

## **Six months in the West Indies in 1825 / [Anon].**

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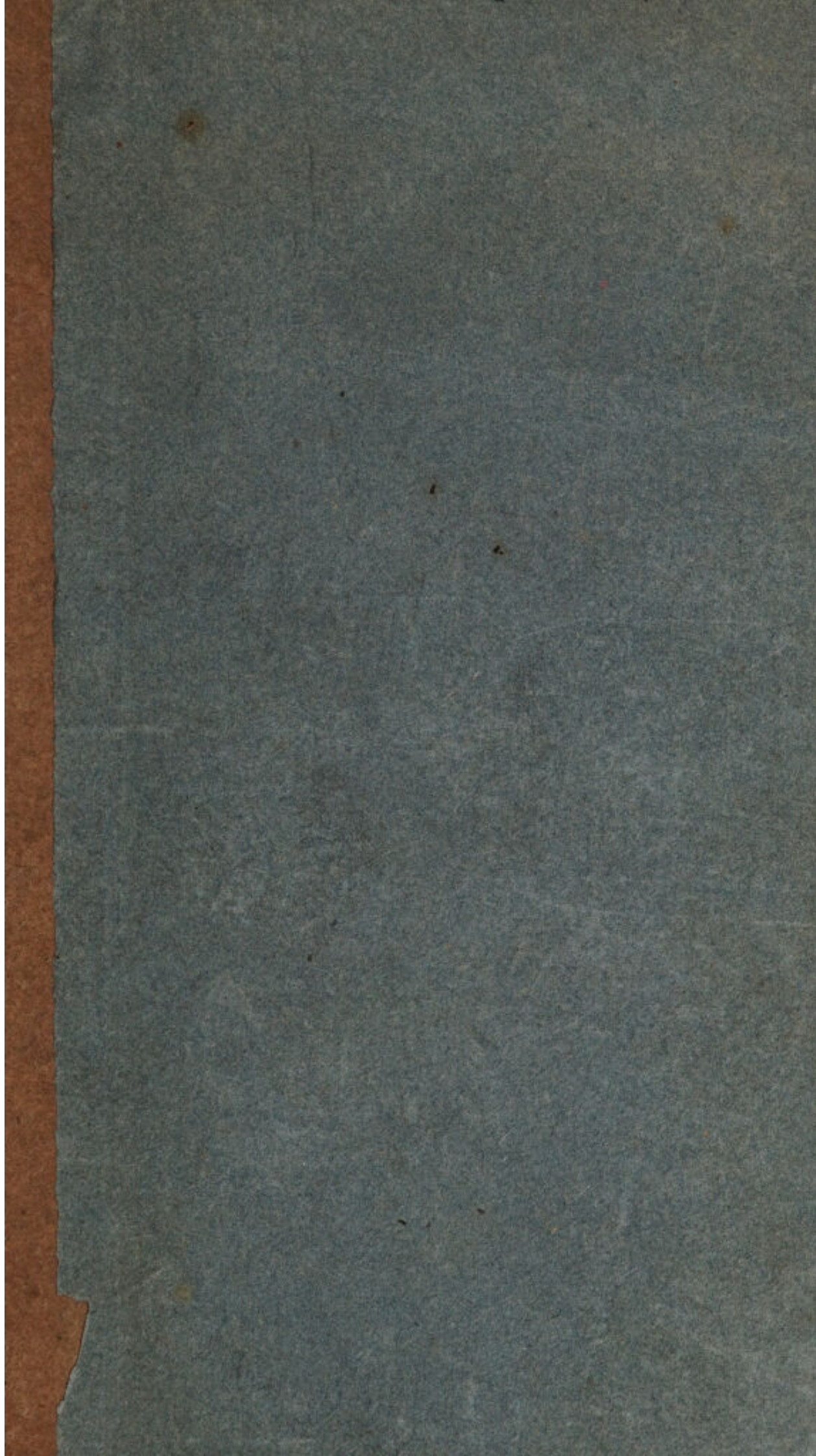
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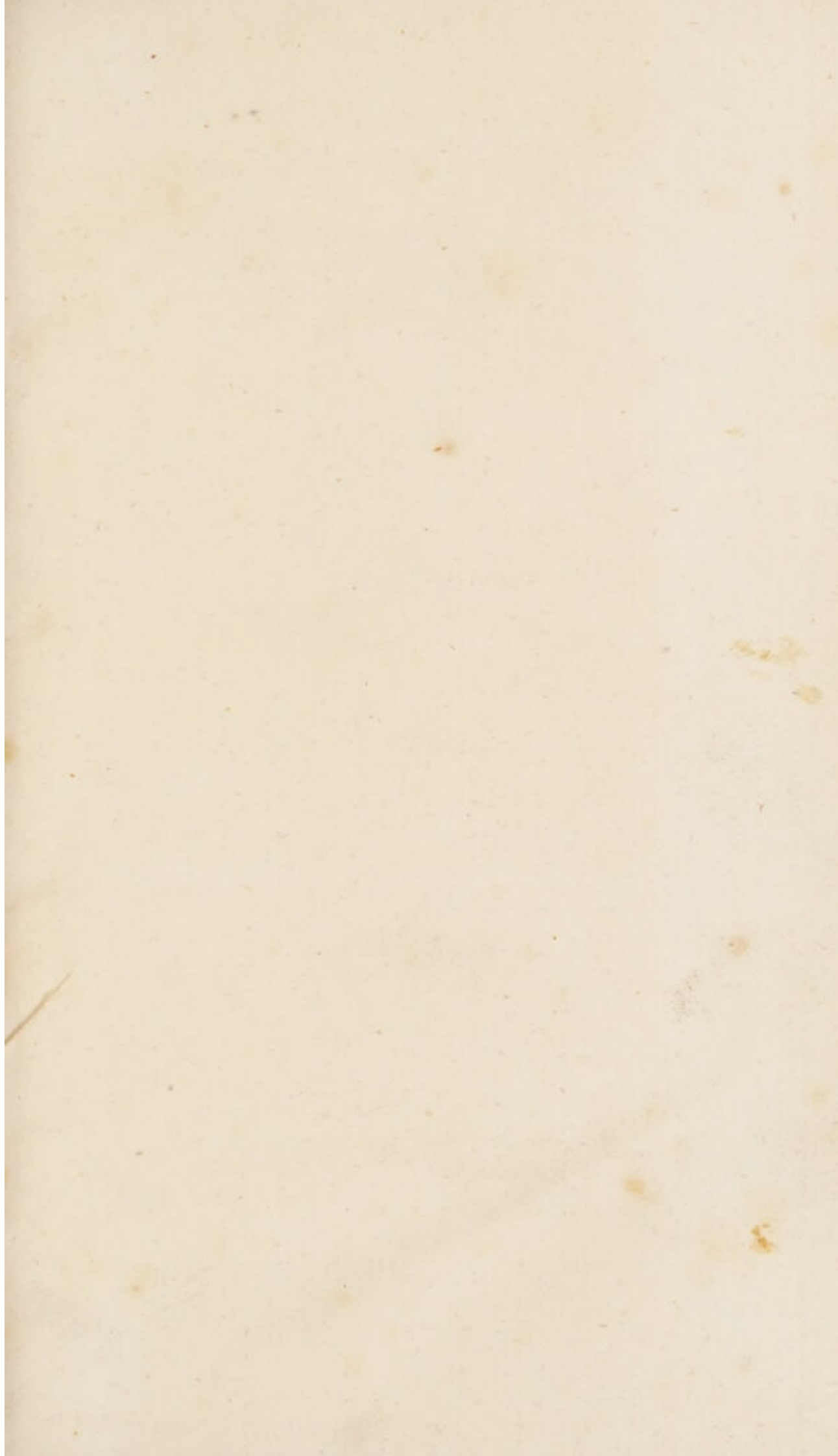
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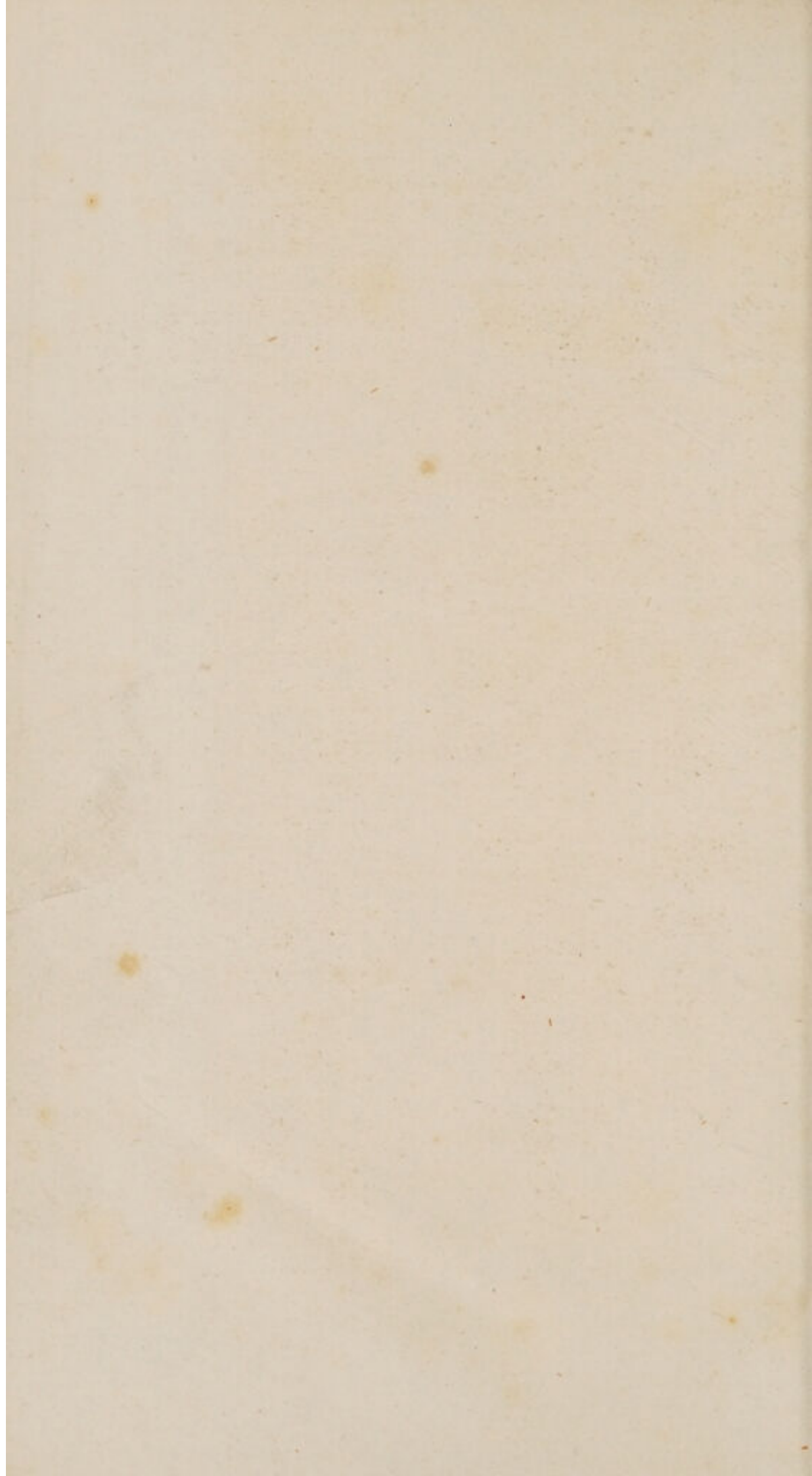


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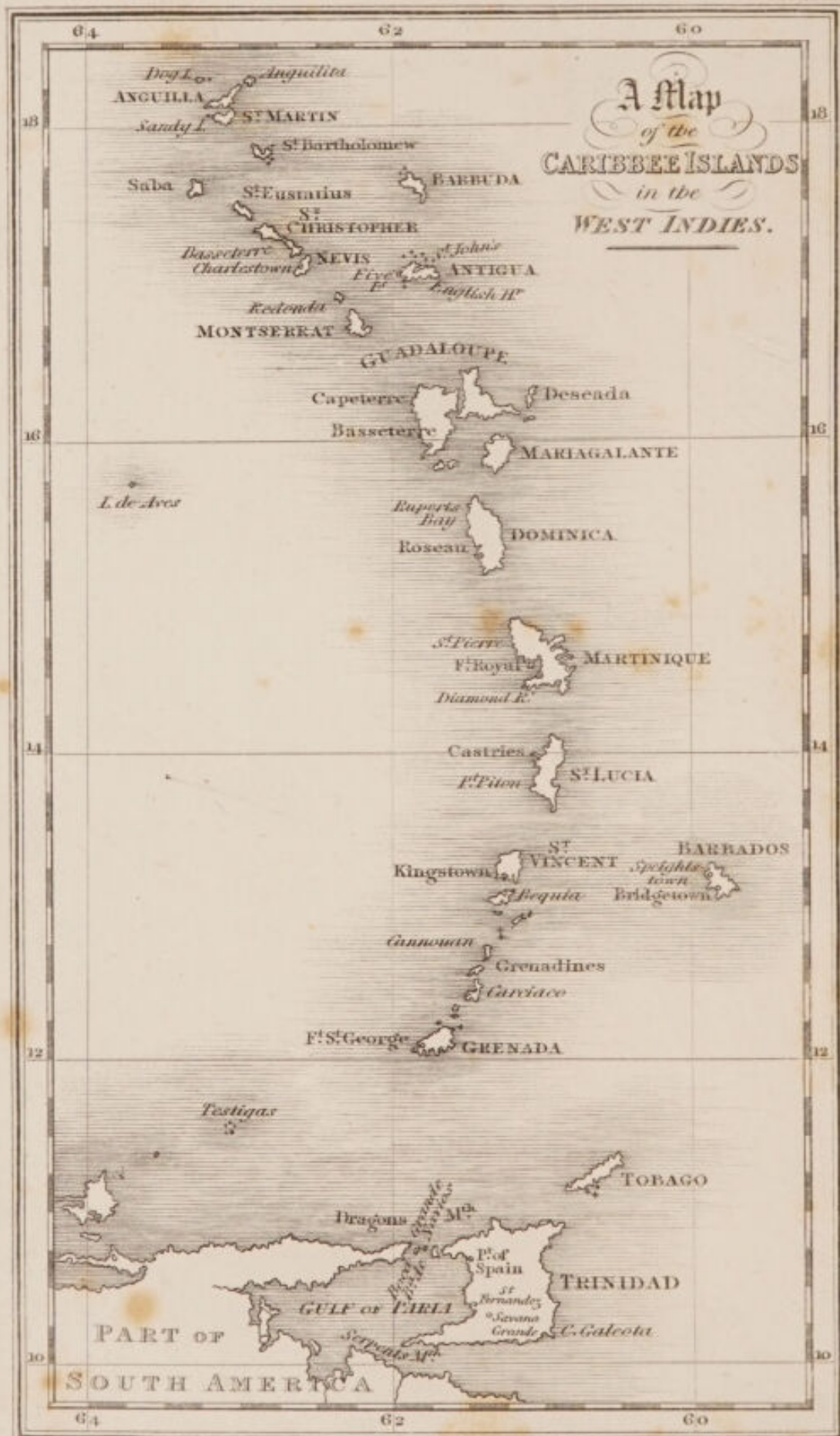












SIX MONTHS  
IN  
THE WEST INDIES,  
IN  
1825.

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SECOND EDITION,  
WITH ADDITIONS.

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LONDON:  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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MDCCCXXVI.





LONDON:  
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SIX MONTHS  
IN THE  
WEST INDIES.

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REASONS FOR GOING ABROAD.

THE doctors disagreed. According to four first-rate opinions, I groaned at one and the same time under rheumatism proper, rheumatic gout, gout proper, and an affection in the spinous process. The serious signs of one were the favorable symptoms of another, and the prescriptions of the first in direct oppugnancy to the principles of the last. To-day I was to drink water at Buxton, the morrow to drink water at Bath, on Wednesday I was to go to Italy, and on Thursday I had better stay at home.

The fact was, the doctors could not make out my case.

Reader, if by mischance thou art one of those unhappy persons whom the climate of our famous



mother England, in punishment of thy many sins in chattering French instead of thy kindly vernacular, in giving half-a-guinea to Italians instead of three shillings and sixpence to Britons, in cleaving to wine and eschewing beer, hath touched with her insular cramp in shoulders, elbows, wrists, fingers, back, loins, knees, ancles or toes...if such be the case, go not, I entreat thee for thy good, to any of the faculty, whether physician, surgeon, apothecary or druggist, licensed or unlicensed; save thy good coin, gentle rheumatic, in thy purse for better merchandize, and *laissez aller les choses*; torment not the creature with drenches and bandages, and peradventure it will ache thee some months the less for being entertained civilly; at all events thou wilt have economized so much money, escaped so much physic, and it will go harder with thee than with any body else, if thou get not well again every whit as soon.

True it is, though I speak it to my shame, that I did, in the impatience of my heart, betake myself to medicine for relief. It was promised to me abundantly. I am ready to communicate to any earnest inquirer, twenty and five infallible prescriptions, every one of which has effected so many cures, that it is somewhat surprising that the combined action of all of them together has not, a long time

ago, driven rheumatism clean out of the United Kingdom. I never met with any of these redeemed ones, but, as Sancho says, he, who told me the story, said that it was so certain and true, that I might well, whenever I told it to another, affirm and swear that I had seen them all myself. There was, indeed, no resisting the kindness of my friends; I was all things to all men and to all women; I ate this to please my aunt Lucy, and drank that to oblige my aunt Margaret; I was steamed by one, showered by another, just escaped needling by a third, and was nearly boiled to the consistency of a pudding for the love of an oblong gentleman of Ireland, who had cured so many of his tenants on a bog in Tipperary by that process, that he offered to stake his salvation upon the success of the experiment. It failed, and, the benefit of the obligation not being transferable, I forgave him the debt.

If this little book had been one of the thousand and one journals of tours in France or Italy or Switzerland; or if it had been a true and authentic history of Loo-Choo, of the Ashantees, or of a Polar expedition, I should not have taken the trouble of writing this preliminary chapter. But the West Indies are quite another thing. I have seen men set down as fanatics or tyrants before



their speech has been listened to, and as I have a creditable anxiety for the sale of my work, it imports me much that I should make myself well understood on this head. I do not wish any one to entertain a *good* opinion of me, but I shall feel deeply indebted to any person who will be kind enough to have *no* opinion whatever of me or about me. I am in perfect charity with all mankind, that is to say, I care infinitely nothing about any of them, except some dozen and a half good folks of my own sort. I bow to the African Institution,...they do their work, as is fitting, in a truly African manner; I bend as low to the Planters,...they are a trifle choleric or so, but I remember that the nerves become excessively irritable under the rays of a vertical sun. I protest in print that I had not the honor to travel as an agent of either of these amicable societies. I went simply and sheerly on my own account, or rather on account of the aforesaid rheumatism; for as every other sort of chemical action had failed, I was willing to try if fusion would succeed. This was my main reason for going abroad, to which perhaps I must add a certain vagabond humor which I inherited from my mother. If Yorick had written after me, he would have mentioned the Rheumatic Traveller. This book is rheumatic

from beginning to end; all its peculiarities, its diverse affections, its irregular spirits flow from that respectable source. I picked up so plentiful a lack of science at Eton, the first of all schools, and at Cambridge, the first of all universities, except the London, that no one need be of my opinion unless he likes it. I rarely argue a matter unless my shoulders or knees ache; and if I should have the misfortune upon any such occasion to be overearnest with any of my readers, I trust they will think it is my rheumatism that chides, leave me so, and peacefully pass on to the next chapter.



## MADEIRA.

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IMAGINATIVE reader! have you ever been in a gale of wind on the edge of the Bay of Biscay? If not, and you are fond of variety, it is really worth your while to take a trip to Lisbon or Madeira for the chance of meeting with one. Calculate your season well in December or January, when the south-wester has properly set in, and you will find it one of the finest and most uncomfortable things in the world. *My* gale lasted from Sunday till Wednesday evening, which is something long perhaps for amusement, but it gave ample room for observation and philosophy. I think I still hear that ineffable hubbub of plates and glasses breaking, chairs and tables falling, women screaming, sailors piping, officers swearing, the wind whistling, and the sea roaring, which awakened me about two o'clock on Monday morning from one of those sweet dreams, wherein, through infinite changes and indistinct combinations of imagery, thy loved form, Eugenia, for

ever prevails in its real and natural beauty. The Atlantic was gushing in through my port in a very refreshing manner, and ebbing and flowing under and around my bed with every roll of the ship. My clothes were floating on the face of the waters. I turned to sleep again, but the sea came with that awful dead sledge-hammer beat, which makes a landsman's heart tremble, and the impertinent quotation of some poor scholar in the next cabin about *quatuor aut septem digitos* brushed every atom of Morphic dust from my eyes. I sat bolt upright, and for some time contemplated, by the glimmering of the sentry's lantern, the huge disarray of my pretty den; I fished for my clothes, but they were bathing; I essayed to rise, but I could find no resting-place for the sole of a rheumatic foot. However, I was somewhat consoled by a sailor who came to bale out the water at day-break;—"a fine breeze, Sir, only it's dead on end for us; and to be sure, I minds the Apollo and thirty-two marchmantmen were lost somewhere in these here parts." It was kindly meant of Jack, no doubt, though he was out in his latitude by eight degrees at least.

I think I never shall forget the scene of beauty and terror which presented itself to me on deck. Every thing, indeed, becomes tame by long fami-



liarity, and the old mariner has no eye for any thing in a gale except his topmasts; but to the fresh and apprehensive mind what is there on land so unspeakably grand as a storm on the ocean? The lone ship under treble reefed topsails and staysails lay groaning like a gigantic skeleton in agony; a dreadful hedge or wall of waters confined the horizon to a hundred yards around us; the sea as black as death, save when, as each enormous wave arose on high, the furious blast caught up its long crest of foam, and dashed it into atoms of smoky mist. The sun also shone out with a wild appearance at intervals, and the rays of light, refracted by the spray-shower, formed themselves into fairy arches of prismatic coloring in every direction as far as the eye could reach. On Tuesday the wind lulled for some time, but at night it blew again as before; and on Wednesday we had a succession of squalls at intervals of a quarter of an hour, each sharper than the other, which exceeded in violence any thing I could have imagined. Under the last of them the top-gallant masts quivered like reeds, the shrouds gave music like Eolian harps, and the eyes of the silent veterans were fixed anxiously aloft. It was the dying blast of Africus; the rain came down in torrents, the wind fell, and we were left at the mercy of a dead

mountainous swell of a furlong in length, which put the good ship almost on her beam ends.

Buonaparte had the credit of saying that there was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous; there were precisely seven on board His Majesty's ship. On deck all was terrible or lovely, in the cabin every thing was absurd or disgusting. It is idle to attempt the description, for the thing has been done before; carpets cut up, water dashing to and fro, dead lights in, a lack-lustre lamp, sea-pye, men and women hungry and thirsty and nauseatic, projections of plates, chairs, knives, servants, soup, wives together with husbands and all other appurtenances under a lee lurch, ill-humor, hatred, vomiting, malice, and all uncharitableness, formed the grand features of the picture. I cannot go on with the details; *mens refugit*; I dislike dwelling on the infirmities of humanity.

The wind came round fair, the sea fell smooth, the sun shone brightly, the sky was without a cloud for a week afterwards, and on the last day of 1824 we made and passed Porto Santo, and, shrouded in clouds, Madeira rose before us.

O Madeira, Madeira, O thou gem of the ocean, thou paradise of the Atlantic! I have no heart to take up my pen to write of the days which I spent in thee; surely they were days of enchantment



intercalated in the year of common reality, ethereal moments islanded, like thyself, in the vast sea of time ! Dear England ! thou art a noble country, wise, powerful, and virtuous—but thou hast no such purple waves as those which swell towards Funchal ; thou hast no such breezes of intoxication as those which then fanned my cheek and carried animation to my heart ; thou hast no over-arched avenues of vines, no golden clusters of orange and lemon, no quintas, no Corral ! I felt for the first time, but it passed away soon, a wish to live and die far from my native country ; it seemed for a moment that it would be poetical happiness to dwell with one loved companion amidst those quiet mountains, and gaze at evening on the lovely sea and the lone Dezertas on the horizon. I did not choose any of the gay and luxurious houses which adorn the bosom of the amphitheatre above the town ; I admired, like all the world, their perfect elegance and glorious prospect, but they did not fill my heart with that fondness which I felt for one simple mansion in the distant parish of Camacha. I often hear the brawling brook at night, and think myself seated on the bench of green turf, drinking *that* cool bottle of wine, with a view of Rosa and the pretty church beyond. If the ancients had known Madeira, it would have been

their *plusquam fortunata insula*, and the blessed spirits of the Gentiles, after a millennium of probationary enjoyment in the Canaries, would have been translated thither to live for ever on nectar and oranges.

Pour toujours  
Ce rivage  
Est sans nuit et sans orage.  
Pour toujours  
Cette aurore  
Fait éclore  
Nos beaux jours.  
C'est le port  
De la vie ;  
C'est le sort  
Qu'on envie.  
Le monde et ses faux attraits,  
Sont-ils faits  
Pour nos regrets ?  
Non, jamais !  
Lieux propices,  
Vous n'offrez que des délices !  
Non, jamais !  
Cet empire  
Ne respire  
Que la paix.

I should think the situation of Madeira the most enviable on the whole earth. It ensures almost every European comfort, together with almost every tropical luxury. Any degree of temperature



may be enjoyed between Funchal and the Ice House. The seasons are the youth, maturity, and old age of a never ending, still beginning spring. Here I found what I used to suppose peculiar to the Garden of Eden and the bowers of Acrasie and Armida:—

Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue  
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colors mix'd.

The myrtle, the geranium, the rose, and the violet, grow on the right hand and on the left in the boon prodigality of primitive nature. The geranium, in particular, is so common, that the honey of the bees becomes something like a jelly of that flower. I differ from most people in not liking it so well as the English honey, though it is far purer and more transparent. That of Barbados is finer than either. Perhaps after having been within ten degrees of the equator, a second visit to Madeira would not charm me so deeply as the first; I have seen ocean and sky of a still brighter hue, and trees and flowers and mountains of still more beautiful and awful shapes. But I left England in December, shivering and melancholy under a rain of two months continuance; foul winds, eternal tacking, a tremendous gale and the Bay of Biscay destroyed my spirits

and increased my rheumatism; so that I longed after Madeira as for a land of promise, and the first sight of Porto Santo, with its scattered islets, its broken rocks, and verdant dells, filled my heart with that joy which no one can feel who has not made a voyage on the ocean.

Hallamonos cerquita de muy ledo  
Puerto hermoso y lleno de frescura,  
De arboles, naranjos et frutales,  
Bastante de sanar a dos mil males.

Early on the morning of the 1st of January, 1825, we came slowly into the Bay of Funchal. The town, the country-houses, and Nossa Senhora do Monte glistened like silver through the thin mist which floated on the bosom of the mountains. The bells of many churches soon began to hail the new year with that blessed sound, which mariners, beyond all others, love to hear. The guns of salute roared from our ship, and the Ilheo or Loo Rock answered them across the water. A clumsy boat with four dark Madeiran rowers conveyed me to the shore, and when I touched it, I felt a force, which I had not felt before, in the

*Egressi optata Troes potiuntur arena.*

The hospitality of the English merchants in Madeira is princely. You cannot bring too many,



you cannot stay too long. The houses of all are open to the guests of each, and I never met with less kindness from Stoddart, because I had shown a preference for Gordon. I am loth to believe that they look upon us only as customers, although they lead vehemently into temptation, by Malmsey, Tinta, and Sercial, and bid you remember the old house, when they shake hands with you at parting. There was a generality of intelligence, an independence of spirit, and a courteousness of manner about those whom I saw, which seemed the effect and the symptom of great opulence and unimpeachable credit. They have no huckstering, shop-keeping, agency taint: they are true descendants (I was going to say remnants) of that grand character, the English merchant of former times. Their information, indeed, with regard to certain islands, which are laid down by geographers, more or less in their neighbourhood, is remarkably narrow. I can state it, however, for the satisfaction of the scientific, as the result of much inquiry, that there *are* such islands as Teneriffe, Palma, and Fayal, and that there is reason to believe that the position usually assigned to them in the charts is correct; at the same time there is so little, or I may say, no intercourse between them and Madeira, that whether they are round or square, whe-

ther they are one hundred, or one thousand leagues off, whether they make wine or beer, are matters of much doubt. Yellow fever, it also appears, rages in some, and the plague in others; the wine, if it can be called wine, is, according to a few enterprising merchant-adventurers, so detestable, that the smallest admixture of it would infallibly spoil forty times its quantity of the true old London Particular: so that all the idle stories which we hear ignorantly handed about in England of wine from Fayal and Teneriffe being re-exported from Madeira as the genuine production of the latter island, are, without question, entirely false. And such being the case, it is truly wonderful that a spot comparatively so inconsiderable should be able to supply the enormous demand for the wine called Madeira, from England, the European continent, the West Indies, and both Americas.

The town of Funchal stretches along the margin of the bay for nearly a mile and a half, but it is barely a third of that size in breadth in any part. It is by no means so dirty as the Portugueze like, but the English residents are so influential here, that they have been able to exercise a tyranny of cleanliness, which the natives sullenly endure at the hazard of catching colds. The cathedral is a fine building, the furniture of the altar and lateral



shrines very rich in gold, silver, and pearls, and fresh roses were hanging in chaplets and festoons over and around the idols. There is no ceiling, but the roof, formed of unpainted beams of wood, is visible, as in some of our old parish churches in England, and the floor consists of nothing but loose planks, which are continually removed for the purpose of depositing the corpses of the dead below. This vile practice I observed in other churches in the island, and it is wonderful, in such a climate, that it does not destroy the worshippers as it impairs the beauty and solemnity of the place of worship. Before the western door of the cathedral is a parvis or open space, and beyond that, the Terreiro da Se, a very pleasant promenade, under four or five parallel rows of trees, and inclosed by a wall a few feet in height. Some nice houses are situated in the street on either hand, from the balconies of which the ladies looked at the gentlemen below: and in particular there is, what the Spaniards call, a beaterio or make-believe nunnery on the north side, the windows of which were literally crammed full of the meek faces of some score probationers for single blessedness. There was not a pretty girl amongst them. Beyond the Terreiro you come to a neat market-place, and to a large mass of building, which was



formerly a convent of Franciscans, I think ; half of it at present is converted into barracks and guard-rooms, and the rest is still retained by the friars. Their church is uncommonly fine in its interior proportions, and must have been very imposing in the days of its splendor. Those days are gone. Dirt, silence, and misery were conspicuous through ignorance and superstition. The friars looked wretched, and one poor fellow without shoes or shirt moved my compassion to that degree, that I conferred a pistoline upon him. He seemed as grateful as if I had taught him to read his breviary, which he confessed to me he could not do. There was some time ago a chapel here, as I understood it, entirely constructed of human skulls, but upon inquiry I found it was destroyed or removed.

The Portuguese ladies in Madeira never wash their faces, and complain that the English destroy their fine complexions by too much water. Dry rubbing is the thing. If you intend to visit a female, you send notice over night, and then she puts on her corset, and dresses herself as if for a ball. So you meet them in the streets, lying in their palanquins, with one pretty ancle hanging outside, and in rich evening costume.

A man ought to have more phlegm in his con-

stitution than I have, to travel with serenity in Madeira. When you intend to make an excursion, you send a servant to the corner of the street to summon the muleteers; at the word, down they come scampering to your door, men and boys, horses, mules, and ponies. Some friends of mine were going with me to Cavalhar's villa, and the moment we put our noses out of the court-yard, a regular fight began. Three men laid hold of me by main force; my left leg was mounted on a mule, my right stretched across a horse, and the bridle of a pony thrust into my hand. I swore as became me, but, unfortunately for my influence in the world, I have such an ungovernable tendency to laughter upon the most solemn occasions, that all I could do or say excited neither remorse or terror in these fellows. I succeeded at length in righting myself, and sheered off on the horse. When we were well seated, the vara in hand and all ready, "whoo!" whistled our natives; "whoo!" whistled all the natives in the neighbourhood; the muleteers caught hold of the tails by their left hands, and began to goad the flanks of the animals with a small pike in their right; "Cara, cara, cavache, caval," shouted they, which fairly started us, and away we went at full gallop through the pebble-paved streets, the horses kicking, the hoofs



clattering, the men singing and screaming and goading, and the old women running out of our way as fast as they could. I was so convulsed with laughter at the unspeakable absurdity of the scene, that I consider it a very great mercy that I neither killed myself nor any body else. The roads, too, out of the town are entirely paved causeways for horses and palanquins, and to ascend them is well enough; but really to ride down many parts of them is frightful. If you attempt to keep a tight hand upon the curb, the muleteer always pulls the rein slack with a "Larga, Senhor;" so that you must resign yourself to your fate in patience. The certainty with which the mules, ponies, and horses tread these precipices is amazing; a fall upon the paved ways is very rare. In returning, indeed, from the Corral, a horse threw me like a shot between some sharp masses of rock; I was much shaken, but providentially not materially bruised. The strength of the muleteers and porters is very surprizing; they will run thirty miles by your side with ease, helping themselves on by the friendly horse-tails, and I remember two youths carrying a lady in a palanquin to Dom — Cavalhar's house, which is five or six miles right up the breast of a very steep mountain, and keeping ahead of our horses the whole way.



The palanquin is a neat cot with curtains and pillows, swung from a single pole; one bearer is in front, the other behind, and the pole passes over the left shoulder of one and the right of the other, and they each have a staff placed at right angles under the pole, upon which they rest the unoccupied arm and preserve a steady balance.

We had a most delightful ramble about the grounds of this celebrated villa; and strolled through avenues of green and golden oranges, and gazed at the blue sea through a thousand openings in the foliage. The house is very elegant, the chapel classical, and the summer-house at a little distance commands a most magnificent prospect of the varied landscape below.

In returning more quietly through the town, I saw that happen to others which had not happened to me. Some of the midshipmen, being on shore, had been making themselves amends for spare living and hard watching during the gale, as they had a clear right to do: then they must ride, and were started of course in the manner which I have described. As the fortuitous concourse of atoms would order it, at the angle of a street which they were doubling, they met the Bishop of Madeira in his palanquin; the two foremost weathered him, and bore away, the two hindmost came athwart

hawse upon his lordship, threw him upon his beam ends, and themselves went down head foremost in the mud. This had like to have been a sad business with these young gentlemen, but Dom Frei Joaquim de Menezes Ataide not being hurt, and knowing the land privileges of His Majesty's naval officers, hoped there was no limb broken, got into his seat again, and wished them a good evening: which was very kind of the bishop, who is indeed a good man and much respected in his diocese \*.

\* The name of the Bishop puts me in mind of his protégé the great poet of Madeira. Francisco de Paula Medina e Vasconcellos has written an epic poem, entitled *Georgeida*, the subject of which is the Peninsular war. I recommend the book to Mr. Southey's notice, if he is not already in possession of it. If the fame of our soldiers does not survive to posterity, it will not be for want of a bard. He speaks of the battle of Coruña in this strain:

Memoravel Combate, ah ! tu dás honra  
A' Nação Immortal, que doma os Mares.  
Sim John Moore morreo, mas não morrerão  
A sua Gloria e Nome, que aos Vindouros  
Encherão de prazer, e enthusiasmo.  
Ah ! e quantos Heroes com seu exemplo  
Por inclitas acções em ti brilharaõ !  
Eu lá vejo John Hope commandando  
Em sua falta o Exercito Britanno  
Com acerto, e valor ! Eu lá diviso  
Manningham, Beresford, Hill, Murray, Clinton,



You must not fail to go and see Nossa Senhora do Monte. It is the neatest church in the island, and being situated on a terrace just half way up the mountain's breast, commands one of the most enchanting views in the world. If it be not your creed to worship Our Lady, at all events you can visit the good Vicar and his sister, a very amiable

Paget, Frazer, Nicolls, Winch, Manuel, Fane,  
Bentick, Warde, Leith, Crauford, Griffith, Miller,  
Williams, Slade, Stanhope, Napier, Disney,  
E outros muitos Heroes.

He is great on Talavera.

Verdade Augusta, Sacrosaneta Diva,  
Recorda me as Acções maravilhosas  
Dos preclaros Heroes, que a ferro e fogo  
Destroçáraõ os perfidos Francezes  
Nos campos da famosa Talavera.

---

No centro do confuso Laberinto,  
Em que troaõ de Marte horrendo as Iras,  
Não vistes Wellesley Incomparavel  
Por brilhantes acções semi-adeozar-se?  
E quantos outros por acções pasmosas  
Se tornáraõ alli semi-divinos!—  
Lá vejo Campbell, Anson, Watson, Tilson,  
Weltingham, Bathurst, Murray, Langworth, Payne,  
Sherbrooke, Fletcher, Guard, Donnellan, Bunburg,  
Cameron, Wilson, Becket, O'Lawlor, White,  
Mackenzie, Cotton, Lyon, Bingham, Donkin,  
E outros Britannos Inclitos Guerreiros.

There's Homer for you!



pair, who will give you oranges and wine, and a tune on the guitar, if you are fond of music.

The quintas or country residences of the English merchants are delightful, and it is a pretty thing to spend a Madeiran afternoon in riding about in good company from one to another. They start you an exquisite luncheon of wines, oranges, and grapes at each, and as you have only just gotten into sunny climates you feel as if you could never be satiated with such repasts. I effected four trifles of this sort post meridiem, and one of Gordon's dinners at seven, which is a serious affair.

The English chapel is an elegant and convenient building, situated on the skirts of the town, and literally embosomed in ever-springing roses and snow-white daturas. It cost an unconscionable sum of money, but the edifice and the liberal maintenance of a clergyman are an honor to the merchants.

I called upon the Governor Dom Manoel de Portugal, who has the credit of being a bastard-son of some one of the royal family. He is a little prim gentleman, and talks French besides his vernacular. The government house is much blocked up, but there are two very fine state rooms in it, and from the windows there is a lovely view of the sea.

But the great sight of Madeira, perhaps one of the great sights of the world, is the awful Corral. Those who have travelled, know how vexatious it is to feel our utter inability to convey to a third person an image of the things which have struck ourselves with admiration; I felt this and I feel it now in all its painfulness, yet I must say in a few words what the Corral is. I rode sixteen miles into the interior of the island; the road was a steep or gentle ascent the whole way, at first winding under trceries of vines and amongst avenues of oranges, but latterly broken and wild, and barely distinguishable in the fallen leaves under the groves of trees. At length we came out at the bottom of a valley, on one side of which was a luxuriant carpet of heaths and furze, on the other a low wood, and the ends closed up with mountains covered with a short grass, and impeded with countless masses of granite and other stones lying about in singular confusion. Our way lay over this hilly down, and hard work it was to make any progress, though our mules did their utmost to pick out a path amongst the fragments. When I attained the top, I absolutely started with terror, and so unexpected was the scene, that it was a minute or two before I could steadily look at it. Immediately before me an enormous chasm opened of two miles or



more in length, about half a mile in breadth, and some four thousand feet in depth. The bottom was a narrow and level plain, with a river running through it, and a nunnery with its church\*. Right opposite to me the rocks rose as a wall, and shot upwards into the sky in long tottering precipices; the clouds lay in motionless strata below, but higher up they were careering rapidly amongst the craggy pinnacles, sometimes entirely burying them, then showing a black islet emerging through them, and sometimes sweeping off for a season and revealing the whole stupendous mass piercing the blue heavens. The ravine contracts at either end into an acute angle, and a natural bridge or causeway forms a communication for men and mules going to San Vicente; beyond this another chasm, not so deep, but broader, lies before you; this closes partly at the extremity, and through a small opening the sea gleams in the distance. A friend of mine, who knew Switzerland, said he had never seen any thing in the Alpine country so wonderfully sublime as this place. From this station we looked back upon Funchal and distinctly made out the ships at anchor in the bay. After we had

\* I believe this nunnery was intended as an asylum for the females of all the religious houses in the island in case of invasion or other danger.



wandered about for some hours, we spread a capital cold dinner on the grass, ate veal pye and turkey, and drank porter and wine on the brink of the Corral. After we had devoured as much as we could, we retired, and the porters and muleteers turned to in our places, and cleared decks so completely that, like *Æsop*, they had nothing but empty bottles and baskets to carry home on their shoulders.

Reader, if your whim or your necessities should lead you to Madeira, go for my sake to the nunnery of Santa Clara. It is at the western end of Funchal, and you may buy there the prettiest flowers for your sweetheart's hair, and the most ingenious toys in wax that are in the world. The nuns sell them very cheap, and all they get from you goes in real charity to themselves or their pensioners. Perhaps also you may see poor Maria, if she be not dead; if she comes, speak to her very kindly, and give my love to her;—but you do not know me, or poor Maria either.

Maria Clementina, the youngest child of Pedro Agostinho, was born in Madeira. Her parents had an unusually large family, and were laboring under some embarrassment from the unfavorable termination of an important lawsuit. What unfortunate event coincided with her birth, I know

not, but Maria was disliked by her father and mother from the first years of her infancy. Her brothers neglected her in obedience to their parents, and her sisters, who were very ugly, hated her for her beauty. Every one else in Funchal and the neighbourhood loved her, and she had many offers of marriage at thirteen years of age, which the little maiden laughed at and forwarded to her elder sisters. The more she was petted abroad, the more was she persecuted at home. She was treated at length like Cinderella, with no chance of a fairy to help her. Amongst other arrangements for the purchase of commissions for two of his sons, and for giving portions to two of his daughters, Pedro Agostinho determined to sacrifice his best and sweetest child Maria. At eighteen she was placed as a novice in this nunnery, at nineteen she took the veil and renounced the world for ever. At this time she was the most beautiful girl in the island, and, what is remarkable in a Portuguese, of a fair complexion, with a brilliant color, blue eyes, and very long and glossy brown hair.

A year after this, the Constitutional Government was established in Portugal, and one of the first and wisest acts of the Cortes was to order the



doors of all religious houses to be thrown open. Santa Clara was visited by friends and strangers, some to see the church, some to see the garden, and some to see the nuns. Amongst others a Portuguese officer, at that time quartered in Funchal, saw and fell in love with Maria; he was a handsome youth, of a good family, and Maria returned his love with an earnestness which perhaps had as much a desire of liberty as female passion in it. A nun is emancipated from her parents, and the law declared the vow of celibacy null and void. The marriage was determined on, her hair permitted to grow again, her clothes prepared, and the wedding-day fixed. Maria fell ill, and the physician enjoined perfect quiet for some time. The wedding was fatally postponed to another day, and before that day arrived, his Faithful Majesty had dissolved his parliament, and, fearful lest Heaven should lose one more of its daughters, had revoked the law of the Cortes, and despatched an express to notify as much to his subjects in Madeira. Maria rose from her bed of sickness to return to her cell and her rosary; her lengthening ringlets were again mercilessly shorn; the mob cap, the leathern corset, the serge gown were laid before her, and some old Egyptians, who could not better them-



selves elsewhere, bade her return thanks to God that she had so narrowly escaped mixing again in the vanities of the world.

On the 5th of January, a few hours before we sailed from Madeira, I walked with a handsome and very agreeable Englishwoman to visit Santa Clara. I was very anxious to see Maria, whose story I knew. After a little hesitation on the part of two or three venerable ladies, who first presented themselves at the great door of the house, Maria was summoned. She came to us with a smiling countenance, and kissed my companion repeatedly. Her color was gone, but she was still beautifully fair, and the exquisite shape of her neck and the nobleness of her forehead were visible under the disadvantage of a dress as ungraceful as was ever invented for the purpose of mortifying female vanity. She spoke her language with that pretty lisp which, I believe, the critics of Lisbon pronounce to be a vicious peculiarity of the natives of Madeira, but also with a correctness and an energy that indicated a powerful and ingenuous mind. I took half of a large bunch of violets which I had in my hand and gave them to my friend to present to her. Flowers are a dialect of Portuguese which is soon learnt. She took them, curtesied very low,

opened the folds of a muslin neck kerchief, and dropped them loose on her snowy bosom.

The vesper bell sounded, the door was closed between the nun and the world, but she beckoned us to go into their church. We did so; it is one of the finest in the island, and very curiously lined with a sort of porcelain; attached to its western end is the chapel of the nuns, and a double iron grating to enable them to hear and participate in the service of the mass. Maria came with some flowers in her hand which she had been gathering in the garden. She took four of them from the rest, and gave them to me through the bars. "São immortaes," said she; they were some common everlasting.

"Que idade tem vm. senhora?" said I.

"Vinte e hum annos!"

"E se chama—" I added.

"Maria."

"E Clementina tambem?"

"Sim, nos tempos passados \*."

I leaned as close as I could and spoke a few

\* "How old are you?" "Twenty-one."

"And your name is—" "Maria."

"And Clementina as well?" "Yes, in by gone days."



words in a low tone, which she did not seem to understand. "Naõ entende," said I\*.

"Sim, sim," interrupted Maria, "entendo bem; diga."

"Está vm. feliz, senhora†?"

The abbess, who was engaged with my companion, turned her head, and Maria answered with an air of gaiety, "O sim, muito feliz‡."

I shook my head as in doubt. A minute elapsed, and the abbess was occupied again. Maria put her hands through the grating, took one of mine, and made me feel a thin gold ring on her little finger, and then, pressing my hand closely, said, in an accent which I still hear; "Naõ, naõ, naõ; tenho dor do coração§."

The service began; the old nuns croaked like frogs, and the young ones paced up and down, round and about, in strange and fanciful figures, chaunting as sweetly as caged Canary birds. I gazed at them for a long time with feelings that cannot be told, and when it was time to go, I caught Maria's eye, and made her a slight but earnest bow. She dropped a curtesy which seemed a genu-

\* "She does not understand."

† "Yes, yes, I understand well; speak." "Are you happy, lady?"

‡ "O yes, very happy."

§ "No, no, no; I have the heart-ache."



flection to her neighbour, raised a violet behind her service-book to her mouth, held it, looked at it, and kissed it in token of an eternal farewell.

I wish to know whether there would have been any harm in my accepting the captain's offer of his coxswain and gig's crew, and running away with Maria Clementina. The thing was perfectly easy, as we all agreed at the time; at the principal door there was no grating, and in the court none but maimed or decrepit persons; three men should stand at the outer gate and prevent any egress till we had brought our prize down to the Loo Rock; in a quarter of an hour we should be on board a man of war, and even if they had taken the alarm and fired from the battery, it is perfectly well known that the Portuguese government never allows more than one half of the due charge of powder to its artillery, and so we might have laughed at their impotent attempts. But what could I have done with my nun? Her lover was, heaven knows where, and as to conjugating myself, although Maria was a very lovely girl, I happen to have my hands quite full for the present. So God bless thee, and again in very sorrow I say, God bless thee infinitely, sweet and unfortunate Madeiran! If I were a Tory, as sure I am not, I would pray the Cortes might get on their legs again, if it were only to let thee out of thy prison.

## CROSSING THE TROPIC.

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ABOUT six in the evening of the 17th of January, a sail was discovered to windward on the larboard bow. Shortly afterwards the man on the fore-top gallant yard saw that she was making towards us on the other tack. There seemed to be something mysterious in the appearance of this sail and the course she was keeping; unless she came from Sierra Leone, no one could imagine what she was. The captain eyed her with his glass; she was under courses and top-sails, with her jibs flying, and a broad pendant at the mast head. Yet she made no signal, and was nearing us fast.

The sun went down into the sea as a great palpable sphere of flame, and the stars came out as stars only come out over the bosom of the central Atlantic. I had been hanging over the windward gangway\*, and gazing on the sea till my eyes

\* But I recommend no one to follow my example; the draft is very great, and is sure to develope any rheumatic tendencies you may accidentally possess.



swam; and methought a fair and languid shape rose ever and anon between the foamy crests of the purple waves, looking Eugenia at me, and beckoning and speaking, though I could not hear, and pointing down to ocean, and then long and steadily to heaven, whereat I trembled and sighed, and fears and suspicious fancies, and thoughts of dead things, and musings of preternatural agencies, absorbed my senses, when on a sudden a tremendous conch roar, issuing from under the bows of the ship, startled me from my reverie. It was eight o'clock, and a hoarse piratical Atlantic voice hailed us and demanded who we were; the captain answered with his hat off, for it seems he had been on the station before and recognized the awful sound, and having told our name and other log-book particulars, concluded, by requesting His Majesty to come on board. Neptune, for it now appeared to be indeed no other than this awful personage, replied that he could not leave his car that night, but he would visit us the next morning. He said; the conchs Tritonian sounded again, the god rushed by in a flaming chariot like unto a tar barrel, which the sailor heaves upon the forecastle, what time he tars the newly twisted yarn; and from yards and masts, main top, top-gallant and royal, down came an avalanche of water, which



laid some dozen of unwary mariners sprawling in an inundation of Neptunian ichor.

At nine the next morning the king came in through one of the bridle ports. He was seated on what men would have supposed to be a gun-carriage, and drawn by four marine monsters. Amphitritty was by his side, and their only child, the heir of the sea, was in her arms. The king was crowned with Atlantic water-flowers, and he bore in his hand the trident which sailors have imitated in the common grange. He was preceded by six Tritons, whom I had so often wished to see and hear after reading Wordsworth's sonnet\*, and Mercury came with wings, caduceus and a scroll under his arm. A white bear, who seemed to have come from Regent's Inlet on an iceberg, which melted in latitude 50° and left him to shift for himself, acted as body guard, and another troop of Tritons closed the cavalcade. We all took off our hats; civil things passed between Neptune and the captain; the man complained that the trades were kept too far to the south now, and the god declared that as he travelled by steam himself, he was wholly unaware of the fact, but that he would order them up forthwith; and then he desired all his children, who had not entered his kingdom's capital province

\* "The world is too much with us—"

before, to listen to his public crier, and willingly do accordingly. While I was giving the bear cake to eat, Mercury read an oration, some parts of which were hermetically sealed from my comprehension; however, he urged us to admire Amphitritty, a woman, as he assured us, as remarkable for the hamiableness of her disposition, as, we saw, she was for the helegancy of her person. He finished by repeating to us youngsters those three invaluable maxims which will carry a man safe through the world.

1. Never heave anything to windward except hot water and ashes.

2. Never drink small beer when you can get strong, unless you like small beer better.

3. Never kiss the maid when you may kiss the mistress, unless, as aforesaid, you happen to like kissing the maid better.

The pageant passed off; but two water bailiffs came and tapped me on the shoulder, with a "You're wanted." It made me think of my debts. They wished to blindfold me, but I was determined to be shaved, like Ney, with my eyes wide open. As I walked slowly to the fore-castle I was considerably washed by a dozen buckets of water sent down upon me from the main top and yard; then I mounted the ladder; at the top stood the



doctor on one side and the barber on the other; the medical man felt my pulse, said it fluttered a little, and gave me a saline draft from an eau de Cologne bottle, and gently pushed me into a deep purse bag half full of water. Thrice I essayed to get out; thrice the pensile sail tripped me up, and Bear, ungrateful Bear, who was rolling about at the bottom, caught me in an amorous hug, and dallied with me with his tarry palms. At last I doubled him up with a smashing hit in the wind, stood upon him and clambered out, knocked down the shaver, and ran through a Niagara of water to my cabin.

After this, Ducking began in all its forms, under every possible modification of splashing and immersion. There was the Duck courteous, the Duck oblique, the Duck direct, the Duck upright, the Duck downright, the bucket Duck, the tub Duck, the shower Duck, and the Duck and Drake.

“ There was water, water everywhere,  
And not a drop to drink.”

A fine water-piece.

But Neptune sent the trades. Full on our larboard quarter did they blow, every sail was set, the flying fish glided by us, bonitos and albigores played round the bows, dolphins gleamed in our



wake, ever and anon a shark, and once a great emerald-colored whale kept us company, till, on the morning of the 29th of January, we made the green shores of Barbados, and cast our anchor in Carlisle Bay.

## BARBADOS.

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How a man's heart swells within him, when, after sea and sky and sky and sea for nearly a month, he first sees the kindly land beckon to him over the salt waves ! And that land tropical ! Carlisle Bay sleeping like an infant, and countenanced like the sky on a June morning, the warrior pendants, the merchant signals, the graceful gleaming boats, the dark sailors, the circling town, the silver strand and the long shrouding avenues of immortal palms greenly fringing the blue ocean ! It is a beautiful scene in itself, but thrice beautiful is it to the weary mariner who deeply feels that land was made for him.

I was present when the first Protestant bishop arrived in the bay, and the landing was a spectacle which I shall not easily forget. The ships of war were dressed and their yards manned, and salutes fired ; this was pretty and common ; but such a sight as the Carenage presented very few have ever witnessed. On the quay, on the mole, on boats, on posts, on house tops, through doors and windows, wherever a human foot could stand, was

one appalling mass of black faces. As the barge passed slowly along, the emotions of the multitude were absolutely tremendous; they threw up their arms and waved their handkerchiefs, they danced, and jumped, and rolled on the ground, they sung and screamed and shouted and roared, till the whole surface of the place seemed to be one huge grin of delight. Then they broke out into a thousand wild exclamations of joy and passionate congratulations, uttered with such vehemence that, new as it was then to me, it made me tremble, and gave me a deep sense of the nervous irritability and violent feelings of a people with whom I was becoming for the first time acquainted.

Barbados is the most ancient colony in the British empire. It has never changed hands, and been invaded once only by the forces of the Long Parliament\*. It was the asylum for the royalists,

\* Sir George Ascue appeared off Bridge Town on the 16th October, 1651, and seized a few ships in Carlisle Bay; but Francis Lord Willoughby, the governor, presented such a determined front, that the parliamentary leader could effect no landing till the January following, when he carried the fort at Speight's after a severe struggle. On the 16th of the same month an easy and honorable capitulation took place, and Lord Willoughby went to Europe.

In 1664 De Ruyter attacked the forts in Carlisle Bay, but met with such a reception that he prudently sheered off to leeward.



as Jamaica afterwards became for the republicans. Many of the present families are lineally descended from the original planters, and the estates bear names which may be found in Ligon and the early memorialists of the island. It is generally level, except in the north-eastern quarter, called Scotland, where the highest land is about 1,100 feet from the sea. The soil for the most part is a thin superficies, upon a mass of coralline rag, which protrudes through it, wherever there is an angle or a fissure, and so very precious is the mould, that means are usually taken at the bottom of shelving fields to prevent its being carried away by the torrents in the rainy season. Barbados is without that central accumulation of hills which is almost universal in the other Antilles, and I should therefore doubt its being of volcanic formation. It is considered to be exhausted, and manure is as necessary as in England. Under these circumstances it is astonishing to see the amount of the production. The island is something less than the Isle of Wight; it exports at an average upwards of 314,000 cwts. of sugar annually, besides poultry to the Leeward colonies; it contains about 110,000 souls\*, who find their

\* In 1674 it was calculated that 50,000 white and 70,000 colored persons lived on the island. The history of a large proportion of these whites is very curious in the present day.

means of subsistence upon that part of the residue of the soil which is not occupied by woods, and

“ The island,” says Ligon, “ is divided into three sorts of men, viz. masters, servants, and slaves. The slaves and their posterity, being subject to their masters for ever, are kept and preserved with greater care than the servants, who are theirs but for five years, according to the law of the island. So that for the time, the servants have the worser lives, for they are put to very hard labor, ill lodging, and their dyet very sleight.” And then after an account of the slaves, he goes on thus : “ As for the usage of the servants, it is much as the master is, merciful or cruel ; those that are merciful, treat their servants well, both in their meat, drink and lodging, and give them such work as is not unfit for a Christian to do. But if the masters be cruel, the servants have very wearisome and miserable lives. Upon the arrival of any ship, that brings servants to the island, the planters go aboard ; and having bought such of them as they like, send them with a guid to his plantation ; and being come, commands them instantly to make their cabins, which they not knowing how to do, are to be advised by other of their servants, that are their seniors ; but if they be churlish, and will not shew them, or if materials be wanting to make them cabins, then they are to lye on the ground that night. These cabins are to be made of sticks, withs and Plantine leaves, under some little shade that may keep the rain off ; their suppers being a few potatoes for meat, and water or mobbie for drink. The next day they are rung out with a bell to work at six a clock in the morning, with a severe overseer to command them, till the bell ring again, which is at eleven a clock ; and then they return and are set to dinner, either with a mess of lob-lolly, bonavist or potatoes.



they import only flour and salt fish from North America in no very considerable quantities. Yet it is notorious that the negroes live here much better than in any other colony, and they increase in numbers every year.

Bridge Town lies round the bay, is nearly two miles in length, scarcely half a mile in breadth, and contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants. There are some handsome houses in it, and many which are very convenient within, but the want of our shop windows, and the extreme irregularity of the buildings, take away all appearance of splendor. There is a square or open place with a good statue

At one a clock they are rung out again to the field, there to work till six, and then home again to a supper of the same. And if it chance to rain and wet them through, they have no shift, but must lye so all night. If they put off their cloaths, the cold of the night will strike into them ; and if they be not strong men, this ill lodging will put them into a sickness ; if they complain, they are beaten by the overseer ; if they resist, their time is doubled. I have seen an overseer beat a servant with a cane about the head till the blood has followed, for a fault that is not worth the speaking of ; and yet he must have patience, or worse will follow. Truly I have seen such cruelty there done to servants, as I did not think one Christian could have done to another."

These servants were Englishmen of the time of the Long Parliament. Verily may we say—

*Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.*



of Nelson, a great favorite in the West Indies, in the centre, and one or two large chemists' shops on the sides, which are always the most respectable in look of any in West Indian towns. The Cathedral is large and plain, with a tower just raised above the roof; for the Barbadians have the fear of hurricanes so constantly before their eyes, that they seem to have thought a tower twenty feet high a kind of provoking of Providence. Hence most of the churches look like our methodist meeting-houses, which is an exceedingly unpleasant association to a man of ordinary taste. The foundation of another church has now been laid in an open space in a distant part of the town, which, though not quite so capacious, will be a much more elegant building than the cathedral. Heaven also is to be tempted by a reasonable tower erected thereon. One great advantage may be expected from this undertaking, by the people having ocular demonstration of the superior convenience of the new mode of pewing over the huge inclosures, which at present render three fifths of the area of a West Indian church useless. There are two literary societies in the town, which consist of all the leading persons in the colony, have good libraries, and give four times per annum very luculent dinners, whereof once and again,—but of that at

another time. There is also an agricultural society, and one or two commercial rooms. Beyond the cathedral is the King's house, which belongs to the commander of the forces on the station, and half a mile farther on in the country, the Government house, called Pilgrim\*. At the southern extremity of the town is the garrison of St. Ann's, the barracks of which are large and spacious buildings with covered galleries running round them, and the parade is one of the finest I ever saw.

His Majesty's council, the general assembly, the judges, the juries, the debtors and the felons, all live together in the same house. It is a large one, with an open space around it, and inclosed by a wall. With whom the mere right to the tenement is, I could not learn; whether the legislature lends it to the judicature, or whether both are only tenants at will to the worshipful company of debtors and rogues, is a point not clearly ascertained. I am inclined however to think that the latter gentlemen have the title-deeds, from observing that they invariably do the honors of the house to all the rest. Their civility is unbounded; they help you out of your carriage and hold your horse and

\* This house was built in 1703 for Sir Bevill Granville, the Governor. The Governors had previously resided at Fontabelle.



your stirrup, they line the staircase on either side in token of respect to you, show you through their apartments, and are forward to give you every piece of information which the most expert cicerone can furnish. Their loyalty is without suspicion; in sign whereof, they turn out of their best bedroom to make way for a session of the council, and their civic patriotism is as clear, from the interest they display in the public debates—the men, the women and the children crowding inquisitively round the open door of the council, and lounging in the gallery, or leaning familiarly over the rails in the hall of the assembly. These are their virtues; a few failings they have, such as the habit of not returning any thing left in their house, an appetency after the contents of a stranger's coat pocket, and a somewhat too profuse employment of the imprecatory part of the Barbadian dialect. But seriously it is scarcely consistent with the dignity of the most ancient, most loyal, and most windward colony in the West Indies to join their House of Lords, St. Stephen's, Westminster Hall, Newgate and Marshalsea all in one; recte dividere is a great matter in building houses as in arguing cases, and it might be well to consider how far familiarity, even with personages of such high character, may not breed something like contempt. If



I sit down to dinner with a professed scoundrel, he absorbs a portion of my good character, and I receive a like portion of his bad one, till an equilibrium having taken place, we both rise, in the opinion of by-standers, a couple of scoundrels together.

In truth this jail, like every other in the West Indies except those in Port of Spain and Kingstown, is infamous. It would not cost £200 a year to reform it. Some sort of classification should be enforced, such at least as of debtors, felons and women; no intercourse between these several divisions, or between any of them and the town, should upon any account be allowed; a very deserving young clergyman of the name of Packer has indeed already been appointed at the earnest instances of the bishop to attend to the prisoners; regular visitations of magistrates should be established, and above all a capacious tread-wheel should be forthwith erected. The money laid out on this sovereign machine would be saved in the first year by the reduction of the usual jail expenses. Herbert or White would make the article of pitch pine, and it is almost impossible to set bounds to the improvement, which might be expected to take place in the public character under the mild influence of this blessed invention. The fact is, the thing is

found to answer exceedingly well in Trinidad, and Barbados would be the better for following the example.

There are three other towns in the island. Hole town is a collection of five or six houses on the sea shore about seven miles from the capital, and is remarkable only for having been the first settlement of the English, who landed in the neighbourhood, and called their hamlet James Town, in honor of the first Stuart. Speight's town or Spikes, as it is commonly pronounced, is a pretty large place, seven miles farther on the coast; it has a roadstead and wharf, and formerly exported a great deal of sugar directly to England, but the usual practice now is to send it by droghers or small cutters to Carlisle bay. There is a daily communication by water between Speights and Bridge Town; it is a very beautiful excursion, and the wind rarely fails either way. The population of the place is colored in a very large proportion, and you may walk some time in the street before you will meet a white or black man or woman. The church is very neat, but the pulpit is a fathom too high, a common fault in the West Indies, where they fancy, the higher the preacher is placed, the more sublime will the sermon be. To be sure, by this arrangement every class of persons must of necessity understand the



clergyman, which is something at all events. The view from Dover Hill, a fortress and signal station, half a mile from the town, is very interesting. The houses are nearly lost in the foliage of gardens, and the almost painted sea shines in still sky-blue between the slender stems of the thousands of cocoa-nut trees, which form a green fence upon the shore. One great inconvenience in travelling along the leeward side of the island is the sand, which especially in Speights is so deep, that a heavy carriage is sure to stick fast in it. What with the whiteness of this sand, and the shelving tables of land to the east, which keep off every breath of wind, it is one of the most oppressive rides in Barbados. I thought it would have given me the ophthalmia. As you pass along, you see the remnants of old forts at very short intervals, with a great number of guns, most of them honey-combed, dismounted, or even half buried in the earth. The other town is called Oistin's, or Austin's, not from St. Augustin, but from a certain lewd fellow of the name who lived here and loved rum and a main of cocks dearly. It is a few miles to windward of Bridge Town, and of that magnitude that my Lord Seaforth, upon first visiting it, turned round to his aides-de-camp, and said—

"Gentlemen, keep close ! or I shall be out of the town before you are in it."

The central school is a large and convenient building nearly opposite the king's house, and within two minutes walk of the cathedral. It is impossible to speak in too high terms of this excellent institution, which reflects upon Lord Combermere who promoted, and the legislature which liberally seconded the undertaking, the utmost credit. At present about 160 white children are educated here, precisely upon the plan of the national schools in England; all of them are fed during the day, and the major part are well lodged. The beneficial effects of this charity are already confessed on all hands; principles of sobriety and devotion are instilled into their minds, and habits of regularity and peaceful subordination are enforced. From this class of boys, the master tradesmen, mechanics, overseers and even managers will hereafter be supplied; and when it is considered how much the comforts and improvement of the slaves must depend upon the characters of these persons, their education will be found to be, as it really is, a direct measure of general amelioration. The foundation of another school in the neighbourhood has also been laid by the bishop, which



is to be devoted entirely to girls, who are to be thus separated from the boys, and boarded and lodged by themselves. It is but common justice to say that these are favorite institutions, and that the chief people of the colony, male and female, spare neither pains or expense in maintaining and strengthening them.

There is a large school of colored children, chiefly free, in the town, which was formerly supported by the Church Missionary Society, but has since been put by the colored managers of it entirely under the bishop's superintendence. The children are very well behaved, very docile, very sensible of the advantages which they acquire by a system of methodical instruction; and the actual difference between them and their untaught brethren of the same color and sometimes same condition would convince any unprejudiced witness, that it is not to emancipation but to education that the sincere philanthropist ought to direct his present labors. Four more schools have been opened by the indefatigable bishop for boys and girls respectively; they are maintained at the expense of government; any color is admitted upon the simple conditions of cleanliness and constant attendance, and the instruction is gratuitous. These schools are scattered about in the parts of the town prin-

cipally inhabited by the colored people, who are by these means more readily induced to send their children. These children are chiefly of the lowest order of the free colored and of the domestic and mechanic slaves in Bridge Town and the immediate vicinity. They are not at present taught to write, a point certainly not of any vital importance, and wisely conceded to prejudices which will in due time melt away under a conviction of the propriety of the knowledge and the futility of the prohibition.

Codrington College is romantically situated on the borders of the Barbadian Scotland; a steep cliff rises on one side of it, from the foot of which an avenue of magnificent cabbage trees leads up to the lawn in front of the building, and on the other side the ground gradually slopes away to some small rocks over the sea. No position could have been more convenient in every respect; it is retired, possesses a running stream of water, and is ever refreshed by the virgin breezes of the Atlantic. The original plan of the edifice was quadrangular or perhaps oblong; it actually consists of nothing but one of the long sides and slight projections of two others. It is an exceedingly massive affair, and seems hurricane and earthquake proof. An open archway, as at King's College,



Cambridge, corresponds, in the centre of the building, with the head of the avenue. It contains a large school-room with a niche, where the statue of Codrington ought certainly to be placed, a chapel very much out of order, a library with a few good books and plenty of rubbish, and spacious accommodations for sleeping up stairs. The Principal's lodge is on the same line, but detached from the college, and is without doubt one of the most delectable houses in the Antilles.

This institution, though at present all but useless, may be made the foundation and instrument of a great and lasting change in the entire West Indies. That it was originally intended as an university for youths and not a mere school for boys is evident from the terms of the founder's will, and it is in this light alone, and with a view of commencing and ultimately perfecting this character of it, that it deserves the most serious attention of the trustees, the insular legislatures, and even the government at home. It is quite monstrous that the object of so magnificent a charity, and such large actual funds, should be the support and instruction of fourteen or fifteen boys, who might be educated much better elsewhere in the island. If the colony were wanting in schools, which it is not, still the college would be a very

objectionable school from various causes connected with the mode of maintenance, and the contact with slaves, which it is not necessary to specify here; but in reality, as a school, the college is lost for all great purposes of improvement; it may or may not exist without affecting the state of society in the smallest degree; what is done there is not done well, and yet done at an enormous expense. As good colonial Latin and Greek, as far as Virgil and the *Analecta Minora*, and much better manners may be more cheaply taught in other parts of the island; and the support of the boys from the funds of the foundation is an unnecessary and therefore improper act of charity.

A great desideratum in the West Indies is a place of study and retirement for young men. As it is, those, who cannot afford the heavy expense of going to Oxford or Cambridge, are obliged to break off the yet unfinished work of instruction, to set up at seventeen or eighteen for men, and undertake the charge of duties for which they are utterly unqualified. They come away from school half educated in heart and intellect, and are then for the most part placed in situations, where every temptation to licentiousness besets their path, and many dangerous privileges are of necessity committed to their discretionary exercise. With re-



gard to the wants of the church, the deficiency is still more severely felt; the present plan of general improvement demands such a number of well informed youths for catechists or clergymen, as the islands under the actual system of things cannot supply; hence the necessity of bringing men from England, who are of course wholly unacquainted with the peculiar condition of the society in the midst of which they are to labor, or of employing in very difficult enterprizes persons who at the best perhaps have nothing but their good intentions to recommend them. If the interval between seventeen and twenty-three is hazardous in this country, what must it be in the West Indies, where there exists no retreat from the seductions of awakening passion, no scope or aid for the development of the higher and more latent powers of the human mind.

A college upon the plan of an university, that is to say, where a reasonable approach to universality of instruction is proposed, would supply this deficiency, remedy the consequent evils, and be a blessing and a source of blessings to the colonies. Its hall and lectures should be thrown open to every white resident in the British West Indies; for their rooms and commons the students should of course pay, and the surplus funds of the charity should be laid out in the erection of fellowships, in

salaries to professors, and prizes for youthful talent. Tutors of real zeal and undoubted ability should be provided at all events, and the Principal should be a man of that nerve and judgment which will be requisite in governing and defending a great and novel institution. The domestic economy of the college would be on a much simpler and less expensive plan than in our universities; less than half of what is now spent by the Creoles in travelling or idleness would decently maintain them, and I am convinced that want of money would never be any impediment to the full consummation of the project. The bishop, as visitor, should be made available in the way of superintendence, and perhaps order be taken in the proper quarters for license and authority to confer the usual academical degrees\*.

The trustees of Codrington College comprize a large portion of the learning and virtue of England; their disinterestedness is perfect, their intentions excellent, their care commendable. Their disposable funds are ample, and the trust estates remarkably flourishing. They deserve this prosperity; their zeal for the welfare of their slaves is

\* It is worthy of remark, for the purpose of obviating prejudices, that in the letters patent, which were intended to found Berkeley's college in the Bermudas, a power of conferring all the degrees was expressly given.



most exemplary, and they have gone to the utmost bounds of prudence in advancing the condition of those negroes whose happiness and salvation have been committed to them. A chapel and a school have been erected almost exclusively for their use, and a \* clergyman fixed amongst them whose talents, kindness and simplicity of manners are not more remarkable than his judgment and his piety. The attorney and manager are both of established character, the buildings, especially the hospital, in good order, and the negro huts comfortable. Under these circumstances, and with these means in their possession, the trustees incur a heavy responsibility: they have indeed a perfect right to assume the power of providing in a Christian manner for slaves in a Christian land, and they should treat all malignant insinuations of breach of trust, with a righteous scorn; but they must at the same time remember that the object of the charity is to educate the whites, and let not them or the public think this object exclusive of the other; so far from it, I am convinced that one of the most effectual measures for bettering the slaves would be a thorough and humanizing education of the masters themselves. Towards the attainment of this most desirable end, not

\* The Rev. John H. Pinder.

only in Barbados, but ultimately throughout the whole British West Indies, no man, or society of men, possesses so great means as the trustees of this institution, not merely from large and unfettered funds, but also from superior knowledge and freedom from prejudice. In all the widely extended operations of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, there is no instrument so ready, so safe, so prolific of future good as this college is, or may be made to be ; and without pretending to dictate to, or even admonish, the members of that venerable body, I cannot refrain from exhorting them most earnestly to draw this object closer to them than heretofore, and examine with hope and faith into its capabilities of perfection\*.

There are eleven churches in Barbados, one large chapel, called All Saints, the chapel in the College, and the above mentioned chapel on the

\* I have been informed that the substance of what I have here ventured to remark has for a considerable time been a subject of inquiry and deliberation to the Society. It is to be wished by every philanthropist that no obstacles may arise in any quarter to a thorough reformation of the present institution and a liberal communication of its advantages to the natives of the other islands. Barbados itself would augment its importance and its wealth by the confluence of strangers and the excitement of domestic industry.



Society's estate; a new church is now building in Bridge Town, and all these are in very respectable preservation. Another place of worship is still much wanted in the southern quarter of the town called the Bay, and one even more so in the seaside parts of St. Philip's parish. That there should be no church for the garrison, with an establishment of not less than two thousand persons of one sort or another, is a disgraceful circumstance, which it is to be hoped the proper department at home will not suffer to remain much longer. As it is, I trust it is no calumny, or even a great reflection, to say, that the military, ladies and all are forced to live without any observance of any public religious worship whatever. The reading of a few prayers in the open parade ground by the chaplain is really a complete farce, and so understood to be.

## TRINIDAD.

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AFTER about seven weeks residence in Barbados, I had the pleasure of accompanying the new bishop in his first visitation of his diocese. We were accommodated in the most comfortable manner by Captain Lawrence of H. M. S. Eden, sloop of war, and set sail for the south on Tuesday evening the 22d of March. We sighted Tobago on the larboard beam on the 24th, and were so baffled by light heading winds that we did not make the land of Trinidad till the afternoon of the 25th. The full moon was shooting a wild and lustrous glare through the crevices of a black mass of clouds, which hung half way down the mountains of the Main, when we sailed with a fresh breeze through the Boca Grande into the beautiful gulf of Paria. This passage is about four or five miles wide, and as I gazed with intense interest for the first time upon the shores of South America, I could not help thinking that the fitful glare and the dark atmosphere formed together an impressive emblem of the present state of that mighty continent. "May



thy darkness," I murmured, "thy moral and religious darkness pass away from thee, and light, and truth, and freedom, shine around thee hereafter in pure and unbroken splendor!"

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,  
Slaves by their own compulsion.

We anchored that night at a little distance from the mouth of Chaguaramus Bay, memorable as the scene of the capture of the island by Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Hereupon they tell the following story in Port of Spain. Admiral Apodaca, having with great gallantry burnt all his own ships except one 74, rode off to the town as fast as his horse would carry him, and himself announced the event to the astonished governor Chacon. "Only one ship has fallen into the enemy's hands! I have burnt the rest," said the admiral: "Burnt! burnt!" replied the governor; "but have you saved nothing?" "Si, Señor," exclaimed Apodaca with Castilian enthusiasm, "I have saved——Santiago de Compostella!"

——et ostendit signum fatale Jacobi.

It is a fact that the excellent Chacon was disgraced, and the scoundrel Admiral, whom the Spanish government ought to have requested the

English to shoot on the quarter deck of the only ship which he could not destroy, was eventually promoted.

We weighed anchor with the morning breeze, and stood down gently before its refreshing breath to the modern capital of the colony. I shall not be weak enough to attempt a detailed description of the enchanting scenery which presented itself to us; nothing but painting could hope even faintly to convey an image of it to the inhabitants of the Temperate Zone. Its parts may be just mentioned, and the imaginations of my readers may combine and color them as they please, sure that, let them conceive as deeply and as richly as they may, they will never attain to an adequate notion of the unspeakable loveliness of the original. The Gulf of the purest ultramarine, just wreathed into a smile and no more; on the right hand the mountains of Cumana with their summits lost in the clouds; on the left the immense precipices of Trinidad covered to the extremest height with gigantic trees which seemed to swim in the middle ether; the margin fringed with the evergreen mangroves, which were here hanging with their branches bathed in the water, and there themselves rising out of the midst of the soft waves; behind us the four mouths of the Dragon of Columbus with the verdant craggy



isles between them: before us Port of Spain with its beautiful churches, the great Savana, and the closing hills of Montserrat. Meanwhile the Eden gracefully bent beneath the freshening wind, (no other ship should ever sail on this lake of Paradise;) the long dark canoes glanced by us with their white sails almost kissing the sea, and enormous whales ever and anon lifted their monstrous bodies quite out of the water in strange gambols, and falling down created a tempest around them, and shot up columns of silver foam. We came to anchor two miles from shore, and had a boat race in the evening.

Port of Spain is by far the finest town I saw in the West Indies. The streets are wide, long, and laid out at right angles; no house is now allowed to be built of wood, and no erection of any sort can be made except in a prescribed line. There is a public walk embowered in trees and similar in all respects to the Terreiro in Funchal, and a spacious market place with a market house or shambles in excellent order and cleanliness. The Spanish and French females, their gay costume, their foreign language, and their unusual vivacity give this market the appearance of a merry fair in France. The Protestant church is beautifully situated, with a large inclosed lawn in front of it,

which is surrounded on two sides by the best houses in the town. The church itself is one of the most elegant and splendid things in the empire; it is wainscotted with the various rich woods of the island, and the pews are arranged with not more regularity than with a liberal consideration of the feelings of the colored people. These last sit in the area towards the western end, and the difference of their accommodation from that of the whites is scarcely perceptible. This circumstance is creditable to the colony, and might well be imitated in some other of the islands. There are no aisles, the roof sweeping in an elliptical arch from side to side; the altar, the western door, the organ and staircase, are all in a corresponding style of richness and propriety. It is more than worthy of the town, as it now is; it will be fit for it when it has become a city. When viewed from without it seems to want height, and though they say it cannot be better than it is, I must own I think the coup d'œil of the building and Port of Spain itself would be much improved by a greater elevation of the tower. There would be no impiety in such a thing here as in Barbados, for the hurricanes have never ventured so low as Trinidad\*. In another

\* I regret exceedingly to hear that earthquakes have



part of the town is an unfinished church for the Romanists; there is no roof as yet, but what is perfected is of even a still more costly and exquisite character than our own. The lateral walls certainly appear too thin to be able to support any weight laid upon them, but Abbé Legoffe has no fears on that head, and the facetious Abbé is a competent judge. At present the Romish service is enacted in a very rude chapel of wood, from which they are obliged during Lent to extend awnings into the street to afford a temporary receptacle for the worshippers who crowd in from the country.

St. Anne's, the residence of Sir Ralph Woodford, stands on a very gentle slope about half a mile from the town; the mountain forests rise almost immediately behind it, whilst the lawn and shrubbery give much of an English air to the whole place. There are some rare and valuable plants here, introduced by the governor, such as the nutmeg, which was flourishing in great vigor, the visited this island, and that serious injury has been done to this church and the government house.

It is a curious incident in the earthquake of last year that a man rode from St. Joseph's to Port of Spain on the day on which it happened without himself perceiving any shock, but upon comparing the times he recollected his horse giving a violent start and trembling in an unaccountable manner.

cinnamon and the clove. The nutmeg is a tree, and uncommonly beautiful; the others were bushes. The house, though plain, is beyond measure comfortable, and it will be some time before I forget the luxury of its matchless bath. The town, the church and the gulf lie in sight, and within a mile is the entrance of the famous valley of Maraval, and still farther on the coast the less celebrated but hardly less beautiful vale of Diego Martin with its single silk-cotton tree\* prevailing over it in desolate majesty. I hope that noble ornament of the place will never be cut down; it is but one, and let it remain amidst the softer cultivation around it, to show hereafter what harvests the earth once bore upon its bosom there. At about twenty feet from the ground the trunk of the silk-cotton tree diverges into buttresses of great prominence and size, so that if a covering were thrown over them, a very tolerable set of barracks might be organized for one man each round the enormous stem.

I love to recollect the days which I spent in Trinidad, and would fain record some of their events whilst the impressions which they made are still fresh upon my mind. Gentle reader, whilst thou pokest thy coal fire, and cleavest to the grate as

\* Bombax Ceiba.



if Satan were at thy back, think, O! think of the mercury at 94° of Fahrenheit!

On a morning of such a temper, the elixir cup of coffee being first duly quaffed, we, that is to say, the governor, the bishop, his lordship's two chaplains, your poor bookmaker and an honest man, Sainthill by name, started in landau and four, and in gig and one for La Pastora the residence of Antonio Gomez. And first we stopped at the governor's grog shop, the trivial name of a crystal spring which has been taught to gush forth from a rock on the way-side into a neat stone bason, whereat under the shade of a spreading evergreen the dark ladies of the country rejoice to lave their dusty feet, and indue the snowy stocking and the colored shoe or ever they enter the gallant streets of Puerto de España. Then we rambled on between hedges and trees, now in lanes and now in roads, leaving the little village of San Juan on the right, and crossing many a clear and brawling brook till we arrived, well toasted, at the sweet spot where we were to breakfast.

Antonio Gomez' plantation of cacao is one of the finest in the island. It lies on a very slight declivity at the bottom of a romantic amphitheatre of woody mountains. His house, together with the works of the estate, is situated at the edge of

the trees, and a quieter or more lovely spot no hermit ever chose to count his beads in for eternity! The cacao, which grows from ten to fifteen feet in height, is a delicate plant, and like a lady, cannot bear exposure to the direct rays of the sun; for this reason a certain portion of the wood is thinned and appropriated, the tall and umbrageous trees are left, and these form with their interwoven branches and evergreen leaves a sun-proof skreen, under cover of which the cacao flourishes in luxuriance and preserves her complexion. At a distance the plantation has the appearance of a forest advantageously distinguished by the long bare stems of tropic growth being shrouded with the rich green of the cacaos below, and here and there burning and flashing with the flame-colored foliage of the glorious Bois Immortel. One main road led through the plantation, and numberless avenues diverged from it to every other part. These alleys, as well as the whole plantation itself, were fringed with coffee bushes, which with their dark Portugal laurel leaves, jasmine blossoms and most subtle and exquisite perfume refreshed the senses and delighted the imagination. Water flowed in abundance through the wood, and gentle breezes fanned us as we sauntered along. If ever I turn planter, as I have often had thoughts of doing, I shall buy a cacao



plantation in Trinidad. The cane is, no doubt, a noble plant, and perhaps crop time presents a more lively and interesting scene than harvest in England; but there is so much trash, so many ill-odored negros, so much scum and sling and molasses that my nerves have sometimes sunken under it. "The sweat negociation of sugar," as old Ligon calls it, is indeed a sweaty affair; and methinks it were not good for that most ancient and most loyal colony, Barbados, that her sons should often visit the sylvan glades, the deep retreats, the quiet and the coolness of the cacao plantations in Trinidad. But planters are not poetical. Sugar can surely never be cultivated in the West Indies except by the labor of negros, but I should think white men, creoles or not, might do all the work of a cacao plantation. The trouble of preparing this article for exportation is actually nothing when compared with the process of making sugar. But the main and essential difference is, that the whole cultivation and manufacture of cacao is carried on in the shade. People must come between Cancer and Capricorn to understand this.

I was well tired when we got back to Antonio's house. What a pleasant breakfast we had, and what a cup of chocolate they gave me by way of a beginning! So pure, so genuine, with such a

divine aroma exhaling from it! Mercy on me! what a soul-stifling compost of brown sugar, powdered brick and rhubarb have I not swallowed in England instead of the light and exquisite cacao!

*Νήπιος· ἀλλ' οὐκ αὖθις—*

I love the Spanish ladies to my heart; after my own dear and beautiful countrywomen I think a señorita would be my choice. Their dress is so gay yet so modest, their walk so noble, their manners so quiet, so gentle and so collected. They have none of that undue vivacity, that much ado about nothing, that animal conceit which disgusts me in the Gauls. A Spanish woman, whether her education have been as finished or not, is in her nature a superior being. Her majestic forehead, her dark and thoughtful eye assure you that she hath communed with herself. She can bear to be left in solitude; yet what a look is hers, if she is animated by mirth or love! Then, like a goddess, she launches forth that subtle light from within,

*Ce trait de feu qui des yeux passe à l'ame,  
De l'ame aux sens.*

She is poetical if not a poet, her imagination is high and chivalrous, and she speaks the language in which romance was born. It is a favorite sub-



ject of exultation with me that twenty\* two millions of people speak English or Spanish in the New World. Their grammar and accent are perfectly pure in Trinidad, but, like all the South Americans, they have deflected from the standard of Castilian pronunciation†.

Soledad! thou wilt never read this book; few of those who will can ever know thee, and I shall never see thee again on this side of the grave. Therefore I write thy name whilst I yet remember thy face and hear thy voice, thou sweet and ingenious girl! And so having shaken hands with kind Antonio and his lady, with Patrica, and Dolores, and Lorenza, and all of them, we mounted our horses and took our leave.

We returned by another route through the woods, ascended a narrow pass called the Saddle, if I recollect right, and came in at the head of Maraval. We rode quite through this most lovely valley, and got back to St. Anne's tired, delighted and burnt to brick dust. The heat in the valleys

\* So says the all accomplished Humboldt, and it cannot be much less.

† They sound *c* as *s*, and *z* as in English, thus approaching towards the dialect of Portugal. By dialect I mean language, for Portuguese is as ancient and independent a derivative of Latin as Castilian itself.

is generally intense, as the great height of the mountains on either side excludes the wind and the rays of the vertical sun are collected almost into a focus. After resting and eating sufficiently, we went on board the *Eden* for an excursion to San Fernandez or Petit Bourg, a village of some importance about twenty miles or more on the coast to the south. However the wind failed and we all left His Majesty's ship, like uncourteous knaves as we were, and got into the steam-boat which attended upon us.

Sir Ralph Woodford told us that when this steamer was first started, he and a large party, as a mode of patronizing the undertaking, took a trip of pleasure in her through some of the Bocas into the main ocean. Almost every one got sick outside, and as they returned through the Boca Grande, there was no one on deck but the man at the helm and himself. When they were in the middle of the passage, a small privateer, such as commonly infested the gulf during the troubles in Colombia, was seen making all sail for the shore of Trinidad. Her course seemed unaccountable, but what was their surprize, when they observed that on nearing the coast the privateer never tacked, and finally that she ran herself directly on shore, her crew at the same time leaping out over the bows and sides



of the vessel, and scampering off, as if they were mad, some up the mountains and others into the thickets. This was so strange a sight, that Sir Ralph Woodford ordered the helmsman to steer for the privateer, that he might discover the cause of it. When they came close, the vessel appeared deserted; Sir Ralph went on board of her, and after searching various parts without finding any one, he at length opened a little side cabin and saw a man lying on a mat evidently with some broken limb. The man made an effort to put himself in a posture of supplication; he was pale as ashes, his teeth chattered and his hair stood on end. "Misericordia! misericordia! Ave Maria!" faltered forth the Colombian. Sir Ralph asked the man what was the cause of the strange conduct of the crew; "Misericordia!" was the only reply.

"¿Sabeis quien soy?"\* said the governor.

"El...el...O Señor! Misericordia! Ave Maria!" answered the smuggler.

It was a considerable time before the fellow could be brought back to his senses, when he gave this account of the matter;...that they saw a vessel apparently following them, with only two persons

\* "Do you know who I am?"

on board, and steering, without a single sail, directly in the teeth of the wind, current and tide ;

Against the breeze, against the tide  
She steadied with upright keel.

That they knew no ship could move in such a course by human means ; that they heard a deep roaring noise and saw an unusual agitation of the water, which their fears magnified ; finally that they concluded it to be a supernatural appearance, accordingly drove their own vessel ashore in an agony of terror and escaped as they could ; that he himself was not able to move, and that, when he heard Sir Ralph's footsteps, he verily and indeed believed that he was fallen into the hands of the Evil Spirit.

We arrived late at San Fernandez and had then to ride seven or eight miles into the interior to Mr. Mitchell's residence in the district of Naparima. The commandant's house, like most of those in the heart of the island, was of a different character from any that I had seen before. It was not so much an English planter's mansion as the spacious shed of an Indian chief. Its appearance, both outside and within, was nearly that of a substantial barn, except indeed that the roof was



thatched in a very neat manner with branches of the caratt palm, the pigeons perched on the cross beams, and the winds from half the points of the compass blew in through the open galleries. Our dinner, which was my third one on that day, was in excellent keeping. Mrs. M. an agreeable Scotch lady, had despatched her matador to the Bush, as the native forest is called, for delicacies, and he had been tolerably fortunate. Ah me! how we revelled on His Majesty's wild hogs, smacked our lips over an agouti, and chuckled over a tender lapp. A stately palmeto had been decapitated to afford us a dish of cabbage, a thing by the by which the voracious Dr. Pinckard implies of Barbados, where such atrocities are never dreamt of. True it is that Mrs. M. lamented with many apologies that she had not been able to give us a monkey or a guana, and the great drought made the best snakes shy and difficult to be caught. However we roughed it on porter and madeira, and were glad to retire to rest early. I slept on a sofa in the parlour. How often did I start up in the night at the rustling of the wind in the palm leaves, and see with momentary alarm the sparkles of fire which were ever and anon bursting forth from the roof! Sometimes one whole side of the room was distinctly illuminated by a congregation of the

flies; at others the single lamp just shot out its flame and then retired into gloom, as if the darkness had its pulsations of light. The dawn was ushered in by a serenade from my neighbours the monkies in the wood, who set up with one consent the most inhuman yell that ever was heard in this world. It was something between distant thunder, loose iron bars in a cart in Fleet Street, bagpipes, and drunken men laughing.

After breakfast we rode through the yet half-cultivated country in our way to the Indian Mission at Savana Grande. Nothing can be more wretched than the appearance of the land in the first process of clearing; fire is the principal agent, and the surface of the earth is obstructed with trunks and branches of trees black and ghastly with the conflagration. I am told that these trees are usually left to rot away, as the expense of drawing them off would be too heavy, besides that the soil is much enriched by the immense deposition of vegetable matter. But the still standing woods are magnificent. The most striking feature in their vegetation is the parasite race of plants... their variety, magnitude and colors are astonishing. It is often difficult to distinguish the standard tree from the luxuriant weeds which interlace and enmesh its branches with their tendrils in an indisso-



luble union. Many of these bear the most gorgeous flowers upon their bosoms of unfading green; the wild pine burns in the sun like a topaz rising out of a calix of emerald. From the topmost limbs of the giant fathers of the forest such as the silk-cotton tree, bois Le Seur\*, and various kinds of figuera, you see the creeper, like a cord, hanging down 150 feet, another grows down parallel with the first, the wind twists them together into bell-ropes, as Ligon well puts it; others are successively united in this way, till at length the creeper, now a stout sapling, fixes itself in the ground, takes root, and like a graceful pillar supports the mighty architrave above. Fresh creepers again form a tracery round these and around the parent tree, and swell by accretion to such an enormous size, that they put me in mind of the huge and endless folds of the strangling serpents of the Laocoon.

But nothing pleased me so much as the corn-bird's nest†. This bird, in order to lay her eggs in safety and defeat those ingenious hidalgos the monkies, weaves a kind of purse net, such as we see used in petty shops to contain balls of twine and other light articles. This she suspends by a

\* I do not pretend to spell this word correctly. I only caught it in conversation, and believe it is some man's name.

† The oriole or *sylvia pensilis* of Buffon, I believe.

twisted cord of creepers from the outermost limb of many of the great trees; at the bottom of the purse, which is the broadest part, lies the nest, and there she swings away backwards and forwards before the breeze in the prettiest manner imaginable. I believe she gets in at the bottom, but the extreme height prevented me from seeing the aperture. If a man were disposed to be fanciful, he would say that the Indians borrowed their chinchorro or hammock from the corn-bird's nest, though the bird has the advantage a thousand times over in airiness and motion. I took some credit to myself, when looking at these nests, for the following quotation:

Hush a bye! corn-bird; on the tree top  
When the wind blows thy cradle will rock;  
If the bough breaks, thy cradle will fall,  
Then down will come cradle and corn-bird and all.

Every one, who goes to Trinidad, should make a point of visiting the Indian missions of Arima and Savana Grande. They are wholly unlike any thing which I had ever seen before, and differ as much from the negro yard on the one hand as they do from an European-built town on the other. The village of Savana Grande consisted chiefly of two rows of houses in parallel lines with a spacious street or promenade between them, over which there was



so little travelling that the green grass was growing luxuriantly upon it. Each house is insulated by an interval of ten or fifteen feet on either side; they are large and lofty, and being beautifully constructed of spars of bamboo, and thatched with palm branches, they are always ventilated in the most agreeable manner. A projection of the roof in front is supported by posts, and forms a shady gallery, under which the Indians will sit for hours together in motionless silence. They seem to be the identical race of people whose forefathers Columbus discovered, and the Spaniards worked to death in Hispaniola. They are short in stature, (none that I saw exceeding five feet and six inches,) yellow in complexion, their eyes dark, their hair long, lank and glossy as a raven's wing; they have a remarkable space between the nostrils and the upper lip, and a breadth and massiveness between the shoulders that would do credit to the Farnese Hercules. Their hands and feet however are small-boned and delicately shaped. Nothing seems to affect them like other men; neither joy or sorrow, anger, or curiosity, take any hold of them. Both mind and body are drenched in the deepest apathy; the children lie quietly on their mothers' bosoms; silence is in their dwellings and idlesse in all their ways. Our party was sufficient of itself to have

attracted some attention, even if the Padre had not welcomed us with a furious salute from his two tin-kettle bells. The Indians were all summoned forth, and the alcalde and the regidores stood in front with their wands of office. These were nearly the only signs of life which they displayed; they neither smiled or spoke or moved, but stood like mortals in a deep trance having their eyes open. The governor gave a piece of money to each of the children, which was received with scarcely the smallest indication of pleasure or gratitude by them or their parents\*. They were much more completely clothed than the negros; the decency of the female dress was conspicuous, and both the maiden's and the mother's bosom were modestly shrouded from the gaze of man. The bestial exposure of this sacred part of a woman's form is the most disgusting thing in the manners of the West Indian slaves. The planters might and ought to correct this.

The amazing contrast between these Indians and the negros powerfully arrested my attention. Their complexions do not differ so much as their minds and dispositions. In the first, life stagnates; in the

\* They hardly justify the first part of the remark of Tacitus: *Gaudent muneribus, sed nec data imputant, nec acceptis obligantur.*



last, it is tremulous with irritability. The negroes cannot be silent; they talk in spite of themselves. Every passion acts upon them with strange intensity; their anger is sudden and furious, their mirth clamorous and excessive, their curiosity audacious, and their love the sheer demand for gratification of an ardent animal desire. Yet by their nature they are good-humored in the highest degree, and I know nothing more delightful than to be met by a group of negro girls, and be saluted with their kind "How d'ye, massa? how d'ye, massa?" their sparkling eyes and bunches of white teeth. It is said that even the slaves despise the Indians, and I think it very probable; the latter are decidedly inferior as intelligent beings. Indeed their history and existence form a deep subject for speculation. The flexibility of temper of the rest of mankind has been for the most part denied to them; they wither under transportation, they die under labor; they will never willingly or generally amalgamate with the races of Europe or Africa; if left to themselves with ample means of subsistence, they decrease in numbers every year; if compelled to any kind of improvement, they reluctantly acquiesce, and relapse with certainty the moment the external compulsion ceases. They shrink before the approach of other nations as it were by instinct;

they are now not known in vast countries of which they were once the only inhabitants; and it should almost seem that they have been destined by a mysterious Providence to people a third part of the globe, till in the appointed time the New World should be laid open to the Old, and the ceaseless and irresistible stream of population from the East should reach them and insensibly sweep them from off the face of the earth\*.

In this place were assembled by the governor's

\* The number of Indians at Savana Grande, is: Men 43

Women 56

Boys 64

Girls 66

at Arima . . . Men 60

Women 77

Boys 81

Girls 60

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Total 507

The Trinidad Almanac for 1824 states the total amount of Indians in the island thus—

Men 218

Women 234

Boys 222

Girls 219

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Total 893

giving an excess of only 13 females over the males, which I believe is not according to the due proportion in countries where population is on the increase.



order a division of free negro settlers, a part of that body of slaves who were excited to insurrection in some of the southern states of the North American Union by a British proclamation during the last war, and upon the ill-success of the expedition against New Orleans, were received on board the squadron commanded by Sir Alexander Cochrane, and finally dispersed about the West Indies, but chiefly, I believe, established in Trinidad. It was a deed *mali exempli*, and one which may be very easily played off hereafter against ourselves. This settlement comprizes about three hundred persons, and a very fine and jovial set of Yankees they are. It happened to rain hard at the time, and the padre of the mission was courteous enough to proffer the use of the chapel, into which accordingly we all entered with one consent. The Americans being after some time tolerably composed, their men on one side and their women and children on the other; the bishop standing before the altar, (the pyx being first duly removed), the padre on the right hand, the chaplains on the left, myself in a corner, *los señores regidores*, the *alcaldes* and *cacique* of the Indians bearing their wands of office, and *las señoras* their wives with their patient babies, both awaiting in deep resignation the explanation of this mystery, Sir Ralph

Woodford, in Windsor uniform, took his Leghorn hat off his head, vibrated his silver-studded Crowther with the grace of a Cicero, and, as the Spaniards say, *con gentil donayre y continente*, in *hunc modum locutus est*.

“ Silence there !... What for you make all dat dere noise? Me no tand dat, me can tell you. I hear that there have been great disturbances amongst you, that you have been quarrelling and fighting, and that in one case there has been a loss of life. Now, me tell you all flat...me no allow dat sort of ting...me take away your cutlashes, you savey dat? What for you fight? Because you nasty drunk with rum. You ought to be ashamed; you no longer now slave...King George have tak you from America, (you know dis much better place dan America), he make you free...What den? Me tell you all dis. .(what for you no make quiet your piccaninny\*, you great tall ting dere?... ) me tell dis...if you free, you no idle; you savey dat? You worky, but you worky for yourselve, and make grow noice yams and plantains...den your wives all fat, and your piccaninny tall and smooth. You try to make your picnies better and more savey dan yourselve. You all stupid...what den! no your fault dat...you no help it. Now but you free, act

\* Piccaninny . . . quasi pequeño niño.



for yourself like buckra, and you love your pic-nies? yes...well den, you be glad to send dem to school, make dem read, write, savey counting, and able pray God Almighty in good words, when you no savey do so yourself.

“ Now de bishop is come to do all this; His Majesty King George have sent him from England to take care of you and all of us; he is very much gentleman and he king, you savey, of all de parson. He savey every ting about you, he love you dearly, he come from England across the sea to see your face ..no you den very bad people, if you no obey him? Yes, you very bad, much wicked people if you don’t\*.”

Finierat Woodford; his harangue, of which the above is an imperfect sketch, produced a great effect, and a murmur of applause arose from the assembled Yankees; then the bishop addressed them, and as the governor had laid down the law civiliter, so he spoke to them spiritualiter; his manner was affectionate and impressive, his matter simple and cogent, and he concluded by solemnly

\* I have been taken to task for publishing this speech. The governor of Trinidad, who can speak almost every language in Europe with the purity and rapidity of a native, will only laugh at this playful sample of his incomparable talents in the *talky-talky* tongue.

blessing in the name of God the whole congregation. The padre was very complimentary in Andalusian, the negros elated in negro tongue, and the poor dear Indians quiet, staring, and as cognizant of the nature of what was going on as of the proceedings of the House of Commons. It was altogether a strange contrast of different natures and a theme for passing smiles and lasting thoughts.

According to appointment at nine the next morning, Mr. Mitchell's house was surrounded by a noisy multitude of men, women and children. Some came to be baptized, some to gossip, and some to be married. Many of the latter brought in their arms smiling arguments that the prayers of the church for fecundity would be superfluous. They all entered the house with perfect nonchalance, roamed about in every part of it, and laughed and gabbled in as unrestrained a manner as they would have done in their own huts. Mrs. Mitchell's parlour, where I had slept, was constituted baptistery and altar. A white cloth was spread on the table, and a large glass vase, filled with pure water, was placed in the middle. After about a quarter of an hour's arduous exertions on the part of the governor and commandant, these light-hearted creatures were reduced to as low a degree of noise, as their natures would admit. The bishop then read



the first part of the service, the whole party kneeling on the floor; but when the rite of aspersion came to be performed, there had like to have been a riot from the mothers struggling for the honor of first baptism at the bishop's hand. The two chaplains ministered till they streamed, and never did I hear such incessant squalling and screaming as arose from the refractory piccaninnies. I think seventy were baptized and registered, which was the most laborious part of all. We had some difficulty in collecting them for the conclusion of the service, but upon the whole the adult negros behaved exceedingly well, and displayed every appearance of unfeigned devotion.

And then came Hymen! Bless thine eyes, sweet divinity, how I love thee! Thou that camest so easily to those poor votaries, when wilt thou come to me? When wilt thou with a spark from thy golden torch set fire to political economy, and reduce to ashes the relation which sexagenarians have created between population and the means of subsistence?

About a dozen couples were agreed, but seven or eight more were influenced by the sweet contagion, and struck up a marriage on the spot, as we see done at the ends of the old comedies. One

woman, I remember, turned sulky and would not come to the scratch, but Chesapeak her lover was not to be so done; "Now you savey, Mol," said he, "me no tand your shim shams; me come to be married, and me *will* be married; you come beg me when I got another;" still Mol coquetted it; Chesapeak went out, staid five minutes, and, as I am a Christian man, brought in a much prettier girl under his arm, and was married to her forthwith. I have known cases in England, where something of this sort of manly conduct would have had a very salutary effect. Now a grand difficulty arose from there being no rings; those in the women's ears were too large by half. Hereupon I took...not thy hair, my Eugenia! oh no...but a gold hoop which my good father bought for me from a wandering Jew; this I proffered for the service of the sable bridegrooms, and I now wear it as a sort of charm as close as possible to Eugenia's hair. It noosed thirteen couples. I gave away most of the brides; one of them, a pretty French girl of the Romish faith, behaved very ill; she giggled so much that the clergyman threatened to desist from the ceremony, and her mate, a quiet and devout Protestant, was very angry with her. When she was kneeling after the blessing, I heard



her say to her husband,—“dit-on, Jean! hooka drole manière de se marier! hè! hè! hè!” I’ll warrant she leads her spouse a decent life of it.

The Pitch Lake is in this neighbourhood, but I was unable to visit it. The roads are made in a great measure of the bitumen, and there is a hot calcined smell always issuing from it during the action of the sun which is very disagreeable. Repeated experiments have been tried upon it, but it is found to be unfit, except at an enormous cost of preparation, for the use of ship-builders.

St. Joseph’s, the old capital of the island, is distant about ten miles from Port of Spain, and a little removed from the banks of the river Caroni. It has a fine parish church, with a spire, barracks for a detachment of soldiers which is usually kept here, and a few good houses besides. Here it was that Sir Walter Raleigh committed certain gentlemanly piracies, when he was on his first voyage to discover El Dorado. The Spanish governor, it appears, did not know his right hand from his left, a thing evidently as heinous as true, and which no doubt deserved to be severely punished by every Englishman. The commanding officer here, Major Taylor, had the finest collection of humming birds I ever saw. He had shot and stuffed them all him-

self with the assistance of a small negro game-keeper.

Arima is eight or nine miles farther on and is the principal mission of the Indians. They have one large square and a street or two, and the buildings are more substantial than at Savana Grande. The community is opulent in plantations of cacao, and is obliged to keep up a Casa Real, a prison, a large church, two schools and maintain their padre. Indians and free negroes are admitted into these schools, but the master of the boys told me there were no slaves. They were all taught to read and write, in the last of which the Indians seemed to excel. Some of their copies were beautiful specimens of penmanship. The room was divided into Troja, Cartago and Roma, and the chief book of instruction was the old *Caton Cristiano*, which with all its Romish garblings and foppery is a very good text book for the young savages. The horrible absurdity of the paintings in the church exceeded any thing in my experience of Romish licence. I am sure the bishop of Gerren can never approve of such gross blasphemy, and it might become him to exert his authority in putting an end to its existence.

The mummeries of this sect of Christians are



very comical in Trinidad. During Passion-week the congregation regularly hiss Judas out of church, and on the Saturday before Easter day he is always hung by the neck from a very lofty gibbet, and assailed with stones and execrations by all the devout part of the mob of the town. Three English sailors acquired considerable popularity and the reputation of being good Catholics by hurling some brickbats at the traitor with such success as to knock his head clean off from his wicked shoulders.

When I was in this island, there was a good deal of vexatious confusion about the intermarriages of Protestants and Romanists. Benedict XIV. issued a bull in 1741, in which "*dolens imprimis quam maxime Sanctitas sua, eos esse inter Catholicos qui, insano amore turpiter dementati, ab hisce detestabilibus connubiis, quæ sancta Mater Ecclesia perpetuo damnavit atque interdixit, ex animo non abhorrent, et prorsus sibi abstinendum non ducunt, laudansque magnopere zelum illorum Antistitum, qui severioribus propositis, spiritualibus pœnis Catholicos coercere student, ne sacrilego hoc vinculo sese Hæreticis jungant, Episcopos omnes, Vicarios Apostolicos, Parochos, Missionarios, et alios quoscunque Dei et Ecclesiæ fideles ministros in iis partibus degentes serio graviterque hortatur et monet, ut Catholicos utriusque sexus ab hujusmodi*

nuptiis in propriarum animarum perniciem ineundis, quantum possint, abstineant.

\* \* \* \*

“ At si forte” (there’s a peacemaker for your money after all those hard words !) “ at si forte,” but if by chance, says the Pope, there should be a few graceless rogues who will fall in love with a beautiful Protestant, why then in such a case, much indeed against the poor gentleman’s inclination, but still under the pressure of circumstances, His Holiness allows the marriage, and at the same time orders the sinner, as soon as the wedding is over, “ ut *pro gravissimo scelere, quod admisit*\*, *pœnitentiam agat, et veniam a Deo precetur.*” So here we have the Pope first denouncing a thing as a mortal sin, then permitting the sin to be committed, then sanctioning the sin by what he calls a sacrament, and *then* declaring that this sacramentary rite was all the while a most flagitious crime, and enjoining penitence and petition to God for a pardon of the same ! Comfortable pastime for a honeymoon, by my faith !

However this license for committing an atrocious sin, *gravissimum scelus*, was only sold to the Dutch and some few others ; and the difficulty has been

\* I doubt if the Provost of Eton would forgive the Pope himself his bad Latin.



to get it extended to our colonies where there is a Romish population. The good and sensible Bishop of Gerren has exerted himself very much in this behalf, and has at length succeeded in eliciting from Leo XII. a permit to Catholics to lead about a heretic wife with them. It was a pity to be obliged to excommunicate so many respectable young gentlemen who could not resist the assault of an English eye or the provocation of an English complexion. The poor Bishop could not make up his mind to it. Indeed he hardly hates heretics with any decent malignity.

There is a school in Port of Spain very liberally maintained, in which English, Spaniards, and French are taught indifferently upon the plan of the national instruction in England. The boys read and repeat English so well that it is difficult to detect the foreign accent; they all use the authorized version of the New Testament, and say the church catechism. This school however was not in good order; and the master, though an able man, had the reputation of being an irregular character and very neglectful of his duty.

The jail is the best in the Antilles, and really is respectable. An honest tread-wheel has been wisely provided, and this grand invention has been found to produce the same salutary effects in Trinidad,

which it has done wherever it has revolved its portly body.

Labatur in omne volubilis ævum!

It must accompany every step in the process of Emancipation.

As far as I could see or hear, the execution of the Orders in Council had created no permanent disturbance, and the planters themselves were willing to confess that a great deal of causeless violence had been displayed upon the occasion. The market on Sunday morning is allowed till half-past nine or ten, at which time the place is cleared. This measure at first excited great opposition, but it is now not thought of, or only remembered to be applauded. The institution of Banks for Petty Savings does not seem to be a wise plan of going to work in a society like this; the object should rather be to induce an appetite for comforts of dress and food which can only be purchased by the product of some labour\*. I would rather that a negro spent a dollar in buying a new hat than that

\* One of Berkeley's queries with reference to the Irish is,—'Whether the creating of wants be not the likeliest way to produce industry in a people? And whether, if our peasantry were accustomed to eat beef and wear shoes, they would not be more industrious?'



he should lay it up in the bank. With the new hat he will purchase or acquire a perception of and craving for new comforts and new conveniences; he will be more and more loth to part with what has either gratified his vanity or contributed to his ease, and the pain of losing will be in just proportion to the pleasure of possessing the article. When this pain begins to be felt constantly, the great difficulty will be surmounted; a stimulus to industry, a spur to improvement will have been introduced into the mind, and from that time forward the negro may be safely left to the impulsion of those external and internal agents which are commonly found to be effectual in the more civilized regions of the globe. The unequivocal existence of this stimulus in steady operation seems to me to be the true and unerring sign of the arrival of that æra when emancipation will be a blessing to the slave, to the master, and to the community. If, before this point be attained, complete freedom be given to all the bondmen in the British colonies, it is as demonstrable morally as any proposition in Euclid is mathematically, first that the property in the soil must change hands; secondly that the commerce of the islands must languish or die altogether; and thirdly that the progress of civilization in the negros themselves must be indefinitely retarded,

and the quality of their future condition incalculably debased.

A Bank for Savings is the peculiar product of an age and nation of high refinement, dense population and laborious subsistence. It is that aid which should alone be given to the *industrious* poor. It should follow at some distance the birth and active operation of those physical and moral agents by which man is impelled onwards in the road of general improvement; if it precedes, it may prevent their existence at all, or at best, it will infallibly protract the period of their birth. Now the negroes in the West Indies are not an industrious poor; they are indolent by nature, as their brethren in Africa are at this moment in whatever part of that continent they may have been examined, and this natural indolence is justified in their eyes and rendered inveterate by a climate and a soil which not only indispose to labor, but almost make it unnecessary. You exhort a man to work, to till the fertile ground and to aspire after the possession of the obvious comforts of opulence; he answers that he does not want them, thanks God that the yams and plantains will grow abundantly for his eating, and that new rum is very cheap at the grog-shops; any thing beyond this cannot be worth the trouble to



be undergone for it. What has the philanthropist to do? Not to set up a bank for his savings certainly, or at least not to rely upon it; he has no *savings*; he may indeed very likely plunder his master or his neighbour, and you will not be improving him by giving him five per cent. upon such a deposit. Suppose he were to accumulate in this manner a sum large enough to purchase his freedom, which some have done, have you really benefited that man? Not in the least. All that you have done is this, that whereas as a slave he was compelled to labor and was thereby kept within certain bounds of sobriety, as a freedman he becomes the first week a vagabond, the second a robber, and the third a grinder of corn by the sweat of his legs in the jail of Port of Spain.

The philanthropist has one object to effect and only one; he must civilize the negroes. He cannot do this by force, for the sources of barbarism are in the mind, and the mind even of a negro is intangible by violence. He cannot take the Castle of Indolence by storm, for it will vanish before his face to re-appear behind his back. He must make his approaches in form and carry a charm in his hand; he must hold steadily before him the mirror shield of knowledge and cause the brutified captives to see themselves therein. He cannot dis-

enchant them, until he has first inspired into their hearts a wish to be disenchanting, and they shall no sooner have formed that wish than the spell which hath bound them shall be broken for ever.

Although the bank is nearly nugatory at present, I am not sorry upon consideration that it exists. There may be some slaves so far advanced beyond their fellows as to become legitimate and beneficial depositors, and as freedom may be purchased in Trinidad, it may in such cases prove a valuable assistance to a regular and voluntary industry. At all events the institution is ready to act whenever civilization shall render it advantageous.

Many of the other orders are so important that they cannot be discussed in a line, and I reserve them for a future opportunity.

On Easter Monday, the 4th of April, after a delightful visit, we re-embarked in the Eden and bade farewell to our kind and hospitable host and the many friends whom we had found in Trinidad. "Adios, Adios! Vivan ustedes muchos años!"—and then hoist the jib, brace up the main and fore yards, and haul down the pendant.



## GRENADA.

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LIST to a landsman, ye Captains, and let nothing tempt you to steer outwards through the Boca de Huevos, which you rejoice to call the Umbrella Passage. It had like to have been the shadow of death to me. The cut seems short and easy, the water smooth, you have a fresh breeze on the quarter, and you fancy it will carry the ship through. But I say unto you again, go not within the Boca de Huevos, for you will have no better luck than Columbus or myself.

We got within a hundred yards of the line of the open sea, when the wind died. The passage is much longer than it appears from the Gulf, and very high precipices on either side will cause a dead calm at thirty points of the compass. As the wind fell we began to feel and to see the fierce current which set inwards, like a river, from the N.W. It came in diagonally, and the ship made stern way before it till the end of the spanker boom was within thirty feet of the rock. There we lay for a

season in dead water or nearly so, the sails hung motionless, every boat was lowered, and the men pulled for their lives against the backward impulse of the mighty vessel. We then cast anchor in fifty fathoms. After ten minutes pause a propitious flaw from the clefts of the precipice filled the top-gallants and royals, the cable was slipped, the ship made a little head way, the boats aided and then cast off, and at length we got again into the middle of the stream. We left the best bower behind us at the bottom, and were not sorry to take our position once more within the Gulf. The rocks are steep as a wall, and entirely bare of vegetation for twenty yards above the level of the water, and if the wind had been with the current, we must have been infallibly wrecked.

The next day we tried our luck through the Boca de Navios or Ship Passage, and got out into the sea, but before we were a quarter of a mile from the outlet, the wind fell again and the current began to drive us backwards as before. We therefore anchored once more in very deep water and did not sail till the evening, when a light breeze off shore carried the ship fairly away. Early the next day we made Grenada, and came into the bay by twelve o'clock.

If Trinidad is sublime, Grenada is lovely. I do



not know why it should have put me in mind of Madeira, but it did so continually. The harbour is one of the finest in the West Indies, and the hurricanes have not ranged so far to the south yet. The town covers a peninsula which projects into the bay; Fort George stands on the point, the spired church on the isthmus; within is the Carenage full of ships and the wharfs of the merchants surrounding it; beyond it lie three or four beautiful creeks indenting the cane fields, an aqueduct at which the boats water, the mangroves growing out of the sea, the great Lagoon, and Point Salines shooting out a long and broken horn to the south west. Over all, and commanding every thing in the vicinity, tower the Richmond Heights, which are crested with fortifications of prodigious extent, from which the Bocas of Trinidad have been seen on a clear afternoon. The rest of the prospect is delightful; in every direction the eye wanders over richly cultivated valleys with streams of water running through them, orchards of shaddocks and oranges, houses with gardens, negro huts embowered in plantain leaves, mountains and little hills romantically mixed and variegated with verdant coppices of shrubs and trees. The view from Government House, which is situated on a ridge at the end of Hospital Hill, is the Bay of Naples on

one side, and a poet's Arcadia on the other. The planters seem to have had some such notion themselves, though Heaven knows, being chiefly Scotchmen, they are not overburthened with Greek; the vale below they call Tempe, the river, I suppose, Peneus, and a cloven eminence near to it Mount Parnassus, where sugars of the finest quality in the colony are produced.

My stay in this island was short, but I was much delighted with all that I saw. Grenada is perhaps the most *beautiful* of the Antilles, meaning by this that her features are soft and noble without being great and awful. There is an Italian look in the country which is very distinct from the usual character of the intertropical regions, and is peculiar to this colony. I rode a considerable way into the interior, and found every part green and broken and romantic. I had not time to reach the Grand Etang, which, I am told, is a great curiosity. But after all, I believe nothing in the island surpasses the prospect from Government House or the Richmond Heights; it almost deserves that Westall should make a voyage from England to see it and paint it.

St. George's is a large town and picturesquely placed on a peninsula and the sides of a hill, but the consequence of this situation is that the streets



are all so steep that the inhabitants consider it unsafe to use any sort of carriages on them. However they certainly make more of this than is necessary. I would engage to drive a tandem with perfect security from the landing place in the Carenage to Government House. The church had no roof when I was there, but the plan of a new building was already prepared which was to retain the old spire and its present excellent situation\*. The clock here, given by Governor Matthews, is much celebrated. There are two other churches in the island, and two, or at least one more, are to be built as soon as it is practicable. Mr. Macmahon, the rector of St. George's, is a good and interesting old man. In the insurrection of 1795 he with many others was placed in a room previously to being summoned to execution by the slaves. He saw all his companions taken out and shot one by one, but having had the luck of Ulysses to stand last, he determined to make a bold push for his life. Macmahon is a tall and was then an uncommonly strong man, and the moment he walked out he leaped upon the slave general and clung round his neck so tightly that they could not force him away for a long

\* This church is now nearly finished.

time. The struggle produced a pause and an inquiry who he was, and when he was known to be the parson there was a common cry for saving his life, as he had always been a kind and charitable man to every one connected with his cure. The worthy rector tells the story with a deserved satisfaction.

Grenada is honorably distinguished amongst the British Antilles for its internal unanimity and its liberal treatment of the colored classes of the inhabitants. In this last point the planters of this island go beyond all their brethren; the free colored man has every privilege of the white, although there never has been, and at present it is not to be wished that there should be, an instance of any of that rank sitting in the Assembly. In the actual state of their average improvement it is quite sufficient that they are esteemed free in every sense and are treated with justice and respect. I cannot speak of the management of the slaves from any very accurate examination, but they seemed to be all as good humored, vivacious and impudent as the rest of their fellows wherever I have seen them, and I am acquainted with many anecdotes which would lead me to believe that they are humanely governed and comfortably maintained.



Indeed the prejudice of color is fainter in this colony than in almost any other, and I have no doubt that every measure of regular civilization of the negros will be received and enforced by the legislature with the utmost cheerfulness. The act for investing the bishop with episcopal powers was passed by acclamation; an excellent and able clergyman, who was sent by the bishop, has been kindly received, a house built for him, and a church in a remote part of the island put into proper order for divine service. I know enough of Mr. Barker and his amiable wife to feel convinced that their residence alone will be a general benefit.

There are still a few French proprietors and a Romish priest administers to them, but they gradually decrease and the face of society may be said to be English.

I like the Grenadans much; they have a picture of an island, they give turtle, porter and champagne in abundance and perfection, they lend horses, and send pines and pomegranates on board your ship, in short they are right pleasant Christians;...*one* thing only I find fault with, but that one thing is, I am sorry to say, a mountain. Gentlemen of Grenada and the Grenadines as far as Carriacou, where are your wives? where are

your heirs? you will say the fashion is Persian and that they are within the veils; you will say that there are just forty ladies in the island! it may be so, but show them, gentlemen, to the world and put to silence the moralities of Englishmen and Barbadians. Of Grenada alone can I say that I never saw a single lady all the while I was in it.



## ST. VINCENT'S.

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WE left Grenada after dinner on the evening of Friday the 8th of April, passed at some distance to leeward of the long line of islands and islets called Grenadines, which are equally distributed between the two governments of St. Vincent's and Grenada, and after beating up for nearly twenty-four hours in sight of land, came to anchor in Kingstown Bay at five in the morning of Sunday the 10th.

The view of the town and surrounding country is thought by many to be the most beautiful thing in the Antilles; it is indeed a delightful prospect, but, according to my taste, not within ken of the surpassing loveliness of the approach to Grenada. Trinidad is South American, but St. George's, the Lagoon, and Point Salines are perfect Italy. Kingstown lies in a long and narrow line upon the edge of the water; on the eastern end is a substantial and somewhat handsome edifice containing two spacious apartments, wherein the council and Assembly debate in the morning, and the ladies and gentlemen dance in the evening; towards the

western extremity is also a substantial and ugly building, something between a hospital and a barrack, which has the honor of being a church; hard by, yet opposite to it, is an airy and comfortable tabernacle for the methodists, and between both, but rather closer to the latter, stands or perhaps lies the humble mansion of the hero of Curazoa. In the back ground a grand amphitheatre of mountains embraces the town, and there was a verdancy and freshness in the general aspect of the country which certainly exceeded any thing I saw in the West Indies.

But this greenness was as the appearance of water in the wilderness. I always was, it is true, in a thaw within the Tropics, being naturally, as Heaven made me, of a melting mood in heart and body; but in St. Vincent's, and therein more especially in the aforesaid substantial and ugly church in St. Vincent's, I verily streamed from my hair, eye-brows, nose, lips and chin continuously; the big round drops coursed one another adown my innocent cheeks, and projected themselves upon my gloves or trowsers in graceful precipitation. The compages of my corporeal system seemed about to dissolve. Hamlet would not have found his mass too solid here. *Botanicus verus*, says Linnaeus, *desudabit in augendo amabilem scientiam*;



...Mercy on me ! it might be a criterion of zeal in Sweden, but in Kingstown a very bad and slothful botanist nearly exsuded his life in walking half way to the Garden.

I know nothing inter minora incommoda vitæ so annoying to the feelings of a young man as to perspire invincibly under the eyes of an interesting girl. In the same pew with me and right opposite was seated one of the prettiest girls in the West Indies. Though a creole, Clarissa had as dazzling a carmine on her cheeks as an English beauty; her features, though perhaps approaching to what the French call *minces*, were sharp and delicate; her forehead rather too low, and her chin a little too pointed; but then her figure was rich in all the fascinations of tropical girlishness. As to the story about rouge, I do not believe one word of it. No woman would venture such a thing in a crowded church in these countries; the best China leaf would not stand. This is amply proved by observation; for with the exception of Clarissa and one or two more in Barbados, (but they had both lived a long time in England,) I never saw a lady's cheek which had one jot of rose. A Briton may well say,

*Là sont les lis, les roses sont ici.*

The best were certainly pure lily; the next like

thin vellum or Bath outsides; the worst as the parchment of a deed on which the statute of limitations may have run. For all this, I like the creole ladies, especially the dear Barbadians; they are all so kind and modest and unaffected; though few of them are well-informed, yet they are simple-hearted and docile, and a sensible man might make any thing of them; they are eminently domestic and affectionate. But for the Aurora blush upon Eugenia's cheek...indeed, fair Creoles, you have no idea of it!

An Englishman must visit foreign lands before he can conceive how prodigal nature has been in showering down beauty and heavenliness upon his own countrywomen. There are so many coxcombs, poets and others, who affect to talk about the cold beauties of the north, and of course the warm, perhaps the hot, beauties of the south, that many foolish people, who have never crossed the Channel, really think they are paying a high compliment when they say that such an one is quite French, or another a perfect Italian. As if a name made any difference in the thing! We all remember that great Dutch Circassian, the Persian's woman, and

*Her eyes' blue languish and her golden hair!*

Ah! Master Collins!——



People do cant so about the French. *La belle Française* and so on. Why, is there no shame in man? Let the whole feminine gender of Gaul be divided into three classes, of which the last is incalculably smaller than the other two. The first is downright ugly; creatures of this class are more like Macbeth's witches than women of other countries, brown as walnuts from constant and unbonneted exposure to the sun, rough-featured and hoarse-voiced. The second class is simply plain; these are tanned to about new mahogany, have gross figures, no features, and a want of remarkableness all over them; this is the most numerous division, and includes the bulk of the sex. The third sort are certainly pretty, taking that word in its most restricted sense. These have sparkling black or hazel eyes, olive or perhaps five per cent. of fair faces, neat shapes, inexpressive feet and legs, soft voices and agreeable manners. Of course there are the usual exceptions, the *raræ nantes*, but upon an average the scale of beauty in France does not ascend higher than this\*.

Now, reader, if you are an Englishman, (for I know nothing about the Scotch and Irish,) think over your own family, your sisters, or perhaps you

\* I do not include the Genevese in this account. Some of *them* are beautiful indeed.

have a cousin or so, ———. I love a cousin; she is such an exquisite relation, just standing between me and the stranger to my name, drawing upon so many sources of love and tieing them all up with every cord of human affection——almost my sister ere my wife!

And what has all this to do with St. Vincent's? Nothing, absolutely nothing; but surely it is as well as a modern Thebaid or even a North Georgia Gazette.

One thing disgusted me much; I allude to the practice of working runaway, riotous or convict slaves in chains in the public street of Kingstown. I do not mean that any bodily pain was occasioned by the fetters; they were too light for that; but I have all reason to condemn a custom which must wantonly wound the feelings of every Englishman at least, which must be utterly useless to the public, and unspeakably injurious to the moral system of the wretched individual. What hope could an Apostle conceive of that being, who has laughed in an open street with an iron bolt upon his leg? We chain free-born men in England, but we put them first within four walls. Once in the time of Edward VI. an act of Parliament was passed to manacle vagabonds and force them to labor on the roads, but the thing would not do; it was repealed



in the course of two years afterwards. Blackstone, or some lawyer, has a good remark upon it, but I forget the words. The legislature of St. Vincent's has much to its honor built an excellent jail;—why, instead of lavishing £42,000 currency upon the very dismallest and most inconvenient church in Christendom, did it not deduct £500 for a tread-wheel? The chained slave does not perform one hour's work of a British rustic in the whole day; but will he, nill he, he would effect something more on the steps of the Brixton staircase. It answers well, as I have said before, in Port of Spain; let Mr. Shephard mention the thing in Kingstown, he is a man of sense and an Etonian, and will agree with me upon the subject.

The jail here is a very creditable building, and indeed this and the one in Trinidad are the only two that would be suffered to exist through a quarter sessions in England. All the others which I saw in the West Indies are disgraceful to their respective communities. The botanical garden is much fallen off from the state in which it once was, but there are still some very fine specimens of the valuable exotics of the East, such as nutmegs, cinnamon and cloves. The great work that remains to be achieved for West Indian botany is the introduction of the true oriental mangosteen; to which

perhaps I should add a wish for the chirimoya of Peru. These two with the common pines might form a passable dessert. It is hardly necessary to remark that what is called mangosteen in some of the Antilles, is merely a variety of the mango\*. It is a great pity that any establishment of this sort should be allowed to decay; for trees and fruits and flowers are humanizing things, soothing the passions, calling forth only the peaceful energies of the intellect, and attaching mankind to the soil on which they have both grown together: a virtue much wanted in the colonies of America.

The church establishment is very defective, there being, I believe, only two churches in St. Vincent's, and one built, as I was informed, by a meritorious clergyman of the name of Nash in Cariatou†. There are some Papists also, with a South American Priest of no very good character to wait upon them. Hence the Methodists flourish like a palm branch, and live and sing away in complete clover. Here it was that Moses Rayner dwelt; from this place it was that he sailed in the schooner to strike terror and dismay into the stoutest heart in Barbados. The legislature was convoked by an extraordinary

\* I did my utmost to like the mango, but to the last the turpentine smack defeated me.

† Cariatou however is in the government of Grenada.



summons; the Attorney General's opinion taken; the magistrates interrogated; the King's house garrisoned; Sir Henry Warde's dinner almost spoiled. Meantime Moses sits very quietly in his tight little schooner,

et fruitur Diis

Iratiss;

he writes and receives despatches with the air of an ambassador; takes time to consider like a Chancellor; deliberates with his friends, and walks the deck like Hamlet;—

To land, or not to land, that is the question.  
Whether 'tis Methodisticallest to suffer  
The groans and cane-tops of Barbadian blackguards;  
Or to weigh anchor and set sail to leeward,  
And, by absconding, end them?—

Moses a meek man, though a methodist, knowing that discretion is the better part of valor, and tender of the peace of the ancient and loyal colony, at length paid for his passage down as he had paid for his passage up, ordered the captain to put the schooner before the wind and bade adieu to the unkindly shores of Carlisle Bay\*.

\* Moses puts me naturally in mind of Shrewsbury. I am glad to hear that Mr. Hamden of Barbados, an able and gentlemanly man, has renewed the subject of this disgraceful outrage, and that some measures are likely to be taken to bring the chief rioters to trial. However true it may be

The legislature has passed an act for building a church in Becquia and two more in St. Vincent's, and I trust that this act will not be allowed to fall asleep as some others of the sort have done. Some reformations of importance are wanted in this island, and those planters, who are wise to their own interests, will see that they are executed. They must not legislate any more for England; for England has a long glass now and can make out objects by night or by day. By *themselves* will they and all the planters stand, and by *themselves* will they fall, if to fall be their lot.

that no respectable person had any hand in this affair, the obvious disinclination amongst the authorities of the island to investigate the matter with energy, renders them all justly obnoxious to the charge of being accessaries after the fact.



## ST. LUCIA \*.

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ALL Monday night and Tuesday morning of the 12th of April, we were becalmed under the mighty shadow of the Soufrière, which is the north-western extremity of St. Vincent's. It is a magnificent mountain with deep clefts and gullies in its sides, and the summit is only seen at intervals, between the rolling clouds. How still and motionless it seemed, and what a contrast it presented to itself on the awful night of the first of May 1812, a night much to be remembered in the West Indies, and the tale whereof will remain as a nursery treasure to generations that are to be born hereafter !

The wind freshened as soon as we had slowly escaped the lee of the land, and carried us gaily along till we made the mountains of St. Lucia. The first approach to this island from the south offers the most striking combination of various kinds of scenery that I have ever seen. Two rocks, which the Gods call Pitons and men Sugar-loaves,

\* S. Alousia in Davies

rise perpendicularly out of the sea and shoot to a great height in parallel cones, which taper away towards the summit like the famous spires of Coventry. These rocks, which are feathered from the clouds to the waves with evergreen foliage, stand like pillars of Hercules on either side of the entrance into a small but deep and beautiful bay. A pretty little village or plantation appears at the bottom of the cove; the sandy beach stretches like a line of silver round the blue water, and the cane fields form a broad belt of vivid green in the back ground. Behind this the mountains, which run north and south throughout the island, rise in the most fantastic shapes, here cloven into steep-down chasms, there darting into arrowy points, and every where shrouded or swathed, as it were, in wood, which the hand of man will probably never lay low. The clouds, which within the tropics are infallibly attracted by any woody eminences, contribute greatly to the wildness of the scene; sometimes they are so dense as to bury the mountains in darkness; at other times they float transparently like a silken veil; frequently the flaws from the gulleys perforate the vapors and make windows in the smoky mass, and then again the wind and the sun will cause the whole to be drawn upwards majestically like the curtain of a gorgeous theatre.



But beautiful as these sierras look, it is woe to the man who ventures on foot to penetrate their recesses. Even on horseback it is sometimes perilous to traverse the forest by the alleys which have been opened: for there and in old and ill-kept rooms snakes and wood-slaves love to dwell, and the natives tell direful stories about the poison of the first and the tenacity of the second. However I never met with any person who had known an instance of the wood-slave fixing itself upon a human being, though every body seemed to believe the story. The animal is a broad and flat-headed lizard, and of a dull gray color. The negros have a particular aversion to them from a notion that contact with them will produce leprosy. It is said that three English sailors, having heard that the western Piton was inaccessible, determined on that account to climb to the top of it. Two of them were never seen again; the third reached the summit, planted an old Union Jack in the ground, and instantly fell in mortal convulsions by its side. There was no doubt that they perished by the bites of snakes.

A steady breeze from S.S.E. wafted us along within a mile's distance from the shore till we passed the point of the Vigie, when we made a short tack and cast anchor at the mouth of the

Carenage about six in the evening. Nothing could be more delightful than this run. As we stood on the deck of the moving ship, the objects on the coast changed before us like the scenery in a diorama, and their variety and quick transition were particularly grateful to the eye, fatigued with the monotony of the ocean. The back ground continued woody and mountainous, as I have described it before, but every three or four miles we opened the most lovely little coves and bays I ever saw in my life. At the bottom of two of the largest of these were considerable villages with five or six large merchantmen lying at anchor, and the smallest of them were fringed with fields of green canes, and enlivened with the decent mansion of the proprietor, the cottages for the negros, and one or two droghers taking in their cargo from the plantation for some larger vessel at Castries or elsewhere. I was much amused too with a flotilla of fishing or passage boats, which, as we were going rapidly in a contrary direction, shot by us like lightning. These boats are very long, narrow and light, having two and even sometimes three masts upon which they carry so much sail that the men are obliged to sit on the weather bulwarks to keep them from oversetting. No regatta in England ever witnessed such desperate sailing, and when it



is recollected that, in the event of capsizing, swimming will not save a man from the sharks, there is sufficient danger to make the thing interesting to young ladies.

By the by we caught one of these said sharks soon after we got from under the Soufrière. The moment he was seen under the stern, a hook with a piece of bacon on it was thrown out to him, and we anchored him directly. His struggles were really tremendous, and his jaw must have been tougher than leather not to have given way before the furious jerks and flings which he made to free himself. Two sucking fishes, which were clinging to his side, never loosed their hold during the tempest which the dying agonies of their master created. At length a strong running knot was tightened round his body, and he was drawn up to the mizen chains. Even here the hampered animal was terrible, and it was not without slow and watchful caution that a sailor came within reach of it, and with a long and sharp knife stabbed it in the neck. He then cut off the head and one of the fore-fins, and, slipping the knot, dropped the bloody and yet writhing mass to the bottom of the Atlantic. The men now looked out for some good luck, and lo ! the wind which had been light and baffling because three clergymen, or reckoning a bishop at two,

four clergymen were on board, came round steady and fresh on the starboard quarter because they had killed a shark.

We landed at the wharf at the bottom of the Carenage, and, mounting as many of Major Shaw's horses as we wanted, set off upon our journey to Government House. He who has ridden to and from the Corral ought not to fear riding any where or in any manner, yet I own I expected to break my bones that evening in ascending or descending the awesome causeway which leads from the town up to the mountain station of Colonel Blakewell's residence. This perilous road lies in a zigzag of acute angles, comme ça—

Zenith.

Government House.



Castries.

Nadir.

and, as it rains nine months out of the twelve in St. Lucia, there are deep bricked trenches or channels traversing the path at each turn for the double purpose of carrying off the water and of checking a redundant population. But when I got to the top—oh never will that moment be forgotten by me!



I remember staring without breath or motion as if I had been really enchanted. I never saw heaven so close before. The sky did not seem that solid ceiling with gold nails stuck in it which it does in England, but a soft transparency of showery azure, far within which, but unobscured by its intervention, the great Stars were swimming and breathing and looking down like gods of Assyria. Not only Venus and Sirius and the glorious Cross of our Faith in the south, and

Charlemaine amongst the starris seaven

low in the north, shone like segments of the Moon; but hosts of other luminaries of lesser magnitude flung each its particular shaft of splendor on the tranquil and shadowy sea. As I gazed, the air burst into atoms of green fire before my face, and in an instant they were gone; I turned round, and saw all the woods upon the mountains illuminated with ten thousands of flaming torches moving in every direction, now rising, now falling, vanishing here, re-appearing there, converging to a globe, and dispersing in spangles. No man can conceive from dry description alone the magical beauty of these glorious creatures; so far from their effects having been exaggerated by travellers, I can say

that I never read an account in prose or verse which in the least prepared me for the reality.

There are two sorts, the small fly which flits *in and out* in the air, the body of which I have never examined; and a kind of beetle, which keeps more to the woods, and is somewhat more stationary, like our glow-worm. This last has two broad eyes on the back of its head which, when the phosphorescent energy is not exerted, are of a dull parchment hue, but, upon the animal's being touched, shoot forth two streams of green light as intense as the purest gas. But the chief source of splendor is a cleft in the belly, through which the whole interior of the beetle appears like a red hot furnace. I put one of these natural lamps under a wine glass in my bedroom in Trinidad, and, in order to verify some accounts, which I have heard doubted, I ascertained the hour on my watch by its light alone with the utmost facility\*.

We drank tea at the Pavilion, one of the best houses in the West Indies. It is situated on a terrace almost at the edge of the cliff, and the

\* In Port of Spain they tell a story of a lady appearing at a ball in a black silk gown with a splendid trimming of fire-flies. I forget whether the poor things were strung through, like cockchafers, to keep them in spirits.



prospect from it by the light of an interlunar sky was most beautiful; the long and deep bay, the broken peninsula of the Vigie, the sea beyond with the Pigeon Rock, the town glimmering with lights, and the dark woods and mountains behind form the outline of the picture.

If the blood of those thrice gallant men which has been shed like water on the Vigie and Morne Fortune was not to be shed in vain, much must be done to render St. Lucia a valuable acquisition to England. At present it is a British colony in little more than the name. The religion is Romish, and the spirit of its ministers bigoted and intractable. The people are French in language, manners and feelings. No progress has been made in amalgamating the two nations; nay, every attempt at it has been openly thwarted by the Romish clergy. They have no schools themselves, and they forbid any of their flocks to attend one in company with Protestants. Those who can afford it send their children to Martinique, the United States, or France; these return with French politics and French predilections; they submit sullenly to the English dominion, and look forward to a change.

It is painful, yet it may be profitable, to contemplate the different conditions of Trinidad and St.

Lucia. We have conquered both from nations of another language and of another faith. No local legislatures stand in the way of improvement; each colony may be governed equally at our discretion. In Trinidad there is no religious animosity of any kind whatever; the Romish clergy are enlightened and liberal; the same school contains English, Spaniards, and French, those who believe in and those who laugh at Transubstantiation. The three languages are spoken almost interchangeably, although, as is most proper and necessary, the English is predominant and advancing. In Trinidad a spirit of loyalty to the British crown has commenced and will increase; a permanency has been impressed on the society, and the aspect of the colony, if I may so express myself, is towards England. The reverse of all this is the case in St. Lucia. The difference is not entirely owing to the Governors. It is true Sir Ralph Woodford is a man of great abilities, and has displayed for many years, in a critical situation, a largeness of conception, and a practical vigor of execution, which ought to insure for him the favor of the crown, as it certainly will procure for him the respect of his observant countrymen. Colonel Blakewell is also an excellent man, serious, firm and conciliating,



and if good can be done in St. Lucia, it will be done under his administration of the government. Much is in agitation; a church is already commenced in Castries and a school opened. The Bishop has sent a clergyman to reside there, and I have no doubt, when these two fountains of effectual reformation come into regular action, that both the religion and the language of Englishmen will advance towards an ascendancy as they are actually doing in Trinidad. The chief thing that I would aim at, if I were governor, would be the encouragement of the knowledge of the English tongue; for no society will ever be one and entire in its affections so long as nine tenths of the population speak a different language from the remaining handful of their masters. The changes either in religion or language which may be wrought in adults are trifling and imperceptible; the only effectual mode of operating on the mass of a society is by teaching the children. In the school in Port of Spain boys of various nations read the authorized version of the New Testament, and repeat the catechism of the Church of England, and none but a practised ear can detect the vernacular tongue of the speaker. Let there be an adequate school in Castries, with a zealous and able master, and I am

much mistaken if the French will not by degrees, even in spite of their priests, place their children in it rather than leave them uneducated, or be at the expense of sending them for instruction to any foreign country.



## BARBADOS.

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A GALLANT breeze at S.E. carried us through the Martinique channel with unusual facility, for it is commonly a dead beat to windward. We passed at some five miles from the Diamond Rock, and had a full view of the southern shores of this beautiful colony of the French. After making a long stretch to the E.N.E., we put about for Barbados, and had to contend the whole way with baffling winds from the S. We returned by the leeward side of the island into Carlisle Bay on Friday, the 15th of April.

The characteristic beauty of Barbados is its finished cultivation and the air of life and domestic comfort which the entire face of the country presents. For this particular it is, without competition, the most delightful island of the Antilles; and though we had all been deeply impressed with the magnificence of natural scenery so conspicuous in Trinidad, Grenada, St. Vincent's and St. Lucia, yet there was no one on board who did not confess a secret satisfaction at getting back once more to

the palms and the white houses of the ancient colony. The old motto of neither Carib nor Creole, is not true, for a Barbadian is probably the most genuine Creole of the West Indies; yet in spite of that, there are many peculiarities in this island which go a great way in justifying the appellation of Little England.

People will differ in their estimates of the degree of comfort enjoyed by the adult slaves, but Mr. Buxton himself could not doubt the happiness of the children. In the changeable climate of Britain, where infants must be wrapped up in frocks and mantles and caps and shoes, we have no notion of the vigorous precocity of life which is so common in the West Indies; there the punchy little Indian Bacchus stands up like a man in twelvemonths, and, instead of the unmindful vacancy of our babies, stares at you with the good impudent assurance which Raffael puts into the eyes of his Child. They dance together in rings amidst their fathers and mothers who may be working in the farm court, and throw trash at each other, as Eton boys do chestnuts or snowballs. One naked urchin ran full butt behind me, thrust his curly pate through my legs, and looked up in my face with irresistible impertinence. I believe I should have licked the scoundrel if he



had pushed me into the pond, which he was near doing. Jerryjorimbo, a particular ally of mine, must needs climb up my back in order to pat my cheeks, and as to not shaking hands with every soul of them all, it would have been such a piece of tyranny as would have destroyed my sleep. Accordingly there was a satisfactory contagion of fingers between me and some dozens of His Majesty's subjects and Mr. Jordan's slaves. The nursery is a capital sight. It is a large open room with the floor covered with wooden trays, and in each tray a naked niggerling. There they are, from the atom born to-day, up to eight or nine months of age, from the small black pudding up to a respectable sucking pig. Such screaming, mewling, and grinning! The venerable nurse sits placidly in the middle, and administers pap to the young gentlemen when they seem to squall from hunger. They stuff children and turkies in the same way by placing the victim on its back in their lap, inserting a lump of the food in the mouth, and then seeing it well down with the thumb and fore finger. The negro women will do this to excess, and there is no convincing them of the evil consequences, though, it is notorious, that this inordinate repletion is a common cause of death amongst the young in the colonies.

In Barbados the slaves have no provision grounds properly so called; these form a part of the estate, and they labor upon them as on the rest of the plantation. But they have all gardens of their own which they may cultivate as they please, and a dressed meal is always provided for them in the middle of the day, which is exclusive of their daily allowance from the store of the master. That they have time to cultivate their patches of land is clear from the fact that they always are cultivated; either yams, Indian corn, plantains, or even canes, are to be seen growing round every hut. The hut is a cottage thatched with palm-branches and divided into two rooms; one is the chamber of the parents, the other the common hall, with a table, chairs, and a broad bench with back to it for the children to sleep on at night. Some huts are larger and smarter than this. Jack something or other, the driver on the Society's estate, has two large four post beds, looking glasses and framed pictures. Jack is a good-natured fellow, offered me some wine, and hath begotten twelve children or more.

I resided a month or five weeks in Barbados in great comfort, except that I caught a fever, and was laid up in ordinary for a fortnight thereupon, but bleeding and spunging put off the evil day,



and I was well enough to go to Lady Warde's last ball; an instance of prudence which I do not recommend for general imitation. The Bishop was kind enough to take me with him on his visitation of the northern part of his diocese, and we set sail in the Eden again on Tuesday evening the 17th of May.

## MARTINIQUE\*.

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AT noon of the 19th we made the Diamond† Rock again, and sailed close under it about four in the afternoon as we were drinking our wine and eating pineapples. This memorable crag is shaped like a ninepin with the point a little broken at the summit. There is a good passage of a furlong in length between it and the shore, and anchorage within five yards of its sides. All the world knows, or ought to know, that surprising feat of hoisting up a thirty-two pounder from the top-sail yard-arm of a man of war in the last war, and of mounting it on this perilous fortress; and

\* Called by the Caribs, Madanira.

† “Between Case du Pilote and a bottom called Cul de Sac des Salines,” says Davies in 1666, “there is a rock, running about half a league into the sea, which is called the Diamond from its figure, and is a retreat for an infinite number of birds, and among others, wood-quists, which breed in it. It is hard getting up to it, yet some visit it, as they pass by, when the young ones are fit to eat.” Did Davies, or the French authors, suppose the Diamond to be a promontory?



how Captain Morris drove the French mad by his indefatigable attentions to their trading craft. They swore by the gods of Martinique to carbonado the sacre Anglais with his popgun, but the bête held his own like a good fellow and true as he was, and the fleet fired at him as they might have done at the mound at Woolwich. In fact it was impossible to storm the apex of a fircone with twenty bold men upon it, and so they turned the siege into a blockade and proceeded to starve the sacre Anglais. Now the Captain, like the rest of his countrymen, could bear any thing better than short commons; indeed, with corn beef and a glass of grog, I should like to know what he would *not* bear? He held out as long as the beef and the rum lived, no relief appeared, a man must eat, and certainly one gallant English sailor, not to say a dozen of them, is worth all the fortresses and rocks and diamonds in the world. So Captain Morris surrendered His Majesty's thirty-two pounder to a fifty gun frigate, and lived to drive the Danes more mad from Anholt than he had done the French from the Diamond. A hole is still visible where they used to sleep, and a stump of the flag-staff still stands to remind an Englishman of his duty, and the Gaul of his confusion.

We passed slowly by the mouth of Fort Royal Harbour, as the sun was setting in gold and lilac,

and the creeping wind just swelled the sky-sails and royals into a graceful curve. This seemed, and I believe is, one of the safest and most spacious harbours in the West Indies or the world. I saw the famous Pigeon Rock, La Ramire, which cannot be taken, except by Britons, and even John will have to sweat for it, I apprehend, in the next war. There was lying at anchor a line of battle ship carrying the admiral's flag, two frigates, and five other smaller men of war, which with the Venus, a very fine fifty gun frigate, and a brig in the Bay of St. Pierre, constitute a force that would give the French for a time the undoubted mastery of the Windward Sea, however inferior they might be after a month's notice at Jamaica.

We stole along the coast quietly during the night and anchored before St. Pierre at six in the morning. The face of the country round the town is beautiful, smoothly rising in a green upland of canes, intersected with winding roads and dotted with white houses, whilst a deep ravine on one side, and precipitous mountains on the other, inclose the picture as in a frame. We landed after breakfast and went to Betsy Parker's, one of that numerous tribe of good-natured, laughing, peculiar hostesses, whom West Indians rejoice in; women who are as cunning and as obsequious to whites as if they



were negros, and as proud and despotic to negros as if they were whites. Not that I mean to abuse their mulatto or mestize ladyships; far be that from me!—Hannah Lewis (every one knows Hannah Lewis) is very fat, and, I believe, tolerably respectable. A young gentleman may, as I know, sleep in her house *salvo pudore*, and she deserves commendation for the same. I shall not criticize the morals of slatternly Betsy or tight bosky Charlotte;—things will be—and the latitude and the sun—and the sailors are so forward and impudent,—and besides Betsy and Charlotte were born and bred under the *ancien régime*, Consule Planco;—mais on va changer tout cela, are we not Mr. ———?

Sabina Braids is as round as a hogshead of sugar, and sits all day by her kitchen door, as Milton said of her, like a lady in the centre of her fat. Her house is hot.

Fanny Collier is a good soul and fat enough, but she has lost custom lately to Hannah.

*Quæ cum ita sint*, I recommend Miss Lewis's Hotel to the stranger in Barbados, but Betsy and Charlotte, you know, are no concern of mine.

After having paid my respects to good Baron, or Comte Donzelot, (these titles are equally trumpery like Esquire or Gentleman in Ireland,) a polite old soldier, who is as kind to the English as Jacob

of Guadaloupe is uncivil and Gaulish, I rambled about the town to buy gloves, coral, and other vanities. It is a pretty place, certainly, with high houses, the streets generally in right angles, and water running on either side of them. Before M. Donzelot's house is a terrace, shaded with an avenue of trees, and pleasantly looking on the sea. The houses have more of an European air than in our English colonies, and I must notice with praise the existence of four bookseller's shops, as large and well furnished as any second rate ones in Paris. The sight of books to sell in the West Indies is like water in the desert, for books are not yet included in plantation stores for our islands. The cause is this. The French colonists, whether Creoles or Europeans, consider the West Indies as their country; they cast no wistful looks towards France; they have not even a paquet of their own; they marry, educate, and build in and for the West Indies and the West Indies alone\*. In our colonies it is quite

\* Though this contrast is undoubtedly correct now, it seems to have been exactly reversed 170 years ago. Davies says,—“The English are the best accommodated for lodgings of any of the inhabitants of those islands, and have their houses well furnished, which is to be attributed to their constant abode in their colonies, where they endeavour to get all conveniences as much as if they were the places of their birth.”



different; except a few regular Creoles, to whom gratis rum and gratis colored mothers for their children have become quite indispensable, every one regards the colony as a temporary lodging place, where they must sojourn in sugar and molasses till their mortgages will let them live elsewhere. They call England their home, though many of them have never been there; they talk of writing home and going home, and pique themselves more on knowing the probable result of a contested election in England, than on mending their roads, establishing a police, or purifying a prison. The French colonist deliberately expatriates himself; the Englishman never. If our colonies were to throw themselves into the hands of the North Americans, as their enemies say that some of them wish to do, the planters would make their little triennial trips to New York as they now do to London. The consequence of this feeling is that every one, that can do so, maintains some correspondence with England, and when any article is wanted, he sends to England for it. Hence, except in the case of chemical drugs, there is an inconsiderable market for an imported store of miscellaneous goods, much less for an assortment of articles of the same kind. A different feeling in Martinique produces an opposite effect; in that island very little individual correspondence exists

with France, and consequently there is that effectual demand for books, wines, jewellery, haberdashery, &c. in the colony itself, which enables labor to be divided almost as far as in the mother-country. In St. Pierre there are many shops which contain nothing but bonnets, ribbons, and silks, others nothing but trinkets and toys, others hats only, and so on, and there are rich tradesmen in St. Pierre on this account. Bridge Town would rapidly become a wealthy place, if another system were adopted: for not only would the public convenience be much promoted by a steady, safe and abundant importation, and separate preservation of each article in common request, but the demand for those articles would be one hundred fold greater in Bridge Town itself than it now is on the same account in London, Liverpool, or Bristol, when impeded and divided and frittered away by a system of parcel-sending across the Atlantic. Supply will, under particular circumstances, create demand. If a post were established in Barbados, or a steam-boat started between the islands, a thousand letters would be written where there are one hundred now, and a hundred persons would interchange visits where ten hardly do at present. I want a book and cannot borrow it; I would purchase it instantly from a bookseller in my neighbourhood,



but I may not think it worth my while to send for it over the ocean, when, with every risk, I must wait at the least three months for it. The moral consequences of this system are even more to be lamented than the economical, but I will say more about that at some other time.

There are two very good churches in St. Pierre, and both of them furnished with that mitigated idolatry which so advantageously distinguishes the French segment of the Papistical Heresy. I have great hopes that the Bishop of Gerren will succeed in getting rid of some of the absurdities in the Romish worship in Trinidad. I believe he disapproves them, and the example of the sober splendor of the Protestant Church in their neighbourhood will much facilitate his endeavours.

It was too hot to walk to the theatre or the botanical garden, but I am told that they are both very respectable.

The colored women here, as in St. Lucia and Trinidad, are a much finer race than their fellows in the old English islands. The French and Spanish blood seems to unite more kindly and perfectly with the negro than does our British stuff. We eat too much beef and absorb too much porter for a thorough amalgamation with the tropical lymph in the veins of a black; hence our mulatto females have more of the look of very dirty white women

than that rich oriental olive which distinguishes the haughty offspring of the half blood of French or Spaniards. I think for gait, gesture, shape and air, the finest women in the world may be seen on a Sunday in Port of Spain. The rich and gay costume of these nations sets off the dark countenances of their mulattos infinitely better than the plain dress of the English. A crimson, green, or saffron shawl *cocked* (*φωρᾶντα συνετοῖσι*) on the head, and bent back with sham jewels into a tiara, gives a voluptuous and imperial air which always put me in mind of the proud mistress of the governor of St. Jago, with whom that sly old rogue Ligon was so smitten.

Excellent Eau de Cologne of many qualities and prices at Betsy Parker's; the lowest sort sold for a dollar a box, which contained six bottles. The champagne at eighteen dollars really divine, and a certain carmine nectareous crème de Chile much, ah! much too blessed a drink for throats in a state of moral probation.

I could get no fine kid gloves in the shops which I visited; a circumstance surely deserving much reprehension. Tight fitting gloves are amongst the few things by which the French nation has benefited mankind, and the world, which they have insulted and corrupted, have a right at least to their kid and double-sewing as some recompense.



Upon the whole St. Pierre is a pretty and civilized town undoubtedly, but scarcely deserving the extravagant commendations which are usually lavished upon it. It has attained the acme of its good looks; it can hardly be made more spacious or more convenient in any respect than it is; it is neat and Frenchy, and it cannot be more. But Port of Spain is even now a city in design, and its capacity for improvement of every description is unlimited. With a mole, which must, sooner or later, be built, the magnificent and ever gentle gulf of Paria washing its walls, its freedom from hurricanes, and commanding position, I think the time will come when Puerto de España, or Port of Spain, Colombian or British, will more than rival every capital in South America. About that time my book will be done into smooth Spanish, and they will think me a great prophet, and I shall enjoy my fame like the people who ride upon clouds in Ossian.

And so fare thee very well, romantic Martinico, with all thy green slopes of arrowy canes, thy woody glens, thy aerial mountains! I wish indeed my dear countrymen had not shed their precious blood in vain for thee, but still kindly good bye, bright island; I have a nook in my heart for thee with all thy Frenchery.

## DOMINICA.

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WE left St. Pierre on the 20th with a fresh breeze at E. by S., but it soon died away as usual under the lee of the island, and afterwards the wind was so light that, like Columbus, we did not creep into Roseau Bay till early on Sunday morning. There was only one merchant ship lying at anchor with two or three small sloops, and the few stragglers on the shore with the dirty row of storehouses impressed me with an idea of want and depopulation. The landscape behind the town is beautifully grand; indeed the whole prospect from the edge of Morne Bruce, a lofty table rock occupied by the garrison, is one of the very finest in the West Indies. The valley runs up for many miles in a gently inclined plane between mountains of irregular heights and shapes, most of which are clothed up to their cloudy canopies with rich parterres of green coffee which perfumes the whole atmosphere even to some distance over the sea; the river rolls a deep and roaring stream down the middle of the vale, and is joined at the outlet of each side ravine by a moun-



tain torrent, whilst at the top, where the rocks converge into an acute angle, a cascade falls from the apex in a long sheet of silvery foam. Beneath, the town presents a very different appearance from what it does at sea; the streets are long and spacious, regularly paved, and intersecting each other at right angles; there is one large square or promenade ground, and the \*shingled roofs of the houses, tinged with the intense blue of the heaven above them, seem like the newest slates, and put me much in mind of that clear and distinct look which the good towns of France have when viewed from an eminence.

Roseau is now in a most singular state of existence. Before the fire on the evening of Easter Sunday 1781, which that scoundrel Duchilleau either originated or promoted, it must have been the most commodious town of any in the islands; but the tyranny and folly of the French under this governor were so ruinous both to the colony in general and the town in particular, that neither the one or the other have in forty years been able to recover their former prosperity. You may walk along a street for half a mile; the houses seem to

\* Shingles are thin planks or slips of pine imported from North America and used universally throughout the West Indies in lieu of slates.

be complete but they are all closed; the grass grows lush and verdantly between the stones, and a tamarind tree, a \*sandbox or a mangrove spreads a rural shade under which a woman may be sitting at work, or two children playing. All is silent, and soft and lifeless like a city in the Arabian Nights, which some vile Afrite hath stricken with enchantment. I know no town in the world which could be watered more copiously, easily and purely than Roseau; the river which runs at less than half a mile's distance would, if they would just show it the way, glide down the gentle declivity into every man's washing bason. But I am afraid the spirit, which should undertake this and many other obvious and facile improvements, is at present something drowsy in Dominica; there is no public voice to call forth or public encouragement to support the exertion of individual virtue and talent; the community is first divided by language, then by religion, and the inconsiderable residue, which is supposed to represent the whole, is so torn to pieces by squabbles as bitter as contemptible, that the mere routine of government was at a dead stand, while I was in the island.

On landing with the bishop I met my hearty,

\* *Hura crepitans*.



smiling, gallant friend John Bent, with left hand arched upon his cap's brow, and his right drooping his Peninsular sword to the sand that was unworthy of it. Days, months, years have passed since I was in the fifth form at Eton, what time, John Bent, I used to give thee breakfast in my room at Bristowe's, and thou wert wont in return to do thy worst to make me and the minor tipsy at the messroom, Captain Bent. I am the most changed of the two since then. Thou art married, it is true, and art most happy with a wife and child in twelve feet by six\*; but thou wert then a man, a veteran soldier, a practical liver on God's earth and mirthful to boot; so art thou now, though of course a trifle steadier;—but lack a day! what fine visions and follies have vanished from my eyes! how many blithe games am I now unfit for! what

\* I cannot refrain from saying that the accommodations for the garrison on Morne Bruce are infamous, and in such a climate most cruel, especially to the officers; the whole was a complete job, and reflects ignominy upon the contractor and great blame upon the primary department, be he or they who they may. If the most gallant soldiers of the line are to be exiled within the tropics for six years in order that others may revel in London at their ease, the least that the nation can do for them is to see that no expense be spared to make their service healthy and comfortable.

sweet and light sleeps have I lost ! what boyish comeliness is gone ! My golden time has been wasted, my talents neglected, my innocence tarnished, my—— but no more of this ; I am not writing confessions.

The church in Roseau is well situated and tolerably finished without, but the interior is in a miserable state. The common pitch pine, when unpainted, has a particularly unpleasant effect in a hot climate ; it always oppressed me in a remarkable manner. About a hundred persons, chiefly colored, attended the morning service ; they had few books, and apparently came for the purpose of seeing the bishop ; certainly, with one or two exceptions, they were entirely unacquainted with the ordinary ritual of the established religion. The church of England indeed does not flourish in Dominica, which, considering the great capacity and spiritual affections of the present worthy recumbent, is a matter of some surprise. I believe there are 2,000 Protestants in this colony, of which number the Methodists form the larger part ; about 16,000 are Papists under the care of three Spanish priests ; so that it is consolatory to the sympathies of obese and liquescent men to know that if true religion thrive not in Dominica, at the least its minister does upon an ample salary and just so



much breathing exercise o' Sundays as may conduce to a good digestion for the rest of the week. Not that I would be thought to impeach the zeal of the rector of Roseau; very far from it; it is too well known to be questioned, and it argues an unusual degree of apathy or stubbornness in those who are the daily witnesses of it that its effects are not more perceptible.

Mr. Newman is great and remarkable, but he is not so great and remarkable as his predecessor Mr. Audain. This Mr. Audain was a patriot, few of his cloth like him; he was not content with praying against the enemies of his country, he fought against them also. St. Peter certainly owned a boat, and the authorized translation (Mr. Audain loved literal orthodoxy) intimates a partnership amongst some of the apostles in a ship. So Mr. Audain built a schooner, and carried on for many years a system of practical polemics with the disputants of the French school to his own abundant profit and notoriety. It is even yet fresh in the recollections of the inhabitants of Roseau, with how joyful a rapture this holy Dominican once broke off the service on a Sunday, unable to repress the emotions of his triumph on seeing the vessel of his faith sail into the bay with a dismasted

barque laden with sugar, rum and other Gallic vanities from Martinique\*.

It was shortly after this event that the star of Audain began to wax dim. His zeal was equally great, his courage undaunted, but his evil destiny met him at every turn. An acquaintance of mine met him one day in the streets of Basseterre in St. Kitt's surrounded by negros, to whom he was distributing plantains, yams, potatoes and other eatables, and holding private talk with them all by turns. Having caught my friend's eye, he came

\* This is like the Cornish vicar. He was preaching one afternoon in a seaside church during a heavy south west gale, when all on a sudden his audience began to move, take down their hats, and press towards the door. The vicar, having the advantage of pulpit eminence and long experience, immediately perceived the cause, and, animated with a just indignation at their conduct, ordered them, as they valued their souls' welfare, to remain quiet till the end of the sermon. The good man in his eagerness to restrain them even left the pulpit, and, like Aaron, ran into the midst of the congregation rebuking and exhorting them, till he reached the porch; when, tucking up his gown under his arm, he shouted out, "Now, my boys, let us start fair!" and immediately scampered off, with his flock at his heels, to administer Cornish relief to a distressed merchantman.

My friend Mr. Oxley in Barbados says he was present at a scene in Tortola, where Audain figured in the manner mentioned in the text; probably it happened twice.



up to him and said, "I am going to smuggle all these —— rascals this evening to Guadaloupe." He did so in his schooner, but remained himself on shore. A privateer of Nevis captured the smuggler before she could get to her market. Audain became furious, went himself to Nevis, and challenged the owner of the privateer to fight. The challenge was not accepted, and Audain immediately posted the name of the recusant, as that of a scoundrel, on the wall of the court house. He himself for two days kept watch upon the platform with a sword by his side and four pistols stuck in his belt, to see if any one dared to touch the shields.

Audain fitted out another schooner and cruised in her himself. But fate was too heavy for him, though he struggled against it like a man. On the second day a large vessel was seen to leeward; he ascertained her to be a Spanish trader, and, supposing her to be wholly unarmed, bore down on her as upon a certain prey. When he came within pistol shot, fourteen masked ports were opened and as many guns pointed at him through them. Audain was obliged to strike in an instant, and with his carpenter succeeded in secreting himself under some water casks in the hold of his schooner. The Spaniards came on board and cut every man

in pieces, except Audain and the carpenter. These two lay all night under the casks, but in the morning, upon further search, their asylum was discovered. They were brought upon deck, and the Spaniards were on the point of hewing them by inches, when their captain exclaimed with rapidity, "Hold all! this man's life is sacred, and the other's too for his sake." Audain had formerly done the Spaniard great service at St. Thomas's, and it now saved his own and his carpenter's life.

Up to this time, Audain, though occasionally non-resident for the aforesaid reasons, had continued the minister of Roseau. He was a singularly eloquent preacher in the pathetic and suasory style, and he rarely failed to draw down tears upon the cheeks of most of those who heard him. His manners were fine and gentle, and his appearance even venerable. He was hospitable to the rich and gave alms to the poor. But his repeated losses were such as to bear a royal merchant down, and the Dominicans became more scrupulous, and a governor came who knew not Audain. So Audain abdicated the pulpit of Roseau.

Privateering and smuggling had failed; so now he commenced honest trader. He went to St. Domingo with a cargo of corn, sold it well and lived on the island. But his star grew fainter and



fainter. He quarrelled with two black general officers, challenged them and shot them both severely. Christophe sent for him, and told him that, if the men recovered, it was well, but that, if either of them died, he would hang him on the tamarind tree before his own door. Audain thought the men would die, and escaped from the tamarind tree by night in an open boat.

He now settled in St. Eustatius, put on his black coat again and recommenced clergyman. St. Eustatius is a free port; yet the division of labor has made surprizingly slow advances in it. There were many religions, but no priest, in the island when Audain made his appearance there. He was become liberally minded by misfortune, and he was always actuated by a faith of such immense catholicity that it comprehended within its circle every radiation of opinion from the centre of Christianity, as the felly embraceth the spokes of a wheel. Audain offered to minister to all the sects respectively, which the free traders thankfully accepted. In the morning he celebrated mass in French, in the forenoon read the liturgy of the Church of England, in the afternoon spräckened the Dutch service, and at nightfall, chanted to the methodists.

His star descended proner and proner though he

seemed to be gaining wealth and fame. Audain was a married man, but his wife resided and still resides at Bristol. A Dutch widow, rich, pious and large, cast a widow's eye on Audain; the rigor of creole viduity softened under the afternoon spräckenings of Audain, as Dutch butter melts under the kisses of Titan, and she told Audain that, if Heaven had made her such a man, she would have married twice. The hint was as broad as herself, but Audain liked it the better for its dimensions, and married her on the spot, spräcken-ing the service himself.

Audain has fought thirteen duels, and is a good boxer. Once upon a time, he fired twice without hitting; upon which he threw down the pistol on the ground, and said sternly to his second, "Take care that does not happen again!" supposing his pistol had not been charged with ball. A delay occurred in reloading for the third time, upon which Audain went up to his antagonist, squared his body, and saying, "Something between, something between, good sir!" knocked him down with a flush hit on the nose.

Audain is now about sixty years of age, and has wholly reformed his manners. He loves his Dutch wife, and says his prayers so loud at night as to disturb his neighbours. His English wife sends



him a Christmas box annually. He is a man of infinite talent, and has seen the world. I trust the report is true, that, like Lazarillo de Tormes and Gines de Pasamonte, he is writing a life of himself. It would be the most entertaining book of this age. If he does not, these few lines may haply serve to rescue him from an oblivion which he does not seem to deserve.

Early on Monday morning I started on horseback with my good friend Mr. Nisbett to visit his estate. The ride was most delightful. We went up the valley\*, forded the Roseau river twice, and pursued an irregular path cut in the side of the mountains. I was particularly struck with the size of the ferns; there were whole forests of them in the dips and recesses of the hills, and I think most of the separate trees stood twenty or twenty-five feet in height. Yet with these extraordinary di-

\* This is the valley, I suppose, in which the vast and monstrous serpent of Davies had his abode. "They (the Caribs) affirmed that there was on the head of it a very sparkling stone, like a carbuncle, of inestimable price; that it commonly veil'd that rich jewel with a thin moving skin, like that of a man's eye-lid; but that when it went to drink, or sported himself in the midst of that deep bottom, he fully discovered it, and that the rocks, and all about received a wonderful lustre from the fire issuing out of that precious crown."

mensions the branches were as finely pennated and as daintily angled as any which I have seen in England, and their color fresh and vivid beyond description. This is especially owing to the abundance of water which all the year round is running down the declivities, and diffusing a coolness of temperature which almost chilled me. I suppose Dominica is the best watered of the Caribbee islands. The wild plantain also was very conspicuous in the mass of greenery with its immense leaves rent into slips, its thick bunches of fruit, and the scarlet receptacle of the seed hanging quaintly down the stem of the tree by a twisted rope. I do not exactly understand whether this wild plantain is another species of the *Musa*, or simply that sort of variety which is introduced by the want of culture and an improved mode of propagation. The plantain is one of the most characteristic productions of the tropics; this and the palms in shape, and the aloes and cactus in size have no parallels in Europe.

After a long ride we came to Mr. Nisbett's coffee works and rested ourselves a space in his barrack. Here, more meo, I devoured four oranges and half of an imperial pine, and absorbed certain sangaree, a practice evil in principle, but, as I have found, justifiable upon particular occasions. The situation



was a clean terrace jutting out from the breast of the mountain which rose to a great height above it. Palm trees stood around, coffee bushes flourished upon the declivities, and cascades of water burst through the close vegetation on the ground too precipitous to be planted. Below lay the valley, the silver waterfall gleamed through an avenue in the hills, and magnificent piles of rocks, sometimes black and bare, sometimes green with countless tracteries of creepers, formed the scene right opposite. As I have said before, planters are not poetical; but, my heart! if I possessed this place, methinks, while young morning blushed, or high noon slept, or gentle dewy evening made nature think and pause, I would stroll upon my terrace, or sit, three parts recumbent, on one of those old oak chairs with Hastings' coronet on it, and forget the world of strife and penury and pain, till I lapsed into a citizen of the other world of peace and plenty and joy! . Σκιᾶς ὄραρ.

From this spot I perceived the smoke ascending from two different *soufrières* a little higher up the mountains, and after we had ridden some way farther on, the smell of the sulphureous exhalations became very strong. *Soufrière* is the common name in the West Indies as well for the active volcanos of St. Vincent's and Guadaloupe, as for

those numerous quarries of hot sand and springs of boiling water, which are themselves either the remains of ancient craters, or the imperfect eruptions from a soil highly impregnated with volcanic elements. I went down into both of these, though it was difficult to find any ground sufficiently solid to bear a man's weight: the water was in a state of violent ebullition at one source, and perfectly cold at another six feet from it. The soil was so hot that I was obliged to be continually lifting up my feet, like a bear learning to dance, and the fumes of the sulphur were so penetrating and the heat altogether so intense, that I really felt a chilling change on the surface of my body upon returning again to the cloudless light of a vertical sun at noon. I collected some exquisite crystals, but I could not preserve them in my rambles. I drank some of the water from the hot spring after it had cooled; it was transparent and insipid. There are some ponds close by which are clear and cold without any symptoms of existing volcanic action, though, I suppose, originally derived from it.

Much of the country about this part is covered with coffee bushes, and here and there are patches of cacao. Mr. Nisbett intends to cultivate the latter more largely. The galba is chiefly planted for fence and shade, and a beautiful thing it is. The



bois immortel is used here for marking boundaries, but it is an inferior and inconsiderable tree in comparison with the magnificent native of Trinidad. Land crabs crawl in great numbers across the roads, and the crapauds, enormous frogs of the color and size of about ten fat toads, are eaten by those who like them. It is the most unbearable beast I ever saw. I can hardly think of it now without being qualmish. I can eat monkey, snake or lizard; there is not much in that; but verily to munch and crush and squeeze...gah! it is downright cannibalism and popery. Dear brethren, have ye not yams, plantains, eddoes? ye are called Christians!

Upon my return to Government house the chief Popish priest called on us. I believe his name is Jimeno; he is a South American and speaks three or four languages in parts without apparently knowing even one completely. They tell ludicrous stories of his polyglot jargon in Dominica, and certainly the specimen I had of it was at least very curious. It was something in this style.

“ Como está, Monsieur? J’espere que usted se porte vary well. Il fait mucho calor aqui. Es preciso que usted tienne bon cuidado de yoursel, nam sol est violens. Ah! gracias, señor! Dulce vinum est quasi lac senis hominis, c’est à dire;... entiende usted le Latin?”

“ Un poco.”

“ Ah ! j'ai dit que el dulce vino es la leche de un viejo. Le Latin est good ting, muy good knowledge ; sin el Latin rien to be done.”

“ Usted, señor, loquitur Latin as elegamment como the Español seu French.”

“ Ah ! vous me flattez, sir. Todo lo que yo tengo, je l'ai appris en Venezuela ; mais ce fut quando la Venezuela estaba floreciente debajo del cetro del gran rey de España ; pero toga cedit armis ; no hay ninguna ciencia à present dans ces pays-la ; sum valde tristis sometimes de hoc, car yo tengo beaucoup d'amour de mi patria ; pauvre Amérique !”

However I am told he is a worthy man, and I am bound to say that a general good report was given of the sobriety and temperate zeal of the Romish priests in the colony. I believe the bishop of Gerren expressed himself well satisfied with this part of his diocese, which, until the light of the Gospel can be made to shine in the darkness of Popish heresy, is quite as much as can be expected.

There are a few families of the aboriginal Caribs living on the windward side of the island, but they have scarcely any intercourse with the rest of the population, and all I learned about them was, that



though they usually lived to a great age \*, they were gradually decreasing from a continued system of intermarrying within a very narrow circle.

\* “Nor is it much to be admired,” lucubrates rare John Davies, “that the Caribbians should live so long, since both ancient and modern histories furnish us with examples enough to confirm this truth ; and among others, the Dutch who have traded to the Moluccoes, affirm that in that country the inhabitants live ordinarily 130 years. Vincent Le Blanc affirms that in Sumatra, Java and the neighbouring islands they live to 140 years, as they do also among the Canadians ; and that in the kingdom of Casuby they hold out to 150. Pirard and some others assure us that the Brasilians live no less, nay that sometimes they exceed 160 ; and in Florida and Tucatan, some have gone beyond that age. Nay it is reported that the French, at the time of Laudoniere’s voyage into Florida, in the year 1564, saw there an old man who said he was 300 years of age, and father of five generations ; and if we may credit Maffæus, an inhabitant of Bengala, in the year 1557, made it his boast that he was 335 years of age. *So that all this consid. red,* it is no incredible thing that our Caribbians should live so long.” To be sure ;—*c’est le premier pas qui coute.*

At a burial “the men place themselves behind the women, and ever and anon they stroke them with their hands over their arms to incite them to lament and weep. Then singing and weeping, they all say with a pitiful and lamenting voice ;—‘Alas, why didst thou dye ? Thou hadst so much Manioc, good potatoes, good bananas, good ananas. Thou wert beloved in thy family, and they had so great care of thy person ; Why therefore wouldst thou dye ? Why wouldst thou dye ?’ If the party were a man, they add,

Some of the French Creoles in this colony are men of considerable wealth; they live retired on their estates, but are withal hospitable and fond of a good deal of feudal display. The contrast between the English and French colonist is nowhere more strongly seen than in Dominica.

They consider wet or dry weather, each quite exclusive of the other, as healthy, but irregular rain and sunshine usually induces ague and intermittent fevers.

We took our leave of General Nicolay and his accomplished lady at nine at night, rowed to the Eden which had been lying on and off for some time for us, and steered for Montserrat.

‘Thou wert so valiant and so generous; thou hast overthrown so many enemies; thou hast behaved thyself gallantly in so many fights; thou hast made us eat so many Arouagues; Alas! who shall now defend us against the Arouagues? Why therefore wouldst thou dye?’” Davies.

The Irish say the same words; “Arrah! Pat, why did ye die? Hadn’t ye plenty of praturs and good whisky, Pat?” &c.

“The Topinambous,” adds Davies, “make in a manner the same lamentations over the graves of their dead:—‘He is dead,’ say they, ‘that brave huntsman, that excellent fisherman, that valiant warrior, that gallant eater of prisoners, that great destroyer of Portugueze and Margajats.’”



## MONTSERRAT.

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WE stole slowly under the high ridges of Dominica during the night, and were only just clear of the northern extremity of the island by the morning. Then the breeze freshened at E. by N., and having crossed the scene of the action between Rodney and de Grasse in 1782, where Tom Rowland, the mason in my town, lost his precious leg by a splinter, we passed gaily by the Saintes, some rocky islets belonging to the French, but which were chiefly occupied during the war by the English for the purpose of refitting, when it might have been difficult to beat up to English Harbour. In the Grande Sainte there is a pottery and a few canes. Marigalante lay on the horizon due east behind the Saintes. At three p. m. we breasted the southern point of the great island of Guadeloupe\*, and, as the wind came round freer, we ran into the roadstead before Basseterre, and dashed gallantly by the Frenchmen within fifty yards of

\* Called by the Caribs, Carucueira.

the shore. I believe the folks thought we were going to cut out a merchantman, or run ourselves against the shingles for fun. It seemed a very pretty town, and, I am told, is a most convenient one; there was an agreeable show of trees peeping over the tops of the houses, and the hospital built by the English, and the governor's mansion, were conspicuous at the northern end. This hospital is said to have been since destroyed in the hurricane of July 1825, when 230 persons or more perished in various miserable ways. The garrison at Prince Rupert's bay in Dominica suffered at the same time considerably. The country, though apparently very fine, had not quite so finished an air of cultivation as in Martinique, but its features were bolder and more magnificent. Some of the planters' houses were upon a larger scale, and more attention to comfort in the adjoining premises seemed to be displayed than is usual in the English colonies. The wind fell, as it almost always does, under the long lee of the high land, and it was about seven a. m. of the 25th, before we cast anchor in the open road of Plymouth.

I must needs say I have a vehement desire to abuse this island through thick and thin. I declare I cannot to this day think of the ducking I got upon first landing or rather watering at Plymouth



without an emotion of anger, which forces me to leave my chair and take three or four turns up and down my room before my pulse sinks to its usual quiet pitch. Though a jetty or pier might be constructed with a trifling expense by simply rolling a few large blocks of the stone, which abounds on the spot, into the water, yet these provoking people would rather that themselves and every human being, who visits or leaves their island, should get drenched, than stir one step towards erecting it. In fact they rarely go from the shore themselves, and they are fools enough to be amused with the misadventures of others. And then like true Creoles, what they are too indolent to do, they conveniently declare is impossible to be done at all. Here's a pretty thing! They call their island the Montpelier of the West Indies, (in verity no great compliment,) and when invalides, rheumatics and others, lured by the name, come for relief to breathe its air, the first thing they have to undergo is a forcible anabaptism in salt water, and then to be converted into drying horses for their clothes under a tropical sun. I am sure it is a subject of particular thanksgiving with me, that I did not for ever lose the use of my shoulders and knees on this occasion. Captain Lawrence had severe rheumatism in his left elbow for a week

afterwards. I have been trying to make a beginning to this end of a verse,

— et inhospita littora Montis  
Serrati—,

but it is miserable to feel how quickly all that Eton craft goes out of the fingers. However I mean to be very savage, and I speak my mind the more freely, because in many other respects I admire Montserrat, and regret that a nuisance should be suffered to exist in the threshold of this lovely little country, which must ruffle the temper of any one who is made of flesh and blood, and moreover hath the rheumatism. I am not vindictive; no! I have not a particle of the thing in my nature...I have a grateful recollection of the turtle at the Court House, though we were kept for our dinner so long that any thing but that exquisite soup would have come too late; the Madeira too was pure and milky, and the beer clean. These things do not pass utterly from my mind; they have a post-existent life with me, and I refer to them frequently for the purposes of contrast, similitude, or the reviving of my affections.

It is indeed commonly but, I apprehend, hastily said, that turtle is eaten in greater perfection in England than in the West Indies. The cookery,



I confess, is more studied and elaborate, more science is shown in the anatomy, and superior elegance in the dishing. Besides, it is a greater rarity, and its visits, few and far between, leave something of an angelic smack upon the palate of a worthy recipient in England. But setting aside this last advantage, or rather justly esteeming plenty a blessing, a man of unprejudiced appetite will have no difficulty in deciding in favor of the consumption of turtle on the spot of its birth. The nature of this fine animal is not understood by European cooks; they distrust the genuine savor, and all but annihilate it by bilious additaments of their own composition. The punch too, though pleasurable per se, is drunk so largely as to wash out all remembrance, all rumination of the past, and I have seen some persons so grossly ignorant as to drink once or even twice before they have finished their soup! This should not be. A single lime is sufficient; squeeze it and cut it in slices afterwards over the various regions of your plate. The soup should be served up in a capacious tin shell, and should always be well lined inside with a thin crust of pastry; the worst consequences may follow upon the neglect of this last particular, for the liquor becomes lukewarm, tenuous and watery, by immediate contact with ware or metal. In England

I have always found a crassitude, a pinguedinous gravity in the meat which makes one repent the having eaten it; it enervates the body with a sort of dry drunkenness,

*Atque affligit humi divinæ particulam auræ.*

In the West Indies turtle is a generous food certainly, but honest and unsophisticated; it administers in a small space that nourishment which the great exhaustion of the system requires, and there is a freshness and a recency in it, which quickens the palate and invigorates the organs of taste. At a dinner in England, it must be, as they say and do in the city, turtle once and turtle throughout; a man indeed has no heart or appetite for any thing else after so much acid punch and morbid soup as is absorbed there. In the West Indies turtle is a gentle alarum, as from a silver trumpet blown; it is the proparasceue of our manducatory energies, the regretted prophagomenon of Apicius. A glass of Madeira (it should be Sercial, if possible) is the best thing after this soup; the wine flows in a kindly stream of coalescence with what has been eaten before, and harmonizes with what is to follow; lime punch creates a discontinuance, as the lawyers say, and in effect spoils your dinner.



Abbé O'Hannam, a tall Irish Romish priest, gave the health of the Bishop of Jamaica, and talked about our eminent prelate and so on. It was bad taste in Abbé O'Hannam to dine with us at all, but it was gross in the Abbé to give such a toast. The compliment was uncalled for from him, and nobody could think the Abbé sincere in what he said.

The Protestants and Papists are as good friends in Montserrat as they are in Ireland. Indeed the faithful Catholic here has anticipated the fruits of emancipation; he considers it highly absurd to suffer himself to be deprived of great political advantages for the sake of a few oaths, when a priest actually resides in the island; and accordingly, having called God to help him as he utterly disbelieves Transubstantiation, he marches into the House of Assembly, and there gives his vote. Nothing can be easier than this process, and I publish it here for the benefit of all the Irish, English and Scotch Papists, who may not have patience to wait till Parliament open the doors of legislation to them. I could not ascertain the numbers of the adherents of the Romish church in Montserrat. Abbé O'Hannam says there are 4,000; the President told me there were forty. They intermarry, and in most cases the Abbé loses; a thing which the

Abbé should look into, for the reverse takes place in England.

The negros here have an Irish accent, which grafted on negro English forms the most diverting jargon I ever heard in my life.

But if you ever visit Montserrat, good reader, go, even if you have only one day, to the Soufrière. I have seen a thousand beautiful things in the West Indies, but I cannot even now think over my morning ramble to this Soufrière without feeling my heart swell with love and sorrow that I shall never see it again. Most of our party had gone off to sleep on board, but the sight of the launch in a canoe over and through the surf sickened me ; I had no stomach for a repetition of the morning's ducking, and independently of rheumatism, I knew that

*albo ventre lavari*

was no joke to any one. So I accepted the hospitality of the learned Dr. Dyett, and after a very edifying and abundantly charitable discourse upon the quality and form of Popery, I snoozed away the night in a barrack room in the Doctor's court yard, oblivious of all sublunary things except the barking of dogs. West India turtle lies light as a feather, and claret is as thin as air ; so by the first



dawn I essayed to rise, what time shoeless and uncinctured Betsy pushed her black eyes, yellow face and white teeth through the door with "How you do, my massa? La! what white skin! gee! gee! gee!" "Ay, Betsy," said I, "the color would be worth something to you; but just at present go and get me some coffee!" And so fortified, and mounting somebody's horse, (many thanks to the unknown owner!) I paced through the quiet old town, and having joined my companion at the very worthy Mr. Luckcock's, we set out upon our excursion.

At first the road lay along the margin of the sea, then wound inwards by a gentle acclivity towards the mountains. It was like one of my native Devonshire lanes; no primroses or violets were there indeed, but the snowy \*amaryllis drooped her long and delicate petals like a love-sick girl; the thrice gorgeous hibiscus was unveiling his crown and feathers of scarlet, and the light limes and darker orange trees, which formed a verdant hedge on either side, were exhaling their perfumed incense to Him who made them so beautiful and so good. A thin grey cloud obscured the sun, whilst an Atlantic breeze blew gently and freshly upon my face

\* *Pancratia Carribbæa*.

and open neck. The air was as cool as on a May morning in England, but so inexpressibly soft, so rare and subtle to the senses that I think the ether which angels breathe cannot be purer stuff than this. O ! Temples twain, Middle and Inner. O ! Courts, together with all houses and outhouses thereunto appertaining, even then did I think of you !

After this I nearly broke my neck in a dry gulley which was about as good a bridle path as the steps to the top of St. Paul's. I remember, when I was at Eton, a great piece of work was made about an officer's riding up the hundred steps, and the discreet Windsorians planted a huge post at the bottom to prevent any such risk of life for the future ; ...why, the hundred steps are no more to be compared to the last two miles before you come to the brink of the Corral, or even to this poor gulley in Montserrat, than I to Hercules, a meeting house to a church, Westminster to Eton, or any other equally appropriate dissimile.

The gulley ended in one of those green Savanas which nature has oftentimes so mysteriously cleared in the midst of the impenetrable virgin woods of tropical regions. No difference of soil or situation can be the cause ; you may lean your back against the frontier tree of a forest which no



axe or torch hath ever invaded, and stretch your body on the meadow turf where scarcely a weed can be seen. There is no man to fell these trees or divert their growth; there is no hedge or wall or trench to impede their march; but God said to the Forest as he said to the Sea, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." The view was beautiful; behind me the woody mountain rose into the clouds, before me it descended in a long grassy slope to the edge of the sea; on my left hand to the south, the broad and irregular eminences of Guadaloupe presented the appearance of a continent; to the north Redonda shone like an emerald in the midst of the blue waves, and beyond it stood the great pyramid of Nevis cut off from sight at one third from its summit by an ever resting canopy of clouds. The wind was so fresh, the air so cool, the morning dew so healthy and spangling, that I might have forgotten, but for the deep beauty that was around me, that I was still within the tropics. I seemed to have left all languor and listlessness below, and really felt for a season the strength, the spirits and the elasticity of youthful life in England. At this spot I and my companion (and he was a very pleasant one) tied our horses to a tree and began to descend a circuitous and over-arched path to the vale of the Soufrière.

This is a very wild and romantic scene. The whole of the bottom of the valley is broken into vast and irregular masses of clay and limestone which are scattered about in the utmost confusion, and render it a laborious task to scramble and leap from one to another. The surface of the ground is hot every where, and so much so near the streams of water which ran between the fragments that I could not keep my foot half a minute upon it. The water at its source boils up violently, and very gradually cools as it finds its way in a thousand meanders to the sea. A thick vapor slowly rises upwards till it meets the wind which cuts it off at a straight line and drives it down to the coast. The sides of the mounds of clay are entirely crusted with pure alum, formed by the constant action of the sulphuric acid of the water and the exhalations. In the midst of all this there is a green and luxuriant vegetation of bushes and creepers; some of the flowers were marvellously beautiful, and seemed to me to be peculiar to the spot. The mountains, which rampart round this solitary glen, are of a skiey height; they appear indeed higher than they really are, for their lancet peaks are never seen except dimly and at intervals through the vast and moving masses of clouds, which are first driven from the east against the other side of the sierra,



then are pressed upwards, and at last come rolling and tumbling over the summits into the vale below. The wood which clothes every inch of Chance's Mountain is soft, level and uniform, feathering him with a grasslike plumage as an Indian warrior, whilst every branch and every leaf bend devotedly forwards to the setting sun under the unceasing breath of the Trade-wind.

The people of Montserrat say they are very poor, and, as their friend, I am fain to believe them; for surely nothing but the direst necessity could reconcile their generous hearts to the present accommodations of their legislature and the unworthy destitution of their respectable President. The Council and Assembly of this island hold their important deliberations in two rooms in which a Devonshire farmer would scruple to hoard his apples; and Mr. Herbert, who has worn a cocked hat in their defence for thirty years, has neither a bed to lie on allowed to him, nor a table to feed on, nor a purse wherewith to purchase a few alleviations of the toils of government. His Majesty's authority and His Majesty's revenue shine together with concentric rays from the windows of His Majesty's Custom House. No salary whatever is allowed to the President, and it is only within a year or so that they have consented to in-

demnify him for the expense of official postage. Now I really must say that all this is discreditable, or in the vulgar scandalous, or in the vernacular blackguard; it should be reformed altogether. Let a plain Government House be built or bought in the town, and a few hundreds of their currency stuff added to make the head of their community respectable, and enable him to entertain the guests of the colony with propriety. There is enough wealth in Montserrat to effect this, and it concerns the reputation of the planters, as gentlemen, to do it.

The town, Plymouth to wit, is small, but many of the houses are singularly well built of a fine grey stone, and have a substantial and comfortable appearance. The jail is the ruinous remnant of an old fort, a sort of *parcus clausus* where no man of common humanity would imprison a transgressing donkey. However they are accustomed to it and know no better, as the old woman said of her eels when she put them i' the paste alive; "she rapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down.*" This precious devil's hole in the wall should be put into the index expurgatorius of my friend Dr. Dyett.

There are two churches in the island; the first within half a mile of the town is in very good con-



dition, which is not a little owing to the zeal and even manual skill of Mr. Luckcock, the rector of the parish of St. Anthony. The other church in St. Peter's parish is a good deal out of repair, and no service has been performed in it for more than a year. Effectual measures however have been taken for putting the building into decent order, and when that is done, another clergyman will be added to the establishment of the colony.

There are 6,396 slaves in Montserrat, a considerable number of whom are entirely debarred from any mental instruction. This is the case with all those who are unfortunately the property of a noted Papist of great influence, and of other planters who have the pusillanimity to sacrifice their consciences to his contemptible prejudice. The residue are taught the catechism by Mr. Luckcock, who also preaches and expounds portions of Scripture to them with more or less frequency according to the distance of their residence from Plymouth. The Bishop has lately placed a catechist under this worthy minister's direction, and it is earnestly to be hoped by every friend to the true interests of the colony, that means will not always be wanting for still further increasing the number and the influence of those, by whose exertions a religious

and moral spirit may be excited in the slaves, and the peaceable subordination of the whole class be insured.

The methodists will pardon the freedom I take in expressing my suspicions that the evil, which they have done upon the long run both at home and abroad, is but scantily counterpoised by a certain sobriety of exterior which they have inflicted on their sect. One remark seems level to the lowest capacity and the most sordid prejudice. The planters in the West Indies profess to be apprehensive of insurrection; nevertheless they admit sectarians of one denomination or another into their estates; the negroes are a very curious and observant race, and after they have learnt that there is a God, the next thing they learn is, that their master does not worship him in the same manner with themselves. They believe their worship is true, and therefore they must think their master's false. While they remain on the brink of civilization, this will have but inconsiderable consequences, but the seeds are laid, a beginning is effected; the individual or his family becomes more knowing in process of time; he perceives the ingredients of distinction more clearly, and gradually and necessarily imbibes that spirit of separation



which religious schism is sure to generate. Moreover a completely organized espionage is a fundamental point in the system of the methodists; the secrets of every family are at their command; parent and child are watches on each other, sister is set against sister and brother against brother; each is on his guard against all, and all against each. In this manner these sectarians possess an army of dependants already lodged within every house and fixed in the heart of every plantation. Their dominion over these poor people is as absolute as was ever that of Jesuits over Jesuits; the fear of being turned out of their class\* operates like the dread of losing the caste in Hindostan, and the negros know that this formidable power rests entirely with their ministers. That this power has been abused I shall not at present take upon me to assert; that it *may* be abused to the most fearful purposes I am sure. This is no imaginary picture of my drawing; let the gentlemen of Antigua say how this matter stands with them! Do they not sometimes look about them, and speculate upon

\* In Anguilla a man told me he was in God Almighty's class, but that if the minister knew that he had been at a dance, he would turn him down into the Devil's class.

Thus (worse than) fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

possible contingencies? Do they not repent the encouragement; do they not fear the power of the methodists? They will not deny it\*.

\* I never come alongside of the methodist spy-system without thinking of poor Tom Smith's stanzas. Tom was always humming them by himself, as Johnson with "Aye! but to die——." They allude to his own experience of a practice not uncommon in the present day.

I knew a maid who did always command  
All her dear swains to a third gentleman  
Them for to try, if they did keep pace  
With the third gentleman's notions of grace.

Three the third gentleman plucked, and the third,  
As I've been told, was hardly deterred,  
In arguend. about Hume et Calvinum,  
A currend. ad argument. baculinum.

Last came a youth whom the third gentleman  
Chose for the husband; he had a can  
Of rottenness full and Predestinate Hell,  
To make a young maiden live happy and well.

Passion o' me! as John Suckling did say,  
That ever a lady should so throw away  
Such a pair of blue eyes, such lips of delight  
On an underhand, yellow-faced, Puritan wight—

And all for because this silly young maid  
Was led astray by that artful old blade  
The third gentleman;—Devil him take,  
And duck him and souse in his nethermost lake!

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The planters, inasmuch as they are members of the church of England, are bound in conscience to see that their dependants are instructed in the principles of that church; but, putting the obligation of duty out of the question, it is palpable to common sense that it is their present interest to do so. That sooner or later the slaves in the British colonies will all be fully and properly instructed, cannot be a doubt with any one who quietly observes the signs of the times; a large number of them in different places possess at this moment a measure of skill and knowledge of which their masters are not always aware, and which the slaves value in proportion to its rarity. The colonists have no more power to arrest this slow but unceasing march of intelligence than they could have to stop a mountain in its fall, or divert a torrent in its downward course. They would be crushed or drowned in the attempt, and I am not sure that their fate in such a case would be much lamented. Now if there is one owner of slaves who believes that sooner or later those slaves, themselves or their descendants, will and must be educated, is it not plainly his interest to bind them to him by every moral tie imaginable, and is it not as obviously dangerous to encourage or permit a mode of education which necessarily tends to alienate them from him? Can

there be a bond of connexion more sacred or lasting than identity of religious worship? can there be a source of hostility more sure or prolific than sectarian zeal? At present, the educated planter may despise the poor black methodist slave; but we may be sure, if another system be not adopted, the time will come when the methodist slave will be the methodist freeman, and the power to coerce will precisely cease, when the force and danger of license will more than ever call for it.

That the methodists have done some present good amongst the negroes in many of the islands I do not deny; it is partly a shame to England, and partly to the colonial clergy, that there was any acknowledged field for their services. But as an effective church establishment has at length been commenced, and will, I most fervently hope, be perfected and maintained, so the time should seem to be past, when a Christian minister could think and say that the souls of the slaves within his parish were not within his cure. That time has been, but it is past, or it is passing while I write. The pretence that the numbers of the clergy were inadequate to such a duty is more than half taken away; the sophism, (for so it appears to me,) that a teacher of a lower or, to speak plainly, of a more vulgar stamp is required for the uncultivated



negros has been exposed. I am yet to learn why erudition and good manners are to disqualify a minister of the Gospel from teaching and humanizing a negro. Why will we consent that our Christian religion, a religion which enjoins courtesy and prudence as virtues, should unnecessarily and through wilful neglect on our parts be degraded, if I may so speak, and disfigured by the ignorance and coarseness of men who neither are, nor in any nation or age ever were, intended for the ministry? I am sure that quite as much discretion is necessary in the work of instructing the slave population as in the known labors of attending to the spiritual wants of the free; in fact, much more is necessary; for the course of the missionary is through an undiscovered sea, where his charts serve him not, and his experience is baffled by novelty; where the wisest may fail, but where the wise is more likely to succeed and to succeed effectually than the rash, rude, although pious, men whom the perverse benevolence of thousands at home is yearly sending out with roving commissions against the peace and tranquillity of foreign communities.

That the Methodists or any other denomination or sect of men have, as British subjects, a *legal right* to exercise their own form of worship and to labor

to convert others to the same within the limits prescribed by Law, I am not only the last man to deny, but would be amongst the first to cry shame upon the denial of it. My argument is *ad verecundiam*. No man acquainted with the West Indies and not actually blinded by faction can doubt that the Episcopal Establishment, countenanced by national authority, supported by national resources, and in close alliance with the unimpeached piety and wisdom of the great religious associations of the national church, has and must of necessity have a far better chance of effecting general and systematic good in the colonies than the individual teachers of sects, rivals of each other, antagonists of the regular clergymen, unequally distributed over the islands, and by their very character and qualifications for ever confined to one class alone in the society.

The Methodists and Moravians, in the West Indies at least, do not pretend to impute to the Church of England any doctrines that are false or practices that are sinful: on the contrary, they profess an entire accordance with the first and a simple indifference with regard to the last. Unfortunately the evil consequences of their schism are much greater than would be the benefits of their conformity. The disturbing forces of sectarian zealotry are able to impede, although in themselves they



could but slightly accelerate, the course of the establishment. If the Methodists are sincere in their frequent declarations that they merely filled up a void left by the church, that they have no ambitious designs against the church, and that they wish the church to prosper in the colonies, then it may surely be expected of them either that they will become themselves the catechists of the church, or if under the new edition of Wesleyanism they cannot submit to a Bishop's control, that they will gradually and peacefully retire from a field where they must see and cannot but acknowledge that the necessity for their services is rapidly disappearing. Persuaded as I am that the supposition of the exclusive propriety of Methodist teaching even in the case of the adult negroes (for with regard to the children educated upon the national plan the grounds of the supposition fail, and *all* the children will sooner or later be so educated) is unfounded in fact, unreasonable in principle and mischievous in its consequences, I cannot express my sorrow and regret at the determined spirit of separation manifested by the Methodists abroad, and the provoking sophistications of eminent men at home upon this subject\*.

\* Mr. Wilberforce is gone, but how can such a man as Brougham, whose understanding is as masculine and prac-

But enough of this matter at present, for the Eden is under weigh and has fired a gun and the Captain's gig is waiting for us a cable's length from the shore. So we will shake hands, pretty island; and now for another launch in a canoe!

N. B. The pure old Montserrat rum, however the market may be, is really a choicer spirit than the Jamaica. Grog from this rum, with a dash of lime or lemon juice, is a pretty tippie indeed—*cosa mayor*, as the Dons say.

tical as his principles are fleeting and without anchor, content himself with that precious simile, that the instruction by clergymen is like the thunder which passes over the heads of the negroes and affects them not? What have the church catechists to do with thunder?



## NEVIS.

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WE left Montserrat at noon on Thursday the 25th with the wind very fresh at S.S.E., passed Redonda in the mid-channel, which is well enough represented in the charts as like a large haycock, except that it is quite green, and cast anchor in the open bay or road before Charlestown at five in the evening. We did not land till early the next morning. The appearance of Nevis is perhaps the most captivating of any island in the West Indies. From the south and west it seems to be nothing but a single cone rising with the most graceful curve out of the sea, and piercing a fleecy mass of clouds which sleeps for ever round its summit. It is green as heart can conceive, perfectly cultivated, and enlivened with many old planters' houses of a superior style and churches peeping out in the most picturesque situations imaginable. A complete forest of evergreen trees grows like a ruff or collar round the neck of the high land where cultivation ceases. On the north and the east the cone is not so perfect; it falls off in one direction in a long

slope which terminates in a plain towards the Narrows of St. Kitt's, and is broken to windward into one or two irregular hills. Columbus is said to have given the present name to this island from the mountain of Nieves\* in Spain. Edwards supposes that a white smoke issued in that age from a volcano now extinct, but perhaps the vapors, which rest on the summit, may more probably have suggested the idea of snow. However, without thinking of snow at all, Columbus may have simply transplanted a favorite Spanish name with no more propriety than when he called the neighbour island after the famous mountain near Barcelona.

Charlestown is a larger, smarter and more populous place than the capital of Montserrat. It lies along the shore of a wide curving bay, and the mountain begins to rise immediately behind it in a long and verdant acclivity. The Court House is a handsome building with a square in front; it contains a hall on the ground floor for the Assembly and the Courts of Law, and another room upstairs for the council. The public offices are all placed at one end of the hall. The chairs for the members, the table, railing and the whole furniture is remarkably neat, and put me in better humor with

\* Davies calls this island Mevis.



these notable legislatures than any thing I had seen elsewhere. The town church is small and much encumbered within, but the yard around it is planted with many evergreen trees and decently inclosed with a wall. This last circumstance is so rare in the West Indies, that its occurrence inspires great pleasure and calls to mind the sweet solemnity of a country churchyard in England. Neither was the eye shocked by any of those enormous vaults above ground, which disgrace the burying places in the Colonies, in beauty are inferior to lime-kilns, and in pride beggar a Mausoleum. I know not whether the Nevisians have yet arrived at such a pitch of common sense as to admit their slaves and colored freemen to Christian burial in *their* churchyards or not, but certainly very few parishes in any of the islands have done so. Really with deference to my betters, it seems to me that during the present depression of the sugar market the gentlemen and ladies of the colonies waste a great deal of good money and labor in a very unnecessary operation. For my part, when a white man and a black man are both stone dead, I doubt if one be much better than the other; but grant that the white carcase is worth the most, Lord bless you, my white friends, you need not be so much afraid of lying side by side with the

blackest slave you have ! A time will come when one angel or another will pick you up as clean as ever you lay down, and separate you from Quaco as far as you shall wish ! Besides, remember that even your big lumpish bone houses are in vain,

*Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis sua fata sepulcris.*

To the south of the town, at half a mile's distance, are situated the mineral baths on a rising ground near the margin of the sea. The establishment is very large, and can afford, as I was told, accommodations for forty or fifty boarders. An invalide with a good servant might take up his quarters here with more comfort than in any other house of public reception in the West Indies. At present the thing does not answer, the building being in fact too large and the depreciation of colonial produce rendering it difficult to afford a mineral spring illness. There are three spacious plunge baths on terraces one above the other and varying in their temperature from 50° to 100° Fahrenheit. The lowest and largest is now given up to the boarders and others as a turtle crawl. There the poor flat gawky creatures flounce about till they become sulphuretted to a certain culinary degree, which is known by the Eatable beginning to lose his equilibrium, and, instead of lying level



on the water, to sink half his body edgeways under, and leave the other half an upright semicircle in the air. When this sign of the times appears, the fortunate owner, impatient of the joy, erects his head and snuffs the coming soup;—

Genialis agatur

Iste dies!

cries he, and now Turtle cannot reasonably expect any thing better than death and dressing.

I rode entirely round this island with the exception of a mile or two on the windward side, and found it uniformly rich, verdant and beautiful. The roads are tolerable, though liable, in the lowlands on the north, to be injured by floods. However you may go whither you please in a gig, which certainly must be allowed to be a great sign of civilization. There were two steam engines employed in grinding canes, a thing which I had not seen any where else, except in Trinidad. Surely where water and coals may be commanded, the certainty and rapidity of making the sugar would in the long run be worth the additional expense. How frequently does it happen upon large estates, that whole acres of canes are spoilt, or the current year's market lost by the irregularity of the wind! Besides this, the saving of labor is im-

mense, though the steam is not turned in Nevis to half the work it ought to do, and the planters should remember that labor saved is labor got, and that all the time which their slaves now consume in the long lingering crop season under the wind-mill system, might be employed in a superior and more minute culture of the soil, in building and repairing houses, in rearing more provisions of various sorts, and in numberless other public works of necessity or convenience for the non-fulfilment of many of which at present they plead inability from want of hands. To be sure there is so much statuquoitism in the old colonies that fire will hardly burn some of their prejudices out of their heads; but in the new colonies, whenever the estates are much and generally underhanded upon the old system, there steam engines are and must be introduced, or the cultivation of sugar will be abandoned.

It is difficult to say which island produces the best pines. The ruby or blood pine of Trinidad is the most magnificent in appearance; the black Antigua is perhaps the richest and most vinous in taste; they have few pines in Barbados, but ever and anon you may meet with one there which surpasses them both. The finest oranges are without doubt to be found in St. Kitt's, Nevis, and Mont-



serrat; indeed, with the exception of the production of these islands, there are no specimens of this fruit so good as those which grow in Piccadilly. In Nevis a man is always placed as sentinel in a pinery, for otherwise those dogs the monkies, who are very good liveries and know a ripe pine to a day, are sure to take an evening walk from the mountain, and will, I am told, fairly pick, pack, and carry away all the eatable fruit in the garden at one visit. Certainly Jacco is a rogue, a villain, a thief, yet the fellow's cleverness is so great, his malice so keen, his impudence so intense, that it exceeds the hardness of my heart not to like him. You may offer your fine green Seville oranges to him by handsfull; deuce o' bit of the rind of ten thousand of them will Jacco touch; no! no! massa—dem monkies savey what bitter as well as buckra! And here I must take notice of the luncheon we enjoyed at Mr. Cottle's house, where the pines and oranges were most ambrosial. Here I learned how to eat guava jelly. Let it be served in a bell-mouthed glass, pierce it with a knife, and pour Madeira (I had Malmsey) into the fissure. The wine lubricates and enlivens the guava, and entirely takes away that mawkish sweetness which usually cloy the palate of every person but a West Indian.

The temperature is so low upon the estates higher up the mountain, that many European vegetables are grown there, as sea-kale, turnips and carrots. Mr. Cottle has, I think, peaches and strawberries also. Indeed I have reason to believe that if any persons thought it worth their while to make the experiment with a proper attention to soil and situation, a large proportion of the valuable trees and culinary vegetables of countries lying in very different latitudes might be interchangeably transplanted. Let it be considered that of the countless productions of the vegetable kingdom which England now possesses, perhaps not two per cent. are, what is called, indigenous to the soil; the rest have been imported by the labor of man. The very commonest of them all, good luck to it with its honest jacket! lives equally well in Ireland as under the equator; and can there be any doubt that the yam, an inestimable root, would flourish just as well by its side?

We dined and slept at the Government House, a very convenient and pleasant residence a little above the town. We ate well; more particularly, the turtle was excellent and dressed with extraordinary care, but I never drank worse in the West Indies; the wine was absolutely a disgrace to the colony. Surely a small stock of common London



Particular, if nothing else, might be kept for public occasions without impoverishing the treasury; they would have done better if they had given us some plain punch with guava jelly in it, for their old rum is commendable in a high degree. And then, when I went to bed thirsty and out of humor, I found my room, which had not been used for some time, full of mosquitos, and a very imperfect kind of curtain to protect me. Beelzebub\*, who in virtue of his principality commands the whole of this infernal flying brigade, grinned, no doubt, at my vexation; he loves to see a man go to bed angry, for then the blood gets feverish, and the stings of his troops are doubly poisonous upon the heated face, and the filthy blotches more permanent. I rolled and tossed about like Achilles,

"Ἄλλοτ' ἐπὶ πλευρὰς κατακείμενος, ἄλλοτε δ' αὖτε  
 Ὕπτιος, ἄλλοτε δὲ πρηγής"

but the foul fiend had me and got drunken with my gore. I might well have groaned out what one of the middies in the Eden said afterwards,

"Jam satis terræ Nevis atque diræ !

Let us aboard !"

There are five parish churches and two large

\* Prince of Flies.

private chapels in this little island. With one exception the former were in excellent condition, and all of them are situated in the most picturesque spots that can be conceived. The view from the Lowland church upon the blue Narrows, the islet in the middle, and the serpentine shores of St. Kitt's beyond, is very pretty, but Figtree church is the most perfect thing I ever saw. It is situated half way up the mountain, and looks down upon a wide expanse of sea, the town, the ships, the whole length of St. Kitt's, and the top of St. Eustatius beyond all. The burying ground is properly inclosed; there is a very good organ which a nice looking girl played upon for our sakes, and the whole interior was as neat as it could be. This was Lady Nelson's parish, and there is a monument to her father or some relation erected by her in it. There is also an old marble with the name of Stapleton Cotton engraved on it. The church at Gingerland is neat, and from a part of the road near it I saw Montserrat, and Antigua also lying on the horizon. The two chapels were built on their respective estates by Mr. Cottle and Mr. Huggins, junior, and are spacious and well adapted to their purpose. However, with all these conveniences for public worship, there are only two clergymen at present on the island, and so the



parishes are merely served in turn. Besides this, the salary which the legislature gives to each parish minister is wholly inadequate to a decent maintenance, and what makes bad worse is, that the planters pay it in sugar. Now this practice not only makes the clergy to a certain extent traders, but they, poor souls, are fain to take their miserable stipend in worse sugar than the king himself, which all the world knows is in the other islands the very vilest that can be found. The Bishop remonstrated so strongly against this custom that I hope it will be given up, and a sum of money certain be substituted in its place. The pretence of not having cash enough in the island is hardly valid in this age of political economy, as if in all ordinary cases cash were not one of the easiest commodities in the world to be had, when you possess any thing wherewith to purchase it. This the real money the Nevisians have; some of them are rich.

I cannot help observing that the planters of Nevis and Montserrat ought to be more attentive to the clothing of their slaves than for the most part they appear to be. Independently of its being an almost necessary preliminary to any improvement in the manners of a negro, it is really cold on many estates in these islands, and creatures of heat as these poor people are, they become exquisitely

susceptible of a change of temperature which an Englishman or a white Creole scarcely perceives. In fact, I was assured by a medical man in Montserrat that the negros on the hill estates did often suffer much from cold, and my own observation justified the remark. A planter, in my opinion, if he really wishes to do good, ought to insist upon all his slaves being clothed who are above the age of five years, the women, as women in every country under the sun ought to be clothed, fully and properly, the men in trowsers and a checked shirt with a pair of braces. Domestics, even for one's own vanity's sake, should be made to wear shoes and stockings, or shoes at all events, and though I would not enforce, I would encourage the same practice in the case of the field laborers. The planters themselves say, and for the most part they say truly, that the negros have the means or may have the means of procuring these articles for themselves; if they have, they should be made to purchase them; if they have not, it is the undoubted duty of the planters, as they are masters, Christians and gentlemen, to give them. I suspect the man who talks to me about preaching and teaching and baptizing, when he, at least, for his own part, should be measuring and sewing and building; for until you have taught a man or a woman to respect



themselves, it is vain for you to attempt to teach them to respect any thing else : and observe that the question is not with savages of the forest, who only know themselves, and to whom ignorance of shame is as the clothing of innocence before the Fall ;—no ! these slaves know that they are naked ; they live in immediate contact with their masters whose manners they remark, and they daily see the more favored of their own color decked out with finical extravagance. Many do indeed become shameless by the dire force of habit, but not all ; for not seldom have I watched a poor girl in the fields who has turned away from the gaze of man, and shrouded her bosom with crossed arms and declining head.

I turned out of the road in going to Gingerland to see a banyan tree. It was like the pictures of it which I have seen in East Indian books ; the lowest and heaviest limbs shoot out in an exactly horizontal line to a great length, and are really supported by a row of pillars decreasing in size towards the extremity of the branch ; all the upper part of the tree is free from these pendent suckers, and is like any other.

The jail is just such another hole as the one in Montserrat, but it was quite good enough for two of its inmates at least, while I was in Nevis. These

two wretches were both, I think, free-colored men, and as atrocious criminals as ever deserved to dance upon nothing. Many slaves had at different times been missing from different estates; search had always been made upon the several occasions but without success, and it was supposed that they had escaped to a French colony. The fact was this. These two men used to persuade a slave, whom they supposed to possess some stock in money or otherwise, to run away with them from his master, assuring him that they would take him off the island to a ship, where he might assert his freedom. When they had gotten their victim some way from land in a boat, they used to throw him overboard. It is frightful to think how many poor creatures they hurled in an instant from life in this manner; at length one man, whom they had disposed of in this way, was by some act of Providence saved from drowning, and by his means in the end the murderers were apprehended. It seems, however, that there is no law to punish them for the felonies committed on the sea, and the evidence was imperfect\*; and I understood that after being kept

\* I have been since informed that one of these men was a white man, and that therefore the slave's evidence would be of no avail against him. If this be true, it should make the planters think a little.



ad libitum Nevisiensium in the custody of our Lord the King in his aforesaid jail, these villains must be let loose again. It is said by speculatists, that perpetual imprisonment is a severer punishment than loss of life: if so, it may be a reasonable question, whether one year's putrefying in the prison of Charlestown be not equivalent to captivity for life in any of the Bridewells of the great Grand Duke.

The mean temperature of Nevis and Montserrat is certainly lower than in any other of the Antilles. If a man would bring his resources with him, especially a wife, he might live in a delightful retirement in many of the sweet hill recesses of either of these islands. I should prefer Madeira indeed for a residence on account of its vicinity to England, and also because I have partly engaged to marry a lady there when we are both come to years of discretion, which all my friends declare to be equivalent to the Greek kalends with me; but I should often run down the trades, and spend the winter within the tropics. Not, however, that I would prejudice the twice venerable Temples twain by any outlandish comparisons; no!

Fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint

Causidici!

and yet the law is a bore to a man of poetical

imagination, which is odd enough, considering how it dealeth in the most novel and surprizing fictions in the world. Mathematics are a bore of course, because Fancy starves at the surfeit of Reason; but why she should starve in law, where Heaven truly knows that Reason, poor soul, is often fain to look big upon a mighty scurvy dinner, is past my comprehension. But, no doubt, I have much to learn, and so we will say no more about the matter. For it is wisely remarked by the profound Lazarillo, “that to understand to perfection the meanest art or science requires the greatest capacity and skill. If you bid a shoemaker, who has been thirty years in the trade, make a pair of shoes with broad toes, high in the instep and tight about the heels, he must pare your feet before he fits you; or ask a philosopher why flies’ dung is black upon a white place and white upon a black one, he will blush you like a maiden on her wedding night, and answer nothing to the purpose!”

And I defy the Royal Society to give a decent explanation of that mystery at the present day.

N. B. John Davies writes thus;—“This Island is the best governed of any in the Caribbies. Justice is there administered with great prudence by a council consisting of the most eminent and most ancient inhabitants of the colony: swearing, thieving,



drunkenness, ———, and all dissolutions and disorders are severely punished. In the year 1649 Mr. Lake, a knowing person and fearing God, had the government of it. He is since departed this life."

## ST. CHRISTOPHER'S\*.

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WE set sail from Nevis at three p. m. of the 28th, and ran down to our anchoring place before Basseterre at eleven knots under a heavy squall. We did not land till the next morning, and I spent the hour before sunset in looking from the ship upon the beautiful island before us. The vale of Basseterre in softness, richness and perfection of cultivation surpasses any thing I have ever seen in my life. Green velvet is an inadequate image of the exquisite verdancy of the cane fields which lie along this lovely valley and cover the smooth acclivities of Monkey Hill. This hill is the southern termination of a range of great mountains which increase in height towards the north, and thicken

\* The French part of this island was purchased by De Poincy in 1651 from the French West India Company for the benefit of the knights of St. John of Malta, and in 1653 the king of France by letters patent made an absolute gift of all the French islands in the vicinity to the Order, reserving the sovereignty and a crown of gold, of the value of a thousand crowns, to be presented on every change of king.



together in enormous masses in the centre of the island. The apex of this rude pyramid is the awful crag of Mount Misery\*, which shoots slantingly forwards over the mouth of a volcanic chasm like a huge peninsula in the air. It is bare and black and generally visible, whilst the under parts of the mountain are enveloped in clouds. The height is more than 3,700 feet, and is the most tremendous precipice I ever beheld. But the ruggedness of this central cluster only renders the contrast of the cultivated lands below more striking, and the entire prospect is so charming, that I could not help agreeing with the captain's clerk who said he wondered that Colon, who was so delighted with this island as to give to it his own name, should not have made a full stop upon its shores. I do not uphold the pun, but upon the whole it was well enough for a hot climate and a captain's clerk.

Basseterre is a large town, with many good houses in it, and one spacious square, which, with

\* "He (Columbus) was engaged to give it (St. Christopher's) this name from a consideration of the figure of its mountains, the island having on its upper part, as it were upon one of its shoulders, another lesser mountain, as St. Christopher is painted like a gyant, carrying our Saviour upon his, as it were a little child."

some labor and taste expended upon it, might be made a very fine thing. Trees should be planted regularly on every side, an esplanade railed off, and a handsome stone fountain built in the centre. It would be worthy of Colonel Maxwell to look to this, and to exert his influence in effecting an improvement not less important for its utility than its beauty. It is quite extraordinary that the West Indians do not pay more attention to their comforts. The women, and the men too for the most part, never stir out while the sun shines, and thus become much more enervated than the heat of the climate would necessarily make them. Why is there not a sun-proof avenue in every town, where people might breathe fresh air and walk in the shade? Such a place of common resort would infinitely enliven the dulness of their society, invigorate their spirits, and adorn their towns. Vegetation is so very rapid within the tropics that a noble arcade of trees may be raised in a few years; an alley of the graceful bamboo might be created in one year, which might serve for a temporary awning till the larger trees were grown. The French manage all these things much better; they come to live in their islands, and exert all their ingenuity and knackery in making them comfortable homes. In Basseterre in Guadaloupe there is such a walk,



and they have a small one in St. Pierre. In Port of Spain they have their Terreiro, which is the original or copy of the one in Funchal. I think I have heard that the Madeirans are indebted for that agreeable promenade to the taste and generosity of Sir Ralph Woodford.

The town church is very irregularly built, and cannot contain one third of the inhabitants. True it is that the Methodists have kindly stepped in and offered their assistance, and, in order to demonstrate their affection to the church, have erected their conventicle so close to it, that the voice of the clergyman is often drowned in the hearty chorus which proceeds from the open doors and windows of the great house over the way. This is something inconvenient, and I would humbly suggest that it might be avoided, or turned to a good account by a previous agreement between the two parties to sing in concert; and it might be stipulated, that in consideration of the acknowledged precedence of the establishment, and also of the hot weather, the Methodists should only sing six several times to be returned on the other side by a like number of verses discharged at the same time in the same order. The effect of this harmonious compact would be very great, and might possibly be the means of softening the asperities

and levelling the angles of sectarian melody. However it is not meant hereby to interfere with the notturnos, a species of music which the good people might be left to execute in their own peculiar way.

The present rector of Basseterre, Mr. Davis, a native of the island, is one of the most powerful preachers in the West Indies. If the fervent boldness of this excellent minister were more common amongst the colonial clergy, a greater reformation of the public mind would be effected than it will be easy to bring about by other means. He is but newly instituted to this living, and the Bishop has appointed him one of his chaplains. I anticipate with reason the most beneficial consequences from his zealous ministry, his enlightened superintendence, and his very general influence.

Αἱ γὰρ————

Τοιοῦτοι δέκα μοι συμφράδμονες εἶεν—

Τῷ κε τάχ' ἡμύσειε πόλις—

Χερσὶν ὑφ' ἡμετέρησιν ἀλυσά τε, περθομένη τε.

The religious establishment of St. Kitt's is, with perhaps the exception of Nevis, relatively the largest of any in the Antilles. Yet there are only nine churches for the accommodation of about



30,000 persons. Some of these are really very large, and almost every one in good condition and furnished with great neatness. They are for the most part situated near the sea, and command the most exquisite prospects on all sides. They are lovely to look at and lovely to look from. On the north the majestic pyramid of St. Eustatius is an object of ever changing and ever glorious appearance, and if the rector of St. Mary Cayonne in the south east is not a happy and virtuous man, then mountains and valleys, trees and running streams, the blue ocean, and retirement cannot make him so.

I drove and rode round this island with the exception of the southern extremity, which is almost uninhabited, being full of large salt ponds from which a great quantity of that useful article is annually procured. The roads are remarkably good, and present the only instance of milestones that I remember in the West Indies. There are one or two pretty villages on the coast, the inhabitants of which seemed to be nearly all colored people. Some of the women were very handsome and well dressed. The fort on Brimstone hill is a very imposing object; it is situated on a huge rock precipitous on all sides but one, backed by the mountains and fronted by the coast level and the western sea. We breakfasted near the hill with a

worthy German commissary and his good sister Miss Fervenstein, or some such name, for I am ill at German; she was born in Trieste, and could spik Inglis like any nightingale. Moreover she gave us an admirable meal; in particular, there was one luculent dish of which I could not learn the name. I ate largely of it and was highly satisfied with it; as far as I could guess its composition, I should say it was guinea fowls cut into junks, done into Maintenon cutlets and finally enveloped in pastry. Colonel Maxwell said our good hostess was famous for her dish. Certainly by travelling in foreign countries a person acquires an enlarged apprehension of the gifts of nature and of the ingenuity of man. Represent to a Londoner that the fore-arm of a young monkey is tender and savory, urge the richness of guana, or illustrate eel by snake, and it is ten to one that you spoil his dinner for that day; yet verily these things are in rerum edibilium natura, and with their wholesome cleanliness might well put to shame the cannibal consumers of tripe and sheep's trotters. The English prejudice for beefsteaks may undoubtedly be defended upon certain grounds of political economy; but why, dear brother of mine, should you therefore think scorn of the froggeries of France, the crabberies of Antigua, or the monkeyries of



Trinidad? Within certain bounds (from which however I exclude the crapauderies of Dominica\*, for I consider it decidedly unchristian to eat of them) my maxim is, *gustus neque disputandi neque contemnendi sunt*.

I was particularly struck with a part of the road near Sandy Point where there was a complete grove of the beautiful and singular seaside grape† for the space of half a mile on both sides of the road. Clusters of the fruit, which is something between a gooseberry and a golden pippin, were hanging from every branch amongst the large round leaves; they were then yellow, but ripen into a darker color. In Antigua some good Moravian women made us an enormous tart of these grapes; it was the best piece of Moravian work I have ever seen. It equalled fresh gooseberries, which *secundum subjectam materiam* is as much as can be said for any mortal fruit pie. I must mention also a magnificent avenue of cabbage trees‡ in double rows which led to some lady's house on the windward side of the island; I forget her name,

\* I have some doubts also of the admissibility of the Groogroo worms, which is a pasty of boiled maggots picked from the top, I believe, of a short prickly species of palm of that name in Trinidad.—*Cur. adv. vult.*

† I believe the *coccoloba uvifera*.

‡ *Areca oleracea*.

but we all agreed that it was the finest display of these tufted princes of the vegetable kingdom, these living Corinthian columns, that could be found any where in the Antilles\*. Ligon declares that in Barbados in his time about 1648 there were many of these trees which measured upwards of 300 feet in height; which declaration I will be so bold as to say was a gigantic lie of the worthy old planter's own in spite of all his arithmetic. After many inquiries in various islands, I could find no one who would answer for more than 120 or, at the utmost, 130 feet, and of that height I have frequently seen them. And this is taking the matter favorably for Ligon. Barbados was then for the most part covered with wood, and the trees, of which he speaks, were growing in the midst of it; now I have always remarked that the palm in a forest is much shorter and slenderer than when it springs up by itself or in regular and open rows. Not but that Ligon had a perfect right to tell the lie, seeing it was only within a few years that the gentry of Guiana had discontinued that barbarous fashion of wearing their heads under their arms and

\* It is a curious fact that the central spike of this palm is always inclined towards the sunrise, although against the current of the tropical wind. Probably it is so ordered that the tender shoot may resist the gale.



their eye in the middle of their breasts. For all which a better man than Ligon had pledged his reputation.

But as we went round the island, though my eyes often wandered over the sea and through the trees, yet did they always return at short intervals, and fix themselves upon the sullen skyward fragment of the Mountain of Misery. I passed entirely round its base and saw it from various points of view; it changed under the shifting clouds from black to pale, and seemed to be impatient of fix-  
ture, and to be straining forward to dash itself to atoms in the chasm below. What a place for Timon to have chosen in his misanthropy!

I believe I have reason to say that there is no colony, with perhaps the exception of Grenada, where the free-colored people are treated with so much justice as in St. Kitt's. There are instances here of respectable white and colored persons intermarrying, which is a conquest over the last and most natural of all prejudices. The only newspaper in the island is conducted by a colored man, and what is more, as well conducted as any other in the West Indies. Their oaths as witnesses they have long possessed. I believe, but I am not certain, that they vote indiscriminately with the whites in the election of members for the General

Assembly. I received the Sacrament myself after a black woman, and the odious custom of burying them and the slaves in a detached piece of ground is not common, and where it did exist a little while ago I believe it has been since abolished at the earnest instances of the worthy Bishop.

The Moravians are numerous and have many establishments in the island. They labor in stillness, as they say of themselves, and are, I really believe, a good and innoxious class of people; at the same time the United Brethren near St. Mary Cayonne ought to look more sharply after the manners of their females. There were ten or a dozen mulatto women entirely undressed and washing their clothes in a brook of water not twenty yards from the high road in this parish. Whether from innocence or impudence I cannot say, but certainly they paid no more attention to our party than if we had been so many posts. However this is a solitary instance in my experience of the West Indies.

The same practice of paying the clergymen in sugar has hitherto prevailed here as in Nevis, but I hope it is now or will shortly be abandoned for a more decent and effectual stipend. The sincere and active minister of the Gospel in the West Indies is a most meritorious man; he is the living



source of intelligence and good order to every class of people in his neighbourhood, and to him, animated and strengthened, as he now is, by the exhortations, example, and protection of the Bishop of the diocese, do I principally look for a substantial advancement in the morals, knowledge, and relative behaviour of white and colored, of bond and free. The planter is as much interested in the abilities and virtues of the minister of his parish as his own slaves can possibly be ; and it does really become him now to give up that petty tyranny, which has been hitherto exercised over the colonial clergymen, and to rescue them from that dependence on vestries \*, churchwardens and others, which is destructive of the utility of one party and degrading to the characters of both. The money which is spent in the liberal maintenance of a competent number of well-educated ministers in each island is money laid out to great advantage ; the security is good, and the returns will be a hundredfold.

The first night of being in St. Kitt's I lodged at a place called the Camp, and slept for half an hour in a bed without a curtain. In this space of time

\* It is much to the credit of Jamaica that this object has been effected by a recent Act of the Legislature in that island.

I was bitten almost into a fever by mosquitos of prodigious size and famished ferocity. The air was impregnated with these infernal animals, and a white servant, who slept on the stairs outside my room, awoke in the morning with both his eyes almost sewed up. Colonel Maxwell was merciful enough to give me a bed in his house for the rest of my stay, but I did not recover from the effects of this unparalleled attack of Beelzebub for a week.

There is a spot on the side of a hill, the name of which I forget, in returning from St. Mary Cayonne, from which the vale of Basseterre may be viewed with the greatest advantage. I think there is no place on earth which can surpass the richness and cultivated beauty of this lovely scene. Nothing can be better disposed for completing the effect than the plantations are; the tall and moving windmills, the houses of the proprietors, the works and palm-thatched cottages of the negros embosomed in plantains, present the appearance, as indeed they are the substance, of so many country villages in England. On one side is Basseterre with the ships, on the other the ocean to windward, the mountains behind, in front the broken and peninsular termination of the island to the



south, the salt lakes gleaming between the openings of the rocks, and Nevis towering majestically over all.

I agree with Don Christoval; this island *does* deserve to bear the name of as great a man as ever the old world had reason to be proud of. If he considered it so beautiful ere the hand of human industry had levelled the thickets and cast seed into the soil, what would the Admiral say of his namesake now, when with all its natural charms undiminished, it is breathing, as I verily believe, with a contented and even happy population, and smiling throughout its valleys with the green harvests of the torrid zone! That there are divers particulars which an European philanthropist would wish to see reformed or removed altogether, is certainly true; but it is also true that a majority of the planters are gentlemen of understanding and humanity, and prove by their acts, private and public, and their conversation, that they are sincerely willing to promote the true welfare of every class in their community by all the means within their power. The governor, I know, and the legislature, I think, are both actuated by principles of real liberality towards the colored part of the population; an act has been promptly and unanimously passed to invest the Bishop with full

powers, and I am convinced there is no amendment, no change, no practical measure of any sort which could be suggested by him, which would not be carried into immediate effect to the utmost of their political or private power.

I exceedingly regret that I had not time to visit a very remarkable level in the midst of the mountains, which appears to be similar in its character to the plains between the Cordilleras of upper Peru. Most of the common vegetables of Europe will grow there, and the face of the country, I am told, is totally different from what it is in the lowland valleys.

Under this government are comprised Nevis, Anguilla, and the British Virgin Islands. The first is naturally attached to St. Christopher's, but the two latter are at a very inconvenient distance from it and from each other. After Trinidad, I should prefer this government to any other in the Antilles; but a man ought to have a good independent fortune to live comfortably in these places. I would no more submit to be kept on board wages by any of their Assemblies than I would to stand court candidate for Westminster. In Tobago they have the unexampled effrontery to deduct so much per diem from their governor's salary for his occasional absence from the island on military



duty: for which no doubt, among other causes, they are pre-eminently blessed with yellow fevers • and dry belly-aches. Tobago is a fine island; but really the planters ought to behave with more liberality; and let them remember this...the worse they pay, the worse they will have...and there is an end of the matter.

## ANGUILLA.

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ON Wednesday afternoon we re-embarked and steered for Anguilla. It was the glorious first of June, and we all drank to the memory of Lord Howe, as in naval duty bound. We passed between \* St. Eustatius and Saba, both of them Dutch islands. They rise out of the sea in majestic cones, but, like Nevis, fall away on their north sides into a broken level. We were within a mile of the town in St. Eustatius, which seemed large and divided into an upper and lower range of houses; ...few ships were within the bay which is a commodious one, and the colony is said never to have recovered from the effects of the capture by Lord

\* “The inhabitants of this island live decently and Christianly.” Davies.—“There is in the island one church, which hath from time to time been supply’d with very able pastors; of whom one was Mr. May, who, among other writings, put out a learned commentary on the most difficult places of the five books of Moses, wherein there are many curious observations of nature.” Davies.—Another of these pastors was Mr. Audain.



Rodney in 1781. I am afraid the scandalous manner in which this island was lost a short time afterwards to a handfull of French soldiers was only a just punishment for the unworthy severities before exercised by the captors. Plunder generally burns the fingers of those who are concerned in it. We sailed the whole length of St. Bartholomew's or St. Bart's, as it is commonly called, and just looked into the harbour of Gustavia, which is difficult of access, but otherwise a very fine one. This belongs to the Swedes and is, I believe, the only colony they possess. It is a long uneven island without that central rising which is almost universal in the other islands, and which seems to indicate volcanic action. Barbados indeed is an exception. After St. Bartholomew's, we coasted along St. Martin's, which is divided between the Dutch and the French, and on the afternoon of the 2d of June we came abreast of the low and level shores of Anguilla.

Shorten sail, sound starboard and larboard, and be very careful in going into the road of this island. The Dutch chart is imperfect. We anchored a little way from a sand bank not five feet under water, where the chart gave five fathoms. You might run upon Sandy island itself by night without seeing it three minutes before. I must say it

seems to me that it would be more creditable to the greatest maritime power on earth to ascertain something certain of the navigation of its own Caribbean sea by a scientific survey than to reprint the old Spanish maps, and when they fail, to send its officers to pick up information, as they may, from an unintelligible chart of Samuel Fahlberg. The French manage these things better, much better \*.

Anguilla presents a very singular appearance for a West Indian island. A little wall of cliff of some forty feet in height generally rises from the beach, and when you have mounted this, the whole country lies before you gently sloping inwards in a concave form, and sliding away, as it were, to the south where the land is only just above the level of the sea. The Flat island and St. Martin's terminate the view in this direction. Seven tenths of the country are entirely uncultivated; in some parts a few coppices, but more commonly a pretty species

\* In one of the charts of the Gulf of Paria you see "breakers" here, "breakers" there, "breakers" everywhere, the water being always as smooth as a mill pond. Their history is this. In the Spanish chart the soundings are marked by *braças*, fathoms; hence our aforesaid "breakers," for which at least the translator's head ought to have been broken.



of myrtle, called by the negros maiden-berry, seems to cover the whole soil; the roads are level grassy tracks, over which it is most delightful to ride, and the houses and huts of the inhabitants are scattered about in so picturesque a manner that I was put in mind of many similar scenes in Kent and Devonshire. Indeed there were scarcely any of the usual features of West Indian scenery visible; neither of those prominent ones, the lively windmill or the columnar palm, was to be seen, and there was a rusticity, a pastoral character on the face of the land, its roads and its vegetation, which is the exact antipode of large plantations of sugar. I believe I did see one dwarf cocoanut tree, but it looked miserable and unhappy, and was evidently out of its element.

I had great fun with a parcel of laughing, lazy, good for nothing women who were assembled in the evening on a grassy space where four tracks met, for the purposes of talking at all events as much as possible, and then of drawing water at the public well. This well had no wheel attached to it for facilitating the drawing up of the water; the women let down a bucket, then began to laugh, then dragged away at their bucket by main force, then showed their teeth again, then dragged away again, and after five or six alternations of

laughing and quarrelling, dragging and screaming, they secured about half a bucket full of water; the rest of course being spilt by the vessel striking against the sides of the well. Their ropes too were quickly frayed by the friction against the edge, and, I should think, could never last more than a fortnight in constant use. We offered to send a carpenter and some men from the ship to construct a windlass for them, if any timber could be found, for all which about three hundred teeth grinned upon us very graciously. However our benevolent intention had no effect, for although, upon application to the lieutenant governor, his Honor was pleased to promise sufficient wood for the purpose, yet, upon the most diligent search being made throughout the vicinage, the returning officer certified that there was no such timber to be found; and so the Anguillan damsels must be fain to draw their water as aforetime, unless and until His Majesty, in conformity with his other wholesome provisions for the reformation of the interior economy of this unconquered and, as the Honorable Benjamin Gumbs added, unconquerable colony, shall order the collector of his customs at Old Road to import one tree, pitch pine or other as shall seem expedient, to be devoted to the single object of constituting a wheel or wind-



lass for the said well, and for no other use or purpose whatsoever. It may be as well to mention too that the colonial flag has been long since worn out; the staff remains before the government house, but Union, Standard or St. George is there none. To be sure, as the Honorable Benjamin Gumbs remarked, it matters little; "for no enemy, sir, will ever penetrate into this country to see whether we have a flag or not:" which is probably true.

The lieutenant governor received us with marked distinction on the steps of his house. He is an old man venerable for his white hairs, sore eyes and lack of teeth; affluent in the undoubted possession of two coats and one dimity waistcoat with regimental buttons attached to them. His hospitality was as sincere as his entertainment was spare; wine, poor soul! he had none, and rum we could not drink, but there was water, and as much as we liked of it from the aforesaid well. But the frost of age melted away when the glorious deeds of Anguilla were mentioned; how the old warrior reared himself up on his chair! how he girded his loins and took up his parable! "I told the men, I'll tell ye what, I know nothing about marching and countermarching, but my advice to you is to wait till the enemy comes close, and then fire and load and fire again like the devil." Whereat we

all looked grave as was proper; but his Honor was sublimed beyond all consideration of infernal similes. Victor Hugues himself would have trembled to beard such a soldier in his den, if he had known of his existence.

That murderous ruffian never did any thing more wantonly atrocious than ordering the attack of Anguilla in 1796. It could serve no warlike or colonial purpose, especially as, it is said, his instructions to the officers were to exterminate the inhabitants. The French burnt the little town, pulled down the church, stabbed men in their houses, and stripped women of their clothes. In such a case it is a real satisfaction to know that punishment followed hard upon the crime. Every man in the expedition was afterwards killed or taken prisoner by the Lapwing, and the two French ships were destroyed.

The council presented an address to the bishop, which was very creditable to the good taste and feeling of the principal people of this unjustly forgotten colony. Indeed they seem a good sort of folks, though they have been living for a long time in a curious state of suspended civilization. They acknowledge the English laws, but the climate is said to induce fits of drowsiness on them, during which Justice sleepeth and Execution tarrieth.



These periods of dormancy are occasional, and arise from no very definite cause. In the book of the deputy provost marshal, after recording that a writ received at the office in 1809 was executed in 1818, it is thus written—

“The reason the above execution was not previously levied is, that there was no place of confinement, and *that the laws of this island were lying dormant* from the period of granting the writ until instructions were received by the lieutenant governor from the captain general to proceed in execution of the laws and customs of the island, *which occurrence* took place in 1818, when the marshal was ordered to do his duty, and made this attachment accordingly.”

The laws having awaked, they were troubled with such an immense number of writs again, that the poor creatures had no time to eat or to drink; whereupon after a few months wakefulness, they became dormant again, and so have continued for the last six years. In 1822 indeed the board of council formally declared, “that it was useless to erect themselves into a court of judicature for want of a jail.”

— *nullo contentam carcere Romam!*

One small methodist chapel is the only place of religious worship in Anguilla. The minister is a

colored man with a stipend, as I was informed, of £200 per annum from the Society in England, and is consequently the richest man in the island. He has 250 admitted members, and his congregation rarely exceeds 400 souls. There remain therefore about 2,600 human beings without, or only with the name of Christians. This gentleman has been eleven years in his situation, and in all that time has never dreamed of establishing a school for the young. The serenity of the neighbourhood was disturbed in the evening when I was there, by the worse than Popish mummerly of class meetings; the young women and children were screaming out by rote some hymns and songs with an asperity and discordance of tone which seemed to make Nature angry, and exhibiting a scene of such mechanical superstition and senseless perversion of Christian worship as might well have caused a wiser man than me to weep for the possible absurdities of mankind.

But brighter prospects are opening in Anguilla. Its state has been thoroughly examined by commission from the governor of St. Kitt's, and a system of reformation in consequence undertaken. The Anguillans now send a representative to the assembly of St. Kitt's, and the island is to be bound by all laws enacted in his presence. These laws



are not to be allowed to go to sleep upon any pretence whatever. A court is to be erected and juries impanelled. A church and a chapel will be built partly by government and partly by themselves, and a clergyman and catechist will reside on the island; one or two schools are to be opened forthwith under proper masters, and the colony will be periodically visited by the Archdeacon of Antigua and the Bishop himself.

The great curiosity of Anguilla is the salt pond\*. This is a shallow lake surrounded by little hills, except where it is divided from the sea by the beach alone. The salt forms a crust on the clay under water, whence it is scraped off and laid up in stacks on the shore, which being thatched with branches of the tier palm present at first sight the appearance of an Indian village. The salt which I saw dug out for use was very white, strong and beautifully crystallized. The pond is common property, and every one may take as much of it as he can get. The natives talk of their crop of salt, as planters do of their canes, or as we should do of our corn. In favorable years 300,000 bushels of this article have been exported. If the poor folks had a

\* A few English families first settled themselves about this pond in 1650. They shortly afterwards planted tobacco, which was highly esteemed.

free port, they might get on tolerably well. Unrestricted commerce, which is munificence and stimulus to London and Liverpool, would be charity to Anguilla.

By the by they make very good hats here from the leaves of the tier palm, the smallest and most delicate species of that great family of trees which I have seen.

There are 365 whites, 327 free-colored, and 2,388 slaves in Anguilla.

The colony is very poor; an inconsiderable portion of it is cultivated, and that with so little capital that much improvement in the present state of things seems improbable. I fear the slaves suffer a good deal from want of certain and adequate provision, and the mode of meeting the scarcity by giving them one, two or three days liberty to seek it any where is decidedly an aggravation of the evil. This time, which is almost always devoted by them to idleness or stealing, should be employed even compulsorily, if necessary, in the planting of provision grounds of which any quantity may be taken in, and of any quality. As it is, the yams of Anguilla are well known for their excellence. That a population of three thousand persons in a level and fertile island of greater extent than Nevis within the tropics



should suffer from a deficiency of the means of subsistence, is a case of such very gross mismanagement as seems to deserve the punishment which it certainly induces. The white inhabitants are much in debt to their neighbours of St. Martin's and St. Bartholomew's; and though their distress has not destroyed their good feelings and wishes for improvement, yet it has necessarily rendered them more neglectful of the welfare of their dependents than their brethren under happier circumstances are usually found to be.

I am told indeed that Mr. Buxton, a good man but, unfortunately for his own true fame and the interests of all parties concerned, very imperfectly informed of the actual state of things in the West Indies, has said in substance, that he wished the affairs of the planters were even more embarrassed than they are, because, if sugar or other staple were not worth the growing, the slaves would necessarily have less work, and so live a trifle more comfortably. Now this seems to me a simple speech; a very small quantity of political or even domestic economy might have taught a man of so much sense better. Without crossing the Atlantic Ocean, in Freemason's Hall itself, (and it is not easy to remove oneself farther from light of every description,) a person might have reasoned, that if the planters,

being, as they are written down in the Reports of the African Institution, a cruel and selfish race of men, could no longer feed themselves, their wives and their children in the manner they were wont, they would be little likely to take much trouble about feeding their despised slaves at all. If the slaves were rendered useless, they would not and could not be maintained at the expense of their masters; and if they were not so maintained, the slaves would of course maintain themselves by open violence. Now if any one wishes this last to be the case, I will be bold enough to say that he wishes in reality not only the entire destruction of the colonies as sources of commerce, but also the demolition of every imaginable chance of ultimately converting the slaves into good citizens and enlightened men.

But if Mr. Buxton, as a great and heroic act of devotion to the cause of humanity, would go across this ocean stream and see what he is so often talking about, (and upon my word I believe the planters would receive him with civility,) he would then know, as a fact about which there could be no dispute, that the condition of a slave in the West Indies bears in its comparative comforts or sufferings a pretty exact relation to the independence or indigence of his master. This in its ap-



propriate degree is certainly the case in England, and really I cannot understand why any body should suppose it to be different in the colonies. It is not my humor to fill this page with a detailed account of the management of slaves on an estate; it may all be found in Macdonnell or Macqueen, and it is just as much a matter of course as poor rates and a parish doctor in England. If any one can deny this to be the general and accustomed practice, let him do so, and distinctly prove his assertion; if he can do this, he will effectually put the West Indians to silence; if he cannot make it good, then, as an honest man, he will never repeat such assertion, never argue upon such assertion, nay, will gainsay those who continue to do either. This is a point unconnected with the grand question of slavery in the abstract; there are many evils in that state more pernicious than short commons, but this is a topic which is infinitely harangued upon and usually makes the deepest impression.

That there are degrees in slavery is true; the different education and more different tempers of the masters will operate in various ways upon the condition of the slaves, and between the highest and the lowest stage there will be often a greater space than between freedom and some states of

slavery itself. The well dressed lady's maid or gentleman's butler and groom seem scarcely beneath the same classes of people in England; they receive no wages indeed, and cannot leave their service; but it must be recollected that they enjoy under their master's protection almost every thing which they could buy with money, and that their *country* is so small, and society so uniform in it, that the wish to see the unknown world and to try other services, which would render such a restriction tormenting in England or France, can affect their contentment in a very slight degree. The other extreme of servitude comprises the slaves belonging to the petty land-proprietors, and the white and colored tradesmen, mechanics and keepers of hotels in the towns. The *servi servorum*, the slaves of slaves occur so rarely as not to be worth taking into the account, except for the purpose of instancing a curious right of slavery, and of reprobating its allowance. I am far from meaning to condemn all these classes of masters by wholesale; it often happens, I am told, that they are even too indulgent, and admit their slaves to a familiarity which can do no good to either party; but I am bound to say that the only cases of cruelty, which I either met with or heard of in the West Indies, were one and all perpetrated by persons of this



description. As the owners live worse, the slaves must of necessity live worse also; as their owners are less enlightened, less affected by public opinion, nay, oftentimes as barbarous or even more so than themselves, they the slaves must of course profit less under the instruction, and be more completely at the mercy of the passions of such their masters.

These are the two extremes; the average condition is that of the laborers in the field upon respectable estates. These constitute seven or eight tenths of the whole slave population. In point of ease and shade their life is much inferior to that of the planter's domestic; in food, care in sickness, instruction and regular protection, they are incomparably better off than the wretched thralls of the low inhabitants of the towns. The positive amount of their personal comforts is, as I have occasionally remarked, various in various islands; in none is it greater than, in few so great as in Barbados. There are many things in the slave management of that colony, which might be advantageously imitated by the planters of other islands, but at the same time this is a matter which depends so much upon local circumstances that it would be presumptuous in any one to condemn, upon general principles alone, those who do not avail themselves of the example.

## ANTIGUA.

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THE Eden was under weigh at two p. m., on the 3d of June. We ran back the same course to leeward of St. Martin's and St. Bartholomew's, and beat out to windward of St. Eustatius with the wind E.S.E. It was hard work the whole way to English Harbour, where we arrived on Monday evening the 6th a little before sunset. We should not have managed the matter as it was, if we had not carried on in spite of a succession of sharp squalls which made our royal masts bend like weeping willows. The entrance is exceedingly narrow, and every preparation was made to moor the ship in the event of the wind baffling her. An attempt to tack would infallibly run a vessel ashore. However we glided in gently to our birth between the two quays of the dockyard, and fastened the ship by hawsers to rings on the shore on either side.

This is without exception the prettiest little harbour I ever saw; the extreme neatness of the



docks, the busy village which has grown up in their vicinity, the range of hills of various shapes and colors which encircle the inland sides, and the rocky Ridge which frowns over the mouth with its Union and cannons and ramparts, present such a combination of tropical beauty and English style and spirit as I never saw elsewhere in the West Indies. The harbour is said to be unhealthy, and from its inclosed situation such a circumstance seems probable ; at the same time I have not heard of any instance in which the crews of ships have materially suffered during their stay there. Indeed it is a season of great merriment with them ; they live on shore, and after their regular dock labor, dance and sing all the evening to their own abundant content. The officers have a large and commodious barrack to themselves, and in most cases find it a very agreeable place of relaxation from the wretched confinement on board ship in this perspiring climate. St. John's, the capital of Antigua, lies on the opposite side of the island, and this distance, which is perhaps a little annoying to the more urban part of the lieutenants and midshipmen, is an excellent quality in the harbour with regard to the common sailors. There is a devil in the West Indies called New Rum \*, which

\* Kill-Devil, Ligon calls it.

has killed almost as many stout tars as the French have, and he looks so like an angel of light in Jack's eyes, that it is not in the poor fellow's heart to refuse him any thing.

I was very pleasantly surprised with the look of the country. Antigua is so generally spoken of as a dry and adust place where the earth refuses to yield water for the use of man, that I received more than ordinary pleasure in gazing on the gentle wooded hills and green meadow vales which decorate the interior of the island. Antigua on a larger scale is formed like Anguilla, that is, without any central eminences, but for the most part ramparted around by very magnificent cliffs, which slope inwards in gradual declivities. From some of these rocks, especially near the parsonage of St. Philip's parish, one of the finest panoramic views in the world may be obtained. The whole island, which is of a rough circular figure, lies in sight; the grand fortifications on the Ridge and Monk's Hill silently menace the subject fields; St. John's rises distinctly with its church on the north-western horizon, whilst the woods which cover the sides and crest the summit of Figtree Hill just break the continuity of sea in the south-west. The heart of the island is verdant with an abundant pasturage or grassy down, and the numerous houses of the



planters, embosomed in trees, have more of the appearance of country mansions in England than almost any other in the West Indies. The shores are indented in every direction with creeks and bays and coves, some of them running into the centre of the plantations like canals, some swelling into estuaries, and others forming spacious harbours. Beyond these, an infinite variety of islands and islets stud the bosom of the blue sea, and stand out like so many advanced posts of defence against the invading waves. They are of all shapes and sizes, and are given up to the rearing of provisions and the maintenance of a great number of cattle. From the same hill when the western sky is clear, Guadeloupe, Montserrat, Nevis and St. Kitt's may all be distinguished by the naked eye.

The tortuous descent of Figtree Hill, though not so rich and imposing as the mountains and vallies of Trinidad, is yet a landscape so exquisitely beautiful that no painter or poet, who had once seen it, could ever forget the sight. A prodigious number of forest trees grow on the tops and declivities of the cliffs, and luxuriant festoons and knots and nets of evergreen creepers connect them all together in one great tracery of leaves and branches. The wild pine sparkled on the large

limbs of the wayside trees; the dagger-like \*Spanish needle, the quilled †pimploe and the ‡maypole aloe shooting upwards to twenty feet with its yellow flowering crown on high formed an impenetrable mass of vegetation around the road, and seemed fixed on purpose there to defend the matchless purple-wreaths or lilac jessamines, which softened the dark foliage amongst which they hung, from being plucked by the hand of the admiring traveller. Meanwhile a vigorous song of birds arose, and made the silent defile ring with the clear morning sound of European warblers, in the midst of which and ever and anon some unseen single creature uttered a long-drawn quivering note, which struck upon my ear with the richness and the melancholy of a human voice. Many persons have remarked the extraordinary tones of this bird, but I could not learn any name for it. It is the lovelorn nightingale of a silent tropic noon.

Antigua depends generally for its water upon the rain collected in tanks, and those who have been long accustomed to the insipidity of this beverage can with great difficulty reconcile themselves to the rough vivacity produced by the earthy particles in common pump water. It is however a

\* *Bidens pilosa*.      † *Cactus tuna*.      ‡ *Agave Americana*.



mistake of Bryan Edwards to say that there are *no* springs in this island; a remarkably sweet and transparent one is to be found on the left hand side of the road at some little distance before the descent of Figtree Hill. If you are nice, you should take a glass tumbler to see the precious liquor sparkle; otherwise there is an antique negro always croning hard by who will lend you a clean calabash. There are great numbers of ponds in the low parts of the estates which are filled by the rain and serve for the cattle and domestic water fowls; in wet weather these guts, as they are called, overflow their banks and often interrupt all communication by carriages on the roads. It is curious to see how arbitrary the unfashionableness of words is; if you commend the wing of a duck here, it is a chance your hostess, a pleasing and lady-like woman, will express to you the place of the animal's birth in terms which might make a gentleman of weak nerves leap out of his chair. It sounds odd, but really it is high time to get rid of these boarding school prejudices, which would deprive an Englishman of his Saxon name for the intestines of humanity.

The planters' houses were, I think, the best appointed of any that I saw in the West Indies. Many of them are very old mansions, and con-

structed upon a more spacious and substantial plan than is generally deemed expedient in these days of mortgages. A small park or lawn is commonly inclosed round the house, and the sugar works, which, however picturesque at a distance, are a very disagreeable appendage at hand, are so well concealed by trees and bushes that in many cases their existence would not be suspected by a person within the principal building. I saw with great pleasure also the formation of some pretty flower gardens, for which there are such manifold facilities and delightful rewards, that it is surprising their existence should be so rare. The coloring of floral vegetation within the tropics is certainly not so diversified and finely graduated as in England, but it is infinitely more gorgeous and majestic. The scarlet cordia, the crimson hibiscus, the pink and saffron flower-fence\*, the plumeria, the white datura, and whiter amaryllis seem to be the oil-painting of nature; the colors are all massy, deep and golden, and the dark radiancy of the foliage is beyond all imitation or description. In northern climates the flower has less body and shade and regality about it; its lucid freshness, its fallings off and vanishings of commingled hues, its complex designs and multi-

\* *Pointziana pulcherrima* or Barbados pride.



form figuring are lovely and domestic and no more. A cool English garden is the water-coloring of the earth.

Cedar Hill, the seat of Martin Byam, with its long avenues of white cedars struck me as being a very delectable place; Byam was an Eton boy, and having fought through the Peninsula hung up his sword non sine gloriâ, retired to his patrimony and determined to live like a gentleman. I ate a particular breakfast at Betty's Hope, which is a comfortable old rustic mansion with pillared gateway, fantastic trees and wild birds and beasts swarming about it. The house of Mr. Warner, the President of the Council, is a very finished affair; he is a descendant of the person of the same name, who was the chief colonizer of this and some of the neighbouring islands; the original grant by Charles I. is framed and set up over the door of his dining-room. From the ceiling of the portico which was covered with foliage of one sort or another, a spiral tendril hung down, and within one of its limber coils, I remember a tiny humming-bird had built his cotton-woven nest, and was fearlessly swinging to and fro over our heads with his breast and body sunk inside, and the tail and crested head alone peeping out on either side. Here also I became acquainted with a new dish of very attractive qua-

lities in genere bellariorum; it is called Floating Island by the natives, because a certain dense and vinous mass of guava jelly is made to swim in guise of an islet upon a stagnant lake of cream and wine and sugar and citron. It is the correlative of Trifle, as Mr. Coleridge would say; but tipsy cake, although a satisfactory thing per se, is not equal to this jelly. I confess I do not see any just cause or impediment why these two articles should not be joined together in one dish. I am convinced upon mature digestion of the matter, that a simultaneous absorption of both dainties would be highly agreeable to the well-informed appetencies of the man of taste. Dr. Nugent the geologist gave us an excellent dinner at Merrywing Hall, properly so named from a certain daylight modification of mosquito which rejoiceth therein. The *συνετοὶ* wore boots and the ladies covered their ancles and feet with shawls; I being ignarus mali was horribly punished; nevertheless we enacted a quadrille in the evening for the amusement of the negros of the establishment.

Every Creole female loves dancing as she loves herself. From the quadrille of the lady down to the John-John of the negro, to dance is to be happy. The intense delight they take in it is the natural consequence of that suppression of animal vivacity



which the climate and habits of the West Indies never fail to produce. The day is passed within doors in languor and silence; there are no public amusements or public occupations to engage their attention, and their domestic cares are few. A ball is therefore to them more than a ball; it is an awakener from insensibility, a summoner to society, a liberator of locked up affections, an inspirer of motion and thought. Accordingly there is more artlessness, more passion than is usual with us in England; the soft dark eyes of a Creole girl seem to speak such devotion and earnestness of spirit that you cannot choose but make your partner your sweetheart of an hour; there is an attachment between you which is delightful, and you cannot resign it without regret. She is pale, it is true, but there is a beauty, as South said, in this very paleness, and her full yet delicate shape is at once the shrine and censer of Love, whence breathe

the melting thought,  
The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

Their dancing is an andante movement, but they never tire. Upborne with indefatigable toes, they will hold you seven or eight hours right on end, and think the minutes all too short. At four in the morning my last partner went; she had started

at half-past seven ; she could no longer resist the cavernous yawns of her papa and mamma, but it was reluctantly that she went ;

*necdum satiata recessit.*

I like a ball in the West Indies better than in England. True it is you perspire, but then you have not to undergo the triumph of superior frigidity in your partner ; she perspires in precise analogy with yourself, lifts and relifts the cambric toties quoties, as the Papists say, whiles ever doth the orient humor burst forth at intervals upon her ivory cheek, and gravitate in emulous contrafluence with your own. Windows, doors and jalousies are all thrown open to the breezes of night ; flowers and evergreens give life and verdancy to the walls, and the golden moon or diamond stars gleam through the many openings with that rich and sleepy splendor which good men will see hereafter in Paradise. It is my advice not to drink much ; restrain yourself till twelve o'clock or so, and then eat some cold meat and absorb a pint of porter cup, which is perfectly innoxious to the system, and more restorative to the animal spirits than punch, wine or sangaree. Above all do not be persuaded to swallow any washy tea ; it gives neither strength or vivacity, but rather impairs both, and makes you



excessively uncomfortable. It is important to remark that your shirt collars should be loose round the neck, and the gills low; a mere white stock of thick holland well starched with arrow-root is the best cravate; otherwise with the ordinary apparatus your cloth in an hour becomes a rope, and the entire focale sinks into a state of utter dissolution.

*La philosophie est quelque chose, mais la Danse!*—said the French lady. Dear maids of the Antilles, windward and leeward, it is even so with you! Sweet are ye at your breakfast of yams and plantains, sweet at your dinner of squash and guinea fowls, sweet when ye perpetrate political economy, and urge humanity towards the slaves, but sweeter than your father's sugars are ye, dear heirs of the Caribbs, when ye come brilliant and happy to shine, like Houris, in the dance.

Beasts should do

Homage to man, but man shall wait on you.  
You are of comelier sight, of daintier touch,  
A tender flesh, and color bright and such  
As Parians see in marble; skin more fair,  
More glorious head, and far more glorious hair;  
Eyes full of grace and quickness——

A milder white composes

Your stately fronts; your breath more sweet than his  
Breathes spice, and nectar drops at every kiss.

St. John's is prettily situated on the top and

declivities of a moderate eminence on the west side of the island. The streets are wide and laid out at right angles, and are generally clean. They are however for the most part stuck full of such purgatorial stones that I doubt if a saint could walk to Paradise, if the road thither were paved with the like of them. The Antigonians delight in a vehicle called a John Bott, which, with the single exception of the patache from Fontainebleau to Orleans, is the most inhuman carriage that ever was invented at the instigation of the Devil for the use of rheumatic man. It is in fact the upper moiety of a sentry box clapped bodily upon two gig wheels; up and down, down and up, this way and that way are you banged about, till your head aches, your teeth get on edge, and your stomach is sea-sick. Fifty-one thousand black angels, as said the choleric Manchegan, seize the guilty idolon of John Bott, and trot him into madness in one of his own creations on the stoniest roads of Tartarus!

neque enim lex æquior ulla est,  
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.

The church is beautifully situated on a point where the descent towards the sea commences, and commands a noble prospect of the town, the harbour, Fort James, the romantic hills of the Five



Islands, and the ocean in the distance. It is the finest church, after that unrivalled one in Port of Spain, of any that I saw in the West Indies; it is not indeed quite so large as the cathedral in Bridge Town, but in architecture, arrangement, decoration and site it is much superior. There is a large sloping burying ground attached to the church, and neatly inclosed with a wall. The pillars of the principal gate on the south side are surmounted by two good statues of saints which were primarily intended for the idolatry of Guadeloupe or Martinique, but were fortunately intercepted by a Protestant man of war before they could arrive at the place of their destination.

I am sorry to say the unchristian practice of excluding the corpses of slaves and colored people from the ordinary burying grounds, and of shoveling them into unconsecrated earth in some out of the way place, was to be found in Antigua during my stay there. Conceive the feelings of a respectable free-colored man, who is forced by this detestable prejudice to deposit the body of his wife or daughter in a place and manner which he well knows every white christian would consider to the last degree ignominious; where he himself has seen the gibbet erected and the murderer hanging! This was actually the case in St. John's. The Bishop, as I

have said before, expressed his disgust at this usage, and I hope for the common credit of the colonies we shall soon hear that it is universally abolished. The very least that can be done is to inclose the ground, and to take good order that it be as much respected as the solemnity of its character demands.

The jail is like most others in the West Indies, that is to say, as bad in every way as possible. The windows of some of the rooms look into the street, and through those on the ground floor any communication, either of rum or talk, may go on at all times. The court is a mere swamp of mud and water with pigs wallowing about in it, and the whole scene is wretched beyond description. They adopt here also the practice of turning out gangs of prisoners to work in the streets with a chain about their legs. It is really amazing that in a colony so enlightened as Antigua, where their other public institutions are conducted in a very exemplary manner, such a gross nuisance should be permitted to remain under the eyes of the Legislature. I am sure there are men in this island who have sense enough to see the absurdity as well as the iniquity of such a prison and such a prison discipline. Mr. Buxton might do good, if he would turn his thoughts to this part of the



West Indian system. The African Institution itself, with the assistance of my eloquent acquaintance Thomas Macaulay to boot, could find no words too strong wherewith to condemn it.

The Court House is a neat and spacious building, and contains the chambers for the Council and Assembly, and a hall for the administration of justice. The advocates wear gowns and bands, but no wigs, and I am not certain that they keep worse order amongst themselves, or behave less respectfully to the bench than may be justified by the occasional style of the bar at most of the quarter sessions in England. There is the same abstinence from irregular interruption, the same urbanity towards each other, and the same cheerful submission to that decision which the constitution of their country makes binding on them, which severe critics have predicated of the junior barristers of the mother land. Whether the colonial bar might not still improve upon their English model, whether a superior degree of decorum, regularity and legal gravity might not be introduced, the counsel be less personal and more argumentative, the bench less easy and more profound, may deserve the consideration of all the members of the learned profession in the West Indies, . . . they ever bearing in mind that the bench and the bar

are things *mutuo dantia et recipientia honorem*, and that where the first is not respected, the second is usually despised.

I was particularly struck with the extreme neatness of the dresses, and the devout behaviour of the colored classes who attended divine service at St. John's church. It would have been impossible to have added any thing to the elegance and fine style of many of the women. They sat in great numbers round the rails of the altar, and it was intended to inclose pews towards the western end for the express purpose of their being appropriated to separate families. As it is, the leading persons among the colored inhabitants often give it as a reason for not attending the established service, that they cannot be sure of finding room for their wives and children with themselves, and are always liable to the intrusion of other people who may easily happen to be such both in demeanour and apparel, as to render contact with them a serious inconvenience. It is common justice to concede these points, and common policy to encourage the feelings which are connected with them. The free mulattos in the West Indies would naturally incline rather to the side which elevates than to that which degrades them in society; they are an obvious bulwark of defence to the whites against the



blacks; and it should seem that nothing but the most vexatious persecution and injurious antipathies could convert them into antagonists. In Antigua they are upon the whole fairly treated, though there are still many things which should be granted to them, if not for conscience sake, yet because it is useless to withhold them. There is considerable personal property possessed by this class, and the only or the principal newspaper of the island is conducted by a colored man; a circumstance which a Barbadian would think imported a tolerable share of liberality in the white community.

There are several schools in the town under the respective care of Moravians, Methodists and the missionary of the Society for the Conversion of Negros. There is also one small school for the education of white children of both sexes, which, as far as it went, was in good order, and the scholars taught to read and speak with a pure accent. But this last institution must be considerably enlarged, and the boys and girls separated; at present it is wholly inadequate to the wants of the colony or even of the parish. There is no reason why Antigua, according to its more limited population, should not furnish instruction to its native young on the same excellent plan which is so creditable

to Barbados. I cannot but think it a reproach to the inhabitants of the other islands that the Central School in Bridge Town should remain an unique in this part of the West Indies.

I went to see the African Free Apprentices, who were all drawn up in line in the yard of the Custom house. They amount to upwards of two hundred, and consist of natives of the various coasts of Africa, who have been captured by our cruisers on board unlawful bottoms and landed at St. John's. It has been the intention of government to bind out these persons as apprentices for seven years under the ordinary incidents of that species of service, and to declare them absolutely free at the expiration of the term. This plan does not at present succeed. As there is no law to compel the planter to accept the labor of these apprentices, he naturally consults his own interest alone in hiring them. Unfortunately these wretched creatures are for the most part so barbarous that it has been found almost impossible to induce them to engage in any regular work, and so profligate that they universally import disorder and vice into every plantation where they may be. About thirty only were of such a character that they could be safely employed. The rest remain in idleness or in very useless occupations, and are maintained entirely at



the expense of government. This is becoming a very serious burthen, and still increases from quarter to quarter without the accomplishment, or a hope of the accomplishment, of any permanent good. It is in vain to represent to them the superior advantages of independence and the possession of enjoyments which are only to be obtained by industry; it is equally in vain to tell them of the fertility of Trinidad, where they may have land given to them on condition of cultivating it, and where their labor would be highly valuable;...nothing moves them, nothing seems to make them think for a moment of family or fortune, besides that there is always at bottom a suspicion lurking in their minds that you are going to entrap them in some snare of which they are ignorant, and from which they shall not afterwards be able to escape. One short Guinea man, an uncommon rogue, with lines and slashes tatooed on his forehead, cheeks and chin, in token, as he told me, of his being "a jantleman at home," replied to a very energetic discourse of mine in the following words:... "Massa, me tank you for your tongue, but me like stay here; me like Antigger very well; de king he do give me two bitt a day, and me no for go to Tinidad, no not at all." "Who is your king?" I asked. "Ki!" retorted my Guinea bird, "my king! De

sam as you, Sare, king George!"...and grinned like one of the last scene devils in Don Giovanni in the spirit of his conquest\*.

What is further intended with regard to these Africans, I know not, but certainly much temper and deliberation are requisite to deal with them beneficially. They present within a comparatively small compass all the difficulties which would necessarily attend the immediate enfranchisement of the entire slave population in the colonies; and they, who affect to hold those difficulties cheap, only discover their own consummate ignorance of a subject, upon which they have nevertheless the assurance to set themselves up as oracles. If there were any present or future chance of converting these barbarians into useful citizens by a lavish expenditure of money upon the actual system, the tax might be cheerfully borne by the generous

\* These Africans are very much disliked by the Creole slaves. It is common to hear two of them quarrel bitterly with each other, when all the curses of England and Africa are mutually bought and sold; but your right Creole generally reserves his heaviest shot for the end. After pausing a moment and retiring a few steps, he saith... "*You! you!*" with the emphasis of a cannon ball; "*who are you, you — Willyforce nigger?*" Whereat Congo or Guinea foameth at the mouth, Creole evades rejoicing in the last blow.



philanthropy of the British people; but in reality this expense is incurred for the purpose of maintaining them in a situation in which they are so far from advancing in civilization, that they become more vicious and lazy every day that they live. Labor of every kind they dislike, agricultural labor they detest. As long as the Crown continues to support them by a daily pension, they will not generally work at all; if they were left to themselves, they would probably labor or steal as it might happen, to the extent of procuring subsistence, which would be about a month or so in the course of the year. To the moral stimulus of bettering their condition, of acquiring importance and commanding comforts, they are utterly insensible; they care for none of those things; they have no sort of apprehension of them. Indeed they seem to be practical philosophers, although no great political economists; and I have no doubt, if they reason at all, that they conclude the planters to be egregious fools for toiling so heavily, instead of sitting down in the shade and drinking new rum all the day long.

If the disposition of these negroes lay with me, I would immediately transport them all to Trinidad, separate them into small troops of fifty each according to their own selection, and give each village a

portion of land to clear and cultivate. The clearing of the soil should be effected by task work under the superintendence of a commandant, and the laborers should receive rations for themselves and families in the nature of wages for the work done. When the ground was properly prepared, a reasonable quantity of it should be apportioned to individuals or heads of families, the rations should cease, and they should hold their land upon this condition that their share should be kept in a state of cultivation throughout the year. If this condition were broken, and the negro were thereby to become burthensome to the community, the commandant should be directed to confiscate the land to general purposes, unless any other person would undertake to keep it in cultivation. The refractory colonist himself should be dealt with no worse or better than a vagrant is treated in England, that is to say, he should be committed to the wholesome correction of the tread wheel in Port of Spain.

This mode of managing them might succeed; in Antigua, or in any of the old colonies, where all the soil is appropriated, these free savages can never be any thing else but a source of unmingled evil to the whole society. In Trinidad they may at least be kept from doing harm, and in whatever



degree they might be induced to labor, the effect of their industry would be directly beneficial to the island. The plan is summary and the requisitions peremptory; but so it must of necessity be with subjects who (with all due reverence to the human face divine be it spoken!) are not more docile or reflecting than some of the beasts that perish. To talk of dealing with these men in all the circuitous processes of mature civilization, is foolishness beyond all other foolishness; it would not be in the least more absurd to commence a child's arithmetic by attempting to teach him circulating decimals before he could repeat the multiplication table. I am in my conscience firmly persuaded that the most exact justice and the greatest mercy we can show towards these benighted beings, will consist in chalking out for them a path in which they *are* to walk, and uniformly to restrain them from wandering out of it. I am speaking now of the adults only, for although I set no bounds to the possible improvement in the characters of grown persons of this stamp, yet it must be obvious that no general and effectual change will take place in the bulk of the society, except by laboring in the soft and unprejudiced soil of childhood. It cannot be urged too often or too strongly that the instruction of the young is the great object which

should engage the attention of all well-wishers to the negro population; towards this deep and prolific centre all the forces of philanthropy ought to converge; for *here* that may be done safely and certainly which at another time and under other circumstances will be always attended with some danger and most commonly with no success. SCHOOLS FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE SLAVES ARE THE FIRST AND CHIEF STEP TOWARDS AMELIORATION OF CONDITION AND MORALS IN EVERY CLASS OF PEOPLE IN THE WEST INDIES.

The fossils and petrified woods of this island are pre-eminently beautiful; they are found on various parts of the coast by the curious, but the finest specimens are to be seen in a shop in St. John's. Professor Buckland, I think, possesses the petrified root of a cocoa nut tree in great perfection, and I remember seeing the top of a cabbage tree entirely converted into or enshrined in bluish white chalcedony, so pure that the most delicate folds of the core or young leaves within were visible as through a piece of plate glass. Brooches and other trinkets are made of various stones commonly met with here, but they demand such a very disproportionate sum for the smallest of them, that a man must have more money or less wit than he wants if he purchases any.



At Green Castle, an estate of Sir Henry Martin's, there was a simple and ingenious plan for diminishing the labor of the negros in carrying the bundles of canes up the acclivity on which the mill is built. Two light revolving cylinders were mounted, one at the foot of the ascent, the other at the top; canvass was tightly stretched over both and from one to the other, and ledges of wood fastened across this bridge of communication, against which the junks of canes rested. The axle of the upper cylinder was connected with the moving power, and thereby, as it went round, brought up the canes in constant succession to the bands of the boatswain or feeder of the mill. A better plan for the future would be to have no ascent at all, which is now generally recognized as the best mode in Barbados. In Antigua the rollers or cylinders for expressing the cane juice are usually placed in a horizontal position, which arrangement admits of the junks being spread more equally over the grinder, and consequently of more work being done in the same time than where the vertical elevation is adopted. There was also in the farm-yard a very clever model of a vertical windmill, which regulated itself to all winds, could be furled, reefed or put aback in five seconds, and was found by experiment to possess more than double the

power of the usual machine. Hereupon I have imagined a device for sailing ships in the eye of the wind, which I mean to sell to the Admiralty for a patent and a few thousand pounds.

There are seven parish churches in the island, one public chapel, and another private one neatly fitted up by Mr. Gilbert for the use of his own slaves. There are many establishments of Moravians who live in a quiet and inobtrusive way, and have done much good in educating the young negros on the plantations to the extent that was permitted to them. They are chiefly Germans, and seem a remarkably kind and worthy sort of people. Antigua is the head quarters of the Methodists, and they swarm in every direction. With that sense of propriety, that modest withdrawing of themselves which characterizes this sect, they have built their meeting house in St. John's, as in Basseterre, close to the church, and really make such a disagreeable noise with their incessant attempts to sing, that I am persuaded an indictment would lie in England against them for causing a public nuisance. Surely these good folks might be a little sotto voce in their canticles; the introduction of a minor key would be a grateful relief to every ear. They shun three flats as they would so many surplices. What would Charles Wesley



have said at their outraging the spheres after such a sort?

In one of the churches, St. Mary's I think, there is a gravestone with an inscription recording the sepulture of the first white Creole who was born in the island after its colonization. His name was Rowland Williams and he seems to have lived to a great age. The Latin would not have escaped the critic thumbnail at Eton in my time, but that is a trifle.

The President, Mr. Athill, entertained us with great hospitality in the government house during our stay in the island. Moreover he gave us a very smart ball, whereat I surveyed at leisure the beauty and fashion of the colony. And, if I were put upon my oath, I believe I should say that the maidens of Antigua dress better than the maidens of Barbados; peradventure also they dance with superior style. Yet I only speak of the average; for I know one Fanny and one Eliza to windward who would beat them all, especially in a reel. Every evening we used to be serenaded by a regular band of frogs, lizards and crickets, who performed exceedingly well. The first intoned the base, the second rung out a fine metallic tenor, and the last added a brilliant treble. Sometimes the concert was considerably improved by a stray

snake joining in an occasional overture; a few monkies from Trinidad would have made the music complete.

Montserrat and Barbuda are comprized within this government which I should think a pleasant one. The roads are passable for man and beast, and it is not often that the natives are obliged to drink down to the worms in the tanks. Once, I believe, many years ago, it was necessary to import water from Montserrat, which, being dead to leeward, was rather a precarious source of supply.

N.B. "Antigonian" is not the proper formation of the adjective; it should be "Antiguan," for which there is a conclusive authority in a MS. poem penes me, the work of a distinguished poet of the colony:—

All hail, thou prodigy, ne'er seen before  
Or on Barbadian, or Antiguan shore!



## BARBUDA.

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THE Collector of the Customs at St. John's George Wyke, a very civil gentleman and ingenious withal, who builds coaches with no insides and sees land before it comes in sight, (a remarkably useful talent at sea,) offered to convey us in his fine topsail schooner to this island. I dare engage the Poetess never carried so worshipful a crew before; indeed how government went on in Antigua during our absence, I know not; for the President left the Council, the Speaker the Assembly, Captain Lyons his estates, Mr. Turner his mortgages, the Aide-de-camp his attendance and carving knife, and the Collector the receipt of Custom: add to these the Bishop, excellent and indefatigable, the only one upon his vocation, the Regent of Barbuda, a Kittiphonian parson and the poor soul who made this book.

Blessedly sick fell this honorable company as soon as the Poetess began to sing Dutch between the Sisters. Every prophylactic was at hand, but

what avail cider cup or soda water against a close haul within four points and a half of the wind upon a heavy swell? The mighty fell, as Ossian says, like pie crust around me; the Aide-de-camp decamped in ignota loca, the parson poured forth, like St. Anthony, to the fishes, the Lyons got into a den, the mortgagee was himself foreclosed, and the excellent Nugent lay like a piece of stratified conglomerate with his nose bobbing into the saline draught which the Poetess shipped to leeward. What did it profit him then to know that clay lies above sand or sand above clay, or even that the world was made before the creation?

Barbuda bears due north from St. John's, and is about thirty miles distant. It is so low and level that I at least could not distinctly make it out, till we were within four miles from it. The coast is beset with shoals and reefs under water, and it was a matter of some anxiety to see how the vessel insinuated itself, as it were, between these rocks, a man standing on the bowsprit and giving his directions every minute to the helm. We got to land in about six hours from our setting out.

Here some of the party mercilessly oppressed the sides of certain macilent and cat-ham'd creatures which the natives from ignorance suppose to be horses; they are ten hands in height and their



necks and heads fall from the shoulder in an angle of forty five degrees below the horizon. Four of us invaded the state carriage which came down from the castle for the express purpose of importing us. It had been, in times whereunto the memory of no man or woman could run, a gentleman's coach in England, then stood hackney on a stand, then had been done up and sold to a West Indian; the West Indian sold it to a man who cut it down, twisted the seats about and started it as a public conveyance between St. John's and English Harbour. In this period of its existence, when Longacre was long since dead within it, the Regent of Barbuda saw it and admired, looked and sighed, sighed and looked; its honest unsophisticated springs, its veteran color won his approbation, and 'Had I such an one in mine isle,' he cried,

“ My wife and children two  
Should ride, and I would too,  
Down the mead and the lane leading from my castle gate;  
A nigger fore and aft,  
A nigger on the shaft,  
And a pair of island Arabs to draw us on in state.”

In this vehicle we sat an hour under one of the most undeniable tempests of rain I ever was caught in, whilst we painfully moved on at a foot's pace

over the grassy track which led from the shore to the castle. The vegetation on either side was something of the character of that in Anguilla, but much larger in its dimensions; it appeared here more like a young forest, the trees and bushes being so high as to preclude the possibility of seeing twenty yards to the right hand or left of the road. The surface of the country is at the same time such a dead level, except an inconsiderable hillock at the other end of the island, that none but the veteran woodsmen can traverse it with certainty. This forest is well stocked with uncommonly fine deer, and a certain number of the slaves are the recognized gamekeepers of the island. These men are called the Huntsmen; they wear a leathern cap, a belt round their shoulders with a long clasp knife stuck in it, and a rude kind of half-boots. They generally possess a horse each, a duck gun and dogs, and I believe have little else to do except to maintain themselves and procure venison whenever it is wanted. The worst is, the fellows always fire with slugs; so that usually the haunch is lacerated in sundry places in a manner vexatious to the cook, and inconvenient to the consumer. Some of us were up to a regular chase, but upon an inspection of the universal stud of the colony, we found there was no horse of more than two



miles-an-hour power, and besides, the thickets were so close that riding after a stag would have been impracticable. There was one most beautiful tree which had more of the appearance of a young flowering arbutus than any thing else that I remember; some called it the clam cherry, which is a species of malpighia common in Antigua and Barbados, but I did not think it the same. I am sure its extreme elegance and singularity would attract the attention of any one who went to Barbuda.

We arrived at the castle as wet as water can make the outside lendings of man. Our bags and portmanteaus were nearly in the same condition; but with the Regent's wardrobe of shirts, stockings, sailors' trowsers and jackets, we contrived to array ourselves *de novo*, and were then in high spirits for turtle soup and venison. We were all in glorious masquerade; the aide-de-camp *multa minans* against the bucks with his new rifle, Turner not only jocosely in himself, but a cause of jocoseness in others, the Collector starboard and Lyons larboard, and Nugent, who had by this time erected himself into a perpendicular, cutting and butting as whilome when he tipped the arrows of the young Edinburgh Review with good nature. I am bound in justice to say that I ate a good dinner. If a man, who

can discern between the evil and the good, will consider how few good dinners he meets with in this state of existence, how chequered and uneven is his lot upon this great point, he will do well to note and remember and be grateful for a satisfactory entertainment. Here we had land crabs, which they keep and fatten in crabberies under lock and key; they are the best in the Windward Islands, and are a most savory and delicate morsel to be sure. Squeeze a little limejuice over the crab, and the meat will be more lively and have a sort of tang, as Isaac Barrow said on a somewhat similar occasion.

The mosquitos are so terrible in this place that there was no sitting in peace, till some oakum was lighted and green leaves thrown upon it, which produced a great smoke and effectually banished them. It would require some familiar acquaintance with these gents the mosquitos to believe that this lacrymose smoke\* was an exchange for the better. But he who once has heard that shrill hostile clang about his nose or cheeks, and knows that the winged wretch only waits till he has found out the softest and most delicate cranny of your face, in which to fix his cursed proboscis, and

\* ————— lacrimoso non sine fumo

Udos cum foliis ramos, &c.



thereout suck your Christian blood, leaving behind him redness and swelling and itching and pustule; ...this man would rather sit in the smoke of a brewery than be at the tender mercy of these unwearied plagues of fallen man.

I slept on a sofa, and the Aide-de-camp on the floor by my side, and we defeated the mosquitos by throwing a curtain over two chairs and fastening it to the two window-shutters, under cover of which we both snoozed away like watchmen.

The next morning before breakfast I bathed in the Lagoon, which lies immediately before the castle, where no sharks need be apprehended, but a stray baracouta or so may occasionally take his pastime therein. These fish are rather hazardous articles of food, for, although generally of a very fine and delicate flavor, they are sometimes and in some places from unknown causes absolutely poisonous. After firing away a pound of gunpowder after whole flocks of snipes and gulls and curleus, I went home to breakfast, where the flies swarmed in such a manner as I had never seen before in the West Indies. A boy stood by the table all the meal, and waved a branch of some bush over the dishes and cups, but this only just disturbed the hungry creatures, and irritated me beyond measure.

Two parties were now formed, one to ride into the interior of the island, the other to sail over the Lagoon and see the seine drawn. I chose the latter, and it was one of the memorable days which I passed in the West Indies. The Lagoon is a magnificent piece of brackish water seven miles square and communicating on the north west by a long flash, as they call it, or river with a large bay, which again is separated from the outer sea by a black reef of rocks, over the top of which the breakers rush and dash in a tempest of foam. It was upon this reef that H. M. S. Woolwich was wrecked, and is now commonly called Sir Bethel Codrington's copper mine.

We set sail from the quay in two schooners with about thirty negros. These last are, like the Huntsmen, a regular class amongst the slaves, called the Fishermen, and attend almost exclusively to piscatorial pursuits. They supply a certain quantity of the provisions destined for the consumption of the island. Away we went before the wind in fine style and raced our companions for two miles, when the wind getting round more ahead, and they not bracing up their yards sharp enough, we shot by them so far that they never fetched us again. We had guns on board to shoot the flamingos which usually harbour on a sandy shoal at the mouth of



the flash, but we saw none, and it was said to be too early in the year for them.

This flash, which connects the Lagoon with the bay, winds in a clear river stream through a low forest of mangroves. No natural object pleases me more than green trees growing out, or on the margin, of the sea or the lake, and in no part of the world is this more beautifully seen than in the West Indies. What European has not been penetrated with wonder and delight on first entering Carlisle Bay, and gazing on the long avenues of cocoa nut trees which fringe the border of the sky-blue waters ! How has he looked with a traveller's curiosity at their bare and ring-striped stems, their hanging clusters of blessed fruit, and the strange tufts of branch-like leaves which fall irregularly over them ! And then the dark and stately and awful manchineel, the beautiful and noxious—which, by a mystery of kindness, grows on the brink of the salt wave that the best and cheapest remedy for its corrosive juice may ever be at hand\*,—the white-wood, another lenitive, and the

\* The common stories about the fatal shade of this tree are as fabulous as the changing colors of the dying dolphin. The *shade* is as harmless as any other shade. The fact is, the juice of the manchineel is highly corrosive and easily extracted ; so that rain water or a heavy dew will contract

bushy sea-side grape with its broad leaves and bunches of pleasant berries forming a verdant matting or table,—these or some or one of these meet the delighted eye of the mariner, as he approaches the lowlands of almost all the intertropical islands.

After the negros had carried us ashore on their shoulders, they anchored the schooners, and all leaped stark naked into the water and let down the net. It was a scene of the Sandwich Islands. The two rough fishing vessels, the desert strand, the wild birds, and noisy black men rolling and tumbling about in the sea made me almost doubt my locality. When the net became contracted, and the extremities of it almost dragged on shore, the negros outside laughing and splashing and bullying the prisoners, the fishes with one consent became desperate and made a grand sortie by leaping with prodigious force and agility five or six feet out of the water, and fairly clearing the

upon the leaves or branches so much of the poison as would certainly blister any flesh it fell upon. The manchineel is very fine timber, and the negros usually smear themselves over with grease, when they are about to fell it. It is also a common trick with them to blister their backs with the juice in order to excite the compassion of those who mistake it for the effects of beating.



heads of the fishermen. About a hundred escaped in this manner; we secured more than that number of all sorts, but chiefly baracoutas. There were gold and silver fish, snappers, Spanish mackarel, kingfish, two adolescent sharks who would have amputated a baby's arm as soon as looked at it, and three or four bloody, glutinous, cylindrical beasts without head, fins or tail, for which I know not the Latin appellation, and the trivial name is so peculiar that I cannot find in my heart to write it. I urged another haul of the net, when we caught about a hundred and twenty more fine fellows about a foot and a half in length on an average. The domestics soon set up some bricks, lighted a fire, and broiled us a fresh baracouta, which with our spices and other additaments was really excellent. A tumbler of beer and two glasses of wine made me feel comfortable again, for there was no shade, and the sun had almost sucked all the liquid out of my system. When we had embarked our prey, we weighed anchor, and bore away down the flash amongst the green trees, and got back to the quay by six in the evening.

Barbuda is holden under a long lease from the crown by Sir Bethel Codrington upon the service of presenting a fat sheep to the commander-in-chief of Antigua, whenever he visits the island. This is

generally commuted for a turtle or a buck. The inhabitants are two white overseers, one of them a German, and about four hundred slaves. Mr. James, the attorney of the estate, visits them occasionally and at those times resides in the old castle with his family. No sugar is grown in the island, and the labor consists in raising provisions and building droghers. The slaves speak very good English and in reality have little more of servitude in their condition than the name. At the instance of the Bishop it has been agreed to build a church sufficient to contain the population, and a school will of course be an accompaniment to it. I think, if this island were carefully managed, it might be made very flourishing, and the negros be easily civilized.

We were nearly capsized by a very severe squall in sight of St. John's on our return, and there are such nests of reefs and shoals in every direction that it is particularly dangerous to scud. The Poetess behaved like a man, and came up two or three times with her gib only, the main sheet flying in the wind. We left English Harbour on the 20th of June and, after weathering Deseada with great difficulty, got back to Carlisle Bay once more on the evening of the 24th.



## BARBADOS.

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EVERY one knows that the commissioned officers of His Majesty's army stand a far better chance with the fair sex than any other class of His Majesty's subjects. Whether they wear scarlet, light blue, or green, whether they ride on horses or walk on foot, whether they carry mustachios or not—*c'est égal*; they attract women with a charm, infect at sight, and fascinate by a turn of the heel. But no where are they so killing as in the colonies; there they are undisputed masters of white and black, fair and foul; they revel in conceded preference, and give no quarter to Creolian susceptibility. A blue or a black coat is always in the awkward squad of a ball-room, and even first lieutenants of the navy are generally sent into the after-guard. But though the garrison loves, the garrison does not marry; they are better accommodated, as the man says in the play, and many, many a pale and dark-eyed girl, who has pinned her

heart on the merry cheek of England or the blue glances of the Highlands, has only awakened from her dream when the topsails of the homeward transport have sunk under the ocean.

I dislike the man, swordsman or not, who deliberately trifles with the affections of a woman. I would rather shake hands with a highwayman than with a gentleman who has sacrificed to his own vanity the life-long happiness of an inexperienced girl. I fear this sort of conduct has never yet been sufficiently reprobated, and females too often betray the cause of their sex by accepting with pride the homage of a man, who has become notorious for the conquest and desertion of their sisters;—as if *his* mercy and love could be depended upon, who has once been cruel to an affectionate woman! The world laughs, and store of lying proverbs and stupid jests on the briefness of woman's love are administered; but you will find, if your heart be not hardened by selfishness, that this will be in vain. Perhaps you had no intention of being serious, you only flirted, tried to be agreeable, and to please for the moment; you had no conception that your behaviour could be misconstrued, and you shudder at the bare thought of earning the icy damnation of a seducer. It may be so, for there



*is* a descent to the hell of seduction, though that descent is perniciously easy, and

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus ;

but what if, while you were meaning nothing, your trifling created anguish, your sport became death to the poor object of it? When by exclusive attentions you have excited regard, by the development of talent or by the display and devotion of personal graces you have fascinated the mind and the heart, when by the meeting and the sinking eye, the faltering voice, the fervid tone, the retained hand, you have awakened the passion which you cannot lay; when you have wilfully done this in the cold blood of vanity, and it suits your convenience or your sated coxcombry to finish the scene by an altered mien, a distant courtesy, or an expression of surprise at the unexpected effects of your civility—will you be able to quiet your conscience with a jest? Will you sleep on an adage of fools and a lie of your own? What if the poor being, whose hopes you have changed into despair, whose garden you have blasted with mildew and rust, whose heaven you have darkened for evermore, shall suffer in silence, striving to bear her sorrow, praying for cheerfulness, pardoning without forgetting you, till the

worm has eaten through to the life, and the body is emaciate which you have led in the dance, the voice broken on which you have hung, the face wan which you flattered, and the eyes frightfully bright with a funereal lustre which used to laugh radiancy and hope and love when they gazed upon you? What if a prouder temper, a more ardent imagination, and a stronger constitution, should lead to spite and impatience and recklessness of good and ill; if the experience of your falsehood should induce a general scepticism of any truth in any man; if a hasty and a loveless marriage should be the rack of her soul, or the provocative of her sin? Is there mandragora could drug you to sleep while this was on your memory, or does there really live a man who could triumph in such bitter woe?

But

*varium et mutabile semper*

*Fœmina.*

O, believe it not! For the dear sake of our household gods, call it and cause it to be a lie! Be ye sure that coquettes are the refuse of their sex, and were only ordained to correspond with the coxcombs of ours. Women have their weaknesses and plenty of them, but they are seldom vicious like ours, and as to their levity of heart, who shall



compare the worldly skin-deep fondness of a man with the one rich idolatry of a virtuous girl? A thousand thoughts distract, a thousand passions are a substitute for, the devotion of a man; but to love is the purpose, to be loved the consummation, to be faithful the religion of a woman; it is her all in all, and when she gives her heart away, she gives a jewel which, if it does not make the wearer richer than Cræsus, will leave the giver poor indeed.

Eugenia, with every faculty do I love thee; thine am I, in union or separation, to my life's end; yet I wish to throw up my sweet service, for I cannot love as I ought; I am muddy, sulky, selfish, vain and stupid. In visions by night, in musings by day, in noise and in silence, in crowds and in the wilderness, I have thought I saw thee, alone or not, the glossy tangles sleeping coiled on snow, the lips of rose half open, the old romance, the lake, the mountain, the cousin star of beauty—twin divinities of Vallombrosa. O could I really see, could I really hear, really hold that white and soft and faithful hand;

So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,  
As she had worn a lily for her glove!

Behold the force of imagination; for I write this

in Barbados on the shores of the Atlantic with the trade wind blowing in my face !

*Intervalla vides humane commoda.*

It is all one for that ; I swear from Camoens,

Antes sem vòs meus olhos se entristeçaõ,  
Que com qualquer cousa outra se contentem,  
Antes os esqueçais que vòs esqueçaõ ;  
Antes nesta lembrança se atormentem,  
Que com esquecimento desmereçaõ  
A gloria, que em sofrer tal pena sentem.

of which I can give but one translation in the world—

Ah ! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari,  
Quam tui meminisse\*.

Camoens puts me in mind of Madeira and the sweet guitar singing which I heard there. At the

\* I cannot pass by the name of Camoens,

*Magna sacri Camoentis umbra,*

as my friend Lonsdale called it, without saying that a poet should almost, if not altogether, as soon learn Portuguese to read *his* sonnets as Italian to read Petrarch. Lord Strangford gives as just a notion of Camoens as Pope does of Homer. No poetry on earth exceeds in magical sweetness some of his verses, and there is a reality and a human tenderness in his thoughts and wishes and prayers that seem to come from the heart of the maimed and persecuted sailor. It is remarkable that of all the numerous versions and para-



door of almost every cottage after sundown little groups of men and women used to be collected, where I have listened to them carrying on a kind of extempore recitative, whilst one man stood in the middle and accompanied the dialogue on his guitar. Sometimes they sang romances of mixed Portuguese and Spanish origin, and at other times ballads and love songs which seemed to be natives of the island. I remember they had one favorite romance which I dare say may be found, in its rudiments at least, in a good collection of Granadan poetry. I put what I could carry away of it into verse, sitting on the tafrail and the ship going nine knots.

With the feather of conquest, of lady-gifts full  
From the lists of Galvés came the valiant Gazúl ;  
He rode till he came to the white San Lucar,  
And he rode till he came to fair Lindaraxar.

In the garden she sat by a summer-eve's light  
A-weaving a garland to garland a knight ;

phrases of the theme of the 137th psalm, that of the Portuguese seems unquestionably the sweetest and most original.

De Babel sobre os rios nos sentamos,  
De nossa doce Patria desterrados,  
As mãos na face, os olhos derribados,  
Com saudades de ti, Siaõ, choramos, &c.

The Exile was sitting on the shore at Macao, his guitar by his side, his eye on the ocean and his heart on the Tagus.

She wreathed roses and pinks, she wreathed violets true,  
For the flower of Love is the violet blue.

She placed the fresh crown on the Moorish Chief's head,  
And kissed him and blessed him and tenderly said;—  
“ If Jove had e'er seen that twice Ganymed face,  
Jove's eagle had borne thee to Ganymed's place.”

Then laughed brave Gazúl as he bent on his knee,—  
“ If the shepherd of Troy had ever seen thee,  
He had left the stolen Helen, had sought San Lucar,  
And wooed till he won or stole Lindaraxar.”

“ Oh ! steal me, Gazúl ! thou hast won me ere now,  
And wed me, Gazúl ! as thou madest the vow”—

And so on coaxing and teasing till the man married  
her, but I could not do it into English.

At the bottom of a little glen in Turner's Hall Wood, one of the two remnants of the virgin forest of the island, is a small pool or spring of water. It is perfectly cold, though by its constant bubbling it appears to be in a state of ebullition. If you pass an ignited match or candle over its surface, the air bursts into flame and shoots upwards in a quivering column of light. A poor white woman shows the burning spring, and what with her dishevelled hair and young black Flibbertigibbet by her side, she looked as like a real witch and an imp of Satanas attending on her as any thing I ever saw. The cabbage palm, the locust, the bully,



the cedar and the mahogany grow around the spot, and the woman complained of the mischievous tricks of certain boys who would set fire to the spring and endanger the existence of the whole wood. The phenomenon is caused by a constant escape of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. The place belongs to Sir Henry Fitzherbert.

In the pleasant garden or wilderness attached to Mr. Forster Clarke's house in Bridge Town, is one, and I believe the last specimen of that singular tree which is said to have induced the Portuguese to call the island Barbados. It is usually taken to be a banyan, but if the tree which I saw in Nevis was the true banyan, this certainly is not one. This tree shot out no suckers from its own branches, but was covered in an extraordinary manner with a net of weeds and creepers, and had great mats of twisted tendrils hanging down from the top and waving in the wind. Some of these were so like the long beard of an old goat or Jew, that I have no doubt of the truth of this derivation of the name. Near it is a curious palm, which has grown in a serpentine form on the surface of the earth, and by its prickly bark, its sinuous folds and elevated crest of branches represents most forcibly to the imagination some huge dragon or serpent of knightly romance.

In consequence of the large white population in Barbados there exists a class of people which I did not meet with in any other of the islands. By the laws of the colony every estate is obliged to maintain a certain number of whites in proportion to its extent. These men are called the Tenantry, and have an indefeasible interest for their lives in a house and garden upon the respective plantations. They owe no fealty to the landlord, make him no acknowledgment, and entertain no kind of gratitude towards him. The militia is principally composed of these persons, and with the exception of that service, the greatest part of them live in a state of complete idleness, and are usually ignorant and debauched to the last degree. They will often walk half over the island to demand alms, and if you question them about their mode of life and habits of daily labor, they stare in your face as if they were actually unable to comprehend the meaning of your discourse. The women who will work at all, find employment in washing and mending the clothes of the negroes, and it is notorious that in many cases whole families of these free whites depend for their subsistence on the charity of the slaves. Yet they are as proud as Lucifer himself, and in virtue of their freckled ditchwater faces consider



themselves on a level with every gentleman in the island\*.

No English resident in the West Indies, however little conversant with the administration of justice in his native country, can fail to be struck with the system prevalent in the colonies. It is not easy to overrate the importance of an enlightened and impartial judicature in any place or at any time, but the peculiar circumstances of society in these islands render its existence absolutely indispensable. In all communities where slavery is established, there ought to be good laws to protect the slaves, and independent judges to enforce their provisions; if there be neither one nor the other, or if there be one without the other, in either case one great corrective of the excesses of the free, one great guarantee of the safety of the bond, one great fountain of civilization throughout the whole state, will be lost. As long as the slave confides in the protection of a power superior to his master, he will probably labor in tranquillity; but

\* A woman of this class, in extreme distress, asked for a quarter dollar, for less than that they will not take. Upon her complaining of the expense of candles, and a friend of mine asking her why she did not burn oil, as he himself did, she answered with a turn of her nose; "I hope I am scornful to burn oil."

if he finds that there is no such power, or that such power is prejudiced against him, it is nothing but an ordinary impulse of human nature that in case of oppression he should strive to obtain that by his violence which has been, or which he suspects will be, denied to his petition.

In Barbados the laws are administered by some twenty-seven or twenty-eight judges. They are all planters or merchants and are appointed by the Governor. Not one of them has ever been educated for the bar, nor is any previous knowledge of the law a necessary or an usual qualification for the office. They neither comprehend the extent, nor are agreed upon the validity of the laws which they are called upon to interpret; they can none of them settle the limits of British and colonial enactments; they adhere to no fixed principles; they are bound by no precedents. The powers of a Chancellor are exercised by the Governor and the Council which consists of thirteen members, and it is next to impossible in so small a community that any cause should come into court in which some of these judges will not be directly or indirectly interested. I make no charge nor intend any insinuation whatever of corrupt practices; but giving them full credit for integrity of purpose, I must say that they stand in a situation which, according to the spirit of the



British Constitution, incapacitates them from exercising any judicial authority. Their ignorance of, or shallow acquaintance with, the duties of their office must either subject their decisions to the influence of the Attorney General, or may cause them in moments of wrongheadedness or passion to violate every form of law and trample upon every principle of justice.

The evil is not so great in the other colonies, because in them a single judge presides in court and preserves a certain uniformity of practice and interpretation. But few, if any, of these have been educated to the profession, and though the talents of one or two of them are very distinguished and their characters unimpeachable, yet their legal knowledge of course is not of that admitted weight which can alone render the administration of criminal and civil justice satisfactory to the community or even equitable in itself. It would probably be difficult to change this system entirely, as many colonial interests are connected with it, but if the field were free and the whole matter *res integra*, it would be easy to demonstrate the general and lasting advantages deducible from the adoption of the Ionian or East Indian plan. An English barrister of a reasonable standing, with a competent salary, and a strict disability of holding any property or

filling any other office within his jurisdiction, would be a powerful engine of reformation in a West Indian colony. The Crown appoints to these places at present, and therefore no objection could be raised upon the score of unjust interference. Indeed the wise and benevolent among the colonists themselves would soon perceive and appreciate the benefits of the change.

In Barbados the qualifications of an elector and a representative are the same, namely, the nominal possession of ten acres of land, whether worth ten pounds or ten pence. The Assemblies are chosen annually and consist of two deputies from every parish. The Council is appointed by the Crown, and the members usually hold their seats for life. With such a qualification as I have mentioned before, it is obvious that the Assembly will not necessarily represent, or be guided by, the property and knowledge of the community; and hence it has occasionally happened that this body, in order to add a cubit to its natural stature and gather a few annual roses of distinction and popularity, has commenced squabbles and perpetrated flatteries too diminutive for the ambition of a Cornish borough.

The fault indeed is in the constitution rather than in the men. Barbados and most of the other West Indian colonies appear externally to be go-



verned on the model of England, but in reality they participate in a small degree in the genuine spirit of the mother country. They are practical republics, and present as faithful a picture of the petty states of old Greece as the change of manners and religion will allow. There is the same equality amongst the free, the same undue conception of their own importance, the same restlessness of spirit, the same irritability of temper which has ever been the characteristic curse of all little commonwealths. The old remark that the masters of slaves, if free themselves, are always the freest of the free, is as eminently true of them as it was of the citizens of Athens or Sparta; submission from those below them is so natural to them that submission to any one above them seems unnatural, and that which would be considered as advice or remonstrance in England is resented in the West Indies as interference or tyranny. To suppose that a Major-General or a Rear-Admiral, who depends for the best part of his pay upon the generosity of the colonists themselves, can effectually represent the office of the king in the British constitution, is quite idle; he is the governor and nothing more than the governor, and the principle of honor, which Montesquieu with some reason asserts to be at least a great spring of action in all constitutional

monarchies, does not exist in the colonies. I use the term honor in the sense of Montesquieu, and mean nothing with regard to the conduct of individuals. The forms indeed of the English Parliament are too gigantic for the capacities of little islands; the colonists are not elevated by the size, but lost in the folds, of the mighty robe which was never destined for their use.

The colonies of a free state are more embarrassing problems of government than those of a country where the monarch is absolute. The Spanish possessions in America were twenty times as big as Old Spain; yet were they for three centuries regulated by an European Council, which, with the exception of its errors in commerce and prejudices concerning race and rank, governed them well, and ultimately effected the reception of those humanizing decrees which have justly raised the name of the Spanish Colonists over those of any other nation. Nothing lay between the king of Spain and the Mexican or Peruvian creole except the Atlantic, and although the space of separation was great, the arm of power steadily raised was at most times able to reach across it. A different relation arises between a free nation and its distant colonies. They carry their freedom with them, and claim a right to the same or similar privileges wherever



they exist within the pale of their own empire. A thousand Englishmen leave England and settle an island in another hemisphere. How shall they be governed? Not by the king alone; for the king of England is no despot;—not by Parliament,—for they are not represented in Parliament; therefore the spirit of the Constitution is obliged to grant to them and their heirs the forms of the Constitution, and they must govern themselves like the rest of their fellow-subjects with the consent of the common Executive. If then they have a charter, or a right without a charter, to be governed in this manner, where is there room for the parliament of another part of the empire, in which their property does not lie, where they themselves do not reside, wherein they are neither actually or virtually represented, to legislate absolutely for them? If the case of the United States is to be holden to be good law, it is a conclusive authority that such interference would be unconstitutional.

You have no right to tax the people of Massachusetts, said Lord Chatham to the British Parliament. Good. The people of Massachusetts were taxed to the amount of a penny or two per cent. on their incomes for stamped paper. They refused to pay this tax and were accounted in the House of Lords good Whigs for so doing.

You have a right to take one or two or three or six days' labor of their slaves from the people of Jamaica, Barbados or Antigua, say a large party in this country; that is, the British Parliament has a right to tax the West Indians to the amount of 10 or 20 or 30 or cent. per cent. on their property without their consent. If they grumble at this, they are not Whigs or Tories or even Radicals, but the language of England is exhausted in inflicting terms of abuse.

Between the refusal of the New Englanders to pay a tax imposed by the British Parliament and the refusal of the West Indians to legislate for their slaves in the terms of the British Parliament, I can perceive one collateral ingredient of difference, and one only——Relative Force. The recusants in both cases claim the same British privileges, show the same original foundation, and plead the same express charters; they both insist that they have a right to be governed by those only who, according to the provisions of the Constitution, represent them; that they are not represented actually in the British Parliament, because they depute no member to that assembly; and that they are not represented virtually in the British Parliament, for the best of all reasons that they are actually represented elsewhere. The North Americans indeed were too much



for us ; the West Indians may be crushed by a wave of Mr. Canning's hand. If the people of Boston had a right to resist, and the people of Jamaica have not a right to resist, then Might makes Right and a Right without Might is no Right at all.

That there is a distinction in the morality of the cases I admit, but that affects not the question. Every power which the Constitution possesses, statutes, orders in council, proclamations, in every age of its existence from Elizabeth to George III., has authorized, encouraged and confirmed the right of the colonists to the services of their slaves ; and to say now, because the spirit of the times is unfavorable to the tenure, that the existence of slavery in the colonies is unconstitutional is either paying the Constitution a compliment which it does not deserve, or is the same humane equivocation with the assertion that slavery is inconsistent with the precepts of the Christian religion. That the spirit of that religion *tends* to abolish servitude is clear ; that it *admits* of servitude is even still clearer\*.

\* The authorized translation very pardonably misrepresents St. Paul. The "servants," whom the Apostle enjoins to be subject to their masters, were literally bond slaves, οἱ δοῦλοι ὑπακούετε τοῖς κυρίοις . . . and the fact is unquestionable from what follows ; εἰδότες ὅτι ὁ ἕκαστος ποιήσῃ ἀγαθόν, τοῦτο κομιεῖται παρὰ τοῦ Κυρίου, εἴτε δοῦλος, εἴτε ἐλεύθερος . . . whether a slave or whether a freeman.

Lord Chatham, Mr. Burke and the old Whigs before the French cross, when they disclaimed the municipal power of the British Parliament to affect the property of the colonists, asserted at the same time its imperial right to control the measures of the colonies in extreme cases. "As to the metaphysical refinements," said Lord Chatham, "attempting to show that the Americans are equally free from obedience and commercial restraints as from taxation for revenue, as being unrepresented here; I pronounce them futile, frivolous and groundless." "The Parliament of Great Britain," said Mr. Burke, "sits at the head of her extensive empire in two capacities; one as the local legislature of this island, providing for all things at home, immediately, and by no other instrument than the executive power; the other, and I think her nobler capacity, is what I call her imperial character; in which, as from the throne of heaven, she superintends all the several inferior legislatures, and guides and controls them all without annihilating any. As all these provincial legislatures are only co-ordinate to each other, they ought all to be subordinate to her. It is necessary to coerce the negligent, to restrain the violent, and to aid the weak and deficient, by the over-ruling plenitude of her power." That this distinction is groundless



in theory I do not doubt; that it is absolutely necessary in practice I fully admit. The conflict between the forms of Constitution and the necessities of Government is the peculiar offspring and inseparable characteristic of free colonies. The eternal difficulties and apparent contradictions, to which they give birth, are enough to convince us that Transatlantic Empire is not according to the natural disposition of human society. It originates rights which cannot be defined without begetting insult on the one side and sedition on the other. Nearly the whole continent of America has broken the yoke of European domination; we Englishmen with our thousand ships can at present maintain our hold, especially on the islands, against all the world. I hope we shall ever continue to do so, for it would be a piercing wound to our commerce and our power if the West Indies could be made the harbours and garrisons of possible enemies to us. Some young politicians of more rhetoric than information hold these things cheap; but every seaman, merchant, and practical statesman knows their inestimable importance. We must therefore act with deliberation; we must be firm, but cautious, conciliatory, long-suffering; seeing that we also ourselves have waded to our middle in the system which now we seek to destroy.

I trust the tenor of this book will protect me from the imputation of wishing to justify the excesses or defend the obstinacy of some of the colonial legislatures. Indeed I am so deeply convinced of the inexpediency of their existence at all, that if I had the right and the power to-morrow I would expunge the whole system and establish a vice-regal government with a council of advice in its stead. If the colonies, through pique or madness, will not amend those parts of the system which are *plainly* indefensible, they must abide by the consequences of having the thing done in spite of them. But my object is to suggest to the well meaning but inconsiderate enthusiasts of this country that there really are solid difficulties in this matter, and to induce them, if possible, to adopt a calmer and more equitable tone in their conversation on a subject with which they are but imperfectly acquainted, and which involves principles and consequences of the extent of which they have no conception.



## PLANTERS AND SLAVES.

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I HOPE and believe that the time is almost come when the cause of religion and real philanthropy, as it respects the West Indies, will be placed on its true footing; and it is highly worthy of the counsels of England to see that this cause be speedily disencumbered of the trammels which prejudice, ignorance and hypocrisy have respectively heaped upon it. In setting about the conversion of more than 800,000 black slaves into free citizens, we must act sensibly and discreetly; especially we must begin with the beginning, for it is not a matter of decree, edict, or act of Parliament; there is no hocus pocus in the thing, there are no presto movements. It is a mighty work, yet mighty as it is, it must be effected, if at all, in the order and by the rules which reason and experience have proved to be alone effectual. If we attempt to reverse the order or to alter the mode, we shall not only fail ourselves but make it impossible that any should succeed.

I do not expect to move the convictions of those who measure the improvement of the colonies by the reports of a Methodist missionary, and I am quite hopeless of those whose sole concern it seems to be to make a speech at the Freemasons' Tavern, and who can put up with the admiration which issues from between fans and reticules. But there is, I trust, a large though more silent body of wise men, who are neither Methodists nor Abolitionists, who get up no reports and make no speeches, but as Englishmen, of no party but that of England, will keep an anxious and a patient eye on a vast though remote branch of the empire, and will not suffer the just rights of white or black to be destroyed by the ignorance or the wickedness of faction. This body is the people, and their voice will be heard through every thing, and must be obeyed in spite of every thing. It is the voice of a monarch. But let not the colonists imagine because there has been a natural reaction against the puerilities of the African Institution, that therefore the pleaded cause of the planters is sheerly triumphant in England; ... they should know that the excesses of Macqueen are as justly reprobated as those of Stephen, and that neither pieces of plate, nor slaughtered men of straw, nor even grants of money can divert the serious gaze of en-



lightened philanthropy from the very recesses of their dwellings. England expects them as well as her other sons to do their duty, and the expectations of England are not to be wilfully frustrated with impunity.

From the general and prominent charge indeed of cruelty, active or permissive, towards the slaves, I for one acquit the planters. I have been in twelve of the British colonies: I have gone round and across many of them, and have resided some months in the most populous one for its size in the whole world. I have observed with diligence, I have inquired of all sorts of people, and have mixed constantly with the colored inhabitants of all hues and of every condition. I am sure I have seen things as they are, and I am not aware of any other bias on my mind, except that which may be caused by a native hatred of injustice, and a contempt and a disdain of cant and hypocrisy. The tone of my remarks will probably not gain for me the favor of either party, but it may induce many to listen, whom the profession of a sheer white or black system would certainly alienate.

The truth is, there is much to praise and much to condemn; and the present state of society in the West Indies is of that mingled and peculiar character that it is very difficult for any one to

conceive a just notion of it without personal investigation and personal contact with it. Least of all can an untravelled Englishman understand its nature; fortunately for him, Slavery is a mere notional term to his mind, and he associates with the term whatever he has heard or read in prose or verse concerning it in the east or in the west, in the north or in the south. He knows the strict definition of slavery, but knows not that so defined it has never permanently existed in the world. He is told that the slave is the absolute property of the master, but knows not that really the slave is scarcely more the absolute property of his master than the master is of his slave. Of the relations between master and servant, of the pride of protecting and of the gratitude for protection given, of the daily habits of intercourse, of the sense of mutual dependence, of natural affection and of natural kindness, of all those nameless and infinite emotions of fear and hope and love, which though light as air itself are strong as, yea stronger than, links of iron, of all these things which defeat the definition of slavery, and make it to be an exact lie, the inhabitant of England knows nothing. He thinks the bondage of the West Indies a monstrous exception to the general freedom of mankind; he knows not that such has existed in every country



of the earth, and does still exist in most of them. Of the slaves of Egypt, of Greece and of Rome he has read and forgotten; of the villains of his own land perhaps he has not read; of the serfs of Russia, of Poland, of Bohemia and of Hungary he has never heard; of the slaves of Africa, and of the slaves of Asia he knows nothing; and the kidnappings and floggings of those who won Trafalgar and Waterloo are happily for England clothed in such a robe of glory that Englishmen cannot see through the majesty of its folds.

I would not sell my birthright for a mess of pottage, yet if my birthright were taken from me, I would fain have the pottage left. So I scorn with an English scorn the creole thought that the West Indian slaves are better off than the poor peasantry of Britain; they are not better off, nothing like it; an English laborer with one shirt is worth, body and soul, ten negro slaves, choose them where you will. But it is nevertheless a certain truth that the slaves in general do labor much less, do eat and drink much more, have much more ready money, dress much more gaily, and are treated with more kindness and attention, when sick, than nine-tenths of all the people of Great Britain under the condition of tradesmen, farmers and domestic servants. It does not enter into my head

to speak of these things as constituting an equivalent, much less a point of superiority, to the hardest shape of English freedom ; but it seems to me that, where English freedom is not and cannot be, these things may amount to a very consolatory substitute for it. I suspect that if it were generally known that the slaves ate, drank and slept well, and were beyond all comparison a gayer, smarter and more familiar race than the poor of this kingdom, the circumstances of their labor being compulsory, and in some measure of their receiving no wages for it, would not very painfully affect the sympathies of the ladies and gentlemen of the African Institution and the Anti-Slavery Society. I say, in some measure the slaves receive no wages, because no money is paid to them on that score, but they possess advantages which the ordinary wages of labor in England doubled could not purchase. The slaves are so well aware of the comforts which they enjoy under a master's purveyance that they not unfrequently forego freedom rather than be deprived of them. A slave beyond the prime of life will hesitate to accept manumission. Many negros in Barbados, Grenada and Antigua have refused freedom when offered to them ; “ what for me want free ? me have good massa, good country, plenty to eat, and when me sick, massa's doctor



physic me; me no want free, no not at all." A very fine colored woman in Antigua, who had been manumitted from her youth, came to Captain Lyons, on whose estate she had formerly been a slave, and entreated him to cancel, if possible, her manumission, and receive her again as a slave. "Me no longer young, Sir, and have a daughter to maintain!" This woman had always lived by common prostitution, a profession which usually indisposes for labor, and yet she was importunate to return to slavery. Surely she must have known the nature of that state and the contingencies to which she exposed herself by returning to it at least as well as any gentleman in England. Every one who has been in Barbados knows, as I have said before, that many of the wretched white creoles live on the charity of the slaves, and few people would institute a comparison on the respectability of the two classes. The lower whites of that island are without exception the most degraded, worthless, hopeless race I have ever met with in my life. They are more pressing objects for legislation than the slaves, were they ten times enslaved.

I know perfectly well that there are many persons scattered throughout our numerous colonies who do inwardly cling to their old prejudices, and very likely mourn in secret over the actual or

designed reformatations of the present day. But in almost every island there is a majority of better mind, so powerful in numbers and respectability that it not only puts to silence men of the ancient leaven, but even compels them, through fear of shame, to become the ostensible friends of amelioration. Surely there is nothing extraordinary in this; the owners of estates in the West Indies are a changeable body, they go to England, they visit the United States, they tour in Europe. Is it according even to the most unfavorable estimate of human conduct, that a youth educated at Oxford or Cambridge, the naval or military officer who has retired from his profession, the merchant, the physician, persons of whom in England no one would dare to whisper a reproach, should one and all, as soon as they have landed in Carlisle Bay or St. John's Harbour, be transformed at once into such monsters of avarice and bloodthirstiness that the once glorious Wilberforce could not find any pity for them, if they were all stabbed at night by black men on their pillows of slumber?

*Cœlum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt,*

says Horace; but Horace, as Mr. Stephen knows, had slaves himself, and upon one occasion argued that he had worthily rewarded one of them for an



honest and industrious course of life by not crucifying him for crow's meat. So we will give up little Horace.

But slavery creates the change: slavery infects the air which they breathe and the soil which they tread; slavery hardens their hearts and darkens their understandings! True; slavery did all this formerly, does so sometimes now, and has a natural tendency to do as much always. Then slavery is a bad system? To be sure—a very bad system; who says it is a good one? Certainly none of the planters with whom I am acquainted, and most certainly not the author of this book. But are temptations never resisted, nay sometimes dared and conquered and made the vantage ground of virtue? Is not this the case with temptations even more seductive to human weakness than starving a man who gives me bread, and lashing a woman who stoops and sweats to do me service? Consider the subject, Gentlemen of the Institution, with a moment's calmness. Make a few analogies with yourselves. Put off the accusing spirit for a day and cry Hush! to the devil of party which distracts the natural rectitude of your hearts. You have gained a great notoriety with moderate talents and much declamation; you have succeeded by appealing with assiduity to the easily entreated

sympathies of the human, of the English, of the female bosom; you have talked of Christianity with some who scantily believe in Christ, you have spoken when you could not be answered, and have really condescended to soothe your ears, which were yet tingling with the coughing of men, in the soft applause of that delicate fraction of the ladies of the Metropolis who frequent your tavern in Queen Street,—

From Hop and Mop and Drap so clear,  
Rip and Trip and Skip that were  
To Mrs. Mob their sovereign dear  
Her special maids of honour;

and at the bottom of the Hall,

From Tib and Nib and Pink and Pin,  
Tick and Quick and Jill and Jin,  
Tit and Nit and Wap and Win,  
The train that wait upon her.

You say the planters have gross prejudices, and defend them in the face of reason and justice! They do so, though I hope and indeed think they are shaking them off gradually. The planters are acrimonious! They are, for they are mortal men. The system should be abolished! Pardon me; hardly at present, I think.

The question lies between our fingers. We all profess an intention of ameliorating the condition



of the slaves, and a wish to raise them ultimately to an equality with the rest of the citizens of the empire. The dispute is about the means. Now unless we are infatuated by the mere sound of a word, we must acknowledge that the power of doing whatsoever a man pleases, if unaccompanied with some moral stimulus which shall insure habitual industry and correct the profligate propensities of savage nature, is so far from being a step in advance that it is rather a stride backwards; instead of being a blessing it is plainly a curse. The body of the slave population do not at present possess this moral stimulus. Emancipation therefore would not put them in the road to become good citizens.

What must be done then? Manifestly this one single thing; we must create a *moral* cause in order to be able to abolish the *physical* cause of labor: we must bring the motives which induce an English rustic to labor to bear upon the negro; when the negro peasant will work regularly like the white peasant, then he ought to be as free.

How are we to originate this moral stimulus? By various means.

I. By education;—that is to say, by teaching every child to read; by providing Bibles and Prayer-books at moderate prices; by building or enlarging

churches, or increasing the times of service, so that every one may be able to worship in the great congregation once at least on the Sunday.

II. By amending the details of existing slavery; that is to say, by thoroughly expurgating the colonial codes, by enacting express laws of protection for the slaves, by reforming the judicatures, by admitting the competency of slave evidence; by abolishing Sunday markets at all events; by introducing task-work; by declaring females free from corporal punishment.

III. By allowing freedom to be purchased at the market price.

To the evidence of slaves and the purchase of freedom there is great opposition. My excellent friend Mr. Coulthurst, who once entertained an opinion in favor of the first, was so shocked at the mass of perjury which it seemed to occasion that he now more than doubts the propriety of its admission. The answer is twofold; first, that the evil will decrease every day in proportion to the advance of education, and second, that it is necessary to confer by anticipation certain privileges on the slave in order to give room to his mind to expand, and to propose a bounty to good conduct by stimulating his endeavours to add personal credibility to his legal competency.



There seem to be two points deserving consideration, and a decision upon them will be a decision on the entire question. Will the legal competency of slave evidence be dangerous to the whites? Will it be advantageous to the blacks?

First, we must bear in mind that even in this country it is not impossible for a man to become the victim of a conspiracy; but then, to produce such an event, there must be extraordinary malignity in the intentions, extraordinary caution and depth in the measures of the accusers and extraordinary misfortune in the accused. That what may take place in England may take place in the West Indies is admitted; but as the case is an exception here, what is there to demonstrate or render probable that it will be otherwise than an exception there? In spite of all that may be said of the general imbecility of discrimination and of the imperfect conception of the obligations of veracity in the minds of the negroes, it must still remain true that in exact proportion as any number of witnesses are stupid or regardless of facts they will present a larger scope for cross-examination and more obvious means of detecting their falsehood\*. In this country indeed legal advisers are

\* At a trial in Somersetshire an Ilchester voter was asked if he knew what horse-radish was. "A thing growing in

to a certain extent parties and accomplices; in the colonies every white man, as a white man, would be opposed to the designs of conspiring slaves. If any number of slaves could carry on an accusation of a white man to his execution, they must carry it through the multiplied barriers, of attornies, counsel, judge, jury and Governor. They could in few cases effect such a procession unless their cause were just; it is next to impossible they should do so if the charge were wholly without foundation.

Secondly, the enactment of the competency of gardens," was the reply. "But are you not acquainted with a sort of horse-radish which commonly comes to eating once in seven years?" rejoined the serjeant. "No; I never heard of such," answered the freeman. "Will you deliberately swear that you attach no other meaning to the phrase horse-radish than that of a root growing in gardens?" insisted the lawyer. "I do deliberately swear it," persisted the witness. Twelve or thirteen more deliberately swore the same.

Now within the liberties of that famous and incorrupt town, Ivelcester to wit, there is not a man, woman or child to whose understandings an election bribe is not the primary and natural signification of the words horse-radish. Any gentleman on the western circuit will tell you, that if in any legal proceeding touching the said borough mention were to be made of the vegetable horse-radish, it would be absolutely necessary to set it out with an innuendo, (meaning thereby the *cochlearia armoracia* of Linnaeus, and not the bribes given by Lord such a one or Lord such a one.)



this sort of evidence would be a golden gift from the planter, a fountain of joy to the slave, a speechless, invisible yet ever present check on the passions of power. Without repealing any law, without destroying any institution, without exacting any sacrifice and without inflicting any humiliation, this measure alone would go farther in protecting, conciliating, dignifying the slave than any other single act within the reach of man. It is objected indeed that if slaves were rendered competent to give evidence, the continual necessity of rejecting it as false or nugatory would increase the prejudice against them, degrade them in their own eyes, and in the end create a deep and habitual distrust of the sincerity even of their descendants who might in reality deserve no such suspicion. This is excessively refined. It assumes such a generality of lying or mental imbecility on the part of the slave population as is neither countenanced by experience nor even possible in theory. For what planter is there who does not possess one, two, three, a dozen slaves whose words he would as readily credit as those of scores of persons who are legal witnesses in Great Britain? And why should the falsehood or the dulness of Cato, Cæsar and Quaco determine a colonial jury against the probable and intelligible testimony of other and

different slaves, any more than the smiling perjuries of our Ilchester dozen render unworthy of belief the good natured natives of Somersetshire? Would it be even strictly just to set down every voter in Ilchester as a liar? I trow not.

In the foregoing observations I have contended for the simple position that servile condition shall not of itself disqualify a man to give evidence; this point once established, the slave will become subject to all the rules which affect the competency and credibility of free witnesses. He may with great advantage even be submitted to other tests which with judicious management may be rendered not only certificates of competency but also incitements to the earning and preserving of credibility. For this purpose no better mode can be devised than the establishment of parish and plantation registers, an entry in which should be proof of competency; in this manner the slave, knowing in whose discretion the power of qualifying rested, would naturally learn to connect his duty to his master and his respect to the clergyman with his ambition to raise himself in the scale of society. This would be an association pregnant with practical good; it would be an ever-living corrective of contingent licentiousness, a ready barrier to insubordination, a leading, a punishing, yet a guar-



dian spirit, Fire to the good and Cloud to the bad till it brought them from the house of bondage through the wilderness of moral darkness even to the borders of that pleasant land of Light and Liberty which we have promised to them\*.

A right to purchase freedom I consider to be of supreme importance. I do not wish the price to be low; on the contrary it should be so high as to render the attainment of freedom a difficult task. It should demand industry and long habits of temperance; it should be so rated that, in ordinary cases, no slave could obtain it without a certainty of having passed through that probation which alone can render it a blessing to him. As long as there is no such right, the other means of improvement must lose half of their efficacy, because they are deprived of almost the whole of their object. Set up the statue of liberty in the perspective, however distant, and all that is good and honest and spiritual in the slave, whether in-born or implanted, will immediately find scope and develope vigor in the virtuous pilgrimage to her

\* It should be known and calmly considered in Barbados, Antigua and some other colonies, that by recent Acts of the Legislatures of Tobago and St. Vincent's slaves in those islands are qualified to give evidence under the restrictions contained in the Trinidad Order in Council.

shrine. The chaplet which the slave shall win by the sweat of his brow will be laurel to his ambition and nepenthe to his fatigue.

The emancipations consequent on the establishment of this right would of necessity be hardly earned, and therefore probably accompanied by strength and sobriety of character. The evils contingent on a sudden revolution would be wholly avoided; the slave would only cease to labor by compulsion, when he had become willing to labor for hire; he would in short in most cases continue bond till he had proved himself fit to be free. The individual freedmen, unconnected with each other, would form no combinations—would constitute no distinct class, but would sink into the mass of the rest of the society, and assume its feelings as they had obtained its privileges. The Spanish slave, if I mistake not, has for a long time possessed a right \* of purchasing emancipation, and it is probable that to this chiefly amongst other causes has been owing the superior tranquillity of the immense countries of America formerly belong-

\* Not a legal right but a customary privilege, as I have been informed. The Marques del Norte disputed the claim of a slave of his through all the courts in Cuba, and finally obtained a formal decision against the existence of any legal claim. This was some ten years ago.



ing to the crown of Castile. From the days of Las Casas\*, who originated the introduction of negros into America, to the present there have been fewer servile insurrections in the Spanish colonies than have taken place in the British West Indies within the last thirty years†.

Before I lay down my pen upon this interesting subject, I will venture to give a word of advice

\* Mr. Southey calls Las Casas the Clarkson of his age, which is calling the Father of the Slave Trade by the name of the Abolisher of it. If Mr. Clarkson's knowledge of history be half as deep as Mr. Southey's, he must be something puzzled at the compliment. I am quite sure that the excellent historian of Brazil never meant to commend the stealing and transporting of black men in order to ease the shoulders of yellow men. The fact is, this bishop of Chiapa, like many well meaning persons of the present day, having fixed his eyes intently on a good object in the distance, became blind to the obstacles which hindered its attainment. He perpetrated an atrocious present crime that a future good might come, and he was deceived as usual. There are also persons in these days who are not well meaning, who have sold men, women and children at public outcry, put the money in their pockets and *then*, mark me! gone and set down their names to an anti-slavery society. The cause of course remains the same,—but the men, the men!

† I am rejoiced to be able to say that, since the first edition of this work, Dominica has to its honor taken the lead in giving a legal right to the slaves of that colony to purchase their freedom by appraisement.

to the Planters. I speak with no assumption of superiority, in no tone of indifference to their difficulties, in no spirit of party whatever. I only wish them to view their case aright. I am only anxious that they should not ruin themselves and their dependents by a misconception of the strength and bearings of their position. They know that the unmeasured abuse of themselves by their enemies in England has really operated to their advantage by its apparent injustice; they should also remember that the contemptible scurrilities of their newspaper editors must for the same reasons have a similar effect to the detriment of their own cause. To be ever talking of Saint Macaulay and Saint Buxton is an argument of nothing but weakness in those who so speak; that it disgusts the moderation of the English nation they may be assured.

Personal slavery, though familiar to the ancient laws of England, is now hateful to every Englishman, and justly so, because, independently of its wrongfulness, it is a state disadvantageous to the general welfare of mankind. The practical details which soften its pains and occasionally neutralize its evil consequences are known only to a few, and a conviction of the necessity of its limited continuance is the result of patient investigation alone. The untravelled feelings of our nature are arrayed



against it; declamation is popular in the mouths of its enemies and Liberty is the thrilling keynote to all their song. But the present government of this country is a wise government; it is informed and temperate; it withstands and will not cease to withstand the blind effusions of compassion as well as the malignant suggestions of faction. Yet its patience must not be mistaken for apathy, nor its moderation for partiality. The British Executive is neither agent nor advocate of any party, and when it ultimately moves itself, I believe it will be acknowledged that as its deliberations have been long, its language will be firm and its march straightforward.

There is abroad in the world, but more especially in Great Britain, an unprecedented activity of mind. We may neither fight, write, sing or pray better than our ancestors, but we are much better informed. Principles which Bacon knew not, and Rights which Sidney would have trampled upon, are now the theme of the tales of childhood, are learnt from a nurse's lips or associated with the tones of a mother's voice. Knowledge made us free; Freedom increased our knowledge; both together have made us what we are, the first of the world. As wise, as free, as Englishmen we obey the impulse of our nature in striving to raise all

mankind to a level with ourselves. We say the king's commission should in all places import equality of protection, that justice should in the East and West plant the staff, and a charter lie in the wavings of our Union.

To this national feeling the Colonists must be respectful. It is too virtuous to be hurt by insinuation, too powerful to be resisted by violence. The slaves will not be emancipated with dangerous abruptness, but they must be educated and legally secured from the possible effects of caprice. The termination of slavery may be remote, but the process of enfranchisement must begin as to day. I write this after a patient study of the times, and the planters who now live will find the assertion verified.

I criminate no man's intentions; I acknowledge real difficulties; I am compassionate to hereditary prejudices. But there I stop; for compassion becomes party when prejudice degenerates into obstinacy. There *are* parts in the West Indian system which no plea of necessity can justify. Why should the planters refuse to change them? Few put them in execution, the majority condemn them, none profit by them. Why should a man who will not beat a woman himself, be loth to secure a woman from being beaten by others? Why should



a man, who is just himself, deny the resource of public justice to those beneath him? How can the Christian, who prays for the improvement of all mankind, block up the inlets to the spiritual regeneration of the colored men around his house? Why should he wish to do so? What does he fear? Insurrections? It is not knowledge, but uncertainty, which does and will beget commotion; it is not Reading and Writing, but the forbidden desire of Reading and Writing; not the Light, but glimpses of the Light withholden from them, which inflict the torments and inspire the frenzy of Tantalus.

The planters do too much or too little in this matter. If they will not enlarge the sphere of civil action nor add to the catalogue of civil privileges in favor of the slave, then they do too much for their own safety in permitting any improvement in the intellectual qualities of the negro population. If they will educate the slave, then they do too little for their own safety in persisting to debar him from those privileges to which he will soon feel that he has acquired an equitable right. Nothing but the moral superiority of the whites can possibly keep in subjection the physical superiority of the blacks; for if the negroes were all as well informed as the whites, it is not all the troops and ships

in the West Indies that could insure their servitude for a day. I assume the education or something like the education of the slaves to be now a point beyond the control of the colonists, and taking it therefore as a fact in life and progress, I perceive a great and hazardous inconsistency in some of the opinions of the most benevolent amongst the Planters. For it will be impossible to circumscribe the educated slave within his present bounds; those limits will not contain his dilated form. It will be impossible to march the negros on the road of knowledge and compel them to stand at ease within the old entrenchments of ignorance. There is a natural connection between moral refinement and political amelioration; they can be divorced by violence alone and they bear in their essences a mutual and indestructible tendency to an equilibrium.

I exhort the colonists to consider their situation, the merits of the question, the state of national opinion, the relative strength of the parties. Let them not stand too nicely on the theory of their independence; well compacted as it may appear, it could never sustain collision with a mighty opposite. If Great Britain should be once provoked to anger, the rights of the colonists would be burst like the withs on the arms of the Nazarite, and be



consumed before the kindling of her displeasure like tow in the fire. There is but one way by which the interference of Parliament may be avoided, and that is by anticipating it. If the colonists prize their independence, let them not hazard it by opposing, but insure it by themselves executing, that which will otherwise infallibly be done for them. This is no question for scholastic dispute, or for conference between the Houses; the planters must look at it as men of business, and take thought, not so much of what ought to, as of what will, be done; not so much of nonsuiting a plaintiff, as of resisting a forcible entry.

The British Government asks nothing dangerous, nothing which may not be granted with the most apparent advantage to the planters themselves. It asks for substantial education and substantial protection of the slaves, and a smooth road towards ultimate emancipation. My solemn opinion is that so far from these three demands being pregnant with hazard, the very existence of the colonies depends upon their being heartily admitted. If the philosophy of man, and past and present experience do not deceive us, it may be confidently predicted that the West Indian Islands CANNOT continue for twenty years longer in the state in which they now

are. There are mementos of insecurity on the right hand and on the left, and many deep thoughts will rise unbidden in a statesman's mind when he muses on the prophecy of Berkeley.

Westward the course of Empire takes its way ;  
The four first acts already past—  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;—  
Time's noblest offspring is his last.



## THE END.

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ON the 8th August, ten turtles, a negro youth and myself embarked on board the good ship Fortitude laden with slave-grown sugar and molasses and bound to London. With many a thought on the bright eyes of St. George and the graceful form of Uptonia, with many a hearty squeeze of the hand from kind men and true, and many a good-bye from my black, brown and copper-colored fellow subjects, I bade an eternal farewell to Barbados. In it I ate, drank, laughed, danced and perspired as much as ever I expect to do again in the short remainder of my life. We weighed anchor at one p. m., the wind gently blowing us along from the south, the sun right over the mast-head, and the sea as blue as the unclouded ether. The night closed in when we were off the northern end of the island; the next morning and for six weeks afterwards it was

—— nil nisi pontus et aer.

A dead calm for five days in the horse latitudes, a heavy and continued gale off the Bank, our fore-top-gallant mast carried away at night, some shattered Yankee schooners who always asked us how far west we reckoned ourselves, a Dutchman who would not speak to us and a Frenchman who would, a man of war who kept us waiting for an hour and then went about her business without being commonly civil, flying fish, dying dolphins, a quail, a flight of swallows when we were a thousand miles from any land, and flocks of gannets on the edge of soundings, were the events of the voyage till we bought butter and potatoes from the Scilly mariners of St. Mary's Isle.

It was heavy work sometimes certainly, but the Captain gave us good mutton, porter, claret and champagne, and I had Shakspeare to read and this incomparable book of mine own to write. Once a day I tormented the turtles, then I nursed a kitten which was born at the foot of the fore-mast, tried to get an English and a Barbadian pig to feed from the same pail, which I found to be impossible, made up my mind that poetical dolphins only change colors, climbed the mizen-stay, and talked politics with Hammond the mate, a freeman of Yarmouth and a Whig, who hoped he should be able to turn a penny before the next voyage,



However the protracted existence of this Parliament will put that out of the question.

I am derheumatized. Whether I ate, drank or sweated it out, I cannot say ; but the fact is, I am well and flexible in all my limbs, and if the West Indies cured me, I am very much obliged to the West Indies for the favor.

Life in the West Indies has its pleasures and its pains, like opium. The former are drinking porter and having common of turtle sans stint et sans nombre ; the latter are perspiration, mosquitos, and the yawny-drawly way in which the men converse.

But God bless thee, England, and crown thee with blessings, thou glorious land of my fathers ! When I saw the two broad lights on the black Lizard again, my heart swelled with that unconquerable passion which I used to feel on returning from a distant school and springing into my dear mother's arms. O my country, I have no pride but that I belong to thee, and can write my name in the muster roll of mankind, an Englishman. If thou wert ten times more cloudy, and rainy and bleak, I should still prefer thy clouds and thy storms to the spicy gardens of the Orient. Away with the morbid coxcomb who could rail against thy reverend front, and dream away his life in

the land of effeminacy, emasculation and vice !  
For with thee is Peace, and Knowledge and Liberty and Power ; with thee Home is honored, Man protected and God worshipped in truth. It is good, very good for us to be HERE.

THE END.

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