hand of oppression is about to repeat the accustomed wanton cruelties. Thus overpowered with fatigue and fear, nature refuses her wonted balm. A crowd of thoughts rush into his indignant mind ; and, after long pondering his condition, he breaks forth into the following

COMPLAINT.

Forc'd from home and all its pleasures,
 Afric's coast I left forlorn ;
 To increase a stranger's treasures
 O'er the raging billows borne.
 Men from ENGLAND bought and sold me,
 Paid my price in paltry gold ;
 But though theirs they have enroll'd me,
 MINDS are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
 What are ENGLAND's rights I ask,
 Me from my delights to sever,
 Me to torture, me to task ?
 Fleecy locks and black complexion
 Cannot forfeit Nature's claim ;
 Skins may differ, but affection
 Dwells in white and black the same.

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

Think, ye masters, iron-hearted !
 Lolling at your jovial boards,
 Think how many backs have smarted,
 For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us—
 Is there one who reigns on high ?
 Has he bid you buy and sell us,
 Speaking from his throne the sky ?
 Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
 Fetters, blood-extorting sorrows,
 Are the means which duty urges,
 Agents of his will to use ?

Hark ! he answers—Wild tornadoes,
 Screwing yonder shores with wrecks,
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
 Are the voice with which he speaks.
 He, wondering what vexation
 Afric's sons would undergo,
 Fix'd their tyrant's habitation
 Where his whirlwinds answer—No !

By our blood in Afric wasted
 Ere our necks receiv'd the chain—
 By the mistries which we tasted
 Crossing in your barks the main—
 By our sufferings since ye brought us
 To the man-degrading mart,
 All sustain'd with patience taught us
 Only by a broken heart—

Deem our nations brutes no longer,
 Till some reason you shall find
 Worthier of regard, and stronger,
 Than the colour of our kind.
 Slaves to gold, whose sordid dealings
 Tarnish all your boasted pow'rs,
 Prove that ye have human feelings
 Ere ye proudly question ours.

The testimonies which have been produced, of the horror and wretchedness which, in Africa and the West-Indies, are the immediate offspring of slavery, stand unimpeached. This evidence is so strong as to maintain its ground against all which the art of interest and avarice can suggest. No arguments then are necessary to prove to the impartial mind, which has attentively considered the nature, perfect consistency, and united strength of these testimonies, that the above pieces present us with such ideas, and impress us with such sentiments of the slave-trade and slavery, as that evidence will fully justify. It is earnestly requested that every one, into whose hands this paper may chance to come, would, therefore, only fully realize this wretched condition, place themselves in the same situation, and then say, whether they can refuse to contribute all in their power to the abolition of a system of trade which has introduced anguish and distress into the abodes of hilarity and contentment—which has made the prince the plunderer of his country—which has overturned all moral principle, and, through an extent of thousands of miles, has reduced to an Aceldama the regions of simplicity: a system of trade which, after occasioning all these evils, and encouraging every wicked passion of the human heart, carries, annually, afar from their native plains, thousands of wretched victims to pine away oppressed with hunger, fatigue, and misery, and die a hundred deaths in one.

What humane mind can refuse to exert its whole influence, however small—what benevolent mind would not willingly sacrifice many gratifications, for the extermination of so accursed a traffic? Yea, what mind would not rejoice to be able to embrace an opportunity of making such sacrifices, and thus to give a full proof of its abhorrence of what it professes to detest? Rejoice then, ye benevolent and

humane; for, such an opportunity is now offered you. Slavery depends on the consumption of the produce of its labour for support. Refuse this produce, and slavery must cease. Say not that individual influence is small. Every aggregate must be composed of a collection of individuals. Though individual influence be small, the influence of collected numbers is irresistible. It is only by such collected individual influence, that any important end is attained, any great design is accomplished by man. The power of numbers supplies the want of sufficient force in the individual; and their being collected, so as to act with an unity of power, renders them as efficacious and certain as though the power of the whole were invested in one. Did the whole of this power reside in you, you acknowledge that you would readily exert it to attain so desirable an end as the destruction of slavery, the slave-trade, and all its concomitant horrors. Why then will you refuse to assist in forming that power BY NUMBERS, which you so much wish that you, as an individual, could exert? Let there not be so manifest a contradiction between your professed desires and your actual conduct. Weak, indeed, must those desires be, which exist only in words, which produce no influence on our conduct, which cannot excite us to any self-denial. Prove that your wishes are not empty words; let your conduct declare that these are the genuine desires of your heart, and be assured that in the end you shall reap, if you faint not. The number of those who have already refused the produce of slavery is large, it is increasing daily, and no bounds can be assigned to its future progress. Every individual who increases this number, increases the influence of the aggregate. Come, then, enlarge this number. Realize the period, when, through its increase, slavery shall cease, and all the horrors and miseries it produces, shall cease with it. Realize the delight-

ful retrospect, the joyful sentiments, which the consideration that you have contributed to so important and glorious an end will afford. Such sublime pleasures will abundantly more than compensate the loss of the low gratifications of a mere animal depraved appetite.

*For 'tis a god-like privilege to save,
And he that scorns it is himself a slave.*



THE
METHOD
OF
PROCURING SLAVES
ON

The Coast of Africa;

WITH
AN ACCOUNT

OF
THEIR SUFFERINGS ON THE VOYAGE,

AND
CRUEL TREATMENT

IN
The West-Indies.



*Extracted from Authentic Documents, and exemplified
by Engravings.*

THE
METHOD
OF
PROCURING SLAVES,
&c. &c.

THE respectable and increasing numbers of those, who, from motives of humanity, have concurred in rejecting the produce of West-India slavery, cannot but afford a subject of the sincerest joy to every friend of mankind. Even those who, from motives of interest, still favour or engage in the trade, have been obliged to be silent upon the injustice of first procuring the Negroes, and have not had the hardiness to excuse or palliate the horrors of the *middle passage*: but still they assert, that the treatment the slaves meet with in the West-Indies amply counterbalances their previous sufferings; nay, they have not scrupled to extol a state of servitude as a happy asylum from African despotism, and calmly maintain, that the condition of the labouring poor in England is much harder than that of the Negroes in the West-India islands. Upon this ground, the opposers of slavery are willing to meet its advocates, and the design of the following extracts is to enable the public to form an impartial and decisive judgment on the subject.

WHEN a ship arrives at the port in the West-Indies, the slaves are exposed to sale, (except those who are very ill, they being left in the yard to perish by disease or hunger.) The healthy are disposed of by public auction, the sickly by scramble. The sale by scramble is thus described; the ship being darkened by sails, the purchasers are admitted, who, rushing forward with the ferocity of brutes, seize as many slaves as they have occasion for. In none of the sales, is any care taken to prevent the separation of relatives or friends; but husbands and wives, parents and children, are parted with as little concern as sheep and lambs by the butcher. Abstract of the evidence, as laid before a committee of the British parliament, page 46 and 47.

With respect to the *general* treatment of the slaves, Mr. Woolrich says, that he never knew the *best* master in the West-Indies use his slaves so well, as the *worst* master his servants in England. Abstract of the evidence, see page 53.

To come to a more *particular* description of their treatment, it will be proper to divide them into different classes: the first consisting of those bought for the use of the *plantations*: the second of the *in* and *out-door* slaves.

The field slaves are called out by daylight to their work: if they are not out in time, they are flogged. When put to their work, they perform it in rows, and, without exception, under the whip of drivers, a certain number of whom are allotted to each gang. Such is the *mode* of their labour: as to the time of it, they begin at daylight, and continue with two intermissions (one for half an hour in the morning, the other for two hours at noon) till sunset. Besides this, they are expected to range about and pick grass for the cattle, either during their two hours rest at noon, or after the fatigues of the day.

Sir G. Young adds, that women were, in general, considered to miscarry, from the cruel treatment they

met with; and Captain Hall says, that he has seen a woman seated to give suck to her child, roused from that situation by a severe blow from the cart-whip. Abstract of the evidence, see page 53, 54, 55.

The above account of their labour is confined to that season of the year which is termed *out of crop*.

In the crop season, the labour is of much longer duration. Mr. Dalrymple says, they are obliged to work as long as they can, that is, as long as they can keep awake or stand. Sometimes, through excess of fatigue, they fall asleep, when it has happened to those who feed the mills, that their arms have been caught therein and torn off. Mr. Cook, on the same subject, states, that they work, in general, eighteen hours out of the twenty-four: he knew a girl lose her hand by the mill while feeding it, being overcome with sleep, she dropped against the rollers. Abstract of the evidence, page 55, 56.

To this account of their labour, it should be added, that it appears, that on some estates, the slaves have Sunday and Saturday afternoon to themselves; on others, Sunday only, and on others, only Sunday in part. It appears again, that *in crop*, on no estate have they more than Sunday for the cultivation of their own lands. Abstract of the evidence, page 56.

The point next to be considered is the *food* of the slaves, which appears to be subject to no rule; on some estates, they are allowed land; on others, provisions; and some are allowed provisions and land jointly. The best allowance is at Barbadoes, of which the following is the account. The slaves, in general, says Gen. Tottenham, appeared to be ill fed: each slave had one pint of grain for 24 hours, and sometimes, half a rotten herring. When the herrings were *unfit for the whites*, they were bought up *for the slaves*. Nine pints of corn, and one pound of salt-fish a week, are, in general, the utmost allowance. As a proof that some have not food enough, Mr. Cook says, that he has known both Africans and Creoles

eat the putrid carcasses of animals *through want*. Abstract of the evidence, page 57 and 58.

As to the accusation of their being *thieves*, all the evidences maintain, that it was on account of their being *half starved*. Abstract of the evidence, p. 58.

Concerning the *property* of the field-slaves, all the evidences agree in asserting, that they never heard of a field-slave amassing such a sum as enabled him to purchase his freedom. Abstract of the evidence, page 60.

Having now described the state of the plantation, it will be proper to say a few words on that of the *in and out-door* slaves.

The *in-door* slaves are allowed to be better clothed and fed, and less worked, than the plantation; on account, however, of being constantly exposed to the cruelty and caprice of their masters and mistresses, their lives are rendered so wretched, that they not unfrequently wish to be sent to the field: the *out-door* slaves are porters, coopers, &c. who are obliged to bring to their masters a certain sum every day.

The ordinary punishments of the slaves are inflicted by the whip and cow-skin. This, says Mr. Woolrich, is generally made of plaited cow-skin, with a thick strong lash, it is so formidable an instrument, that some of the overseers can by means of it take skin off a horse's back, he has seen them lay the marks of it into a deal board: the incisions (according to Dr. Harrison and the Dean of Middleham) are sometimes so deep that you may lay your finger into the wounds, and are such as no time can erase. As a farther proof of the severity of the punishments, the following facts are adduced. Mr. Fitzmaurice has known pregnant women so severely whipped, as to have miscarried in consequence of it. Davidson knew a negro girl die of a mortification of her wounds two days after whipping. Dr. Jackson recollects a negro dying under the lash, or soon after. Abstract of the evidence, see page 66 and 67.

We now proceed to the extraordinary punishments, in the infliction of which, malice, fury, and all the worst passions of the human mind, rage with unbridled license. Benevolence recoils at the dreadful perspective, and can scarce collect composure to disclose the bloody catalogue.

Captain Rap has known slaves severely punished, then put into the stocks, a cattle chain of sixty or seventy pounds weight put on them, and a large collar round their necks, and a weight of fifty-six pounds fastened to the chain, when they were driven afield: the collars are formed with two, three, or four projections, which hinder them from lying down to sleep.

A negro man, in Jamaica, (says Dr. Harrison) was put on the picket so long, as to cause a mortification of his foot and hand, on suspicion of robbing his master, a public officer, of a sum of money, which it afterwards appeared *the master had taken himself*. Yet the master was privy to the punishment, and the slave had no compensation. Abstract of the evidence, page 68.

Mr. Fitzmaurice mentions the practice of dropping hot lead upon the slaves, which he saw performed by a planter of the name of Rushie in Jamaica, this same man, in three years, destroyed by severity *forty negroes out of sixty*. The rest of the conduct of this planter was suppressed by the house of commons, as containing circumstances *too horrible to be given to the world*.

An overseer on the estate where Mr. J. Turry was, in Granada, threw a slave into the boiling cane juice, who died in four days.

Captain Cook relates, that he saw a woman named Rachel Lauder, beat a slave most unmercifully, and would have murdered her, had she not been prevented; the girl's crime was, the not bringing money enough from on board of a ship, *whither she had been sent by her mistress, for the purpose of prostitution*.

Lieutenant Davidson relates, that the wife of the clergyman at Port-Royal, used to drop hot sealing-wax on her negroes after flogging; he was sent for as surgeon to one of them whose breast was terribly burnt.

If it should be asked, for what offences the punishments cited have taken place, the following answer may be given:

Under the head of *ordinary* punishments, the slaves appear to have suffered for not coming to the field in time, not picking a sufficient quantity of grass, for staying too long of an errand, and theft, to which they were often driven by hunger.

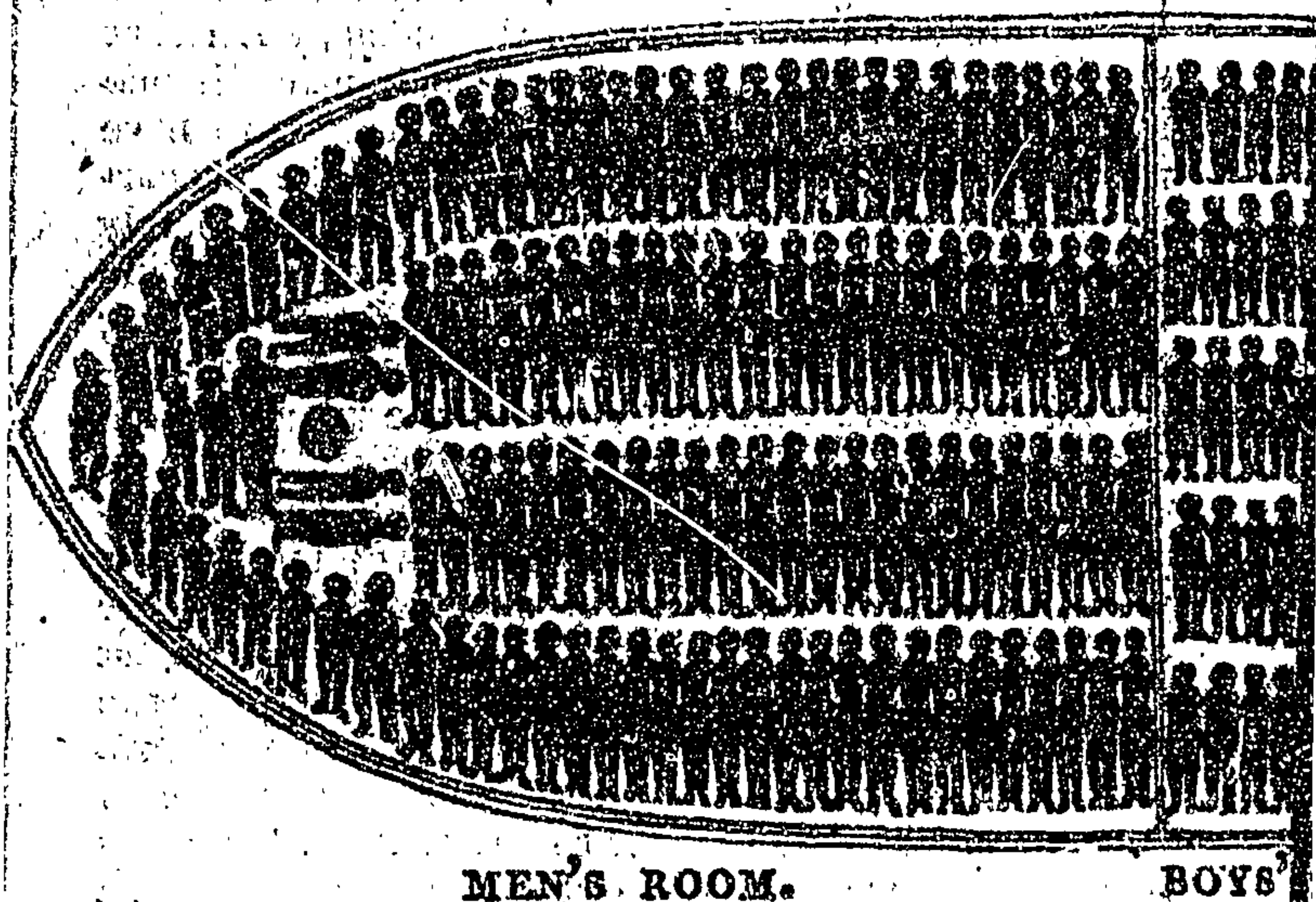
Under the head of *extraordinary* punishments, the following have been alleged as reasons: for running away, for breaking a plate, or to extort confession in the moments of passion, and one on a diabolical pretence, which the master held out to the world to conceal *his own villainy, and which he knew to be false*. Women punish their slaves for being found pregnant, for not bringing home the *full wages of prostitution*, and others, without even the *allegation of a fault*.

All the facts that have been now adduced are of unquestionable authority, having been extracted from the evidence laid before the house of commons by eye-witnesses of the facts. Let now every honest man lay his hand on his breast, and seriously reflect, whether he is justifiable in countenancing such barbarities; or whether he ought not to reject, with horror, the smallest participation in such infernal transactions. To the weaker sex, whose amiable characteristic it is, to be "tremblingly alive" to every tale of woe, the friends of the abolition return their warmest acknowledgments, for the zeal with which many of them have espoused the cause of humanity, and for the noble example they have shewn, in rejecting the produce of slavery and misery.

REMARKS ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

IT must afford great pleasure to every true friend to liberty, to find that the case of the unhappy Africans engrosses the general attention of the humane, in many parts of Europe; but we do not recollect to have met with a more striking illustration of the barbarity of the slave-trade, than in a small pamphlet lately published by a society at Plymouth, in Great-Britain: from which, the Philadelphia Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery have taken the following extracts, and have added a copy of the plate, which accompanied it. Perhaps a more powerful mode of conviction could not have been adopted, than is displayed in this small piece. Here is presented to our view, one of the most horrid spectacles—a number of human creatures, packed, side by side, almost like herrings in a barrel, and reduced nearly to the state of being buried alive, with just air enough to preserve a degree of life sufficient to make them sensible of all the horrors of their situation. To every person, who has ever been at sea, it must present a scene of wretchedness in the extreme; for, with every comfort, which room, air, variety of nourishment, and careful cleanliness can yield, it is still a wearisome and irksome state. What then must it be to those, who are not only deprived of the necessities of life, but confined down, the greater part of the voyage, to the same posture, with scarcely the privilege of turning from one painful side to the other, and subjected to all the nauseous consequences arising from sea-sickness, and other disorders, unavoidable amongst such a number of forlorn wretches? Where is the human being that can picture to himself this scene of wo, without, at the same time, execrating a trade, which spreads misery and desolation wherever it appears? Where is the man of real benevolence, who will not join heart and hand, in opposing this barbarous, this iniquitous traffic?

Plan of an African Ship's lower Deck, with

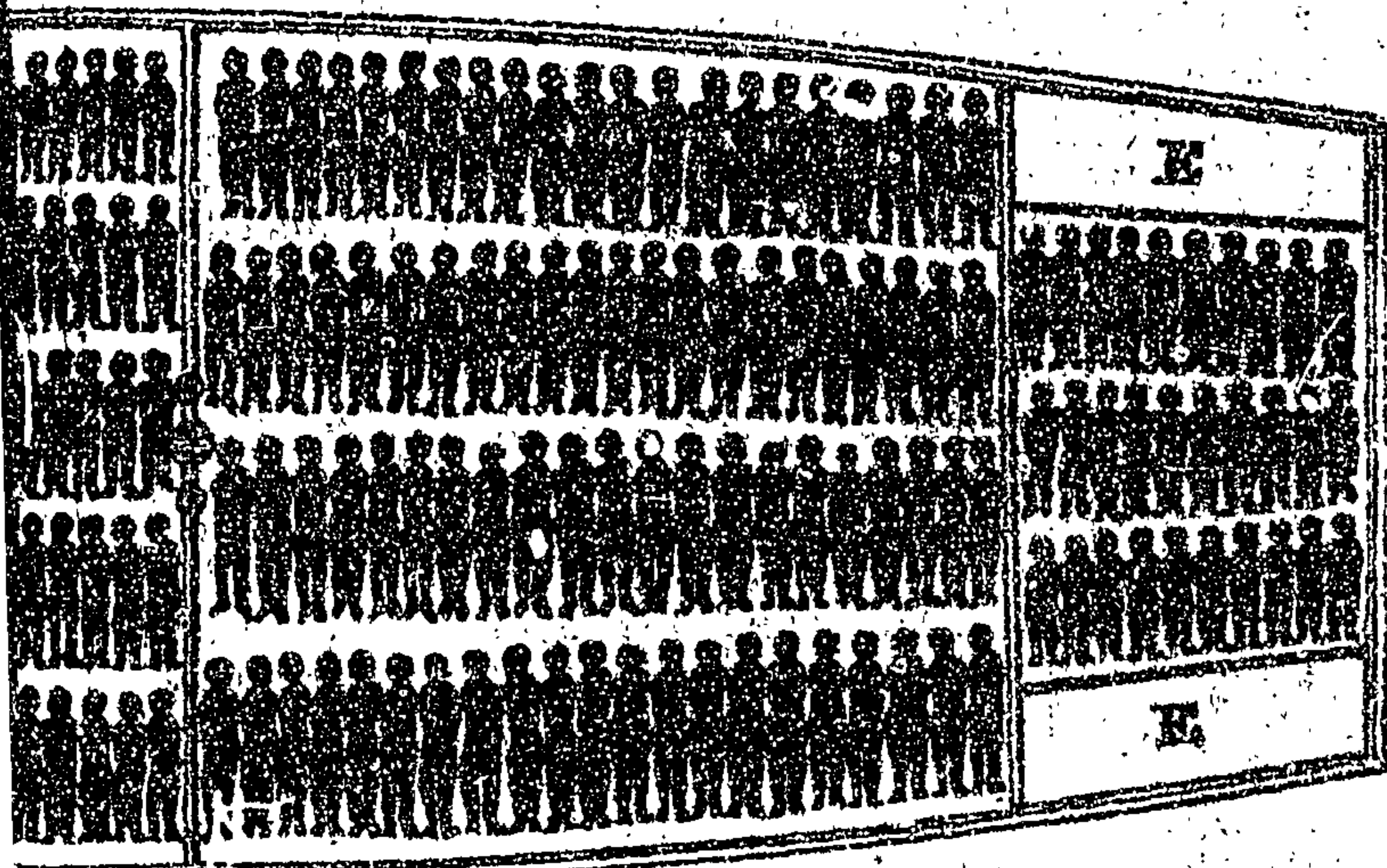


“THE above plate represents the lower deck of an African ship, of two hundred and ninety-seven tons burden, with the slaves stowed in it, in the proportion of not quite one to a ton.

“In the men's apartment, the space allowed to each is six feet in length, by sixteen inches in breadth. The boys are each allowed five feet by fourteen inches; the women five feet ten inches, by sixteen inches; and the girls four feet by twelve inches. The perpendicular height between the decks is five feet eight inches.

“The men are fastened together, two and two, by handcuffs on their wrists, and by irons rivetted

Negroes in the proportion of not quite one to a Ton.



ROOM.

WOMEN'S ROOM.

on their legs. They are brought up on the main deck every day, about eight o'clock; and, as each pair ascends, a strong chain, fastened by ring-bolts to the deck, is passed through their shackles; a precaution absolutely necessary to prevent insurrection. In this state, if the weather is favourable, they are permitted to remain about one third part of the twenty-four hours, and, during this interval, they are fed, and their apartment below is cleaned; but when the weather is bad, even these indulgences cannot be

E. E.—Store Rooms.

granted them, and they are only permitted to come up in small companies, of about ten at a time, to be fed, where, after remaining a quarter of an hour, each mess is obliged to give place to the next, in rotation.

It may perhaps be conjectured, from the crowded state in which the slaves appear in this plate, that an unusual and exaggerated instance has been produced; this, however, is so far from being the case, that no ship, if her intended cargo can be procured, ever carries a less number than one to a ton, and the usual practice has been to carry nearly double that number. The bill which has passed this last session of parliament (1789), only restricts the carriage to five slaves to three tons: and the Brooks, of Liverpool, a capital ship, from which the above sketch was proportioned, did, in one voyage, actually carry six hundred and nine slaves, which is more than double the number that appear in the plate. The mode of stowing them was as follows: platforms, or wide shelves, were erected between the decks, extending so far from the sides towards the middle of the vessel, as to be capable of containing four additional rows of slaves, by which means, the perpendicular height above each tier, after allowing for the beams and platforms, was reduced to two feet six inches, so that they could not even sit in an erect posture; besides which, in the men's apartment, instead of four rows, five were stowed, by placing the head of one between the thighs of another. All the horrors of this situation are still multiplied in the smaller vessels. The Kitty, of one hundred and thirty-seven tons, had only one foot ten inches; and the Venus, of one hundred and forty-six tons, only one foot nine inches perpendicular height, above each layer.

The above mode of carrying the slaves, however, is only one, among a thousand other miseries which those unhappy and devoted creatures suffer, from this disgraceful traffic of the human species,

which, in every part of its progress, exhibits scenes that strike us with horror and indignation. If we regard the first stage of it, on the continent of Africa, we find, that a hundred thousand slaves are annually produced there for exportation, the greatest part of whom consist of innocent persons, torn from their dearest friends and connexions, sometimes by force, and sometimes by treachery. Of these, experience has shewn, that forty-five thousand perish, either in the dreadful mode of conveyance before described, or within two years after their arrival at the plantations, before they are seasoned to the climate. Those who unhappily survive these hardships, are destined, like beasts of burden, to exhaust their lives in the unremitting labours of slavery, without recompense, and without hope.

“ It is said by the well-wishers to this trade, that the suppression of it will destroy a great nursery for seamen, and annihilate a very considerable source of commercial profit. In answer to these objections, Mr. Clarkson, in his admirable treatise on the impolicy of the trade, lays down two positions, which he has proved from the most incontestible authority—First, that so far from being a nursery, it has been constantly and regularly a grave for our seamen; for, that in this traffic only, more men perish in one year, than in all the other trades of Great-Britain in two years :

“ And, Secondly, that the balance of the trade, from its extreme precariousness and uncertainty, is so notoriously against the merchants, that if all the vessels employed in it, were the property of one man, he would infallibly, at the end of their voyages, find himself a loser.

“ As then the cruelty and inhumanity of this trade must be universally admitted and lamented, and as the policy or impolicy of its abolition is a question, which the wisdom of the legislatures must ultimately decide upon, and which it can only be enabled to

form a just estimate of, by the most thorough investigation of all its relations and dependencies; it becomes the indispensable duty of every friend to humanity, however his speculations may have led him to conclude on the political tendency of the measure, to stand forward, and assist the committees, either by producing such facts as he may himself be acquainted with, or by subscribing, to enable them to procure and transmit to the legislature, such evidence as will tend to throw the necessary lights on the subject. And people would do well to consider, that it does not often fall to the lot of individuals, to have an opportunity of performing so important a moral and religious duty, as that of endeavouring to put an end to a practice, which may, without exaggeration, be styled one of the greatest evils at this day existing upon the earth.

“By the Plymouth Committee,

“W. E. FORD, chairman.”

DESCRIPTIVE PLATES.

The husband and wife, after being sold to different purchasers, violently separated; probably never to see each other more.

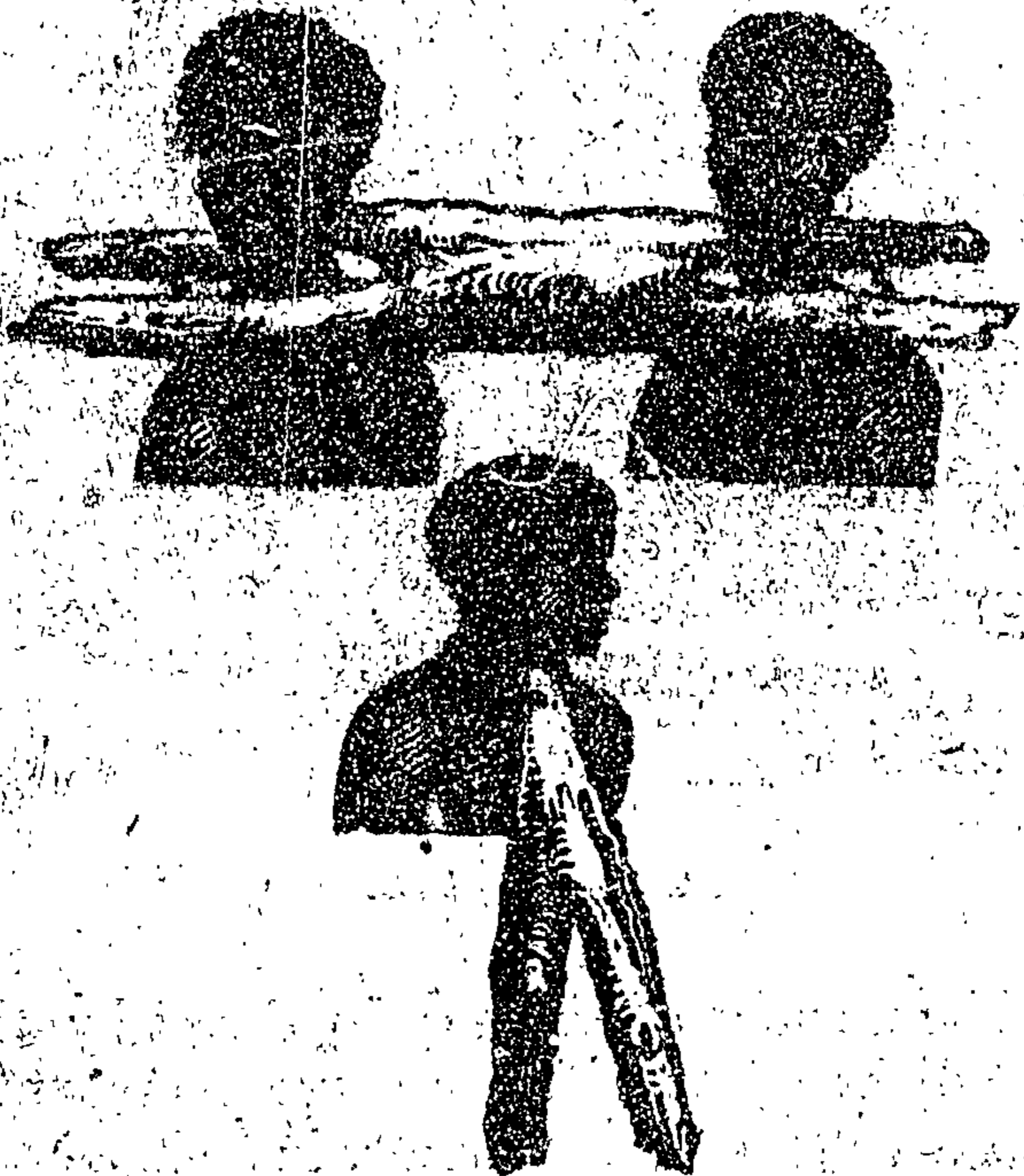


The manner of yoking the slaves by the Mandingoes, or African slave merchants, who usually march annually in eight or ten

parties, from the river Gambia to Bambarra; each party having from one hundred to one hundred and fifty slaves.

The Log-Yokes are made of the roots of trees, so heavy as to make it extremely difficult for the persons who wear them to walk, much more to escape or run away.

Where the roads lie through woods, the captives are made to travel several hundred miles with logs hung from their necks, as described in the plate.



A representation of a slave at work cruelly accoutred, with a Head-frame and Mouth-piece to prevent his eating—with Boots and Spurs round his legs, and half a hundred weight chained to his body to prevent his absconding.

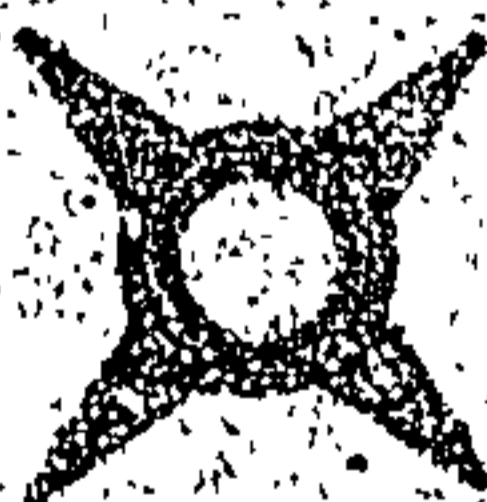
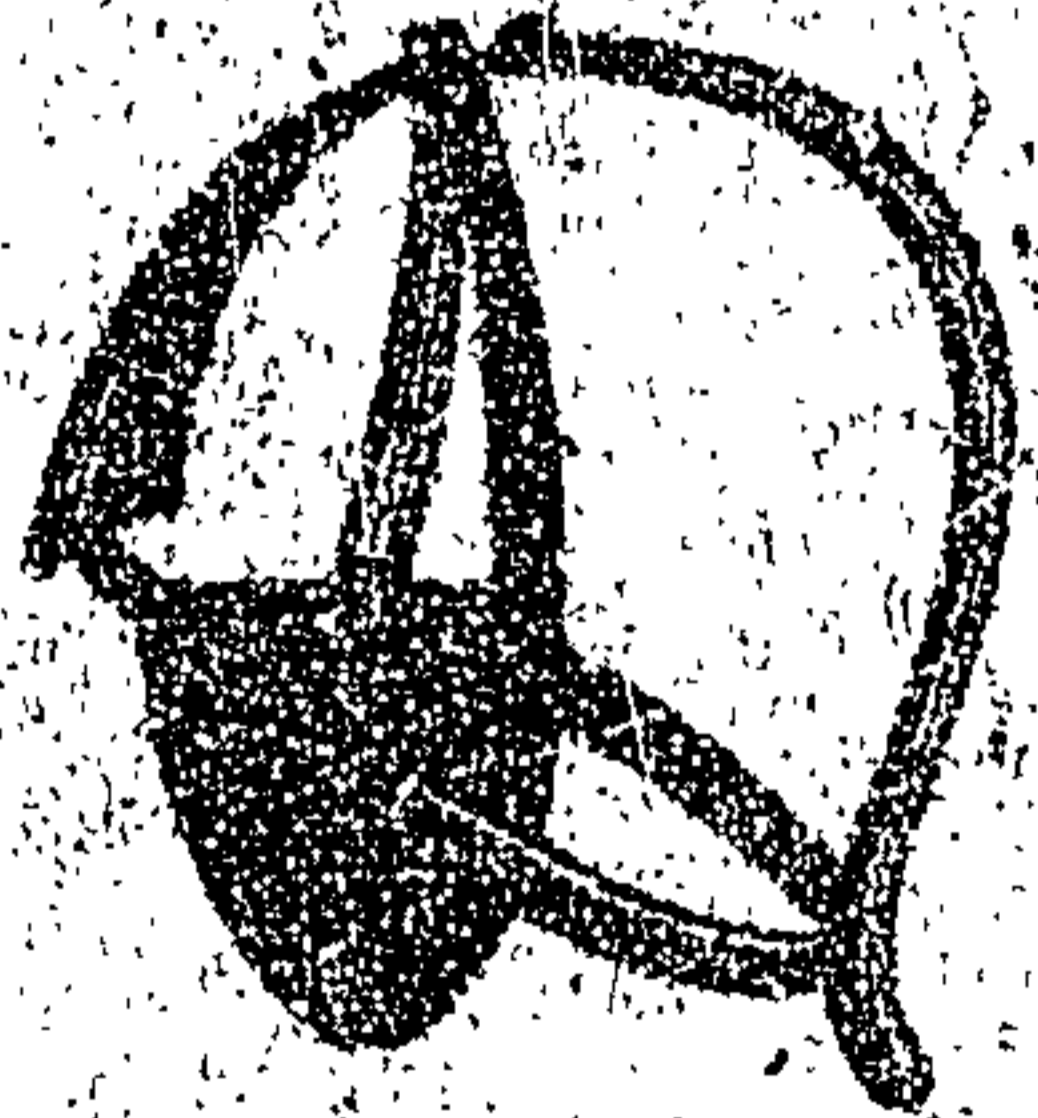
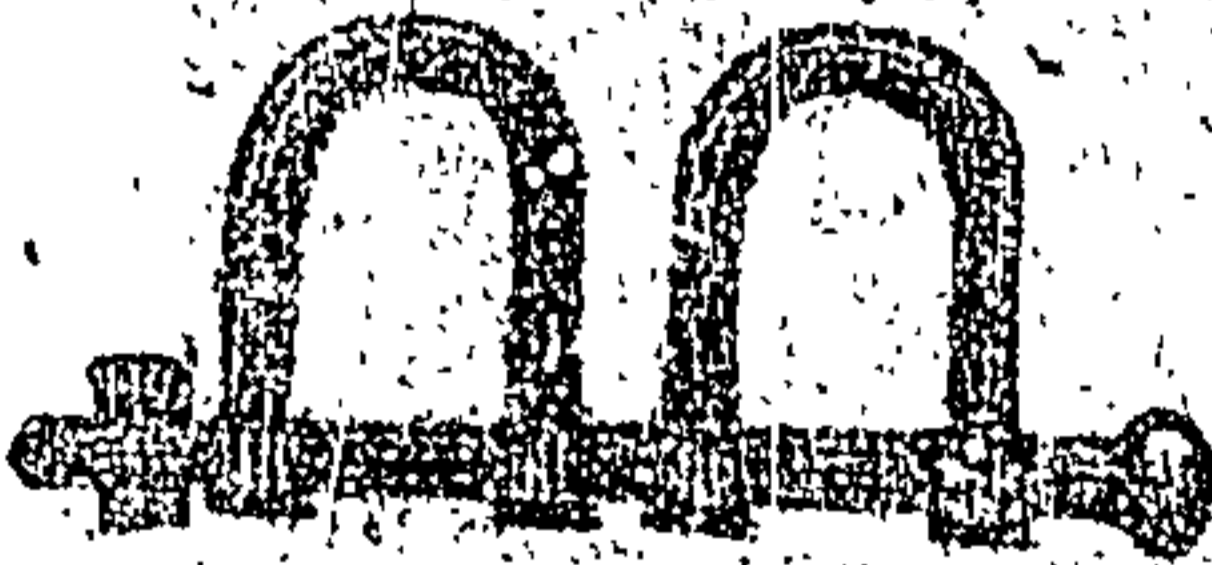
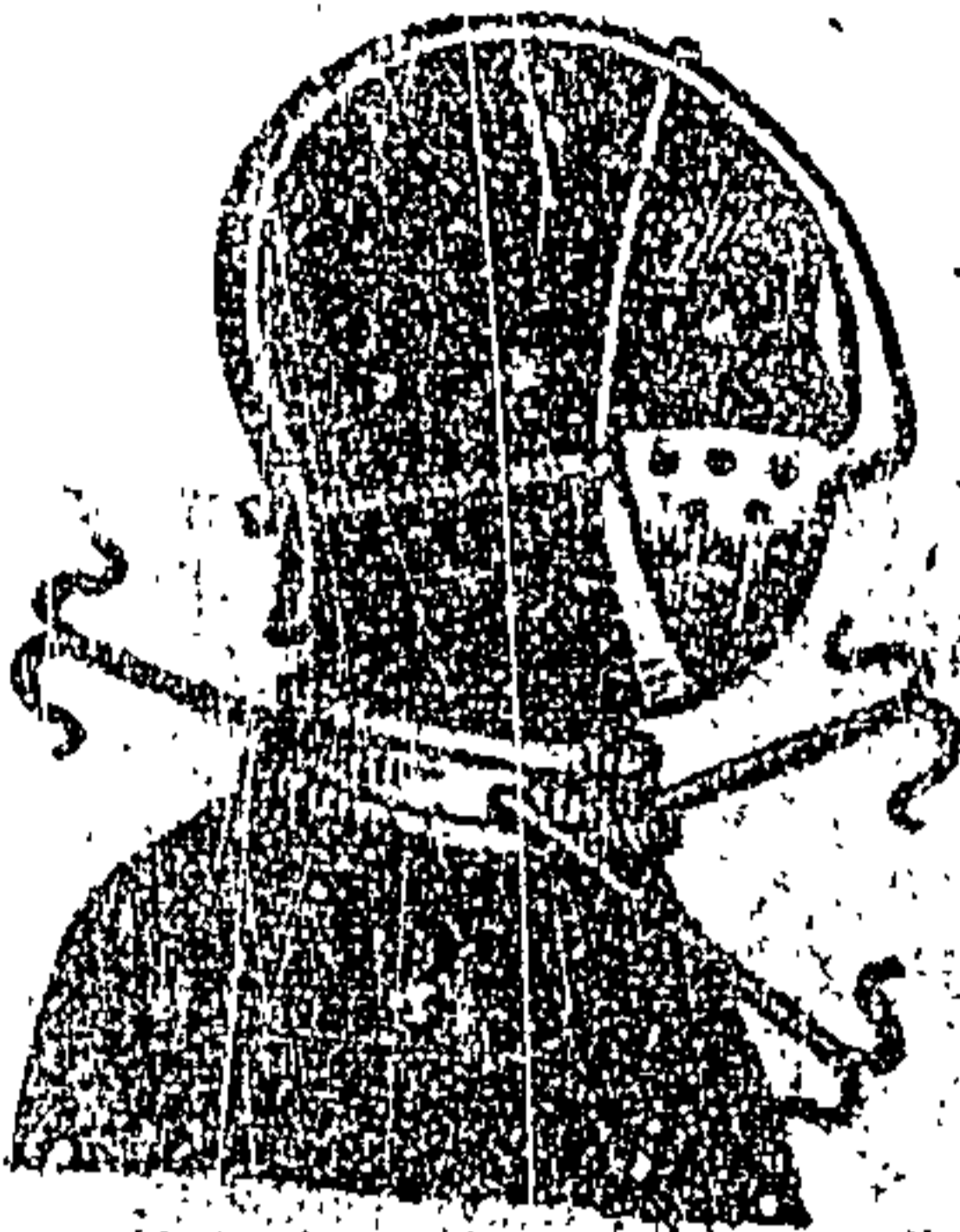


A front and profile view of an African's head, with the mouth-piece and necklace, the hooks round which are placed to prevent an escape when pursued in the woods, and to hinder them from laying down the head to procure rest.—At A is a flat iron which goes into the mouth, and so effectually keeps down the tongue, that nothing can be swallowed, not even the saliva, a passage for which is made through holes in the mouth-plate.

An enlarged view of the mouth-piece, which, when long worn, becomes so heated, as frequently to bring off the skin along with it.

A view of the leg-bolts or shackles, as put upon the legs of the slaves on ship-board, in the middle passage.

An enlarged view of the boots and spurs, as used at some plantations in Antigua.



The manner in which slaves are placed
to be flogged.



Another method of fixing the poor victims on a ladder to be flogged, which is also occasionally laid flat on the ground for severer punishment.



When slaves are purchased by the planters, they are generally marked on the breast with a red hot iron.



EXTRACT
FROM
AN ESSAY IN VERSE,
ENTITLED,

SLAVERY.

BY

CAPTAIN MARYORIBANKS,

**BELONGING TO A BRITISH REGIMENT WHICH
WAS STATIONED IN THE WEST-INDIES.**

ESSAY
ON
SLAVERY.

BRITANNIA's heroes for fair Freedom fought,
And gain'd, at length, the prize they nobly sought.
On our brave ancestors did Freedom smile,
And fix'd her empire in their happy isle.
There still she flourishes in all her charms,
Each heart enlivens, and each bosom warms.

Ungrateful men! to whom such boons she gave!
Who dare whole nations of mankind enslave!
From the rich ports, where she triumphant reigns,
Forth fly the fleets that carry freights of chains!
From peaceful counting-houses edicts pour,
Afric's wide realms rapaciously to scour.
By Freedom's sons o'er distant oceans borne,
Are helpless wretches from their country torn!
In noisome cells, where fell Distemper glows,
A favour'd part *Death* frees from future woes!
Or happy they, who, in the friendly deep
Fly from their tyrants to eternal sleep!

What horrid fears must haunt th' untutor'd mind
(Too just, alas!) of torments yet behind!
On shocking feasts must savage fancy brood*,
Where pale Europeans prey on human food!

* The general idea of the new Negroes seems to be, that they are to be devoured.

His bloody limbs, yet quiv'ring on the board,
 Glut the keen stomach of his ruthless lord!
 Or on the shrine of vengeful gods he lies;
 And, in atonement for a christian, dies!
 Yes! every slave must yield a master food,
 Who slowly fattens on his vital blood!
 Blest, if at once his cruel tortures ceas'd,
 And gave white cannibals a short liv'd feast!
 Yes! Affric's sons must stain the bloody shrine!
 But all these victims, Avarice, are thine!
 On Mercy's God, those tyrants dare to call;
 But Av'rice only is their lord of all!
 To him their rites incessantly they pay;
 And waste for him the Negro's life away!

"But hear!" say you. Philosophy will hear;
 Whoever argues, he will lend an ear.
 "On their own shore those wretches slaves we found",
 And only mov'd them to a fairer ground.
 Captives in war they met this wayward fate;
 Or birth had doom'd them to a servile state.
 Oft they are convicts, sentenc'd for their crimes
 To endless exile from their native climes.
 With plants they knew not on those sterile lands,
 Here are they nourish'd by our friendly hands;
 Of our own properties we give them share,
 And food or raiment never costs them care.
 On them no debts, no difficulties prey,
 Not Britain's peasants half so blest as they!"
 Hold, impious men! the odious theme forbear!
 Nor with such treason wound a Briton's ear!
 The British peasant! healthy, bold, and free!
 Nor wealth, nor grandeur, half so blest as he!

* This, and every other argument I have put into their mouths, I have frequently heard the planters use. Futile as they are, I believe no better can be found.

The state of life, for *happiness the first*,
 Dare you compare with this the *most accur'd*.
 You found them *slaves*...but who that title gave?
 The God of Nature never form'd a slave!
 Though Fraud, or Force acquire a master's name,
 Nature and Justice must remain the same!
 He who from thieves their booty, conscious, buys,
 May use an argument as sound and wise:
 That he conceives no guilt attends his trade,
 Because the booty is already made.

For your own honour, name not *Afric's wars*!
 Ye, whose curs'd commerce rais'd those civil jars!
 Each petty chief, whose tribes were drain'd for you,
 For your vile traffic roams in quest of new;
 For you in guiltless blood imbrues his hands,
 And carries havoc o'er his neighbour's lands!
 They whom the feeble rage of war may spare,
 A harder fate from you and slavery share!
 For you...*sole instigators to the wrong*,
 The brutal victor hurries them along.
 From *Afric's* far interior regions driven,
 To you...and anguish are those wretches given!

Nor yet are you, for any *righteous cause*,
 The executioners of *Afric's laws*;
 Th' *atrocious criminals* I oft have view'd,
 European justice has so far pursu'd;
 Emblems of Innocence they met my eyes,
 In soft simplicity and young surprise†!

* I would here be understood to allude to the peasantry of England.

† I must here remind the reader, that the lines are addressed to *all* concerned in the slave-trade; but the planters, for whose use the Negroes are ultimately intended, may be considered as the original instigators of the traffic.

‡ Of the great number of new Negroes I have seen, a very considerable proportion appeared to me to be under 14 years of age.

But I, alas! may spare my idle strains,
Which ne'er can wreat them from European chains!
For int'rest speaks in language far too strong,
Either to heed a sermon, or a song!
Yet happy I, and not in vain I write,
If I could render but their chains more light;
Could I but wipe one tear from *Slavery's* eye,
Or save his heart one agonizing sigh!

Grant then your plea:...." Necessity demands
The toil of foreign slaves' unwilling hands."
Yet no necessity could e'er excuse,
The more than savage cruelty you use!

"Those creatures are so obstinate," you say,
"That but for punishment they will obey;
No kindness soothes! no gratitude they know"...
Ah! little gratitude, indeed, they owe!
Ere you this virtue to their race denied,
Th' effects of kindness might have well been tried!

Come, now, reflect what tender modes you take
To make those beings labour.. for your sake!
First, then, you are so generous and good
To give them time to rear a little foal;
On the same selfish principle, of course,
You feed (*far better though*) your mule or horse.
Small is the portion, poor the granted soil,
Till'd by the Negro's restless Sabbath's toil!
What loud applause a master must deserve,
Not to permit his property† to starve!

* While I speak of the cruelty practised by planters in general, I would not be understood to say, that there may not be exceptions.

† So they term them; but I deny that, in the sight of God, any human being can be the property of another.

But worn by toils he can no more renew,
 The helpless wretch is turn'd adrift by you!*
 Ye, who destroyed, refusing to sustain
 The few unhappy days that yet remain!

* I have seen several of these unfortunates expire, literally of hunger who had been picked up on the road by soldiers; but too late for their preservation. I have known a good many others, who had been abandoned by their owners, supported for years by the humanity of those poor fellows.

One old debilitated Negro had resided for several years at Stoney-hill barracks; and I believe he remained there at the time I left the island. He was the property of the honourable (*ex officio*) Paul Phipps, then Custos, or Chief Magistrate of Kingston, one of the representatives for that town in the house of assembly, colonel of the regiment of Saint Andrew's militia, and one of the judges of the common pleas of that parish.

If such an act of deliberate cruelty, as the abandoning this helpless wretch, could be committed by a man who united in his own person the conspicuous characters of a judge, a legislator, a militia commander, and in these several capacities, as well as in his private profession as a merchant, uniformly maintained an unblemished reputation; who was, I believe, free from pecuniary embarrassments; and who being himself advanced in years, might have been expected to have felt some degree of sympathy for the infirmities of age. I think I should have been justified from this single instance, (even if a variety of others had not fallen under my observation) in inferring that this practice of turning out old, or un-serviceable slaves to pick, as they emphatically term it, must be generally prevalent among persons in more obscure stations, of less respectable characters, or in more indigent circumstances.

To render misery itself more hard,
 You term it favour, freedom, and reward;
 Can we your generosity deny;
 Who grant your victims... *liberty to die!*

Soon as the trembling crew are landed here,
 Their quiv'ring flesh the burning pincers sear;
 Proudly imprinting your degrading brand
 On men, created by your Maker's hand!
 A dreadful specimen, we may suppose,
 This *warm* reception gives of future woes!

Ere the poor savage yet can understand
 The haughty language of a foreign land;
 Ere he conceives your meaning, or your view,
 The whip directs him what he is to do.
 No sex, no age, you ever learn'd to spare,
 But female limbs indecently lay bare;
 See the poor mother lay her babe aside*,
 And stoop to punishment she must abide!
 Nor midst her pangs, her tears, her horrid cries,
 Dare the sad husband turn his pitying eyes.

Amongst your numbers, do we never meet
 Villains so most atrociously complete,
 Who, with accur'd accuracy, count the days,
 The hours of labour pregnancy delays;
 Who nature's wond'rous work attempt to spoil
 By stripes, by terrors, and excess of toil†.

* The Negro women who have young children, carry them fastened on their backs, while they are at work in the field.

† To the villainous principle, that it is cheaper to purchase Guinea Negroes; than, by better usage, and lighter labour, to encourage population among those of this country, may, in a great measure, be ascribed the necessity of so vast an annual importation from Africa.

Agualta's stream by rains becomes a flood,
 Once by its side a fearful female stood;
 Th' attempt to cross it was a certain death...
 To tarry worse, perhaps... her tyrants' wrath!
 Some anxious hours, unwilling, did she stay;
 Then through the less'ning torrent fought her way.
 Prostrate she lay before her despot's feet,
 Imploring mercy she was not to meet!
 For all! the ruffian's heart was hard as steel!
 No pity *he* had e'er been known to feel!
 While the lash tore her tir'd and tortur'd frame,
 The pangs of labour prematurely came.
 She clasp'd her murder'd infant to her breast!
 Stretch'd her sore limbs, and sunk in endless rest!

Your ingenuity we must confess,
 In finding various methods to distress:
 See the wretch fasten'd to an emmet's nest,
 Whose stings in myriads his whole frame molest!
 Or smear'd with cowhage all his body o'er,
 His burning skin intolerably sore!
 Chains, hooks, and horns, of every size and shape,
 Mark those who've once attempted an escape.
 A sister isle once us'd, but *this* improves,
 That curs'd invention call Barbadoes Glovest.

* Agualta, a rivulet which takes its rise in the Liguanea mountains. It is vulgarly known by the name of Wag-water.

† This happened during my residence here, within little more than a mile of the spot where I now sit: viz. on Norbrook mountain; the property of Mr. Long, compiler of the history of Jamaica. Stoney-hill, 16th October, 1786.

‡ Slips of wood are placed between every two fingers, and the whole screwed or wedged close together, so as to give most exquisite torture. I have known this infernal machine kept on house slaves for many days together.

For your own sakes, your malice, and your white
 But rarely sacrifice a Negro's limb.
 Unless a slave of sedentary trade,
 (A luckless tailor well may be afraid);
 Where there's no great occasion for a pair,
 You may lop off the leg he has to spare*.
 Were there a surgeon...and there may be such,
 Whose heart compassion had the power to touch;
 Who dar'd the horrid office to decline,
 Your laws condemn him in a heavy fine†.
 If int'rest teaches you their limbs to spare,
 Immediate murders must be still more rare.
 Though 'tis this selfish sentiment alone
 That oft deters you to destroy your own.
 But should your passions hurry you away
 Another person's property to slay,
 The guilt's consider'd in a venial light,
 The proof is difficult, the sentence slight‡.

* The reason assigned to a gentleman of my acquaintance, by his overseer, for cutting off the leg of one of his Negroes in his absence, was, that the fellow having run off, he thought this the most effectual method of preventing his trying it a second time; adding, that as *he was a tailor*, the property was not a bit less valuable.

† I mean, even in the West-Indies.

‡ The penalty, I think, is 50l. currency.

§ Immediate; in contradistinction to the slow murder of toil and torment.

¶ Generally payment of the price of the Negro to his owner. It is then, it may be remarked, as expensive to kill another man's slave as yr own. But this does not follow; in the former case, the loss is certain; in the latter, the fact must be proved (which is often impossible) before the damages can be incurred.

Nay, malice, sale, may find a thousand times
 When no white evidence can prove his crimes.
 Since, 'tis establish'd by your partial laws,
 No slave bears witness in a white man's cause*,
 'Tis said your equitable laws confine
 The negro's punishment to *thirty-nine*†.
 A specious sound!...which never gave redress,
 Since who on earth can prove when you transgress,
 Or curs'd pretences you can find, with ease,
 For nine and thirties num'rous as you please.
 A jealous mistress finds a ready sham
 To give a handsome maid the sugar dram‡;
 With her fair hands prepares the nauseous draught,
 And pours the scalding mixture down her throat;
 Closely confin'd for mad'ning nights and days,
 Her burning thirst no liquid drop allays.
 Nay, well I know a proud revengeful dame,
 Who gave a dose too loathsome here to name§.
 It must be own'd you *all* do wond'rous well,
 Yet still in torturing the fair excel.
 What strange inventions has their genius found,
 (Impell'd by jealousy) to plague and wound!
 And in those *modes* we should the least suppose
 That *female delicacy* would have chose.

* Not only slaves, but free Negroes, and people of colour, are excluded. They are, however, admitted as evidences *against each other*.

† As there is seldom more than one white man in the field, the futility of the law is clear. (Original note of 1786). For the same reason, it is obvious, that the late act of assembly of Jamaica, in favour of slaves, must be ineffectual. (Feb. 1792).

‡ An equal mixture of rum and salt.

§ A lady of my acquaintance caused a slave, in presence of her family and strangers, to swallow a glass of rum mixed with human excrement.

Bad is at best the slave's most easy state
 Yet some are destin'd to a harder fate.
 Villains there are, who, doubly bent on gain,
 Most nicely calculate the toil and pain;
 Who fix the time (Oh! Heav'n! why sleeps thy
 wrath)?

They may, with profit, work their gangs to death.
 "Whether shall we," those precious scoundrels say,
 "Grasp fortune quickly, or make long delay?"

A hundred slaves we have no fund to buy:
 The strength of half that number let us try,
 With moderate toil, from whence it appears
 These slaves might live, as, a dozen years;

To us, you know, the balance will be even,
 If we can make as much from them in seven*."

The price of property they only weigh,
 Regardless, else, what lives they take away!

In mild Britannia many of you dwell,
 Where tortur'd slavery ne'er is heard to yell.
 You fly wherever luxury invites,
 And dissipation crowns your days and nights;
 The dire reflection never meets your view,
 What pangs, what bloodshed, buy those joys for you!
 Your injur'd slaves, perhaps, you never saw†:
 And doubt the picture I so truly draw.

Such would not willingly, I hope, impose
 The last extremity of human woes.

But, if from freedom's land you never stray'd;
 By false descriptions you may be betray'd.

* This diabolical practice is called *driving* a gang.
 I have repeatedly heard calculations made on this
 subject, with all the coolness and accuracy of an inn-
 keeper estimating the probable expenditure of his
 post-horses.

† Many proprietors of estates in this country have
 never been in the island.

Self-interested men have met your ear ;
 I, *without int'rest**, will be more sincere !
 Wretches by want expell'd from foreign climes† ;
 Escap'd from debts, or justice due their crimes ;
 The base, the ignorant, the ruffian steer,
 And find a desperate asylum *here*.
 Abject and servile though themselves they be
 To those above them but in one degree ;
 O'er the subordinate, sad, sable crew
 They have as absolute control as you.
 Men uninform'd, uncultivated, rude,
 Whose boist'rous passions ne'er have been subdu'd ;
 Whose tempers, never naturally mild,
 Care and misfortune render still more wild ;
 Their furious hearts a short relief procure,
 To wreak on others more than they endure ;
 By such caprice, are negroes doom'd to bleed,
 The Slaves of Slavery... They are low indeed !

* At least, no other than the interest of humanity.

† The life of a *book-keeper* is, in general, such a complication of drudgery and disease, pride and poverty, despotism and servility, that no man of birth, education, spirit, or sensibility would, if previously acquainted with its nature, ever engage in it. That there are, however, among this class of men some unfortunate people of the above description, is certain ; (though, as matters are now conducted, they could not well be possessed of less essential qualifications) : but a far greater proportion of them are low and illiterate, (for it is far from requisite that a *book-keeper* should be able to read) many of them are desperadoes, fraudulent bankrupts, jail-birds, deserters from the troops, run-away seamen, and other vagabonds of all countries and denominations. Several of them enlisted in the 19th regiment, and rejoiced greatly at their change of situation.

He who has made an independence *here*,
 At home in splendour hurries to appear;
 London, or Bath, with lying fame resounds,
 "A fresh Creole!...worth Fifty Thousand Pounds!"
 Though ten he knows the limit of his store,
 He must keep up the figure first he wore.
 Thoughtless, he riots in the gay career;
 And finds himself half ruin'd in the year.
 Duns grow importunate...and friends but cool;
 Back to Jamaica comes the bankrupt fool.
 First goes the Pen*; the Polink†; worse and worse;
 At last the Sugar-work is put to nurse.
 He strives with Jews and Marshalls long...in vain....
 Once thus involv'd, he ne'er gets clear again.
 Worse ev'ry year his situation grows,
 'Till in a prison he concludes his woes;
 Unless, perhaps, a seat at Council-board
 A sure protection should for life afford;
 Or in the lower house enacting laws....
 The laws eluding faster than he draws.
 But while he parries off from year to year,
 The Negroes' suff'rings are indeed severe!
 For their vain lord the most supplies to raise,
 Ill fed; hard work'd; they know no resting days‡!
 Perhaps to greedy jobbers lent on hire,
 Who from excess of toil their gain require;

* The villa.

† A mountain farm for raising provisions and stock.

‡ Indeed, none of them do; but the Sunday, which they ought to be allowed to work for themselves, is generally styled a resting day. When the master is hard pushed, I believe there may be found instances of the Negroes being cheated out of a great part even of this their own day.

§ Bad as the situation of slaves is in general, it will easily be credited that those on bankrupt estates

Who have no int'rest in them to preserve ;
 And if they labour, care not how they starve,
 Or seiz'd by marshalls, and to market brought ;
 By various masters families are bought.
 Amidst their unregarded sighs and tears,
 The wife and husband fall to different shares ;
 Their clinging offspring from their arms are tore,
 And hurried from them, ne'er to meet them more !

I knew a fetus, in mere wanton play,
 Sold from the mother in whose womb it lay.
 Unhappy mother ! doom'd for months to bear
 The luckless burden thou art not to rear* !

What dreadful partings, for revenge's sake,
 Do furious females in a moment make !
 Their fav'rite maids, with whom from youth they
 grew ;
 As fine their shape, and scarce less fair their hue† ;

(of which God knows there is no scarcity) are more peculiarly wretched. But the most super-eminently miserable of the human race are, undoubtedly, the Negroes belonging to *jobbing gangs*. Should the person who hires them, dispose of a Negro ; should he shoot him through the head, or stab him to the heart ; he would, I dare say, be obliged to pay the price of him to his owner. But it does not appear, that he is liable to repair those who may be lost by accidental, or natural deaths—and no death, surely, is so *perfectly natural*—none, I will aver, so frequent, in *jobbing* as from the effects of hunger, want of accommodation, violent blows, excessive labour, severe flogging, and every other possible species of cruelty and bad treatment.

* The bargain was struck in the hearing of the unfortunate mother.

† The ladies are generally attended by girls of colour, who, frequently, are their near relations ; in the third or fourth generation, many of them are almost as fair as Europeans.

For some slight error, some unlucky chance ;
 A tea-cup broken, or a lover's glance ;
 Feel all the fury of their quenchless flame ;
 And meet the punishments of pain and shame,
 The parent's, sister's, ev'ry tender tie....
 All are dissolv'd....and round the isle they fly !

Accursed state ! where nature, and where love,
 Rude violations must for ever prove !
 You, brutal ravishers ! pretend in vain
 That Afric's children feel no jealous pain.
 Untaught Europeans, with illiberal pride,
 Look with contempt on all the world beside ;
 And vainly think no virtue ever grew,
 No passion glow'd beneath a sable hue.
 Beings you deem them of inferior kind* ;
 Denied a human, or a thinking mind.
 Happy for Negroes were this doctrine true !
 Were feelings lost to them....or giv'n to you !

* I have often heard planters, talking of their Negroes, very gravely style them their Cattle.

